

This Too Shall Pass

a spiritual poetic journey

with

William S. Peters, Sr.

inner child press, Ltd.

General Information

This Too Shall Pass

William S. Peters, Sr.

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Publisher : 1st Edition : 2011

Publisher : 2nd Edition : 2012

Inner Child Press

www.innerchildpress.com

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Inner Child Press

ISBN-13: 978-1461197560

ISBN-10: 1461197562

\$ 25.00

*Enlightenment is not imagining figures of Light,
but making the Darkness Conscious*

~ Carl Jung ~

Dedication

I dedicate this offering to all those who are on the “Path”. As we mitigate our Journey through Life’s Wilderness with Questions and Curiosity, i pray that a few of those questions may be answered and that you find some inward reconciliations in terms of Self and Creation.

I bow to your Divine *Presence* and your *Diligence* to continue seeking that which is *Greater* within us all.

Blessings

namaste'

bill

Your vision will become clear only when you can look into your own heart.

Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakes

~ Carl Jung ~

Foreword

My Beloved Brothers and Sisters

These expressions contained herein are reflections of a very definitive time period in my own personal Spiritual Journey. Between the latter half of 2010 and the Spring of 2011 i had the opportunity to visit and tour some very inspiration States and Landmarks in the Western United States such as Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. During that period of my life i noticed the changing in my “expressive voice” and how it related to my position, perspectives, understanding and acceptance of the world about me.

I, claiming to be Human, have like so many of us found myself oft’ times convexed and perplexed about Life’s situations, circumstances and experiences. Many times when we look across the landscape of Creation, there are questions that arise deep within our reasoning, whether it be Emotional, Intellectual or Spiritual. The Poems within these covers are a direct reflection of these juxtapositions and how it relates to such. Many times there was Anger, sometimes Joy and most times Questions. For myself, writing has always been my “Therapy”. It did not always matter whether my concerns were satisfied, because the most intriguing aspect in writing i found to be but to address and espouse this inner reflections and queries. **“This Too Shall Pass” ‘a spiritual poetic journey’** is my *Poetic Journal* of these times

Over the years many have found some solace or identity in my works and expressions, and i hope that you too may find some peace and commonality in them as well. Please enjoy.

blessings
namaste’

bill

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This Too Shall Pass

i stood in the semi-dark night
and i watched the Moon's soft bathing light
slowly become obscured from my sight

i did not panic
for in my truth
i knew that it would return
it was not my Hopes
it was the knowing
and the past experiences
and i was resolute
in the Faith of its deliverance

so be it with man
we are a light
fixed upon the Skies of Creation
though Clouds may Come
Clouds shall pass
but our light still yet endures

and as the Moon
it was not the seeking of my Heart's desires
that brought back the light
of these fires of love
i had for this soft Moon Light
which caressed my dreams
and my visions of what was to come
Patience did not quicken the action

This Too Shall Pass

the fact simply was
and is
that Clouds do pass

i often think of the times
when i could not wait
and as i moved
seeking the light
in my night
i ran to and fro
rejecting what i now know
it was i who maintained the alignment
of my obscurity
with a certain surety
for i kept the clouds
betwixt me and my light
and my nights endured
that much longer

so this night
this moment
in stillness i stand
and in the knowing
life is showing me
this simple truth of all things

“This Too Shall Pass”

The Utah Chronicles

i refuse to move

as i look upon the slopes
of the mountains
snow covered
with Evergreen Trees
adorning and gracing
their picturesque beauty . . .

again i reflect
on the millions
billions of years
that it took Mother
to craft such beauty
just for my appreciation . . .

now !

i refuse to move . . .

The Utah Chronicles

the seed to eternity

she offered him her womb
but he did not want to go that deep
he was not willing to explore her possibilities
all he wanted to do was plunder her gardens
to eat of the fruits
and labor not

yes he wanted to give her his seed
but not fulfill her needs
he wanted no commitment
to the possibilities of the situation
and her equations of happiness
again went unfulfilled

in her dreams
she constantly tilled the soils of her hopes
only to have them despoiled
is disdain
of her pains

no one of her suitors
seemed willing
to be that suitable completion
of the possibilities of her magic
she knew she was worthy
for she had a love unrequited

that has never known the darkness of despair
yet, each time
these divisive thieves of dreams and visions
stole a bit more of the air
that she so desperately needed
for her wings to work

you see, she was an angel of love
and all these walking dead could think of
was the physical
non-committal acts
they could enact
for a night's cessations
never realizing that their needs
would never cease as well
and an empty shell of a man they would remain
and they would be compelled
to forever be the zombies

of the nights
of ill gotten plights
and their souls would suffer
as it was for her
never realizing that there was a gift divine
lying in front of them
as she offered them her womb
the seed to eternity

my Mountain . . .

before me stood the Snow capped Peaks
another Mountain in my life
there was an eerie connection i felt
a spirit touching something deep within
calling me

this was not a place
Brothers usually concerned themselves with
for it was cold
very
in so many ways
there was the wilderness of it all
the unbeaten path
of the unknown
yet these voices spoke to me

i do not know from whence they came
but these voices were akin
to the essence of who i am
who i be

perhaps it was my Brothers of the Dear
or my Brother of the Red
making a "Peace" offering
for my soul
and as i said
i felt the cold

i thought about all the Dead
all the Blood Shed
and all the Souls of those before me
who have fed the spirit of this mountain
i was about to climb

and here i stand in an uncertain contemplative query
about the quest i am about to undertake
to traverse the slopes
of my hopes
seeking answers
to the questions i have long ago buried
and yet not forgotten
for Soul being eternal
holds all things
in its presence

and the bell rings again
beckoning me to become yet another initiate
and suffice to say
courage is no longer a consideration
for i have been embraced
and i now taste
the end of this quixotic journey of spirit
and i hear the voices calling
and i no longer fear the unknown
for before me upon this Mountain
lies all the fruits i hungered for
from all the wishful seeds i have sown

yes there are Clouds
that may obscure this vision
much like the rest of my quest
but i must confess
they bring smiles
as i realize all the miles
i have traveled to get here
leave no more room for Doubts nor Fear
yes, there may be tears
of Joy
for this little boy within
who remembers again
his dreams

This Too Shall Pass

so without further adieu
i bid you well
as i begin my climb
to this swell of hardships
of rocks and crevices
and mud and precipice
and i listen
in my here and now
to the voices in-captured
and i am enraptured again
by a Mountain
this Snow Capped Cold Bold Mountain
which stands before me

my Mountain . . .

i write

i write from my soul
i write things my Ancestors would be proud of
i write for change
awakening
enlightenment
i write for love

i write for my children
i write for the seed of my seed
about the deeds we may enact
to change the facts of our existence
i am insistent you see

i write for the best of who you are
the best of me
and who we may become
for my sum lies not between the sheets
Satin, Cotton or Polyester
nor the lined paper i use
and i refuse to have my precious mind
dwell on the things that dispel
my better me

i have a question
and a confession
would i want my 14 year old daughter to read me
hell yes
that is the poet's litmus test
do i want her to one day write
about the darkness
and continual night
of things we choose to dwell upon
come on fams
we know the game
and there ain't no shame
but is that what i choose to write about
let me uplift me
and my community
for the better of you

and me

i write what my children can read
i write to alter the reality
of this surreality of degradation
and our continued supplication

to the mind fuck slavery
we have deemed pleasure
thus allowing my greatest treasure
to be distracted from my truths
for i am so much more
than those indoctrinating pimps
who wish me to focus on our limp libidos

when i pick up my pen
i write for power my friend
i write about the horror
and the sorrows
of the loss of our vision
and our dreams
of a better tomorrow

there ain't no pussy
nor dicxercise
that can excise my soul
from this empty hole
of me
i write to see
a new reality
and we Poets
have been given a gift
to communicate change
to awaken others
to make a change
and i must simply ask
what do you write about ?

Angels, dance with me

here i am
Father, let not thy light go out
Angels, dance with me

i am the objective
i am the subjective
i am the center of this universe
we call life
Angels, dance with me

i sit beneath the Stars
and there is an indelible truth in presence
as i am being bathed in their light
they softly cajole me to a certain balance
between awakening and sleep
Angels, dance with me

that which we create
we destroy
to thus clear the ethereal
from the seemingly real
and yet there is but one
consciousness
and it is i
Angels, dance with me

as the axis of all perceivable existence
it is i who embraces yet the past
and the future
and the letting of the stream of my now
that flows from memory to dreams
from instinct to delusion
and the juxtapositions of thought
Angels, dance with me

my "soul" remembers a thing
a place
a feeling
a being
a seeing
of when
and then the dissipation of the connect
is affected
by my suspicions
and derelictions

and i realize my limited-less
within my in-finiteness
and the Angels have come
Angels, dance with me

they are here clothed in a dark light
undressing their regality
that we may understand what shine is
what light is
what magic is
what life is
what is . . .
Angels, dance with me

the gardens beyond conception
are awaiting the planting of the Seed
and we idly stand by
as the child in an eschewed quizzical wonder
of the process
as we await the harvest
that we may eat of the fruits
with no hand soiled
yet we sweat upon our UN-toiled brow
and somehow by grace
we stand
Angels, dance with me

i but ask for a thing
a kiss of understanding
that completes this cyclic chase
for wholeness
for the Soul-less-ness acts
we enact upon our "Self"
that of Self and each other
has extricated my true Joy
and supplanted it with
this dull ache
that pervades the breaths of Hope
yet we endure . . .
somehow
Angels, dance with me

as i sit here awaiting the rising Sun
i come to realize
that my eyes have failed me
i have been blinded
by the darkness

that dark light
and this night
my thirsting soul says
i shall again go to the Stream
of Spiritual congruity
where the Four Rivers meet
that flows to that Mystical
Ocean of one
for we are the Sons
and the Daughters of Creation
and i will enjoin the who
of all that i see of what i be
and cast off these leaden shoes
and submit this final humble request
Angels, dance with me . . .

1 degree

i turn my head but 1 degree
that i may get a different perspective
it is my elective
this new perspective

the old one at times have failed me
ailed me
and i wailed in my soul
for all the things i hold onto
and have held onto
in my errant trusts
are based in lusts
of ownership
of things
and things
get old
they rust
and fall away in to the nothingness
as do our bodies
which return to the dust
and i realize that i must
turn my head but 1 degree
that i may get a different perspective
it is my elective
this new perspective

1 degree

God is Here

i stand in awe of the majesty
what or who else could have crafted such splendour ?

the mystical magic of the spirit of Source
plucks the strings of my heart
reminding me of the infinite love
that only God knows
and is teaching me
lives within me

yes, God is Here
as am 'i'

The Utah Chronicles

Storms or not . . .

a Storm is coming in
over the distant horizon
the Skies are not clear
some embrace their illusions
of fear
as they tersely
expect the worst
some simply prepare
take inventory
of their needs
wants
desires
like do they have enough wood
for their fires
within
and without

no doubt, in our lives
there will be Storms
of all types
some fast and furious
some endure
and for sure
there is no escaping

for me there is an expectancy
i always long to see what Storms bring
there are treasures of change
also i get time to reflect
before
during
and after

i think about the children
their laughter
and their lack of concern for such
there is much we have let go
forgotten
about the magic of Storms
the Winds
the Rains
the Snow
the freshness of the air
and the clear Skies

and when the Storm has passed,
some stand in recovery
of our senses
our being here
and the significance
of our existence
others just go back to doing
what they were doing
many never stopped
for life marches forward
toward
some mystical end place
in a space of the unknown . . .

Storms or not

the Kingdom

i know not of Auras
and those sort of things
all i do know
is my thoughts have wings

the things i desire
i attempt to define
the resonant music
in your heart and in mine

to keep it simple
i simply believe
if i can conceive
i can achieve

for what good are seeds
if there be no good soil
if i can't taste the fruit
then why do i toil

i'll be not the fool
and dare not to dream
i'll be like the Sun
i'll shine and i'll beam

now if that's called an Aura
then so be it my friend
for i am simply bringing
to without what's within

... the Kingdom

i am God

i am the God of Misunderstanding
and i do not understand so many things
Truth, who knows it ?
all espouse it
some time or another
my Sisters
my Brothers
my Father
my Mother
even Strangers will tell you they know your Truth

Truth is all we have
Truth is what we believe
and i am bereaved
every time i see another "Truth" die
i ask why did it have to be so
who knows how the winds of life blow
and the thoughts of the Cawing Crows
who sit by and pick my Scarecrow of Self apart
only to discover the absence of heart
yes . . . i can be heartless
as well as mindless
and i am beginning to not understand
why i mind less
about what you think
or believe
for i am GOD
the God of misunderstanding
wanna dance

i am demanding
let us sprinkle the floor with oil
and spoil our dreams
in a discordant dysfunctional way
whaddya say
wanna play with my thang
my mind
until i become blind
Spirit Momma told me about Spiritual Masturbation
but still the elation
is it worth it
satisfying

there is no denying its finite temporal pleasures
but where is that infinite treasure of Orgasmic Bliss
will i ever achieve it like this
“i Don’t Understand” is God
and i Am . . .
my God of misunderstanding

the Sun also rises

the distant coming
of the not yet amber light of the morn
gives heed to the world
that it is time to stir
time to enjoin to the awakened presence
of conscious goodness

we all feel the connect
some deny
some belie
and many souls are crying
for the sleep of the night
maintained their anguish

yet here we are
brothers and sisters
knowing our capacity to love
and holding on
to our prison doors

yes we imprison our greater selves
in a somewhat deliberate attempt
to protect some invisible notion
that being separate from one another
is a good thing

but here comes the Sun
shining for us all
beckoning us to live
to rise as well
as the night of all things
is once again quelled

we feel the symbiosis
yet there is a certain world effected psychosis
that spoke lies
that became realities
and in place of our strengths
we created frailties

our magic is in our collective goodness
and should this veil be removed
we will see for sure
that it is we who have moved
from our wonderful gardens

and the doors to our hearts
must be parted from the hinges
from the locks
and we must come out
come out of that box
that contains us
that pains us
for it is love of each other
that will sustain us
and we must trust
once again
that night does not endure
of this i am certain
i am sure
that the Sun also rises

i was having a quandary

i was having a quandary
with reality
and its surreal feel
and i needed to be entertained
for the sustained illusions
were becoming real
with colors of Violet, Indigo and Teal

the internet was boring me
coring me of values in contextuality
as i contextually watched
my life vaporize before me
into some esthetic dream

so i sat down to listen
to the pissin' and the moanin'
and the groanin' so many do
about their condition
never realizing that they have been conditioned to do so
and then the flow began

hey man
do you realize
that right before your eyes
your great great granddaughter
is being raped
then redressed for the slaughter
of her soul
and she has not even been born yet
but yet you stand by
in denial that all is well
well . . .
let me tell you . . .

you Soul . . if you know what i mean

alive . . .

the Clouds hang,
they loom in an uncertain stillness
over the peaks of the Mountains
embracing the peaks
as they reach to the heavens

the Clouds bring forth the divine moisture
as they kiss each and every crevice
every protruding precipice
with the moisture of life
water

i watch as they undulate
accepting the penetrating spires
and their intrusions
in to the ether of her body
and the Cloud lovingly kiss again
and again
in the midst of their Holy Union

below in the Valley
if we are observant
if we are still
if we are silent
we become a part of
this concordant ballet of life
the circumspection of being
here
and we are fed
fed an understanding of life's cyclic continuance
and i feel it within myself as well
and i too am kissed upon my consciousness
that we are a part of the whole
and the whole is as i am
alive . . .

in my meditative silence of “be” ing

in a meditative silence
i heard the footsteps of my destiny
softly approaching my now

i sat in a stilled awe
as i watched “future”
dance in the gardens
of my present
and its unfolding

i have lived by a creed of
no expectations . . . no disappointments
yet here i felt the flutter of my heart
as it too longed
to dance along in joy
of the coming

need i say
the overwhelming presence
of this communion
captured and devoured my imaginings
as this spirit massaged my consciousness
back to its origin
and i was beginning to feel
the wholeness of my bliss forgotten

i remember the Garden
i remember the Fruit
i remember the Peace and Harmony
my Soul exuded long ago

i remember the flow of the Stream
and its pristine clear waters
and i as this stream
became ever so lucid

and now, as i sit in this place
i have reconciled self from illusion
and come to understand
life is mine to command

in my meditative silence of “be” ing

simply “BE” . . . in Love

 this day i prostrate my spirit
and in reverence i speak to Progenitor / Source
 and i humbly ask
 “this day what would you have me to do?”
 and a voice speaks
and tenderly caresses the core of who i am
 and says
“my child, this day i would simply have you “BE”!”
 in my empirical struggle to understand
 i begin to formulate the question
 to follow the question
but Source already knows the source of my vexation
 for after all
 Source is Source
 and Source speaks again
“my child, as the Mountain that stands before thee,
 cloaked in all Divine Regality
 with Trees
 with Grasses
 with Dirt and Stone
 with the Dew Drop Kisses
 of my Love,
 so art thou”

 somehow i felt this connection
 in my reflection
 of what surrounds me
 what adorns me
 and i felt elated
 as all the world dissipated
 into the ether of my self-made delusions
and the illusion of all that i thought mattered
 mattered not

and for that brief moment
in the spot that i occupied in this eternity of light
i became "Truth"
as the days of my youth
came upon my now
and somehow
i got it
i must allow
the greater of who i am
to "BE"
and what i see
is our sanctity

we all wish to embrace
to taste
and that is the "BE"ing
of Love

the Mountain is secure in this
within the letting of Love
we find our Bliss
let not our mind lead us amiss
for this is our time
be it held within the sublime rhymes of life
or brazenly Bold
this day i have been told
to simply "BE"
in Love

and i am free

the young babe
still wet behind the ears
new to this existence
was already a few eons old

there was an uncertain yet prolific wisdom he embraced
exuded even
could it be the simple innocence

he was always smiling
seeing what was unseen
being what has long not been
an indelible joy

there must have been some music playing
somewhere
but did we hear it
fear it
or did we even care about it

i closed my eyes
to block out my gross sensory perceptions
you know
the ones filled with deceptions
i have embraced
and i could trace them as well
to my genesis
to my introduction to the sphere of fear to be free

and now i decree
it is time
to employ my hands
and turn back the hands
that bind me in this dimension
and contention
with self

and i am free

your gift

i sit in silence and i watch amusingly
the muses of illusion
dancing teasingly
upon the wisping ether of my thoughts

each footprint
is laced with latent poisons
of guilt, doubt and fear

eat if you will
drink your fill
and witness the death of your dreams

or . . .

you can dance along
be mirthful
sing them a song
your song
teach them joy
and their "right" filled wrongs
of their ways
their desolate days

and when finally
they tire of you
bid them adieu
and thank them anew
for reminding you of your gift

my name ain't Dorothy

i was born in a place
not named Kansas
but on the same planet
and yet,
though there was many differences between Dorothy and i
the similarities were vast

who can deny
or defy the screams
emanating from the Soul
yes there were dreams
with those screams
and it seems
that the light beams of fruition
just move seditiously too slow
you know
don't you ?

somewhere in this complexity
of con-vexing realities
of Time and Space
the sublime faces
of contextuality
become a chameleon
to yet disguise truth
from the like of all . . .
and aloof we remain
in this inane plane
of the "Sane"?

observant or not
in this dimensional spot
all we got
is what we believe
and we are free to conceive it as we choose
for perplexingly we are the winners
and the losers as well
but who was supposed to tell us

like grapes on Grandma's Trellis
we just hang around
waiting to be plucked from the vine
consumed i assume
devoid of our once regal blooms
we fall to the ground

and return from whence we came
is this the sum of this journey

Dorothy asked questions as well
ones that were perhaps unjustifiable
you know
like "why am i here?"
"what have i come to do?"
"why is the Road made of Brick?
and "why yellow?
"where is this Magical Emerald City
and the witty Wizard
who can enact the fact
that i do not belong here?"
and "who are these strange fellows
who want to tag along?"
like a Girl Scout Cookie Sale
leaning on my emotions
to evoke me to participate
in their quizzical quest
for a Heart
a Brain
and Courage
seeking as well
to be their best

lest we forget
yes the journey seems unending
and i need me a nap
and i tire
for the fire of my desires continually burns
as we take turns being vigilant
and i have no Ruby Red Slippers

but there is no field of Poppies or Daisies
for my unlazy and fertile dreaming self to sleep it off
sleep it off
and i scoff
at the myriad of possibility
within this dream
and ability seems to elude my embrace
so i delude "Self"
or Self deludes me

and this appears to be the epitome
of the "free"
and we still hold onto lofty hopes

of some Wizard
to deliver us
from our proverbial "Self"
and like an Elf
walking in the Land of Giants
i remain defiant
to what they teach me to be reliantly true
how about you ?

Now that i think about it
perhaps it was those Poppies
in the Field of my Dreams
perhaps i tarried a bit too long
and the song of my Soul became Lucid
once again
and came to realize
that "i" am my own best friend
and that "I" i see in you
resides in me
and all the Glendas
and the ToTos
and the Auntie Ems
are the Gems
in this journey

but then again . . .

my name ain't Dorothy

early morning voices

it is 2:30 in the Morning
and i am wide awake
peeking through the corners of my eyes
at the light
and it is bright
and i am listening
to
early morning voices

listening for what must be told
and i am grateful
when i used to be hateful
about being wide awake
at 2:30 AM

the world is not too forgiving
of those who make mistakes
it demands of you to make
your own way
well, that's OK
what can one say
that's the way it should be anyway
and i am listening
to early morning voices

but we must be mindful
of the seeds we sow
for in our gardens
that dictates the fruit that will grow
if anything grows at all
for many a souls who have fallen
no longer listen to the calling
of their Souls
beckoning them to come to the light
for night, spiritual darkness
is of our own doing
and we must listen to these
early morning voices

many times we are the jailers of our hopes
did i say many times
let me change that to
all times
we poets we escape through our rhymes
and our pen

as we let the anguish of injustice
we once held within

but know my friend
life is just
it is make it or bust
and trust me
no good thing happens
for he whose intent is not aligned
regardless on the designs one may have
so say the
early morning voices

it is now 3:21 AM
and i am still sitting here listening
to what may come
each word
each line spoken
is but a token reflection
of my sum

the struggle
the trials
we must face
in our denials
of our higher self
do we get a second chance
to romance our dreams
to dance in the joys
of their realities
i ask
and i listen
to these
early morning voices

and when they speak
there is no denying
the absence of lying
as they enlighten me
that words will not change the world
unless we allow them to manifest
in to action
and that is the simple fact
though words do have power
to initiate
we are the Initiates this hour
this minute

right now
right here
of all we desire

we create the fires
that will lay waste
to the waste of our past
and we must cast our intent forward
toward the factualization
of our actualization
of our visions
and it starts with us
to trust
and be what is missing in this world
in ourselves

forgiving

so says the muses
who chooses to speak
as
early morning voices

high heel shoes . . .

Sista loved wearing those high heel shoes
feet bruised
Corns and tattered Silk Stockings
mocking her
yet she forced herself into those High Heel shoes
just as she did spiritually
in so many other situations
in her life

you see, strife had somehow become her friend
she felt no need to amend her walk
her talk even supported this discordant
non-symphonious cadence of living

yes she put on her shoes
and got her walk on
each night from dusk to dawn
she was on a hunt
for what, she did not know

she had long abandoned her pimp
you know,
that guy that spells out each night's agenda
with his propaganda
now she had her own
and she alone
made it known to the world

she was looking for someone
to fill this empty ache
deep in her womb
in the tomb of her desires
for affection
and in her derelictious ways
her days were meant for sleep
mostly
wrapped up in her toasty
delusions
and the warmth of absence

of companionship

and her days
and their dreams
slipped away again
in to the coming night

driving her
de-enlivering her
denying her
the inner truth of love she so wanted
and her consciousness haunted her
continuously
fiercely
unmercilessly

she thought about those shoes often
she loved the way they made her seemingly feel
for once in those shoes
life was real again
she had her appeal again
she could feel again
even if it was delusion
it did not matter
fuck them all
she could flatter herself
about her cracked self esteem
and her dreams
were hers to create
as she cared
as she dared

but all that she dared to do
was live another day
with her soul splayed open
for all takers
who sought to make her . . .
and each night
again she would initiate her prowl
seeking solace from her non-acknowledged pains
and that alone was her only profanity
she excised this state to maintain her sanity

and each night
somehow on her hunt
she became the hunted
for the beasts from the east side of the city
you know what they wanted
like children upon their Mother's Bosom
they just wanted to suck on her Breasts
and the fellas from the west side as well
yes they too had a story
and they were all too willing to tell it
for they too had an agenda

to bend her over again and again
like they were accomplishing something profound in their life
like it was a quest they thought
makes me laugh

they were the Gardeners of Asphalt and Concrete
the New Jack Pimps of our streets
and they had seeds to sow
you know
liquid in nature
in the garden of her innocent womb
that tomb were things came to die

they only wanted the body
of this has been hottie
to feel their sweat dripping across their brow
into their eye
blinding their souls
only to fall upon the soiled sheets of their illegitimate character

their shallowness only sought out
her momentary pleasures
and the womanly treasures
of this desolate woman
this lonely woman
who wore those
high heel shoes . . .

we have Awakened

i awaken again this morning
intoxicated by life
addicted to each and every breath
each heart beat is yet another quixotic fix of joy

my soul dances in its own splendor
an exquisite knowing that there is an "us" in every "i"
and my spirit seeks a deep humility
for i am blessed

i look to the skies
and they fill me with something beyond my hopes
a certain knowing that there is more
i am more
you are more
and in some inherent and intrinsic way
my restlessness in life
finds peace
and the drifting of this seeking mind ceases
and i ask
how could i ever doubt
life
the outcome is but an illusion
for i am already in heaven
and in conclusion
i have come to know this simple fact
we are already awakened
for if we were not
where would this consciousness reside
where can this truth hide
in dreams
in aspirations
in wishes
in prayers

in meditations perhaps
if it is our vision to see
we must be
open eyed
open Souled
and cease being Con - Souled
for we are
IS

and shall always BE
and then we "BE" come
intoxicated with the Truth
that this morning
we have Awakened

disappearing

i started writing a disappearing Poem
on Disappearing Paper
with Disappearing Ink
have you ever done this
have you ever written that meaningless Poem
that served no purpose
a Poem which was just a collection of letters
that had no relevance to a Damned thing
one that changed nothing
touched no one
not even you

all too often i sit and i force the write
just to say that i write
or that i am a Poet
for that's the Cool thing to be these days
it seemingly does not matter
what the words i write says
someone out there may find some meaning
or demeaning redemption
in the espousing of this insignificance
and call it magnificence
ha ha ha ha ha
every Idiot has a Fan Club
even me
even if it is only me
and still
the words disappear
into the nothingness
from which they came

disappearing

shit . . . i love you

shit . . . i love you
wait a minute
maybe you didn't hear me
i said
SHIT !!!!
I LOVE YOU !!!!

when i began this write,
my mind attempted in its most valiant of efforts to gather the words
needless to say
i do know
this love is not a feeling
meant for mere words

it is not that words have no purpose
they just do not do justice
in the service of my purpose
of my heart here
as i try to express
what is pressing
me
thoroughly
soulfully
totally

the best i can do is explain hopefully to you
how the words escape me
when it comes to describing
this feeling
that has me reeling
as i am scribing
. . . words

you see, words
are like a foreign language
when it comes to matters of my heart
and though we part our lips to speak them
don our pens to write them
the words are still yet a bit askew

if only you knew
of what i am trying to say
to you

and it is not just me
i have read the Classics

and the contemporary Poets
and the class acts and expressions
being emoted in their lines
as they attempt to define
this love

their words only gives me a temporary rush
and the best i can do is shush
as Grammy would say
and listen
before i start sounding stupid
but i don't give a damn

if i were a painter,
i would burn my brush
for it capture
the rapture
or the color
or touch this thing that burns
and yearns so badly
deep within me
about
and for you

you see
shit . . . i love you

i have listened to love songs
and the music of the longing
of love crying out
shouting if you will
to be fulfilled
and they keep on singing
spilling the milk
into their tears
and still who hears

what their hearts speak of

we may call it love
but even that is only a word
and i have heard it just like you
perhaps much too often
but words only serve to soften us
and i must
yes
i must get it in
to that soft place in you

where you hide
where your essence truly resides
where this love i have for you
collides with your every dream
your every wish
and let it be me

yes i want to climb in
to you
and i want to lay next
to you
and do all those love things
to you
and i want to
look into your eyes
and see my heaven
and simply say

Shit . . . i love you

Sometimes ?

it was a lonely time
and my comfort and consolation played "Hide and Seek"
in the chambers of my heart
and my thoughts

all too often as the Artist that i am
i created a multitude of personas
so that it would appear that i had friends

i embraced this deliberate schizophrenia
so i would have someone to talk to

in my seclusive reclusion
my fair dear old friend "Joy" eluded me
so i found it quite necessary to delude myself
that i may pretend to be sane
on this inane plane
i have adopted as my lot

seemingly i have forgotten
the feel of the sunshine
and winds
upon the Sails of my hope
yet i have been coping

much longer than i cared
yet i dare not
go beyond the line in the sand
of my insecurities

yes, i was lonely
as only i could be
for in some justifiable
unreliable
verifiable
yet deniable line of thought
i have bought
into some deranged psyche
that i was OK
what can i say
for we all live that way . . .

sometimes ?

the dichotomy of contradictions

the dichotomy of contradictions
gives birth to the afflictions
that i must bear

they say that Soul is everlasting
does that mean this pain is gonna last forever
not a very clever design
i am constructing
of who i am

perhaps i need to deconstruct
and reconstruct
nah
that did not work so many times before
for i have tried to change
in this constant give and get
the exchange of life
but i ain't done yet

what is it i must sacrifice for nirvana
the age old question
i have regurgitated all of my doctrinal ingestions
yet for some strange reason
my consciousness has me ingesting again
New doctrines of thought
are being sold
being bought
yet nothing really, really changes

and across the vast spiritual ranges
where errant weeds of thought and action have been planted
the satisfaction is short lived at best
and i thinks the secret is in the seeds we plant
or allow to be planted

and perhaps that is what led to the supplanting
of my free will
still somewhere in the city
belies my authenticity
of self
sitting high on a hill
i thought i have climbed before
but like Jack and Jill
i fell
thought i do not remember the journey
but my Crown is cracked just the same

somehow this all seems like a game to me
the illusion of being free
free from what i may ask
and the simplicity of the task is just this
we have to do nothing i think
for what part of who we are belongs to other than God

the Mother . . . Our Mother

there was a silence upon the meadow
i could feel it resonating upon the whole of me

Brother Wind stood in stillness
as the storm approached in silence

creeping into my consciousness
there came an awakening
as all the Trees of the wood
offered themselves in reverence
to the ballet of fragrant Wildflowers permeating our senses
and the Mother's impending fury

as the Tempest began her approach
across the waters
there was a billowing of clouds
that tested and proved the oneness
of the Ocean, The Beach and the Meadow and i

the Grasses, the Weeds and the Trees
began to sway in a hypnotic trance
and danced
to her raw yet pure beauty
and she ingratiated and adorned them with her kisses
as if they were long lost lovers

and i danced as well
soulfully
as i became the breath of all things
and i too kissed her
and she kissed me in return
yes, i was being kissed
by the lips of the Mother
my Mother
your Mother
our Mother

naturally

The Poet's Pen's Soul

sometimes i put too much value
on the function of my pen
when it is my soul that let's without
what i once held within

you see, without inspiration
and that burning desire to speak
the thoughts and considerations we share
which our Soul allows us to peek

some things are of love
and the making of such
it is the pen of the Poet
that is blessed to touch

that special Holy place
where the Poet's insight resides
as we encourage and quell tears
the whole world has cried

yes we are the Poet
and mighty is our pen
but it is soul that gifts us
as we speak out from within

The Poet's Pen's Soul

through the tears

within my heart
there is a trail of tears
we all have traveled
one time or another
with our steadfastness unraveled
we leaned on people
who perhaps nurtured our despair
that it may grow
and so many ran to the closest steeple
looking for that salvation they say resided there
our spirits impaired
swimming in our diminishing pools of hope
the dope of fools
are the tools we utilize
to close the Soul's eye
that we deludedly convince ourselves is open

is it the light we see
within our own divinity
or just a mirage
a blurred vision as we peer
through the tears

and i fly

i look out the window
and i see an unending carpet
of billowing clouds
clouding my view of what lies beneath me

in my mind's halls of wonder
i conjure the possibilities
is it Land
is it Sea
is it another extension of Me

i have come here
from a place called "The Future"
that i may experience this History
that is in the making of my "Now"

seated in 200 +/- Tons of Steel and Plastic
being thrust through space
by the blood that used to flow
in the Womb of the Mother

the noise is deafening
and the deathening of life
as we once knew it
is unfolding
to reveal our past darkness in the light of this day . . . now
and somehow there is comfort in the knowing
that there is a future
and i fly

i would

i would rather have
one day
one hour
or
one moment
of your unrequited love
than an eternity of anticipation
then . . .
i could spend eternity
remembering
that
one day
one hour
one moment

Any thing good

like a rabid homeless dog
who has not eaten in a month
i am scavenging the wastelands
of all empirical thought
looking for understanding
that i may extricate myself
from this minimized experience

i suffer long for the answers
of not “why” i trip over the stones
not “why i did not see them
but why the “Fuck” are they there in the first place

why has my space been violated
yes, violated
and by whom
should i assume it was God
and what is it He stands to gain
from the pains i endure
for sure it makes no sense to me
what is the recompense you see

perhaps it is my fate
to encounter such things
they say are here to teach us
lessons . . .

but i must beseech you God
just give me the Book
or Tickets to the Movie

Oh . . .
this is the Movie
i fell asleep you say
well . . .
that explains it
what did i miss ?
any thing good ?

my inner child

oh for so many years my inner child
has been yearning to be free
as it is discerning
why i will not let him come out to play
and i still feel this fire burning inside
while my inner child hides
behind the curtain of fear

and many a tear has been shed
and my inner child has bled
his hopes for salvation from himself
me
to be free
from the delusions
i embraced
and my divinity is defaced
continually

the truth of it all
though my inner child
has perhaps fallen
it still hears the calling
of God
to trust
and come out
to the Gardens of life
and play
what do you say
won't you come out and play with me

i remember when all of me was a young child
before i was defiled by my thoughts and doubts
we danced and sang
with smiles and laughter
like all there ever was
was the happily hereafter

has the last song been sung yet
i say thee nay
for it is time for us to play again
my friend

to rend the curtains
that cloaks us from our better selves
our truths
for certain

for many an inner child
like you and i
still does cry inside
and they are hurting
for love
so love them

to be nurtured in the light
of our holy
we must boldly step out into the sunshine
once again
and shine like the Sons and Daughters we are
we have come too far
to let go of the dream of eternity now

and though it may seem
dismal at times
remember that this Creation is perfect
and we are the prefects
of our existence
and where there is resistance
we must be insistent
and claim our heritage
not tomorrow or some distant age
but right now
are you with me
Father has gifted me and you
that we may
what do you say

we wait for some rapture
to capture our better self
we must reach out
and extricate all of our doubt
and teach each other
thy sister and thy brother

yes we must
honor our Fathers and our Mothers
we must trust
that within each of us
there is something greater than this world

we must open our eyes
and realize
that we are powerful
and there are no limitation
for within us lives

my inner child

my prison

i have erected four walls
that i call my jail
for inside my walls
i fail

outside of my box
in traps i am caught
they tempt me to see
if my soul can be bought

my prison is safe
by my own design
my light's filtered in
and my truths are sublime

outside of my door
there is my own guard
no one may enter
without their love card

i'm safe in my world
and the risks are few
why i stay here
i have not a clue

but someday i'll leave
and that day is soon
for i hear my heart's piper
playing Pan's tune

so i'll open that door
and then i will see
a bigger prison built
especially for me

This Too Shall Pass

so how do i escape
how can i be free
there is but One answer
and that is to “BE”

. . . stop building walls

“before Peace, Love and Freedom can manifest itself in the World
we must first allow it to manifest with in our Self”

my Rainbow

some people like looking at Rainbows

and dream of its Pot of Gold

some folks like to follow them

seeking the myth of old

some of us live with promise

and the story that was told

that if you follow your Rainbow

you will find your Pot of Gold

my Rainbow

oh how my soul aches

oh how my soul aches
for that place that we belong

home
perhaps we were chosen to roam
this wasteland of or lesser selves
while living in the shadows
of our potential
and our exponentialness

i remember the Angels
and how they danced in the streets
singing songs of joy

i remember the Gardens
and the abundant fruits
oh how sweet the taste

oh how my soul aches

once more . . .

it is the Darkness that tries to hold me back
and i struggle
struggle
struggle
to stand upright
there are glimpses of light
perhaps
or perhaps these slivers of light
are but delusions i create
for they are so needed

for so many years i have pleaded
with the Gods of Wisdom
to help me understand
i have even demanded
reprimanded
and commanded myself to see
to no seemingly avail
though i have yet to fail
for life is not over yet

you see,
i made a bet with myself
that i would make it
make what i don't know
some may call it being a success
me, i just want out of this mess
it is like life is a test
seeking to urge from me my best
such a remedial way of looking at it
i think
sometimes it does seem that the more i think
the more i forget

and i sink into that same old muck and mire
and my desire to be more
is quelled and quieted
and i do realize that now
now
yes now
is the time i need to fight harder
with a bit more zeal
against this darkness that holds me back

yes,
i must struggle
struggle

struggle
to stand up right
that i may see the light
once more . . .

right here with me . . .

i have been dreaming of you for eons
my desires to be . . .
with you
or near you
in your life
as you have been in mine
and these thoughts of you consumes me
beyond my ability to explain

many times there has been a pain
here in the recesses of my heart
and my soul
and i have forever wondered why
God would punish me so
i don't know

i have asked so many times
why ?
why did i have to suffer this life
again without you

i have thus deluded myself
as i embraced the illusions
that i may find some solace

i came to believe that someone else
could fulfill this need
to no reasonable avail
for my soul continually aches
and ails for you still

some may term this thing i have for you as love
but there is a greater truth
i have come to realize
that it is not the type of love of man
that can calm this beast
that is raving and raging within my very essence
in your absence

i do remember vaguely in thought
of our holy union
when we communed as one
it seems like an eternity ago
for over many lifetimes i have sought
to repair this torn part of my being

and all that i see and understand
that it is you who should be
here and near
for you were
the very air that i breathed
the sunshine of my day
and the soothing moonlight
of my wishful nights
and now all i dream about is you

i pray often for clarity
and perhaps it is a certain verity
i am seeking
and i feel the promise of your arrival
peeking through the clouds of my hope
and yet there is a rope of anguish
that has bound me here
immersed in my tears
and fears
that life does not fulfill one's desires
yet the fires rage on
in expectancy
age after age
year after year
tear after tear

my soul has cried me a River
that runs to my Ocean of wantonness
for you
and this eternal redundancy of motion
swirls me in a vortex of heartaches
as i await life to deliver you
that we may emote our love

yet it seemingly brings me no closer
to seeing your face
that i may embrace you once again
to taste of your lips
to feel your breath upon my skin
to again be mesmerized by the twinkling
and the glistening of the Stars in your eyes
and i am listening
yet still
for the footsteps of your approach
your coming

and i am summoning God
please open my eyes
release me from this nightmare
of being apart
that i may see you here again
right here
with me

right here with me . . .

i remembered me

there was a sweet ominous feeling i had
i have been down this road before
i remember the fragrant air
of Lavender
and the blossoming Honey Suckle

i closed my eyes and i saw myself
frolicking with joy
being bathed by the Sunshine past
does not the Sun still shine
and i asked myself
why has my bright countenance
chose to set
so i stand
and i danced
the dance once again of my truth
for i remembered me

i wonder

i wonder
what is the source
what is the path
the course
that inspiration travels
as it unravels
to come to consciousness
and be expressed
in our word

i sit in silence
in the absence of movement
watching
observing
waiting for her holy presence
to grace me with her essence
once again

like a desert waif
i thirst to drink
the refreshing water
from her well
of no walls, no boundaries
that i may be filled
and my need be stilled
and my pad be quilled
as words come to being
i am not pleading this time
for rhyme
no, i will humbly accept
without reservation
what may come
all i wish to witness
is where does it come from

i wonder

just like me
just like you

she was born with the ability to fly
she did not realize this gift
for there was too much mental subterfuge
she was sifting through
just like me
just like you

her spirit though appearing quite grounded
to those passing by
she lived in a world of whys
and she was well aware that her eyes
were for crying
there was no denying
though she in her own way was quite defiant
about certain things
just like me
just like you

she truly was a fair hearted soul
but she longed for some unknown wholeness
and perhaps she could extricate herself
from the mess
as she saw her world to be
and she more or less
kept all this to herself
as we all do so many times
just like me
just like you

like a Moth to a Flame

like a moth to a flame
i followed the fragrant scent of my soul
for at its origin
is where i suspect my garden resides

in the amnesiac existence
many a time i have forgotten
that i was lost
and each day a cost is excised
from the time that i rise
to greet the new day
and its warm embracing light
to my final yawn each night

and the ironic metaphor is
again i close my eyes
as i do so much in my “now”

so i follow the fragrant scent of my Soul
like a moth to a flame

“Deboxing”

i am “Deboxing” myself
i am removing all the Locks
off of all the doors
that has subjugated me
my spirit
my mind
in kind
yes i am “Deboxing”

cognizance

the wisping smoke of my cigarette
danced upon the unseen undulations
of some approaching thought
i heard her footsteps
as the fragrance of something burning
awoke a yearning
for this pen
that now feebly attempts
to capture this ethereal moment
and the smoke thins beyond
my cognizance
and this write ends

cognizance

feather

if i could see but a feather in the wind
i am on my way to understanding
of what my wings are for

wsp

feeling all that Jazz . . .

i felt like some Music
not quite knowing what my Soul was asking for
i pondered
you see, it is through Music
that my Soul comes to a certain ease
and is pleased to dance upon the tonal essence
of creativity
which has emanated from Soul

funny thing about Music
Music is a language
that opens the eye
that affirms that Soul is Soul
no matter the temporal divisions of man

i thought perhaps i'd listen to some Classical
that i may remember
that life time many centuries ago
when that was my flow

or perhaps some Rock or Country
maybe some R & B
so i could feel the me of this age

and then there was the Blues
and all the hues they evoked

but i wanted to transcend these limitations
of evaluations
and the summations of definition
and then
my Soul spoke
and said
put on some Jazz
and though some Clerics
would have some issues with the lyrics

i care not
for let us not forget their purpose here
is to exploit our fear
and me,
i want to explore
where our head is
and how much more i can be
exponentially speaking

needless to say
the journey this day
is about me finding me
the undefining of me
and freely i dance
in the garden of contemplation
feeling all that Jazz . . .

for i still know how to love

many times tears of anguish consume me
and you act as if you never knew me
many times i feel that i am getting in your way
but when i get big
i am going away
someday

and nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

this world you have chosen to reshape
in your ignorance
and your indifference
for the future of me
and my family
my brothers and sisters
and all that we wish for

nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

you see, you were once like me too
there were no considerations considered
for our smiles and laughter were unfettered
remember when you dreamed
of simple things
such as climbing a tree
spending hours
picking flowers
or playing in the stream
and drinking of its waters
were you able to ?
or is that a fable too
well, we

and nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

i don't quite understand many things
and still i look forward
to what each day may bring
the sunshine or rain
though in truth
i could do without the pain
and the needless suffering
in this life we now live
and its offerings

yet nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

my friend Ron down the street had to move
they lost their home
something about an economy
yes, we were buds Ronnie and i
i cried when he went away
i often think about him
and his baby Brother Jimmy
and his Mom and Dad
they cried too
i heard them say
that they did not know
what they were going to do

and nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

i hear my parents sometimes at night
they never fight for real
but they raise their voices
at each other
and they scream at me to go to bed

i put the pillow over my head
and i dream of better days
like tomorrow

and nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

Our school they say
might be closing any day
i am happy for that
i think
but what will i learn
if there are no teachers
to teach the class
but it has not closed yet
something about a budget
what will i learn

and nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

our school playground sucks anyway
why just the other day
i cut my finger
on the swing
the chains were rusty
and i ask how much must we endure
we are only children

and nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

i remember when
we used to go to the beach
we don't go there anymore
i used to like playing in the water

building my dream castle in the sand
sometimes Mommy would give me a hand
but we don't go there now
Mommy says there is too much Dirt
and i may get hurt
i asked her
what did the Sand do
or God do

and nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

my big brother Billy
wants to be a Soldier
he said he wants to kill people
and fly a jet and drop bombs
i don't get it
who are these people
he hates so much
that is not fun to me
please Mr. President
don't give a Gun to me

and nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

well, i am tired of talking now
these things makes my head hurt
and i must go now and rehearse
cause i am going to be a nurse
and make all the people of all the world
every boy and girl laugh again
and we all will be friends
that's the way God would want it
don't you think
the way things are now stinks
my friend Ronny moved away
perhaps i will see him again another day
that's what they keep telling me

and nevertheless
in spite of your mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

every night i get on my knees
and i pray
i say
God where are you
God please help us
bless our world with more love
and bless my Mommy
and my Daddy
and Ronnie
and all the Children
and Big People too
in the whole wide world

and God please remember

nevertheless
in spite of our mess
i am your child
and i still can smile

for i still know how to love

for the sake of Love

this day i breathe a thousand breaths
or perhaps ten thousand more
i take and let in reverence
as i pass through thy love's door

love is why i am i said
as i seek divine embrace
i breathe this breath that i may live
to look upon love's face

wherever i peer i glimpse of her
and hear her mystical song
i follow her scent to draw e'en close
and touch that which i long

just to touch her holy garment
that i may shed life's mask
a noble deed indeed i say
to undertake this task

let love rule my perditions
let my Soul suffer to remember
that i am but a servant of love
and i willingly doth surrender

for

this day i breathe a thousand breaths
or perhaps ten thousand more
i take and let in reverence
as i pass through thy love's door

for the sake of Love

i have penance to do

if you forgive me not
nor call my name
my penance is mine
alone
just the same

i suffer you not
retribution
in my elocution
or written word
nary a tone of acidity
shall drip from my tongue
for it is not your judgment
upon which i must pass
but that of my own
and such

i have always known
that i am the Captain of this ship
the sails are of my own making
and i take leave
across the Seas of my hopes
for
i have penance to do

and he waited

the young inspired lad
took a deep breath
filled with dreams
and visions that his efforts
would create a magical string
that would tie such dreams of a child
to the realities of his impending future

he then put the balloon to his pursed lips
and emptied all of his aspirations and hopes
into the chamber of latex

upon the completion of this task
he carefully knotted the balloon unto itself

he reflected for a moment
opened his hand
and the current of the wind
received his reverent offering

this was a moment of his magic
as his dreams kissed his reality
with promise

... and he smiled
... and he waited

and i am present

i painted my soul with the colors of anguish
that of my fellow man.

i drank of the cup of the pains
of children who knew not joy.

i danced with fervor
upon the loneliness of the elderly
that they would feel me
as i did feel them.

i embraced the fractured hearts of lovers
protecting them from the ill winds
that sought to scatter
the shattered pieces
in the gardens of their memories.

i pay homage to Mother Gaia
and bow in Reverence to Life
and i thank Source for this Blessed Gift

i did this in a knowing,
that time heals all wounds
when love is present

. . . and i am present !

and i smile . . . at me . . .

there is the "Me"
and there is the me of "ME"
and there is "i"
and "i" is responsible for "ME"
but there are times when the me of "Me"
attempts to convince me to travel a road
that is not good for "Me" . . .
though the engagements of such things
may be enticing to me
i know for the Greater "Me" i should abstain
for when i listen to my lesser me
there is always some pain that "Me"
has to experience or endure
i am not quite sure what me wants from "Me"
but i do have to keep my eye on him
and my "I" on him . . . me
cause he can be a sneaky little thing
whispering in my ear
suggesting things that 'i' can do for "ME" . . .
but "I" am not having it

you see the greater "I" of "Me"
is always looking out for little me too
"Me" . . .
i have learned to just sit and watch
as the little me, like a child
plays in this Cosmic Sand Box
embracing and attempting to bring his dreams to life

and i smile . . . at me . . .

and in silence

from a still place
i conjure movement
from a dark place
i conjure light
from silence
comes forth music
i have always heard

from death of a seed
a blossom is born
which yields a fruit
which feeds the hunger . . .
of the still place
of the dark place

and in silence

and then i am free

Love is the liberator of my Soul
she makes me realize
that these holes in my Heart must be filled
and though my Garden may be tilled
if i plant not Her seeds
then my deeds are of naught
and all that i sought
such as the Flowers of life
and my liberation from its strife
shall not be
i shall never taste the sweet fruits
if i not love
sow love
think love
dream love
live love
be love

and then i am free

beyond me

i carefully made my way to the edge
i gathered my courage and peered
as i stood upon the precipice
there was a vastness that i struggled to grasp
yes, i so wanted to be grounded
but i was not willing to jump
so i spread my wings
and took flight instead
and the vastness became mine

beyond me

that we are !

let us take our trophies and prizes
and glue them on the mantle
and nail them
upon the dusty walls of our pasts
yes we strive, we strive, we strive
to keep those moments of pride
alive is what i wish to be
i am so tired of having to reach back
to some distant accomplishment
to confirm me

so many of us are caught up in this convexing trap
posting pictures of who we used to be
ignoring who we are
if we look deep enough
we realize
we have not changed
we are still beautiful
we are still winners
and some would say
we are still sinners
yeah,
every time i listen to that
i must sit and have a chat with myself
for the health of who i am
will never be achieved
in the embrace of such things

i like you am on a journey
i define the picture
but i know the feeling of what i seek
this day, this moment, this week
this life may be all i have
and perhaps it is eternal
but imagine being caught
in to this vortex we bought in to
this pretext that some say
this is all there is

if this dimensional journey is our all
then we must put an end to this fall
of our civilization
some of us hold onto the remnants
and our affiliations
and induce our thoughts

with True / False elation
in visions and in dreams
lucid or not do we not awaken
and realize that the sleep induced pills we have taken
has only served "no service"

yes i am beautiful
i am not only a winner
but i have Won
for it is in these "Self" examinations
that i have discovered
uncovered
that which is greater in me
greater in you

the colors have been imbued
upon the genetic makeup of our souls
as has the song
which has been playing all eternity long
and i know that you know that we can hear it
though "they" are still seeking to teach us to fear it
the song harmonically still plays
and we each have our own beautiful melody
and the Universe of Joy greets us
in trust
that we will follow the Beat of the Drum
within our hearts
and realize our sums

that we are !

'tis

'tis not our first,
nor will it be last,
when man shall raise,
the flag up mast

many times before,
we've crossed this thresh,
the gate the cycle,
from dust to flesh

yet the sun still rises,
to dawn a new day,
and our holy dictate,
is we walk the way

Today i lost my faith

i look around at this world
my world
and i see suffering
yet there is hope
i see Hunger and Famine
and they tell me to just pray
i see Brothers of the same Father
killing their Divine Family Members
and they tell me to hold onto my Faith
well, today i lost my Faith

Is it my Faith that will make a change
as i get down on my Knees to pray to something unseen
and perhaps not known
i do know that there is something greater
i feel it within the core of who i am
but how, just how do i activate this power ?
this hour, this minute, right now

many will tell you that we have the power within
that we must move away from our sin
me, i just wish to awaken
from this nightmare we call life
to move away from the strife
and into a reality of permanence
laced with Joy
embraced by all
who hears this call
for change
Today i lost my faith

The old ways do not seem to work
for me
you see
there is no certainty
that the veil will be removed
that the Sail of our Ships of Hope
shall gather a wind
that takes us to that promised land

perhaps it is i who does not understand
but with all due certainty
we will all die
someday . . . somehow
Today i lost my faith

i have laid down my life of old
many times before
as i examine the soul of who i am
in these feeble rhymes
from the heart of a man
a Hued-man
and still i stand here
with my color and song
singing hymns of praise and joy
my life long

and still yet the relief i seek
may be here with me this week
but next week it comes late
it has vacated the everlasting
while the saints have been fasting
for a million years
and all the tears of us ordinary people
who have acquiesced to being the sheeple
of something perhaps still yet unknown
have i not my garden kept
even while my anguish has slept
at some time we all have wept
have not my seeds of hope been sown
Today i lost my faith

i spoke with a friend
about this very same situation
there was nothing uplifting
to that elevation with elation we sought
or have been taught
and i bought it
until now
in my vexation
Today i lost my faith

they say life is a present
but at times i must question
who wrapped this gift
for it seems
that all the goodness
can only be embodied in dreams
so as we drift once again to sleep
there is a despair type symphony
and i hear your soul weep
for what it once had
remembered

from January to December
and back again
Today i lost my faith

don't get me wrong
it is Faith that changes the tune of this song
i hear through my doubts and my fear
and many a tear
has been shed
upon the pillow on my bed
and where is this Bridegroom of Spirit
that i must wed
if it is within
then let us bring it on my friend
why the shyness of spirit
i know you are there
for the drum beat, i hear it
i march daily
attempting to attune my "Self" with "i" Self
to some ethereal avail
and the children of Source continue to wail
the children who have embodied such things as
greed, war, child prostitution
in this convoluted institution
the children of slavery
i will behave

just pray they say
have faith in the seen and the unseen
well i am tired of being blind
i wish to leave all this shit behind
i wish to clear this vexed mind
and that of my brothers and sisters too
you know what i mean
i need to touch, taste, smell and fully sense
without recompense
this mean unseen love for me
that keeps playing this game of hide and seek
am i not being diligent
Today i lost my faith

what i do know that is without my faith
this stuff is somewhat unbearable
and we realize our fears
the same ones who have been sitting
on the other side of our consciousness
all these years

as i walk this path
taking an inventory for all i have
have had
yes i am somewhat glad and thankful
for i do hold the visions in my eyes
of something greater to come
and i recognize
that our sum
is much greater than the collective
and from one soul to another
this is not selective
nor discriminatory
for the story is not about our differences
but of our similarities
without disparity
and with an absolute clarity

we must embrace each other
without reservation
nation to nation
culture to culture
gender to gender
from abundance to nothingness
from indifference to deference
if we are to change this mess
and if this is but a test
we must pass
together
as one
to get this done
and though Today i lost my faith
i have found my Power
and that is my Love . . .
for you

Today i lost my faith

tute

i am resolutely destitute
in this institute called life
they tell me i am insane
its all so inane
and mind is profaned with rife

words

i sat

i picked up my pen

the tongue of my soul

and it began to speak to me

it let its "Holy" upon the pad

that lay before me

that i may read

this is much like that of my Father

for am i not my Father's Son ?

with but a thought and a word

He created Worlds of Wonder

i too have thoughts

words 'i am' learning

a witness

i lay

like the silt on the River Bed

witnessing the rushing flow of life

as brother wind dances through the Forrest

i listen as the leaves applaud

in grand Celebrance of his visit

life is movement

and i am a witness

a bridge called Faith . . .

i came to this place
deep within my Soul
i looked across the desolate valley
of who i thought i was
and i saw flowers growing
blossoming fragrantly
and i the vagrant of understanding
stood and took in its beauty

funny, i vaguely remember
last Spring
or was it September
sowing those seeds
that my needs may be fulfilled
who is it that watered this crop of love
perhaps it was the tears of my inner anguish
that bid me well
that did me well
that took hold of my Hopes
and the dreams i once dispelled
and collected them in the sacred chalice
of my tomorrows
and all my past sorrows
and fed back to me
my offerings of despair

and i looked across this valley
and though i saw no bridge
i was filled with gratitude
and my certitude was stilled

and i began to build me a bridge
called Faith

from life's tears and manure comes forth fruit

all i need is the right Metaphor

he pulled out his Dictionary of Metaphors
i don't know what for
he couldn't read

i did not understand his rationale
that is not to say he did either
but he had a point
i would like to share
right here

he said he was trying to become literate
in an illiterate world

maybe that was his metaphor for expressing
how fucked up our world is
and continues to be
for see we not
we be blind he said
“you see, all of you
are like the Walking Dead”

“what was the name of that movie son ?
you know the one . . .
the Night of the Living Dead?”
now what he was saying here i could identify with
to some degree

he went on to speak on freedom
and how man always quested to be so
yet we have been dumbed down
like the Clowns and Jesters in King Arthur's Court

i started to retort, but i know he was speaking truth
one i did not like to face too often
yet more times than i like to admit
i am confronted with my own idiocy
and when i look upon the face of my children, all children
i help but consider

what is to be our legacy
or epitaph

we are not as naive
as we attempt to convince ourselves we are
and as they continue to demean us
we congenially continue to make excuses

as they use us
and these powers to be
know that we have acquiesced
our will to be free
you see,
we have become all too comfortable with the illusions of such
as we dream of getting in touch
with the dawn of some New Joy
to rid ourselves of our own illness
and will-less-ness . . .
or it is wit-less-ness

sometimes i feel like there is a Staff infection in my reason
and it seemingly tells me there is no cure
and though i may reject this analogy
as fallacy
within me i find myself apologizing often
to my ancestors
for never quite grasping
the meaning of the Freedoms they died for
and i keep lying to myself about my tomorrows
thus creating new horrors i must live with
within me

oops. . i am sorry

funny thing about listening
and its skills
i might have been missing something in this teaching
for i was beginning to preach to the choir
my own choir that i have sired
in my self-defecating delusions of grandeur
along with my subconscious collection lyricists and singers
who sings my Soul Consciousness lullabies about salvations
that lulls me back to sleep

as they usually do
all the time

and he said that's the point i am making young poet
i think you know it
or at least know of what i am saying
the time has come

it was like he was in my head playing
playing Pan's tune
impugning me with and anxious fervor

enticing me
but not very nice to me
to let go of my niggardly ways
and to confront my truths and realities

he said "soon my brother things must change"
"as a matter of fact they are changing as we speak"
"the deranged inmates have laid siege to the asylum"
"and they have nothing but lust in their hearts"
"and they want the booty"
"the spoils of this war you are in"
"and they will bare your ass and bend you over"
"and you know what they are preparing to do"
he laughed
i didn't

he told me "that is why he pulled out the Dictionary of Metaphors
hoping he might find another way
of opening the door to our awakening"

he said . . .

"all i need is the right Metaphor"

seeds

let us remove our hypocrisy
that supports the aristocracy
those who believe it is their ordained right
to tell us how we should live

what they have yet to know
that the seeds that one sows
comes back in the wind that blows
so watch very carefully what you give

for in the gardens of life
if you are sowing seeds of strife
soon come the gleaning knife
and a Karma you will not outlive

for the universe provides justice
and it is not about just us
and on this you can trust
and our souls will enter the sieve

so be accountable for the seeds
and mindful of your deeds
let flowers and fruit not weeds
be the seeds to life you give

seeds

and i call it love

i remember that sweet Spring Day
there was a feeling of anticipation in my heart
yet it was still heavy
from the Snow
the Darkness of Solitude
Winter often brings
as our spirits slumber
yet by the numbers
i went through it
just like i have done so many years before

and as i said
there was a sweet anticipation
of elation
and i could not quite figure out the equation
of what i was going through

but i know i needed something
and i call it love

as i was walking i saw all the happy children
playing and jumping and skipping and joyful
and my heart though not woeful
was not full of what i desired
and the fire though not out
and still yet warm
began to swarm my thoughts
of the absence of that special someone
someone i could relate with
share with
be with
and give the gift
i have been holding onto for much too long

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

yes, i still had a song within
and i needed a friend
not just a body
i have been there before
which is why the door to my heart has no lock
yes i was not willing to settle
for anything less
i refused to compromise
sometimes i felt this would lead to my demise
and to my surprise
i am still standing
and still demanding
for that certain special soul
to fill this hole
and make me whole
once again

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

as i strolled down the streets of the city
pity came and sat upon my shoulder
each day that bastard got bolder
attempting to entice me to have a party in his honor
and i instinctively knew that when i did this
i would be a goner
and the game would be over
i knew i needed more than a lover
that i may perhaps uncover
my greater self

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

i walked into the restaurant
where a pretty little thing named Rita
came over to greet me
to see
if she could do me
from the Breakfast Menu

though i must be honest
many times i thought of this conquest
the Bacon and Eggs of it all
and those wonderful legs that i could fall
between

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

as i adorned my best smile
and my fortitude
to go beyond this test
of my flesh
as i feebly sought
to flesh out love from my lusts

damn . . .
i might be blowing this opportunity i thought
after all her breasts were nice
perhaps that would suffice
for a moment or two
and she did have two
would that do

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

i looked up for
perhaps the first time
and something i have never noticed before
that when our eyes met
i noticed that they were set
perfectly upon her face
as were her full inviting sensuous lips
and her hips that appeared
to be perfectly shaped for my grasp

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

i felt a movement in that place
that i did not often think of these days
though i have my ways of satisfying myself
no, not what you think
i paid close attention to my spiritual health
for that was my divine wealth
that is how i made it through
my meditation was my mediation
and though this physical equation was not satisfied
Rita moved me in ways i have long defied

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

as she seemingly peered deep into my soul
and her loving essence began to cajole
this aging beast that was raising himself
to be seen
in a wanton rage
for he realized that somehow
we needed to engage
in something more
yes, he, the “id” of me

wanted to explore
he wanted to climb the mountains of desires
and explode in the horizons of ecstasy
and this was no fantasy
for he had been there before
and he . . . my “i” remembered

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

well needless to say
i gathered my salutations
i and i fit the words to the equations
and i navigated this situation
like the master of word that i am
or at least who i think i am
and of course as i employed the voice
i gave Rita a subtle yet definitive choice
loneliness or bliss

and as i described all the places
i so wanted to kiss
she began to melt

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

and she explained to me that she too
felt exactly as i do feel
and for too long she held her tongue
from the realness of her heart
and she began to impart to me
that she too was a person of dreams
and that life at times does seem
to never give you what you want
or what you need
but she saw in life a Garden
and long ago in her ardent heart
she planted the seed of love
deep in the furrows of her soil
and she toiled
and she nurtured it each and every day
in her own way
and i must say
i was flattered

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

for each day she saw me
she knew with certainty
that this day would come
she told me
that i was her sunshine
and her bright morning star
and she knew the road to this heaven may be long
but within her there was a song
of promise
and she promised
much to my surprise
with those sparkling and enticing eyes
that i would no longer need anything
for she was my everything

she would be the sweet fruit
of all the harvests
of my visions
and my dreams

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

and though it may seem
that this is but chance
she reminded me
that we must believe
in all the dreams we conceive
and though this line of thought
may be overused and tired
but the spirit of truth is required
here

if we are to achieve that which we seek
and have always sought
that which we have been taught
the happily ever after
with joy filled smiles and laughter
we must be honest
and willing to admit
without requite and submit
to this truth
of Life in Life

that we all know we need something
and i call it love

and she danced

his fecundated way with words
secundated my spirit
and he danced
tapping lightly with his syllables
and doing his smooth cha cha
as her heart fluttered
like the butterfly
and he languidly waltzed away
only to return to her nights
that he may lay with her
stay with her
and she danced

as she embraced the dreams of her horizons
yes she danced with a joy yet not known
and she opened her void
that his seed may be sown
in her garden
and she danced

the thought

Blasphemy

God is
whatever we determine
Him to be
or Her to be
or It to be
yes, God is
Blasphemy

if it is up to me
to determine what i see
my God to be
then i must be the God of God
or is it the Good of God
or the God of Good
for if God says to me
I Am the Great I AM
then i am
Blasphemy

many times we seek to define
within the confines of mind
that which is so beyond
the ripple in our little pond
we call life
there are still yet Oceans
filled with the motions
of life
and strife
Blasphemy

i open up my consciousness
to come to believe
that yes
there is something greater
and sooner or later
i will have to reconcile
this revelation
and in my small minded truth
i will reconcile my God to me

Blasphemy

as i sit here
i remember what Momma said
and Grandma said
but they are dead

but while they were living
they were giving
lessons
teaching and confessing
about salvation
and a life everlasting
praying and fasting
and type casting
measuring my soul for wings
or horns
Blasphemy

what i don't understand
is if we did believe
and receive
these things
why are we not singing
the songs of joy
as their bodies have been deployed
back to the dust
from whence it came
in the name
of the Prophet
the Son
Blasphemy

this Prophet
this Sun spoke
about the removal of the yoke
you know
the one that makes me weary
as it tries to break me
and like the Oxen
you attempt to blind me
that i may not see my Kingdom
yes Christ even said that my God is not Dead

that He sits on the throne
all alone
and that Kingdom is within
did we listen at all my friend
so if i am Sin
then God is too
Blasphemy

was i not Created by Source
from which all things came
of course . . .
and still you want to play
this tired old game
telling me that i am by nature Sin
from without to within
was not my Creator God Perfect
so therefore am i
there is no defect
and i have come to suspect
your convoluted indoctrinations
and your revelations
about the manifestations
and who we truly are
now tell me just how and why
you, man were able to conclude
your theorems
did you hear Him
whisper that your mission
was to delude the people
into becoming the sheeple
Blasphemy

yet they tell me to worship
that a smart ass guy like me
should bite my lip
for loose lips sink ships
and again i quip
to myself
to hell with this . . .
i want bliss
now
somehow
Blasphemy

i am not Sea Worthy
even in the Sea of Forgetfulness
and i remember
i still have my mess
for many a test
i have failed
when all i attempted to do was sail
the stormy Seas
who heard my pleas
when i fell to my knees
with my Rite and my Rote

yes, i took notes
and i studied the effect
though i was suspect
of the mission i was on
Blasphemy

and now that Grandma is gone
she went to a better place
that is what they have told me
so let us face it
and let it be known
that i am on my own
to decide what fate lies before me
and though i may not see
what they have told me
i do know
that life for me is like a river
and i flow
to that Ocean i spoke about
even when i lived in doubt
and though many times in life
just when it looked that i would strike out
my God appears
and through my many fears
and my tears
he shows that He cares
and delivers me
for as i said
it may seem that my God
is defined by what's in my head,
and for me He is not dead

but He is mine alone
so let it be known
that my God is not yours
He, She, It is mine
to define
as i so please
and right now my God is Home
sitting by that nice warm fire
inside of me
filling me with desire
to become a better me
you see
and excuse me
i do not need you
to tell me what God is

for
God is
whatever we determine
Him to be
or Her to be
or It to be
yes, God IS
and this is not Blasphemy
this a very real reality

for if it is up to me
to determine what i see
my God to be
then i must be the God of God
or is it the Good of God
or the God of Good
for if God says to me
I Am the Great I AM
therefore i am

Blasphemy

for i love her . . .

there were things she could do with a look
that moved things within me
that i did not even know existed . . .
her very presence
her essence
twisted my thought
and my tongue followed suit

it was hard for me
difficult even
for me to formulate the words
to capture the effect
she had on me
when she was near
and it was not fear . . .
i suspect the excitement i felt
was much like when i knelt
in the presence of God
yes, i worshiped her
for she was divine
and she was mine

even now
when i think of kissing her
i feel the yearning
still burning
for though i am missing her
she is still here with me

i remember the gentle smiles
and her glistening eyes
and how they gave rise
to the cadence of my heart beat
and i am listening . . .
for though i have told my 'self'

many times
in the lines of my rhymes
she is the reason why i live
the truth of the matter is
it is what she gave
and still gives

you see,
i am but a man
and our meeting was perhaps by chance
but chance is embodied in circumstance
and she gathered me
the all of me
and enhanced me

i was but a cubit
and she multiplied, not added
unto who i used to be
she was the Ark, my Ark
when my world was being flooded
with my nonsense
she made sense
and delivered me back
to Sunshine and dry land
she was my colorful promise
of the morrow
my Rainbow and Pot of Gold
yes, i felt the Doves fluttering wings in my heart

and though i may speak of these things
in a tense past
this feeling i have for her
still yet lasts
everlasting
and my Soul sings
of this grandeur

i still hold inside
and though many a night
my eyes were filled with a pool of desire
for this fire to burn once again
as i cried
in an attempt to cleanse my Soul
that this veil betwixt
my then and my now
somehow
be removed
and that i awaken
from this land of forsaken
and embrace this essence
in this presence
once again

for i love her

for Love IS

if i could write the perfect love poem
to express to you my depth
then perhaps you could understand
the cross upon which St. Issa wept

for love may be empowering
but yet it is a cross to bear
we love through all the smiles and sunshine
and the anguish within a silent tear

many times i felt that love betrayed me
abandoned me in my hour of need
and after my tear filled rain fall
love gave life to a greater seed

that has been planted so long ago
deep within my questing heart
and as it was love that resurrected me
and i became Love's Holy Art

She painted colors of Joyous Music
and i was Hers to divinely enhance
i come to know that Love is "IS"
and naught in life is chance

some call it fate or destiny
the pathways that we roam
but in the end when the Trumpet's sound
all Love's Children come home

so when i speak of depth in me
know it exists in you as well
as Night yields each day to Sunshine
illusions yield to what Truth tells

and we shall March and Dance together
upon the Eternal Light filled Path
and we shall awaken to Life's Certainty
that Love is all we are
and
Love is all we have !

for Love IS !

he is not alone

i looked at the young man
sitting in the corner
the young woman
leaning on the walls of her life
they were trying to live
they wanted to live
for they were still here
they just needed something to support them
they were filled with an uncertain despair
a calling for air
for their soul

many times i too felt like this
which is why i can write and you can identify
with this absence of bliss
we were taught to believe
and conceive
only stories about the happily ever after
a life filled with laughter
in spite of reality
or should i say this surreal for real dream
it seems that at times
when we visit these places
all the rhymes upon the faces
are awry
and the eyes to our souls
are clouded
shrouded
and deliberately seeking
a deeper darkness
where perhaps we can find solace

as we untether our self from our affiliations
as we hunger for reconciliation
with Self
we are forced to sift
through the war torn rubble
of our past beliefs
and our grief
and our joys

seeking meaning
as to why the wings we once adorned
are now self scorned
and the over preening

of the feathers
and we fly no more
so we go within
seeking some magical door
that will deliver us to the other side
the light they say
a new night within the day
still we are devoid
of understanding
in spite of the demanding
that our path be revealed unto us

yes we have trusted
in things not of our own selecting
nor making
and the thieves were taking
away our hope
feeding us the dope of false tomorrows
and finally the sorrow
of this horror catches up
and our cups are filled
with a bitter liquid of disdain
and we feign happiness

we do know that there must be a better way
but who do you listen to
another guru
who has perhaps mitigated his way
through his wilderness
but can i lay claim to the songs
that belongs
to others
though we may be sisters
and brothers

the young man looks up from his place
and he sees in the face
of the young woman leaning on the wall
that she too has fall-in herself
and a new thought has dawned
and a new countenance has spawned

he is not alone

i can you hear it

can you hear it
don't fear it
come near it my child
endear it

it is the greater you calling
calling your soul
to come and embrace its wholeness

love is calling you
that you may embrace yourself
in all things
leave the past behind
the thoughts
you bought
the dreams you so aimlessly sought
the spiritual traps which caught you up

can you hear it
don't fear it
come near it my child
endear it

you are here now
be here now
and in this moment
we must somehow
forge a better tomorrow
together
for our children of the future
no more sutures can hold this broken dream together

we are not the jaded beings we were told we are
we are not broken
we are powerful beyond
all the words ever spoken
we are creator of what we deem
the dream is not as it seems
you are already awake

and now it is time for us to take
that step forward
toward
that sweet small voice
that is whispering
it is our choice

can you hear it
don't fear it
come near it my child
endear it

all the medicines called Truth
has only served to irritate
your soul
regurgitate it in whole
let it not continue to affect our realities
expectorate its essence
and its lesson
leave no remnants of your misalignment with source
within you
be true to you calling
and let us cease from falling

can you hear it
don't fear it
come near it my child
endear it

inspired by : The Love Theme from Spartacus by Terry Callier

in the “know”

the quickening is about us
pondering our course
meting, sorting
that which does not belong

we are being rended
self from self
“is” from vapor
and our belongings
dissipate
back
into the nothingness
from whence it came

and we begin to shine
we resonate
as we are tuned
and aligned
to walk the narrow path
in cadence to truth
in the “know”

sometimes

sometimes we look in
and we say “ i am ok”
and we know that we are lying
we are
maladjusted
malcontents
with malice
as we are still vying
to find that path
to lead us to our happy, happy lane

sometimes i just don't understand
as i sometimes listen in
to the myriad of voices
offering choices
and suggestions
about my direction
pretending to know the answers
to the questions
i have yet to ask

sometimes i go in and sit
in the stillness of my illness
hoping that the light may come on
and illuminate the way
for i am weary
and the teary eyes of my soul
reminds me
that i need another tune up
and my wheels are out of balance
or need rotation
or something

perhaps there are just too many miles
between the smiles
of my youth
and where i am now

my tread is worn
and i dread the scorn
of Self
by Self
within

they say that Buddha traveled the middle Road
and Christ, He offers to take my load
me, i must let it out
shout it out
write it out
speak it out
before i explode

sometimes

The Poem of Life

yes, i am a Poet
not just any kind of Poet
dropping lines
for the overfilled minds

me, i am looking for empty spaces
looking for room
that i may fill it up
and get your cup to overflow
with thoughts
you know
with possibilities
to grow

while others are arranging syllables
i am reading
while you are eating the fruit of my mind
keep mind
that i am seeding
the gardens of your thoughts
with the seeds of hunger
so you would want more
and perhaps you will open that door
to the closet of your inhibitions
and indoctrinations
and watch all the illusions and delusions
of your beliefs
pour into the toilets of your wasted thoughts,
for i am flushing your false dreams and visions
with my surgical precision
into the sewer
leaving you thirsty for more

drink my child drink
let the Elixir of truth
be your passion
come to know thy self
and stop bashin'
your head up against the wall
and cash in
your coupons for a reality
of the past and
the present
for you are the present
so be present

be here
be now
and listen to the whisperings
of your soul
asking you to open and receive
and believe
that you are so much, much more
than what you have been told
yet you have sold out
your beautiful Soul
to the Bold Face Lies
that's what Grammy called it
i call it Bull Shit
and i must admit
they did a good job
when we were robbed
of our free will
so they thought
but though our will is still yet free
our choices have been selectively limited
by way of elective propaganda
and some false belief
that if we were read our Miranda
that we will get a fair chance
perchance

what kind of chance . . . huh ?
a bigger cell with a window
you know
it is still a prison
but listen
can you hear me
yet ?
feel me
come near me
and feel my heart
as it speaks to you
as these lines are trying to do

i may not be much of a wordsmith
as i attempt to convey my purpose
perhaps i am but a “Blacksmith”
or maybe i am no smith at all
but, me, i must answer this call
and scream if i must
for i have been entrusted
as a poet
and you know it

to forge the tools of your liberation
and between the lines of this verses deliberations
and considerations
yes,
we must awaken my people
we must be circumspect
and become suspect
of what we have been taught
what our minds have bought . .

no disrespect intended
as we are now being amended
to the right of way
in the light of day

we are not in darkness
look, see your light
it shines brightly bright
for you are the Sun
the Sons and the Daughters
of the Source
of course
that which orders
the removal of your borders
and the purpose of all things
and that purpose is you
and somehow
i know you knew
that with creation
you exponentially rhymed
in time
for you are divine
and though you may not be a Poet . . .
You are the Poem
. . . of Life

the room in the corner of my mind

i sit in this room in the corner of my mind
pondering things
reflecting on past experiences
faces i have encountered
flashes of light
that has offered gifts of insight
the collective treasures of a road well travelled
as my life unraveled
so many times . . . i thought

was it these challenges that molded character
and personality
in this seemingly surreality
i characterize and label
as life
with excrescent rife
i question
all the things i have accepted
in this deceived reality

i put aside all this heavy me
and i go to that window of levity
that my soul sometimes looks out
at times i feel like a heavyweight fighter
in a heavyweight bout
being punched around
while fighting for the crown
of my doubt

funny how winners become losers
and the lost are found
but we are the choosers
of the mental and spiritual ground
we traverse
as i now do in this verse
as i examine the aspects of possibility
with a much needed and dire certainty
as the "i" in me flirts with me
about the secrets of being me

but as i said,
i am led
to that window of levity
with the verity
that it is now a time for me to laugh

for the wrath we sometime exact
upon ourselves
leads to no good end
though many times in this room
in the corner of my mind
we defend
the delusions we create
as if such is our fate

snicker, giggle, squirm and wiggle
uncomfortable i am
with the appearance of the insurmountable
task to overcome
i ask
how can i come
to realize my sum
of my being
when all i am seeing
are the defined
corners of this room
in my mind
what do i hope to find ?
more dreams ?

it seems
that perhaps i once was content
with this sentiment
but no more
i must find the door
that opens to the bridge of understanding
i am demanding now
somehow i must discover
uncover
that bridge that leads across the river of fear
as i leer at the valleys
of despair

have i not paid the toll
what is the price
will not my very life suffice
i gave it
i give it
i choose to live it
as it was given
freely
yet for some reason
in this life's season
i have chosen this room instead

here comes that verity of levity
again
i laugh
and the walls that seemingly sealed my fate
they begin to dissipate
as the delusional illusion for what they are
and the light long forgotten
comes back on
and the walls are gone
and with but a smile,
a laugh,
a wiggle and a giggle
i am liberated
and life once again life is celebrated
and i am extricated
from this room in the corner of my mind

the gift of laughter liberates us . . .

'tis the season

'tis the season for love
Peace and Understanding
when we all can escape
the incessant demandings
of greed
of politics
of despair
of war
of famine
of strife
for in this life
'tis the season
and the season is life

'tis the season of brotherhood
where our humanity may be embraced
and we perhaps wear smiles upon our face
not because all without is good
as it should be
but what is within
is perfect
as it can be
and always has been
my friend

'tis the season of giving
adding your own cubit
to the purpose of living
your breath of light
inflates the Floating Balloons
of hope
that many others
and you
may cope
that we may endure
the tribulations and the trials
with the grace of our God
evidenced in our smiles
the smiles of our children

and the smiles in our hearts
from which i do pray
we shall never part

‘tis the season of truth
when we must admit
we have much work to do
so let us get to it
for the best of what we can be
is yet to come
and we will dance in the gardens
where love of each other is our Sum
we will embrace our Sisters and Brothers
and honor our Fathers and Mothers
our Source and Gaia
as we acknowledge the Fire
that burns within
my friend

‘tis the season of peace my friend
lay down our Arms
our Hate
our Indifference
our Detachment
for we are One
One Creation
on One Planet
with One Sun
Breathing One Air
and there is One Heartbeat
we call this Life
‘tis the season my friend

'tis the season to celebrate
our connection
and without circumspection
without the illusory deflection
from the reality
that we are divine
not only in mind
but in Love
in Life
in Being
as Human Beings
'tis the season
every day
'tis the season
for love . . .

we had fears

there are fears that we dare not admit
hidden in the womb of our denials
the pouring forth our fears and tears
lightly dressed as smiles

insecurities and our unassuredness
and our foiled construction of esteem
yet every day we awaken to a life
where we embrace such empty dreams

be it loneliness or our indifference
from the myriad of things that touch us
we all carry forth that innate feeling inside
there is something that must be done, we must

sometimes in spite of our better selves
we turn off that light of hope within
and cling to our familiarities in dismal despair
and deludedly we treat them as friends

when the Captain of the Ship cries "Woe is ME"
what possibly can my expectations surmise
that here i am again upon the Landscapes of Life
where there is an absence of the Sun that should arise

but wait, why should i stay here i ask
in a place where the dark clouds constantly loom
i am the creator is what “Source” tells me
of my life and of my illusional doom

so in the final analysis of this “NOW”
i am changing, transmuting that which i see
and if i could but touch the world with this virus
we can effectuate the divine within Me and Thee

collectively as we strive forward
by changing our “HERE” Right “NOW” my friend
our fears become the musings of the illusory past
that we once thought lived within

we had fears . . .

yes, he was homeless

he sat on the sidewalk
near the corner
by the Bus Stop
where the passengers would pass him by

he was stuck in a convoluted vortex
between Despair and Hope
not necessarily of his own doing
he was just looking for a way to cope
with the invisible rope
around the neck of his dead dreams
yes, he was homeless

it has been quite some time
more than he could even remember
since he saw his little girl
yes, she and his family was his world
but she probably was not little anymore
it has been so many years
so many tears
and all the fears
he once embraced
have now fled
for all that he once prized
has been bled
from his prideful grasp
right before his eyes . . .
his Family
his Home
and now he has been destined to roam
these streets of continuing anguish
yes, he was homeless

as he spends his days
in his own chosen ways
he has never held out his hand
to beg
though his life was out of hand
there still resided an uncertain pride
and dignity
his humanity
with a somewhat suspect certainty
yes, he was homeless

in spite of himself
he tried
and would not allow his noble spirit
to be denied
yes, he defied
the indifference to his suffering
and perhaps the Societal expectations
that told him to give up on life
to just become a part of the collection of statistics
and rollover and die
but still he vied
for more
yes, he was homeless

somewhere buried deeply in his heart
there still lived something warm
and it was all his alone
he found this quite special
it was the only thing left
yes it was his alone
and it could not be taken
nor forsaken
yes, he was homeless

there were pictures there he prized
he held them forever in his inner eye
embraced them
saw his face in them
there were pictures of a "White Pickett Fence"
with a Gate
that somehow he believed

would alter his fate
as it led to a brighter day
and this dark night would dissipate
and become sunshine once again
and then he could brightly
nightly
embrace his joy of expectation but one more time

in this same vision
he saw Sidewalks
but the only apparent purpose they served
was for Little Red Wagons
Hopscotch and Skates

and the endless Smiles and Sunshine
upon the Faces of the Children
and such
a place where he could touch
a place in space not forgotten

and though he was homeless
he still had a heart
and his sanity
and this heart was the Home
of his Humanity
so though he was homeless
he still was so much more
than the man at the Bus Stop

and though he was just the man on the Sidewalk
of our City
homeless
it is not Pity one should give
Perhaps a Meal, your Heart, a Gesture, a Smile
stop and take some time to converse for a while
share your Humanity
share your Heart
for therein resides the Home
. . . of us all

yes, he was Homeless

leaves

falling
whispers
calling
darkness
crawling
to the light within you

seeds
sowing
breezes
blowing
blossoms
growing
embracing what is true

children
laugh
happiness
here aft
silent
path
each moment is new

wondrous
i see
love
in thee
grande
to be
with certainty

love certainly

i am conducting this pertinent search
for certainty
that i may come to terms
with this hurt in me
a place where no Sun shines
or smiles exist
where the blossoms of understanding
desists
and i know not why
i cry inside like this

you see, i see
when i look across this landscape of humanity
i see a flourishing garden of insanity
and we profane our divinity
oops . . . there goes another virginity
one who no longer believes
in the goodness
or their ability to conceive
of a better life
devoid of all this unnecessary strife

i look at the villages
and what used to be communities
immersed in wars
and the fears . . .
and i feel them
and i pray they feel me

the children's smiles suffer
with an empty silence
for they are no longer vibrantly reflected
in their expectations
... beyond the now

Life has lost its colorful hues
and those who sit in the Pews
do they truly, really give a damn
man
yes ma'am
yes sir
yes who is going to fix this
collapsed bridge from bliss
this
yes this is why

i am conducting this pertinent search
for certainty
that i may come to terms
with the hurt in me

the more i look consciously
across this landscape of humanity
there is a certain insanity
that makes me ask
am i awake ?
can it be
so i plea within myself
to myself
to please allow me to escape
my nightmare
please turn on the light of resolution
to end this pollution
of our higher states of being

yes, i am conducting this pertinent search
for certainty
that i may come to terms
with this hurt in me

my Brothers and Sisters are
hungry, diseased and fearful
and woeful
and full of despair
and anguish
and what dreams come
to their spirits of continual torment
and need
and i plead with you
as do they
this day
every day
won't you help me
with this pertinent search
for certainty
that we may come to terms
with the hurt in me
in you
in humanity
with
Love certainly

my name is “FRIEND”

‘twas the night before Christmas
i was seemingly alone
just me and my computer
and no ringing phone
so many of us
have lives such as this
where life appears barren
apart from dreams of bliss
we sit and we ponder
of grander things in time
as i’ve come to discover
as these words i do rhyme
that life is not solely
about who’s in my midst
for through it all
we must not quit
keep your eye on the prize
of what is to come
continually go forward
and goodness will come
if it is company you seek
just press “internet” key
search or Google
and you’ll find me
don’t give up hope
and give me your fear
surf on my web
i am always there
just you remember
‘til all days end
look under “F”
my name is “FRIEND”

Blessings to you my Friends

Love you

Bill

Orgasmic Interlude

i am having an Orgasmic Interlude
with my "Self"
oh stop that
its not like that
no,
though it may be somewhat masturbatory
it is not about some creamy white liquid running across my hands
once i reach that place of cessation
with a fulfilling elation
this is about my Mental masturbation
where i seek to answer my own
questions
yours too
as i attempt to equate the whys
and i feel unwise at times
but at this very moment it all rhymes
and i am having an Orgasmic Interlude

there used to be times when i got off a little more than this
when i touched that place of temporal bliss
found in Drugs
and i am not just speaking of the pharmaceuticals
Drugs of denial
and of the doctrinals as well
that filled me to the brim
and some mythical concept of being born in sin
don't we already have enough self abnegation and hatred
and as i lay here on my bed
immersed in confusion
about the allusion
contemplating my worth
on this earth
i am furiously glorious
watch my shine
yes i am fine
they say if i stay in line
line ?
fuck you too
i have my own line that i walk, shit

and listen to me as i talk it
and i live it
and i give it

listen
over and over again
and with convextment
and my spiritual anorexments
and it hurts when you have to regurgitate
all that foul mess we have been fed
over the years
and through the tears
and fears
just like red meat, it did not digest
though we continue to ingest
this mess
i must confess
i was so tired of that shit
i could no longer stomach it
so i gathered my witful grit
my true grit
and i grasped my two handful of Balls
no, not basketballs
gonads you know what i mean
the ones we have not seen
for quite a while
for we did not have the courage to stand
for something
anything
meaningful
soulful
and i come to you pouring out my soul
all of it
that i may replenish it with wholesomeness
and replace all that mess
i have accumulated
since my youth
the illusional delusional non-truth
that bears no fruit

so this is the way i figure it
if we all just let go of the shit
we been holding onto for too long
there is a song playing
calling you
calling me
to effect a change
that starts within
me

and if we all just do “me” you see
the numbers will gradually
add up
and someday we will all have a full cup
and together we can sup
drink
and think
without clouds of doubts
and fears
and replace all the tears of anguish
with joy and smiles
and create new styles
of how to love each other
and love our self

yes i like you, like we all
did not answer the call
and yet now many of us continually weep
in our sleep
dreaming a nightmare about a better life
a better way
for tomorrow . . .
can't change the past you know
hold on and it will last you know
you know the sorrow
that will be waiting for you tomorrow

and the horror
of having to face the illusion you embraced
about how you have failed
another delusion we create
for there are no failures
just lessons . . .

this is what i teach my children
for i wish not upon them my path
nor my journey
i want them to believe
that what they conceive
they can achieve
for they have the power to do so
if they get into the flow
and live, you know
what i am talking about

forget the remnant of grief you hold onto
it is no good for you
for in truth, you are on that ship
and it ain't no good ship lollipop
stop
we have been on board since birth
and the ship is sailing
the ship of your life
all you have to do is awaken
and realize your power,
now
not an hour later
but right NOW !

come on dude
let us have an Orgasmic Interlude
of Truth . . . Here . . . Now !

my basement

i have tried
i have lied
i have cried
defied, denied and died
trying to change who i thought i was

i was a deranged, delusional derelict
digging within for meaning
for substance
for that connect
that was suspect
always

many paths i have walked
many paths i have balked
and i listened to all the “Silver Tongued” talks
while they were “Mining”
in my mind . . .
for Gold . . .

they wanted Dues
they wanted Tithes
they wanted Offerings
for the bufferings
from my sufferings

there was a time that i was
expediently obedient,
but i still had question.
Damn, why do you think i write ?
the Pen and the Pad don't talk back
nor does it attack
or attempt to persuade me to its way of thinking
it but allows
it allows me to address
to express
and confess
all those things that i suppress
from my days of aggression

depression
and regressions
my innermost anxieties
with society
and the convoluted convexations
with the world

with self
and with you

i have ingested Mr. Osley's
little pink pill of peace
with anticipation of change
change happened
but it was only a temporary condition
filled with inner sedition
and the illusory fruition
of a lasting reality
within my spiritual frailty

i was still at risk though
tisk, tisk, tisk
and i whisked my malcontent back under the rug
to survive the decadence we call alive

i am not an angry soul
i think ..
for anger is bad
they say
though i / we have been had
yet another day
Soldiers celebrated for killing Mothers, Babies and Fathers
and themselves . . .
and maybe
we should collectively take a "RE LOOK"
at the meaning of
or demeaning of
Patriotism.
Yes, i am a Patriot
of Life
my Life
with absence of Strife
and the abolition of the rife

of indifference and non-connectedness

let us together examine
the sum of what we may become
and let loose these Soul based vexations
stuck in the consciousness
of our Humanity
our supposed Sanity let loose our Vanity
that one is more than the other
our sisters, our brothers

like i said, like you . .
i have tried
i have lied
i have cried
defied, denied and died
who i thought i was
and when i stopped thinking about it
i found love
sitting in the silent core of you
and i
the "i am" of who we are
in our base-meant

and i love her

there was a certain Love he had for her
one that consumed his heart
his soul
his thought
his wantings and passions
and all else he was
and is

he was never sure as to how he should express himself
for he could not even think straight
with visions of her beauty dominating his thought
there were not any words he could eloquently grasp
and speak
or give to her
that would make her understand
the depths of this consuming fire
within
Yes . . .
he had wantings

the whisperings of his heart were maddening
and many times he was saddened
for he did not see the light coming forward
towards me
yes he did not see
but somehow he knew
that in you

yes . . .
he knew he had discovered something greater
within her that lived within himself
there was a kinship spirit
the feelings he tasted
were beyond any sweetness he had ever dreamed of
and though he wanted so much more
there was an abiding fear
that this was an illusion
and might disappear
but he did not care about such shadows

for there was such a light being expressed now
here
and this was where he was staying
where he would reside
he refused to hide
and this what he felt could not be denied

this love
this feeling
that kept him reeling
being tossed and turned
in the internal Holy Fire that burned
within him

he seemed as if he was walking of the clouds
that he had long ago formed in his dreams.
when he first looked upon her face

there was a light of joy and anticipation
of something greater
and he was consumed
totally
in a passion
in a joy
in love
with love
he has discovered
in her

No, he will not let go
and he did not pursue
for she was already his

it seemed as if this is what he came here for
that this door may be opened
this door to his heart
that always sought to give of his secrets
the same secrets of Creation
that ushers forth our elation
in the knowing
that we have not to go any place
for within our own space
what we desire

of that fire within
will come to us

as she has come to grace his life
with her presence
the present
and ultimately we must confess
as we address this truth
that we are the love elective
and within the collective
of all souls

and these wantings and desires are confirmed
and my dreaming has now ceased
and our fires affirm
that life itself is pleased
for this love
that has come
and i am complete

and i love her

did i come yet ?

did i come to learn
did i come to serve
did i come to earn
my way back into some mythical heaven
where the life of "Good and Plenty" awaits me

did i come to teach
did i come to be taught
the answers to the riddles
my soul sought
and still seeks
or is it my "Mind Stuff" seeking
the answers hidden behind the veil
that clouds my judgment
as i judge
where i should shine my light

a little to the left
in my liberalness
a little to the right
in my obstinateness
yes, my inflexibilities
causes me hardships
and it rips
through my total being
like a storm
and as i for this moment
sit in its eye
attempting to blindly see
the impending
in my stupending
way

i write these cryptically reflective lines
from some deep pool of "Self"
but i would rather flow
yet,
i feel a bit damned
and dammed
and i just don't know
how to let this Soul filled river
run to its Ocean . . . NOW !

did i come to complete this cycle
did i come to start anew
did i come to find my "Self"
or did i come to remember you
did i come yet ?

feeling completely anachronous

sitting, reflecting with my pen and pad
feeling completely anachronous
yes time has refused me

or

i refused time's rhymes
for nothing seems to be working together

could it be me who just does not understand
the complexity of perfection
and just why do these Suits get an erection
in lieu of my suffering

the greed merchants are dancing a devil's dance
perchance i could change the music
i once thought
yet i feel like i am caught
at times
in this voracious vortex
and i try to keep up

perhaps in my limitedness
i have somehow loss touch with the sacredness
or was it my belief system which has collapsed
am i having a relapse
of the 60's, the Renaissance
or is it the Dark Ages
but once again my friend
we have been here before

i remember when we burned the Witches in Salem
i say we because we stood by silently
yes, we have failed them
as the select few who knew God
at least they knew the God they fed us
and taught us how to trust

in their objective illusions
yes they have achieved their objective
and taught us the parameters of how we should live
and we gladly accepted their non-truth truths
yes, we were young at mind, the youth
there for the cultivating of their own agendas
and there was no Mirandas offered
as we went to sleep in our warm safe coffers
or was it coffins
with TV and the Moon

and now Remote Controls and a Six Pack
to relax
relax what
our minds ?
perhaps that is why i do not understand
yet inside of me there are demands
for release to something more pleasant
perhaps
the non-acquiescence of my life
to a sentence of strife

yet i write these sentences
not to condemn
but to liberate us from the chains
that have been secured and extrapolated
some are shiny yet rust plated
for the Shit is old
all that nonsense we have been told
His Story
my God where is the Glory
the Salvation
in His Story

i pick up my pen again
to attempt to feebly examine this paradigm
this dynamic epidemic of indifference
to self
to others
to you
i ask myself
Bill what are you going to do
today

can you laugh it off as the clown you pretend to be
the court Jester of someone else's kingdom
while telling yourself you are free
you have no damn idea
yeah
no idea
just how deep the rabbit hole is
this is not a quiz
i am telling you
the game is almost over
all the courageless ones run for cover
and what once was their lover
the world of illusion
has bent us over . . . backwards
and raped all that we thought we are

and were
and hope to be
daily
without cease
and we please
please . . . please . . . please
give me more
it hurts too bad to stop

like a Donkey on Methadone
we have given up the real high
for the substitute

trying to evade the addictions
to our confictions
seeking the light
found in our restrictions
that we can change this whole damned thing
we must forget the past times
for it will soon be past time
and the time will pass us on by
and our power will be forgotten
you know,
that power you long ago surrendered
just so you could buy what you could not afford
in advance
that power
to be authentic
to stand up
speak your mind
never minding the persecution
of truthful elocution
seeking resolutions
in truth's fusion
into our realities

i am needing an advance Lord
i need a blessings down here
i get on my knees
begging please
take away this inane pain
i don't really want the truth
at least not all of it at once
for that would cause me to be accountable
to what seems insurmountable
odds
with myself
with the world

with you
so i pray the prayer of delusions

and as i embrace my dysfunctional self
in my dysfunctional family
in my dysfunctional world
i just shake my dysfunctional head
waiting for some sort of Epiphanic solution
recording my feeble insightless evolution
from Soul to Pen to Paper to You to me
as i express
and i am pressed
to address
this feeling completely anachronous

yes, i am out of sync with something
and i feel it deep inside
and my soul has been crying
and i can no longer hide
or am i dying
drowning in the alpha-bet soup of this matrix
as i am digesting the letter
the word
of life
while i am feeling
completely anachronous

friend

today it was in my spirit
just as it is any other day
i was consumed with the urge
to sit and exact just what you mean to me
friend

i started to grab my pen and pad
but i elected to use the electronic apparatus instead
my computer
and as i took inventory
and started to compute
about what you mean to me
i became overwhelmed
for there were so many friends
i held consciously in my heart

i then began to search in the depths of my mind
for metaphors
and adjectives
i could express
and give back to you
about all that you do
in the enhancement
of my life
my heart
my thoughts
and my being
friend

there are many who have over the years told us
that friend meant such things as
trust
being there
acceptance
love and such
but what i cherish the most
my friend
is the touch
the feel of your presence

yes, that is my present
and i am embracing it now
my friend

many of you have faces
that i have never seen
up close and personal
but that is ok
friendship should not be held to such standards anyway

and i sit here searching for that next line
as i try to define
within the confines
of my searching mind
and though i may somewhat express
i must confess
that it is more about the blessing
of how my countenance shines
and my soul sings
of the grandeur of this present
your presence
friend

i know that you know
that we are connected
perhaps that is what friends expose in us
that ability to trust
in our greater selves
you friend touch that special spirit
of who i am
and i am grateful
yes i am thankful
to call you

friend

i sing eternal

there are too many words that are sedentary
that lend to life's observational commentary
about life that is eternal
yet appears as a momentary
pause in this endless song i sing

i sing eternal

~ * ~

spent

here i am sitting
having silent orgasms
somewhere deep in my soul
i can tell and verify it
by my spent nature

in me . . .

i was looking for someone to fall in love with
most of my adult life
the experiences took me from “Pillar to Post”
and back again
No, not her, she had issues
and i did too
so true

Two wrongs never made a right
and most people i encountered
were just wrong for me
or perhaps i was just askew
though the love may have been new
it usually got old
quickly
and sickly
in my fickly predisposition
and my judgmental demeanor

my standards were probably shaped and molded
by the things i have been told
over the years
Television
Print Ads
Billboards
People Magazine
and Afro Sheen
Clairol,
Elaine Powers
Mademoiselle
Ebony and Jet
Slim Fast,
Jenny Craig
and i beg
Colgate Palmolive
and Mr. Johnson & Johnson
to let go of my Johnson
and let me filter through my own nonsense
instead of this constant . .
fog

cause i can't
do this any more
yes, i was not in touch with . . . well . . .
i don't know

i didn't even know what i was supposed to be in touch with

i certainly blame Madison Avenue
that kept me from having you
ha ha ha

funny how when we get older and look back
we see all the squandered opportunities
to touch and be touched
yet touched i was
by myself and my demands
i did not understand what the urgings were
or where they came from
could it have been fear
as i indulged in those things within me
so unclear
and doubtful
but, now that i am here
i grasp a hold of perhaps a deeper insight
realizing that the Night
ruled my day
what can i say
any way
i remember when they called this feeling of being
Ego Centric
and now i ask . . .
if i am not centered in who i am
what good am i to any one
perhaps that is it
all the nonsense and bull shit
i have eaten and could not quite digest
yes
i must confess

i did not do so well on that test
yet somehow i deluded myself into believing
i was giving my best
so i laugh again at me
for all i wanted truly
was to be free
of all the Rules and Rote
and Ritual
so i could enjoy the victuals of life
on that note . . .
here i am
still looking for the meaning
of my looking without
for that love
i always have had . . .
in me !

in the beginning . . .

there is a path being cleaved
in my jungle ahead
that i may travel unfettered
as i stand before you
all is already ordained
and the best of you is bettered

we must learn to trust
in our higher purpose
as we open and allow
put thy foot forward
be steady and sure
and relax thy wrinkled brow

for the things you have dreamed of
and held close in hope
that sat next to your Holy Fire
are the seeds of our 'morrrows
our Joys and our Bliss
the fulfillment of Divine desire

so come forth my child
to life's holy embrace
found here within the source
know that all is well
as it has always been
and follow the light laden course

put your heart in your hand
and offer its grace to all
for of all you all have come
the "i" in you is the "I" in me
and i await thy arrival here
in the Garden . . .
where we all have spawned from

in the beginning . . .

in you

sometimes i have to ask myself
why am i so blessed
perhaps it was not in this lifetime but another
that i managed to pass the test

and my reward is as i see it
every time i look at you
the endless possibilities of our world's beauty
that radiates through and through

in you

wsp

written for my dear friend "DZ"
who is the inspiration of this humble offering.

seemingly forgotten

there are times i wish to remember
what i have seemingly forgotten
of a time that used to be
childhood . . .
perhaps
a love . . .
yes
a love of a life i used to know
when the sunshine brought smiles
as it only does sometimes these days

i know that i am blessed
to be here,
but am i really here ?
am i really feeling what i should ?
am i letting this supposedly grand moment we call life slip by ?

there are times i feel un-whole
like there is a hole
in my soul
it does not always hurt
but it always aches
for something i seemingly forgotten

i remember the cookie jar on the counter
at Nanny's
sugar cookies i think
yes they were extra sweet
as are these memories
i seemingly forgotten
the whole lot and
when i was a tot and
it was hot and
it was July again
and me and my friends
went swimming
as i am now doing
to survive
stay alive

in this sea of abysmal noise
in the silence of the memories
that will not come to me
that i may see
with some semblance of verity
the answers to the questions
about me
yes . . . about me

they say i am free
to do what i may question
dream about a grander land
its me and Dick Clark and Bandstand
making a last stand
to understand
or over-stand
man
what's the plan
to recoup
the soup of my soul
don't care much for Chicken Soup
or much for groups
and such
i am just trying to remember
what i have seemingly forgotten
the whole lot and
the days of pot and
those heady dreams
where i really did believe
that i could achieve
the recollection
by way of reflection
and introspection
yet there is no detection
and still . . .
there are times i wish to remember
what i have seemingly forgotten
of a time that used to be
childhood . . .
perhaps . . .
one love . . .
yes

self turned . . .

i have been Accused
i have been Tried
i have been Convicted
i have been Sentenced
i have been Condemned
all by my own choosing . . .
“Self” has turned on me
“dimed” me out
why . . . i don’t know
i trusted him with my life
like a brother
just like he was my own
and he turned on me

i mean we shared everything together
we were the same Mind
the same Heart Beat
the same Breath
when you saw him . . . you saw me
we were inseparable . . .
or so i thought
“Self” has turned on me

Over the years i have cared for him
i have fed him
we have dined at the finest restaurants
ate the most exotic foods
drank some of the finest wines
together
i have nurtured him
i even gave in to his small petty bullshit demands
i tolerated him
i clothed him
i even brushed his teeth and wiped his ass
i took him for walks
even though he did not really appreciate them
but i did it for his own good
we danced together
sang together

played together
i took him shopping
i even allowed him to be wasteful
and purchase so much shit we did not need
nor want
he did not appreciate my sacrifices

many times
more times than none
and
“Self” has turned on me

i have taken that asshole traitor on Vacations
to exotic places
introduced him to women
and good friends
i thought we were having fun
together
i even taught him to try different things
why, i even taught him to read and write
i have sat up long nights keeping him company
discussing all his vexations
and foibles
when he was down on himself, it was i who picked him up
encouraged him
dusted him off
i supported him in every way i could
and this is how this ungrateful bastard repays me
yes . . .
“Self” has turned on me

perhaps that is why they call him “Selfish”
for it seems in the end all he does care about is himself
but what about “me”
i have shed tears for him
i have laughed with him
i even embraced his issues
and his problems
and his trials and tribulations
as my own
i even shared his Joys
and his laughter
and his smiles

when he was happy . . .
i was happy
wait until i see him
he is a superficial
self-delusional
self-justifying
self-edifying
self-praising
lazy no good for nothing . . .
“Self” has turned on me

No , , , Wait
i allow my “Self” to go out like this
Me, i am loving
i am kind
so i shall . . .
i must . . .
forgive him
for all of his transgressions
past
present
and those to come
for
i am a loving God Created Divine Entity
i grow as long as i embrace this attitude
if i come to hate . .
what would become of me ?
perhaps i will just seek “self” out
and sit in silence with him
perhaps this is the time he really does need me
perhaps he too is hurting
and truly in need a friend
a hug
a smile
perhaps
i know we are truly brothers
perhaps we are truly one

Yes,
let me reach out
yes, though "Self" has turned on me
i am encouraged
for i am blessed
i can bring Goodness to this situation
i can bring Love
i can bring Hope
i can bring Joy
for . . . "I AM"
yes
for when Self turned on me
i turned on "Self"
and now we shall come together
in love of "Self"
for when "Self" turned on me
my eyes have opened
and i shall turn on Self
as
self turned . . .

the Saints Walk By

the Saints are walking in the Holy Parade
playing the music we hear
whispering and singing and shouting and screams
within our dreams
wanna play ?
charades is the game of choice
in this game we call life
i pick up the blade, the knife
i attempt to consciously disengage
my consciousness . . .
the Spider Web of Doctrines and Beliefs
and the Foods of my Ancestors . . .
have i overeaten ?
they do say you are what you eat
but . . .
what was in that Casserole ?
my stomach hurts mommy
here she says . . .
take another pill
it will be all right in a little while
i trusted her
i trusted in the intentional goodness
and i am now contentiously weeping
in my soul
seeking resolve
as i evolve

the next day i fell
i skinned the knees of my divine self
i bled
they gave me a Band-Aid and some orange stinging liquid
that shit hurt !
must we be pained to heal ?
yet i am still bleeding
and the blood pours forth every day
by now i should be dead
for i have been bleeding it seems
since the beginning of time
my hands have been pierced in the palms
i can no longer grasp any truth
or anything else for that matter
yes, i too bear a cross
upon which many times over i have been nailed
i look down from my perch of forsakenness
and i see yet still
the Saints Walk By

the “Seeker’s Path”

the clouds of understanding are before me
as i stand upon the “Seeker’s” Path
seeking a home
a place of resolution
where all is cozy and safe and warm

all life about me stands
as it always has
in witness of some quiet knowing
flowing
growing
and i am continually sowing
seeds . . .
to what end my friend ?

somewhere in the unknown
or forgotten recesses of me
my “i”
i see the Harvest
but in my ever light projections
i trust it will come
as i attempt to remain aplomb
to this journey
this world
this experience

it does not matter whether i am really “HERE” or not
for i forgot to some degree
what it is i am supposed to do
yet, the Ether of understanding
that i hold in my hands
whispers faintly
of a time Long ago . . . Now
and i sow the seeds of wantonness
more or less
upon the wisping Clouds of my desires
as the fires consume me

this aching for Soulful conciliations
may just be the key to what i seek
upon this "Seeker's Path"

yes, i open my Heart
with the empty Hands of need
and i continually sow this seed
of love in – deed
that the Fruit may come
to fulfill my Pleading Soul
to be whole
once again
as i journey . . .

the "Seeker's Path"

within these lines . . .

i remember i did not forget
the things that are pertinent to my walk
so many times i remain quiet
as i listen when i should talk

talk about the things of knowing
that we mutually hold within our soul
talk about the love we have yet to re-discover
like that of our days of old

i do know that word has a power
exponentially expanding each day
but like a child i shun the responsibility
for i'd rather be a child at play

playing in the gardens with the butterflies
the flitter flatter and spreading my wings
the uninhibited joys of simply being
let us dance to harmony that life sings

let us not be burdened by the task of man
let us speak of the Angels Magic of voice
let us skip along the paths beyond delusion
for when created we were endowed with choice

so this day there is no need for promise
for the Sun gives promise enough
i am a child of the Universal Source
and thus i was created in Love

for if not love where would i be
would any-thing warrant my thought
within me – you belies the wonder of life
and that is the Light word Spoken and Taught

within these lines . . .

for we are so much more . . .

i laughed, i cried
i lived, i died
so many times over
every time i realize that i am awake
i get up the courage to go for

the actualization of a better place
that we all have always dreamed of
and what better space should it reside
but in our hearts bathed with our love

i embrace this journey of discovery
so empowering is each step
i am encouraged to joyously saunter
for our joy filled work is not done yet

in the embracing of our perceptions
at times we limit our moments in being
as we acquiesce to the finiteness
and the temporal aspects of seeing

yes we are in truth so much, much more
than what we hold onto and believe
our minds and thought are beyond the universal
therefore we have the power to conceive

for our potential always stands above
that which our lives have humbly tested
'tis the grandeur of eternity and the infinite
upon which our souls have been vested

so i in all due humility beseech you and myself
that we let go of boundaries, fences and such
let thy definitions evolve as does our lives
let not thy illusion become thy crutch

for we are so much more . . .

from the illusion

his wings have been clipped
by acquiescence
and he has willingly allowed
the watering of his essence
diluted he has become
and his spirit is numbed
yet the fire still warmly glows

he has searched most of his life
for meaning
seeking his own personal epiphany
but that would be meaningless
so he thought
he did not wish to journey this path alone

perhaps there is to come a quickening
of sorts
that would make him ruin his shorts
some type of apocalyptic letting
as life's suns were setting
behind the dying Moon's light
of his consciousness

he did not wish to let go of his hope
hence the popularity of dope
and doctrine
and loud crowds
espousing their adopted beliefs
. . . . a system
of systematic sleep inducement
the mesmerizing of that
warm glowing flame

the world could not stand
neither could he
but something was needed
too long he has heeded
the warnings
the threats

the bets
and yet
it seems that they are winning
that there was no resolution to this set

so here he stood upon this path
surveying his wants, visions and desires
and the fire's not yet out
so he shouts
damn it all
before the fall
of his civility
damn it all
before the fall
of his humility
damn it all
before the fall
of his ability
to effect change
to be capably able
for from his naval
came forth the light
of his connectedness
his resurrectedness
as he disconnected
from the illusion

being thankful

i am thankful . . . in this moment

i love Jesus with all my Heart
as i love you
i love Mohamed with all my Heart
as i love you
i love Buddha with all my Heart
as i love you
i love Krishna with all my Heart
as i love you
I love all things
i love Source, God, Creator
as i love you
i love all things
that which appears as Nothingness
i love
that which appears as Abundance
i love
that which appears as Possibility
i love
the Dark
i love
the Light
i love
the Known
i love
the Un-Known
i love

i love LOVE !!!!

i am not defined by my illusions
nor am i defined by my delusions
nor am i defined by allusions
nor those things of the world
nor those things of religions
nor those things of the practices of man
nor those things i perceive as my Spirituality

as an embodiment of source man define "Self" within the confined mind of man
i submit and allow that i may be defined by that which is endless and infinite
i submit and allow to the never ending journey we call life
as the flower that blossoms
so do we

for it is the Seed that made this possible
but it was the Fruit that ushered forth the Seed
and it was the Gardener who tilled the Soil
and planted that Seed !
who is this Gardener that created this endless cycle of existential possibilities ?
who is this one that i should offer and submit "Self" to ?
who is this energy that tends the Gardens of our lives ?
do i know who He / She / It is ?

Today i offer in all due reverence my gratitude
for the Gardener
the Seed
the Soil
the Blossom
the Fruit
for i am all these things
all of these things reside in me
and "i" in them
for as is my Source, so am "i"
for beyond the illusions
the delusions
the allusions
we are ONE

we are the embodiment of Love
the image of Source reflected upon "Its" Self is Love !
and "i" am Love . . .

and . . .

i am thankful . . . in this moment

for life is but a series of moments . . .
"BE" thankful !

being here

the fresh morning sunlight
filtering through the blinds
as i sit here on the edge of the bed
contemplating the light dance upon the floor
contemplating my placement

things are vying for my attention
attempting to disrupt this solemn and reverent moment

where once upon a time i gave credence
now, i just smile at them
at my "self"
and its sense of urgency dissipates
in to thoughtless ether

in truth for me
i am being called to write
with my silent pen
upon my silent pad
this morning

a cup of coffee and a cigarette
is my crutch in this Holy connect
to the reverent silence
and . . .
the thought returns once again
this time they have changed their clothing

yes Manah, mind wants attention
again i smile at my reflective vanities

as i peek through the blinds
i see the light of my consciousness
as it peeks back at me
reflectively casting our image
our face

.upon the same pool
the pool of our Spiritual Water
in stillness
as we are just
being here . . .

brother Wind

brother wind is here
tickling the leaves of my consciousness
as they sing the song of life
yes, i am alive
i hear the wondrous symphony played in the wood

~

“i am” the greatest

the greatest obstacle i will ever face
is the one i create in me
the greatest gift i will ever have
is when i open my eyes to see
that life is filled with wonder
and a grand possibility
that we have the choice of what we deem
to be what we wish to be

my Prison

i shall turn my Prison into my Garden

for i am planting Seeds

i shall nurture them with my Spirit of Passion

for i have taken heed

this is my contribution to the “self

and come harvest i will feed

for life is so about what One gives

let us be mindful of our deed

clarity . . .

i gave all that i had
put my pen to the pad
as i awaited the speaking of ink
my attitude 'twas terse
as i awaited the verse
that brought forth that divine link

there was something inside
to not be defied
for my soul is now awoken
so if "you" dear pen will not write
about my inner light
then i guess this verse must be spoken

so i will speak you a word
you never have heard
about what is new under the Sun
so please hold on tight
as i speak of my night
and my quest to express what is one

so when my inner and outer
makes me a doubter
forward i must continue to press
for i am still seeking more
as i open this door
and i shall accept nothing less

so now here do i sit
and i will not quit
as i listen for the words to come
in the distant soul's quiet
one defy it
the beating of one's own drum

so i'll give all i have
my soul's healing salve
and no stone shall be left unturned
i'm seeking the dark night
that i may bring forth my light
to find what i've always yearned

clarity . . .

just

just let me lay my head upon my pillow
just let me stay asleep
the world around me is full of anguish
why should i awaken just to weep

the children of the lands are suffering
no shelter or food to eat
and here i am complaining
because someone sat in my seat

so indifferent we humans have become
as if we are not a part of this whole
i wonder what is to be the outcome
in the judgment of my soul

yet i do not wish to awaken now
for anger would be my only course
i would have to stand up and shout
let us root the cause from its source

just

miles of stillness

here i sit in a sort of quiet stillness

Miles is caressing
tickling my consciousness
intriguing me to listen

The soothing notes of contemplative softness
releases my pensiveness
and i sigh

there are no whys anymore
pulling at me
prodding and poking me
to engage,
i am just being
the flow

the darkness i embrace . . .
embraces me
in its unknowing
but yet to be discovered wonder . . .
i do no longer stumble
for i am in quiet stillness
listening
to the heart beat within me
keeping pace
in a place
called "MY Space"

i hear
i watch
my breath
coming going
sowing light,
the light of peace without cease
connecting to my greater self
found in things . . .
all of them

i hear
but i can see the noise of thought
vying for my attention
i smile at her incessant beckoning
seeking her own reckoning
in the dance of subterfuge
again i smile

and i recline
to the midst of these lines
i lay down
for Miles' horn owns me now
and i am drifting in "A" minor
as a major "Unmovement"
in stillness
Miles of stillness

ADDENDUM

the cessation of my desires
has released my peace
i smile
yet again
for i am no longer a captive
i watch my driving wants
being driven away
along the dry River Bed
in my
Miles of stillness

i languidly lay here, prone
with no agendas
but that of my pen
and the untethered expressions evoked
and this place of revokedness
is no longer on the map
of my now boundary-less self

yes
in and with my
Miles of stillness
there is no "BE" longing
or longing
no right
or wronging to be done
in this non place
that requires no definitive description
of being
of . . .
Mile of stillness

no more secrets

why do secrets hide from us
'cause that's what secrets do
why do secrets refuse to shine
in our consciousness set askew

secrets are all about us my friend
in the promenades of our life
so many, too many secrets, yes
secrets are much too rife

i had a secret i could not hold
once upon a time ago
bubbling in mischief and expanding
i had to let it go

secrets live in light
thus they will be exposed
so what is the need to have them
if they be disclosed

secrets are but selfish discoveries
a knowledge for privileged few
he who covets the secrets in life
concocts a darkened brew

i believe in bounty for all
where we share and share alike
let us open and divulge the secrets
let us enlighten the world's great psyche

no more secrets

of fast food stuff

yes, he picked up the menu to order
another Fast Food experience.
though it may not be wholesome
he was going to be fed
something

he slowly examined the list of offerings.
Did he want Baked or Fried?
yes he wanted it fast
he did not wish to wait long.
impatience was the world he inhabited
no tolerance nor understanding . . .
and no responsibility.
after all, he was paying
and he reserved the right to complain
though no one listened
but many a countenance would embrace his errant spirit
should he not be satisfied with what he ordered

he was hungry
thirsty
beyond a worldly need

he reached into his Soul's pocket
for exact change
what would this cost him
this salvation
He somehow knew that his hunger would return.
He never did learn how to grow a garden
of his own

he placed his order
and he waited
and waited
and waited
and waited
he watched as his frustration grew
yes his Hunger
his Thirst

and his exacerbated patience
were divinely connected
in a sort of paradoxical duality
he against the world . . .
or the world against him

should he ask for extra bread
daily bread ?

when the one of service brought his order
he was immersed in a place of his own delusional making
thinking he was to be satisfied . . .
yet he knew the truth
If satiation was to come
he would have to prepare his own food
drink of a pure liquid essence
that satisfied his spiritual needs
he would have to perhaps
till the soils
plant the seeds
nourish "Self"
harvest
and as i said
prepare his own food
and eat of the fruits of his own works
from his own garden
devoid . . .

of fast food stuff

quiet

a quiet breath
a quiet thought
a quiet mind
waiting for the dawning of realization
of the meaning of life,
its toil,
its suffering,
its indifference
betwixt the children

dis-chord-dance is the prevalent composition
of the symphony
the music of our existence
the conductors are blinded
by the misplaced and askew harmonies
of objective selfishness

pain merchants are plotting
new rules to the game
or perhaps . . .
new games for all the unwilling
unconscious
sleepers
who are intoxicated by delusion
and doctrines
and tradition
and variegated colors

we play absent mindedly in the gardens
of the absent hearted
callously going through the motions
with unanchored smiles
and untethered dreams
eating the unleavened bread of sorrows

yet still we have
a quiet breath
that we may breathe new life
a quiet thought to bring forth resuscitations
a quiet mind
that we may spawn creation
and we can reach back
to a better “now”

let us indwell in the stillness
become the genesis of change
dust off the lanterns
that the light may permeate the darkness of the noise
cast aside the voices of chaos
that rides the mounts of pride
and ego . . .

let the Power Mongers open their eyes
and look into the face of their demons
and see fate’s unwavering cosmic law of balance
and become “in” lighted
and we will walk once again
with one
quiet breath
a quiet thought
a quiet mind

of love

in the cycle of life . . .

life is a cycle
some see it as a Monopoly

i will not pass go
i do not need my \$200.00
nor my "Get out of jail Card"
for i am free !

in my imaginations i am the Sun
i am the Moon
i am all things
the quick and the Soon
the Sand and the Dune
the Stone and the Rune
the feathers and the Loon
come fly with me
spread your wings
as all about you sings
of your coming
and the illusions of your going
for you are sowing
the seeds for all your moments
held in the suspense of unknowing
and knowing
that . . .

life is a cycle
some see it as a Monopoly

do not pass "Go"
you do not need the \$200.00
nor the "Get out of jail Card"
for you am free !

in the cycle of life . . .

looking into the Sun . . .

the crystalline rainbow were dancing upon the lashes of my eyes as the Sun caressed my
consciousness.

i closed my eyes and a Red Liquid Fire of Blood covered the Portals of my Soul.

The warmth was met upon the pathway to my heart with an embrace of Gratitude.

The presence of my inner thoughts began to dance its illusions of separateness away.

. . . looking into the Sun . . .

~

the Mountain

i am blessed that God has put Mountains in my life . . .

for that is how i learned how to climb.

the Razor

this morning i stood on the mirror
shaving
peering at me
and the mirrored reflection of my being
i saw who i was
all the excessive growth of things
i had allowed to be

my first act was to lubricate
that which i wished to remove
the hairs like my thought stood defiantly before me
sort of like a dare to get started
and started i did

i extracted my dulled razor
in hopes to get a clean shave
knowing that this was to be another experience
that could have been prevented
if i had due diligence
to pay attention
to not let these things come
to a point of over-growth

i have traveled this same road
or something very much like it
many times before
yes, i knew better . . .but
i knew if i wanted to clean my act up
while looking in this mirror this morning
there would be some dis-ease
i would have to make several passes
and perhaps go against the grain
of the seen and unseen
was i prepared ?
i also knew that the after affect would be smarting a bit
yes i needed a balm
so i closed my eyes and prayed
for no nicks
no bleeding
to not be cut too deeply
as i attempted to extricate all the bothersome hairs
that kept my life from being smooth
within
and without
the Razor

to define myself

i was trying to come to know my self
to define my "Self"
so i closed my eyes that i may dwell in silence and go within
deep within.
images began to flash before me in a rush
i was going back in time.
now mind you, in the conscious unfolding i am finite
there is a beginning and an end
from seed to fruit to compost
these were the barriers of the limited i needed to reconcile
that i may go beyond the boundaries
the containers that are collected as realities
countless times
we accumulate the experiences in hoping to define
but who can speak the word of truth eternal
who has awakened to see the dream beyond the dream
and into the pool of truth

the images of light kept flashing faster and faster
and there i was
i did not recognize me
for what i perceived i was
i was not

i was not all the things i have been taught to be
there was an absence
of doctrine
of teachings
of chastisement
of rules
of guidance
of form
of boxes
there was no place for me to sleep
i was a vibrant and conscious sound
a pure energy
a radiating Sun
i felt the all-ness and the nothingness of being
as one
there no longer existed the need
to define myself

when i think of you

i am missing touching you
as i did a million aeons ago
when we had wings

you seem so far away
though you are here with me
and i listen to the song of remembrance
as my Soul does sing

a billion light years apart
is nothing at all to me
for your luminescent loving beauty
still resides in my light within i see

no sorrow here my dear
nay, i shall never it embrace
for the grandeur of Love's beauty
is eternally etched upon your face

so, i thank you for the Fire
of inspire . . . ation
and the magnificence of elation
i feel
when i think of you

the resplendent joys of anticipation
have long overcome any dismal thought
for you are all that i wished for
all i ever sought

so. i am dancing in the garden
where butterflies reflect their Holy sun
and i observe the movement of stillness
and the metamorphosis of goodness i become

like a child in the Cosmic Sandbox
i build Castles as i so deem
and with a Smile and Holy Tear
i actualize the Dream

when all of our essences'
is the all of what we be
as we shine brightly as one
energy, that all may clearly see
. . . when i think of you

and “IS”ness

live free or die they may say
as i have done so many times before
each time i have layed down my life
i have vied for so much more

but this is something i question my friend
is completeness found in the gathering things
or is it like death, in the letting go
as we stop chasing those Golden Rings

convexingly so we still press forward
with purpose but no clarity of mind
hoping as we stumble down our paths
that we may get lucky and find

the answers to questions of life
that we have yet to formulate
all we know is that there is a longing within
as we vacillate betwixt our Dreams and our fate

but know that Hope alone is a powerful tool
for it provides us the ability to endure
all the errant paths we may travel
as we seek our Divine Holy cure

where all that we know and “Be” becomes blissful
what a wonderful embracing dream
but it is better to Dream than not at all
for then only life is as i deem

so i continue to create that which i wish for
each moment in the power of my Now
and with absolute certainty as i step closer
and the beingness of my Tao

i lay down my life that i may pick it up again
for i have the power to do so
each time i exercise my Holiness of being
i draw e’en closer to my Soul’s “Know”

. . . . and “IS”ness

shaking the Jell-o

i am comfortable in my own little world
just don't shake my Jell-o
you will get me to . . .
wiggling and Jiggling and Squiggling around
and perhaps i will get uncomfortable
as i come to the room temperature of Reality
i will start to melt
and then i will have to reconsider my form
such things as
am i really what i thought i was
did the Mold define me
enhance me
or did it just romance me
into becoming what it wanted me to be

am i defined by the fruit i contain ?
or am i the fruit ?

Now that i think about it
what color am i where do i fit in
i feel like my whole of existence is but for the consuming
am i really Sweet and Popular
does Bill Cosby really like me
or is he too but a corporate puppet utilized to push an agenda
am i supporting this indoctrinated mindset by going along
without doing some shaking of my own
but what can i shake
stir up, change
affect to effect

All the children love me
and i too love them
which is why i give them these sugars
to bring smiles
albeit there are concerns
for which we should discern
about what becomes learned . . .

yeah i got my Jell-o shaking now
and i am melting the more
with the effort i give
losing my character
or the illusions thereof
i am what they made me to be

Sweet and Sappy and Syrupy forgetfulness
of our Moments
our Nows
as the world of all the Sugar Junkies we call children forget
where true happiness lies
in the embracing of each other's hearts
the smiles
the Joyful Playing
in the naturalness of things
of life
kissing the Sun,
the Moon
the Stars, the Butterflies and Rainbows and Tree and Flowers . . .
but most of all . . .
kissing the grandeur of all sweetness . . .
Life !
the life i see in your eyes
the twinkle
the jiggle of joy as we dance
to the music of being
feeling the Rhythms of Creation

as we shake our Jell-o

all it takes

all it takes is
a stare
a gesture
a look
a glance by chance
and the brother wants your life

all it takes is
a gun
a uniform
a place in space
where you know no one
and you are ready to kill
at will
children with no face
waste the land that is not yours
but looks the same in this game
a war torn neighborhood
that used to be all good
until . . .
you . . .
fill in the blanks
thanks

what is it we see
when we come to be a part
of this heart – less ?
or heart none
cold steel gun
a holder
that makes you bolder
to pull that trigger
go figure
i ain't that . . .
guy
why
for that's my Son
he may be my only one
or my last one

ain't no fun
getting dressed in black
with a black heart
to be a part
of some senseless ass going away ceremony

what is your testimony
to you, yourself
is that all it takes

and there are those who sit
untouched
yet motivated by your
unsure – ness
blind – ness
weak – ness
sheeple – ness
is that
all it takes

we are fed violence
from the day of our birth
on this earth
as we seek our worth
and our self esteem
yet we dream
of brighter days
brighter ways
but the electric is off Mom
the lights are not on
so we cling to the illusions,
the delusions
be it wrong
that we belong
to some sacred patriotic honorable creed
indeed
is that all it takes
for goodness sakes
the baby inside awakes
and is suffering
and hungry
the inane pain
will never go away

never wane
for you took a life
that was not yours,
but you gladly gave yours away
with some thoughtless act
of jealousy
patriotism
hate
wait
you did not even know the victim

as you followed your dictum
of the stupidity of non-being
not seeing . . .
is that all it takes

and this duplication
of stupefied indoctrination
becomes a systemic epidemic
of the lack of "Self Love"
and understanding
Perhaps we should start demanding
get rid of the Video games
that teaches us to kill
at will
Life has no Reset Button
let us begin to see first our worth
on this earth
and there is no reset button for the divinity
you lost
no cross for you to bear
just a truth you fear
that your soul; has been
taken
stolen
broken
and now you think you're rollin'
in your manhood
for you would be the one
behind those bars for life
wondering
questioning
was that all it took

yes
that's all it takes

all it takes
is to play that same childhood game
"follow the leader"
but who is leading you
and your thoughts
and to what end
my friend
Patriotism ?

shit, the highest form of Patriotism is to me
and Humanity
for we
are all part
of one reality.
A bullet does not have feelings
or consciousness
but i do
for myself
and you
for i am so much more than this
ill – ness
will less – ness
to think less
and feel more
yes i am so much more
and i want so much more
so did my Son
the Sun of my Joy
My Boy
is Dead
for . . .
that's all it takes

embracing the sublime . . .

before me stood a Mountain
i knew i had to climb
for the Valleys that were in my life
have passed beyond sublime

there was another journey
in that Mountain that stood before me
let me begin this holy ascent
that i may come to see

the landscapes of my bleakness
and all the lessons learned
i knew there was so much more
for that Fire within still burns

so i gathered all my fortitude
to face this climb ahead
the taxing of this quest to climb
affirms i'm yet not dead

that itself is a blessing
for change in life must come
i am just so thankful, yes
that the Valley is not my Sum

and neither is one Mountain
i pray there's many more
for richness of life is in the journey
not about the score

so . . .

before me stands a Mountain
an this is not the first time
many Valleys more i hope to see
as i embrace my sublime

embracing the sublime . . .

for i am committed . .

i was intoxicated by my delusions
as my truth went into reclusion
for the Sun that i worshipped was erred

as my Ego based protrusions
produced its own illusions
and the song of soul was not heard

so how does one reckon
as the Soul voice does beckon
to come to the gardens of bliss

if i should awake
is that all it takes
that and your lips to kiss

just kiss my needy soul
like you did days of old
when we each knew who we are

for along this Life's road
with this burdensome load
the journey seems so very far

though some do find hope
in all sorts of dope
that lessens the pains that they feel

illusions or not
the scorching poker is hot
and the burns of life here feels real

so what do we have left
that sliver of light in the cleft
'twixt the dreams and demands of our "now"

i just must escape
from past Doctrine's rape
and become liberated somehow

but there's safety in Dreams
for all is as one deems
be it fact or delusions of mind

but if i stick to the course
like a gilded blind horse
i know not what i may find

so i do as most say
and show gratitude each day
and perhaps a light will come

but the concept of sin
without and within
separates me from my true sum

so i have resolved to just quit
to not engage the bullshit
and follow the Drum of my Heart

for 'tis why it does beat
for Love knows not defeat
and from Love i shall not part

for i am committed . .

awakened this morning

i awakened this morning
with love on my mind
her touch was gentle
and her words were kind
i saw only goodness
to all else i'm blind
this is what happens
when there's love on your mind

i awakened this morning
with joy in my heart
such a beautiful feeling
a great way to start
i now look at my life
as i do my art
i am my artist
for love lives in my heart

i awakened this morning
and hope was right there
she showed me her love
a smile and her tear
in her holy presence
was an absence of fear
the Sun's always rising
i think i'll stay here

i awakened this morning
with a smile on my face
with no life agenda
no Human "Race"
to run nor finish
or to keep pace
for i live in this moment
this beautiful space

'cause

when i awakened this morning
i felt God all in me
an absolute beauty
of life's certainty
Life's goodness abundant
as far as i can see
and i am so thankful
upon my bended knee

for . . .

i awakened this morning

Read

i am not a Spoken Word Artist
i am a Poet
and i know
it is a matter of perspective
it is my elective
in how i define
the working of my mind
and my rhymes through time

though i do speak
have you heard
i do also write
at all times of night
contemplating adjectives
that my words may live
and become the verb of your being
and assist you in seeing
of what my soul is trying to say
in its own colorful way
yes, i am a Poet
and i know
it is my means
of expressing
its my confessing
the angst of my vexations
about relations
betwixt me and the world
me and my girl
and my Sun
and the Moon
that moves my tides
and my emotions
behind which i hide
during this ride
i call life
no

i am not a Spoken Word Artist
i am a Poet
and i know
it is in the words
no dangling participle here
my dear
i fear
just a nipple . . . or two
i nurse on
from dusk to dawn
before i'm gone . . .
yes i nurse
my verse
before the Hearse
comes to get me
i must write
before my flight
from life
from strife
and leave my legacy
of fallacy . . . in truth

No, i am not a Spoken Word Artist
i am a Poet
and i know
it
Can you Hear Me . . . ?

Read . . . Dammit

within the infinite

a billion thoughts
a million promises
my hopes and expectations
my dream's foundations
wishing upon that distant star
for the moment forgetting
where and who we are
yes we are here
or so it seems
some would say our realities
are but projected dreams
so confusions accumulates
within these projected fates
as we watch this dream
dissipate
bodies growing old
health becoming suspect
wisdom . . . who knows
which way the winds of life blows
as we ponder our reality
semi-convinced of our own certainty
yet the hurt in me
endures
for all i desire
is but to taste
of the love of you
and to be embraced
to come to know for sure
that all i hope for
will come to the door
of my soul
my body
my mind
my being
yet still . . .
there are a billion thoughts
a million promises
and my finiteness
within the infinite

writing poetry . . .

hey guys . . . guess what
i just became un-Schizophrenic
i met the other me of me
and i began to panic

was it my delusions
that drove my “me” this far
or was i secretly abducted
by that alien in the car

cause i swore that i was dreaming
and i know somewhere they’re real
why even the fabric of my mind’s time
had an eerie “Twilight Zone” feel

i think i saw you once before
or was it me in you
don’t ask me any questions
for in truth i have no clue

but if you wish to ask my twin
i’m sure he will conjure
so be finite in what you seek
for less is so much more

i just got finished scrubbing Chakras
to make them shiny and bright
i did this for the other me
that he may see the light

but in truth i did like the sleeping
but maybe that was not me
i don’t know perhaps i’ll get a job
as the un Schizophrenic me

. . .writing poetry . . .

you and i

As we sit in the verdant fields of all existence
breathing in the fresh morning air
our breath becomes the breath of love.
The presence of God Source is in all things.
Our eyes are opened to see . . .
Our hearts receive this Divine Light
as suggested by the fresh crisp yet Embracing rising of the Sun
Our Sun,
God's Sun,
Mother's Sun,
Your Sun
The Sun
Again another reason to offer
our Reverence,
our Gratefulness,
Our Love,
Our Understanding,
that Nature Loves us,
God Loves us,
and you and i
Love.

you and i . . .

and then the calm . . .

it is raining . . .
and i feel the soft gentle drops
tapping . . .
awakening my passions
from the silence.
i sit and watch
my needings
my wantonness
my longings
my urgings
become the collective of my definition.
i look into my "i"
and i see the eye of my Soul
become the Eye of the Storm
as i begin to quake,
as the winds of change,
the winds of my fury
beat against the walls
of who i thought i was.
they strip the leaves
from my Tree . . . Life
exposing my naked vanities
that i may see who i truly am
in the reflections of my beingness,
in my convexing nothingness,
and my allness.
my inner child smiles as
the closet doors are splintered
and sucked into the void
of my abysmal delusionary world
that i have created
to avoid Storms such as this

and then the calm

this Crisp Autumn Morning

it is a Crisp Autumn Morning
the Sun peeks through the Trees
bathing the Wood's Canopy with its Light
There is a stillness
as the Trees stand in reverence to my Prayer
Brother Wind has stilled
and He too ceases his travels
as we pay homage to Life.
My breath of inspiration has a lucid touch
and i watch its energy touch the makings of who i am
awakening me.
i breath out and i see my breath of light
flow out to greet the world in Holiness.
i am now reconnected.
i again know that i am.

within the silence, the stillness
i feel the small voice of my child
brightly beaming
for again there is a hope that lives
exuberantly dancing in the garden of my visions
partaking of the Fruits of my Soul
that i have collected since the first Aeon of Life
Yes, we are dancing and smiling and singing
to life
with life
for we are life
this Crisp Autumn Morning

it is “i” . . .

it is i who am the center
yes “i” am the axis
of time
Past and Future resides here with me
i am what allows this
to exist
within me
the destiny
of past melding
within the confines
of mind eternal
mind infinite
despite
the finite which we embrace in the face
of the Divine exponential-ness
of our being-ness
and seeing-ness
of dark-ness
and light-ness

it is i who am the center
yes “i” am the axis
of my Beliefs
that become my works
through my Faith
into my “Know”
that becomes my “IS”-ness
Truth ?
that is . . . “IS”
what “i” am
i have always been
and shall always be
the Creator of this Dream
i deem
real
yes i can feel it

it is i who am the center
yes "i" am the axis
where the convergence of all shadows
seek the light
or do they flee
from me

that they may be
a part of another Dimension
held in suspension
of the Ether
as we confer
to defer
to vacillate
betwixt
our lesser
and our greater

it is i who am the center
yes "i" am the axis
on this See-Saw
that is Flawed
only in our thoughts
as we seek
what we have always sought
that which is expanding exponentially
within

it is i who am the center
yes "i" am the axis

it is i who am the center
yes "i" am the axis

it is "i"

it is "i" . . . in you !

my Sleeping Beauty

awaken oh Sleeping Beauty
the Fairy Tale is Over
it is time to take thy light
from underneath the cover

too much time is gone by
is what some might say
but know that the divine word
has awaited this very day

Truth has come to greet you
with the fullness of Her grace
bare my Soul my sweet child
and look upon Her face

Time is but a fabric
in space it is defined
all the things you see are real
are but the things within your mind

the Goblins and the Demons
have feared this day would come
when you my child awakened
and realized your sum

the breath of life is yours to give
no Fable, Myth or Lore here
embrace the heart of love within
and watch them disappear

just be mindful in all you do
let not shadows creep back in
for shadows live in doubt and fear
in all the hearts of men

so open thy eyes and greet the Dawn
and know that you are divine
we are Creators of what we wish
for His Breath is Thine and Mine

so . . .

awaken oh Sleeping beauty
the Fairy Tale is Over
it is time to take thy light
from underneath the cover

my Sleeping Beauty

upon the landscapes of our lives

we will encounter Mountains
we will encounter Rain
the Joys will be many
as will the pains

there will be road blocks
some passed and some not
as we alter our paths
believing this is our lot

in our journey there will be
many flowers and weeds as well
take in the experiences
and the fragrances and smells

some with be uplifting
and others of awful repute
life offers much harmony
and a cadre of dispute

when given the chance
do plant some seed
for the bounty we sow
if our Life's telling deed

i pray that you encounter
just one good and true friend
and i pray that you find them
heart deep within

upon the landscapes of life

mommy i still love you . . . reflections

i remember your sweet childish smiles
that knew nothing of the coming sorrow
your greatest hopes were Birthdays and Christmas
otherwise you cared not 'bout the morrow

you found solace in your Mother's breast
and the gentle touch of her hand
why she had to go away
never will we understand

the Doctors called it Cancer
but what did that mean to you
after all they were Doctors
they would make Mommy good as new

and now the rooms are empty
there's something missing in your heart
if i close my eyes to life once more
perhaps this nightmare will part

i was not prepared for this
no one told me this could be
life somehow has lost its glow
without you here with me

but there is something deep within me
something wonderful i feel
a gratitude to have shared with you
a love i know is real

so i shall continue onward
and be the best me that i can
for i know somewhere in the heavens above
you are my biggest fan

mommy i still love you

This Poem is dedicated to all the Children who have lost their Mothers to Cancer or any other Illness or Tragedy I wrote this to capture the essence what i empath from my own Children's loss and Spiritual vexations.

i am thankful

the birds were singing
they were chirping away
as they ushered in
the dawn of this day
i looked to the skies
at the warm Sun Ray
the squirrels were jumping
from Limbs in play
chasing their joy
that is their way
yes all of life
had something to say
indulgent and reverent
i can and i may
i opened my heart
and started to pray
i was thankful you see
for this awesome display
for all of creation
was having its way

i am thankful

This Morning

i sit by the ocean and i am listening.
there is a light in the eye of my consciousness . . .
and it is glistening.
in the quiet still contemplations
i touch my peace
and my heart petals open
i give you my fragrance of Love

Thank You

i am humbled yet again
for i am here

This Morning

my inner child glows
and becomes the Sun
unto its Self
the Sun of the Son of the Sun

in the night . . .

i wrote a letter to the Universe
to express any and all my cares
when i looked upon the Heavens
i somehow lost my fears
a feeling of wonder embraced me
in the flowing of my tears
and the pittance of my troubles
have somehow disappeared

i spoke to the twinkling Stars
my Dreams within my night
and somehow in the deep darkness
i saw their twinkling light
that hope resides forever
wherever there is plight
and they spoke right back to me
and my own twinkle became bright

there is such a joy in living
that is what i believe
for all the things i wish for
are up to me to conceive
and upon that note i go forward
for all can be achieved
my anguish was taken by the night
and my soul is now relieved

for in the Stars of Heaven
i see all i can be
the beauty, Joy and light of life
is in the love in me
i no longer sense the bondage
my thoughts roam in the free
for in the night sky of the heavens
there are star in me i see

in the night . . .

flying

i had too much baggage
to spread my wings
man, i looked in my closet
and there were all sorts of things

grudges and memories
from an almost forgotten past
i keep dusting off
so that they may last

i know i should forgive
but i want to forget
for until i do that
they stay with me yet

then i saw memories
of a time long before
the joy of my childhood
and all i pined for

so i took me a seat
and thought for a while
about all of the memories
that have brought me bright smiles

then i quickly resolved
and got up off the floor
i went and got tools
and removed the door

for my closet held memories
of dark and of light
with no door to my heart
it shall never know night

i felt so relieved
and light on my feet
and never again
shall i know defeat

my spirit is now free
from all of past things
and i am flying baby
i have spread my wings
flying . . .

more

at times our moods are melancholic
as we emulate the alcoholic
excessive drinking of its elixir
seeking that elusive fixer

that will set our lives aright
yet we cloak our sunshine in the night
trying our best but to forget
yet dysfunction lives within us yet

we seek a friend for a pity party
but most folks live a life too hearty
when all we wish to lose is sorrow
they tell us that there's always the 'morrow

how does one fix this mind place
as we run this human race
indifferent people see
in light of darkness most would flee

at times its hard when one Empaths
the misery of a world that haths
all the answers to help each other
are not we all sisters and brothers

yes this is sad but write i shall
for our souls have so much more to tell
i dream of joys and goodness' touch
and i know i and we have so much . . .

more

like Alice

like Alice in the Rabbit hole
i am tumbling
free falling
to the calling
of my soul

in the realm i am caught
by dreams i think i sought
all for naught i think i thought
so i bought the thought i think i sought

so i tumbled, explored what i saw
my mind extended exposed and raw
was i perfection within the flaw
within the balance of Cosmic Law

the endless hole deep and wide
i tumbled, i tumbled deep inside
the laws of gravity have i defied
to make sense of life, i tried, i tried

so i am
like Alice in the Rabbit hole
i am tumbling
free falling
to the calling
of my soul

like Alice

i am . . .

i sit upon the top of the Mountain
The Clouds of my Life are embracing me in their experience
Shadows, Rain, Cold as they drift on by
The Sun begins to Kiss me again
as the Clear Skies show me their Endlessness

I listen to the Soft rhythmic beat of my heart
as it becomes One with this grandeur about me.

I feel life . .

in the Mountain

in the Trees

in the Flowers

in the Soil of Mother

Yes,

i am Life and we are One

I radiate as the Sun and i become One

for in truth we are Twins

i have once forgotten

my Divinity

my Perfection of Being

my Creator

my Father

my Mother

their love stands about me

within me

and i again

am one

with my family

life . . . love

i am . . .

for so much more

i am always seeking to touch
that magical place of everlasting resolution

so elusive . . .

and non-conclusive

am i being self-abusive

or just lost

as i embrace the floss

that which promulgates

the toys

the joys

of my life

ignoring at times

the lack of rhymes

to this poem

i call mine

am i the creator

or am i the program

yes madam

how can i help you

how can i help myself

come to understand

the plan

the demands

we place on the illusions

to substantiate our delusions

the lesser or the greater
like the mad hatter
changing disguises
does it matter
what they see me for
or as
they can kiss my crass
lack of protocol
for i am fall – ing
yet somehow we still sing
of grandeur places
and dreams
and visions
we desire
and yet the fire burns
and i still yearn

... for so much more

namaste'

Worship not the King
nay, kiss not his vanity
for you do him no service

worship not his words
for in thus doing
you defame and despoil the message
and the messenger.

instead approach in reverence
the flower of life within you
and honor how the essence
of the King and his Words
has stirred and awakened
that same common divinity
within your being

namaste'

you are beautiful . . .

they tell me i am beautiful
this much i know is true
for when i look in your eyes
i see the beauty too

for in you i see the possibilities
of all that we can be
like the Tower of Babel
there's nothing we can't "BE"

let us do come together
and speak the tongue of Heart
let Love be the only harmony
and we each will play our part

for life is but a symphony
a joy that has no fears
and all notes have a purpose
the laughter, smiles and tears

we are hear to learn my friend
and remember what we know
'tis not the mind that matters
but how your heart does flow

and . . .

in you i see my beauty
for in truth we all are one
i pray that we come to see this truth
as the collective's will is done

for darkness is but illusion
that can never rule the day
if we but awaken my child
the time has come to play

life's garden is awaiting
the joys we've shared of old
embrace the best of who you are
within your perfect Soul

you are beautiful . . .

the Door near Silence

i walk through that door
into a room with no walls
for i have followed the path
and the music that calls

my soul to come forth
from its shadowy night
where my Moon was obscured
by the clouds of my plight

the innermost battles
we all fight sometimes
in the search for Life's Poem
where all is of Rhymes

Oh, and about that door
waiting for us all
ssshhhhhh, can you hear it
the near silent call

the Door near Silence

the Feminine Divine

the love she felt she did suffer
along her path she found no buffer
that just seemed to be her way

her anguish did not ever cease
and she longed for a certain peace
she knew would come someday

she was filled with an aching hope
that in some way each day she'd cope
that was her only demand

yet deep within her sweet heart's core
she was endowed with so much more
that she never did understand

yet all that she could ever think of
her solemn loneliness and absence of love
and these thoughts maintained her lament

the shadows always seemed to circle round
her fears and doubts were quite abound
and her heart's flower lost its scent

yet somehow deep inside she knew
that this path she walked was almost through
and her liberation would come to be

and each day our souls express and cry
when we all do ask that question "why"
for 'tis she who lives in you and me

the feminine divine

no Baggage allowed

as i walked through the wood i listened
to the sounds of Autumn come about
as the Acorns feel to the Mother
Her embrace left little to doubt

Yes, we will all return from whence we came
this much i believe is certain
for soon comes the time in the life of man
when the Show is over and drawn is the curtain

yes, we must all eventually submit
this body we have used in the "Journey of Soul"
with hopes that we can forward our memories
and the lessons this life has told

but as the acorn who falls to the Earth
there is "no Baggage allowed"
as we submit to the Journey to come
as does Sun Light to each and every Cloud

for this is how we learn our Light
and that Life will surely endure
as we but let go and allow self
to pass through this dimension's door

no Baggage allowed

Negril

on the north side of the island
walking towards West End
the Ocean's on my right side
there is nothing to defend

the waves languidly lapping
caressing my Here my Now
for Ego has surrendered
with reverence some way, somehow

the Sun with love embraces
the divineness of all "BE"ing
the soft gentle breeze dusts off my lenses
and now my Soul is seeing

that all is One and One IS All
as my toes dig in the sand
i have escaped the confines of Self
and now i understand

if i but just let go and be
the limits do not exist
"i am" the genesis of what "i am"
be it anguish be it bliss

in . . .Negril . . .

notes of love

i was writing notes of love to myself
but i was sending them to someone else
that they would send them back to me
adorned . . . enhanced and perhaps exaggerated
that i may feel good about . . .
loving my self
you see . . .
in loving others
you demonstrate the highest evolution . . .
of Self Love . . .
so i send notes to my "self" . . .

notes of love.

Love is my Passion

if Love has no Passion
and a Fire that Burns
how do i satisfy
my longing Soul filled yearn

i just wish to totally submit
to the lusts of my Soul
all that i am and can ever be
to fill this bottomless hole

you may be vying for Sainthood
but me . . . i want to be real
what good is this Dream of Love
if Love Passions i feel

for the Passions are what drives me
beyond the realms of the sane
i label it purity not sin
no i dare not profane

the divine gift that was given
and its sanctity of bliss
upon the lips of my heaven
let me plant but one kiss

the Angels and Heart of my Father
concord with my view
for if Love has no Passion
that love is not true

so . . .

i sacrifice my all and all
to Look upon Love's face
for Love is my Passion
Love is my Grace

Love is my Passion

my Pad and Pen

i have before me paper and pen
in expectation of a write
perhaps this is a metaphor
for “darkness yields to light”

i look within the recesses
of what i believe is Soul
in stillness i listen to whispers
and record what i am told

we may call them revelations
or insights we allow and touch
at times i see my dependence
my pen and pad my crutch

but just the same i am thankful
for all that i go through
for when i employ pad to pen
alive i am anew

with . . .

my Pad and Pen

the Shadow Dance

the shadows are dancing
across my path
each step in this journey
i travel i craft

no fault is given
nor taken within
though some may label
my err my sin

just another shadow
being cast my way
for creatures of the night
do fear my day

yes i shall shine
as bright as i can be
for without our light
there is naught to see

so let the shadows dance
and sing their song
i will bring my light
a we will dance along

the Shadow Dance

the Quickening . . .

who can stop this light
that is beginning to unfurl
and unleash all its tentacles
in the Souls of all the world

the quickening has begin my friend
and the darkness is being purged
and all the Souls with the Breath of Life
seek to fill their urge

the need we have for completion
we express each and every day
as we seek and search for clarity
that we may find our way

we all can hear the calling
some embrace some deny
as we look around this place of being
comes the answer to life's why

we are here to make a difference
to each other and self as well
to resurrect the truth of creation
to that Garden from whence we fell

yes, the rapture is coming for you
so get your hearts aligned
to The Source of Light and goodness
One Love . . . One Soul . . . One Mind

the Quickening . . .

my Birth

the Womb of my consciousness
is beginning to dilate
as i anticipate
the birth of new life
come about
vanquishing doubt
about what i knew i would come to be
as i diligently
sought the path i should follow
beyond the shallows of my Life's River
as a true Giver.
into the deep one must go
and submit to the River's flow
and i weep
for i am grateful
for . . .
the Womb of my consciousness
is dilating
and i am anticipating
my birth . . .

i lay down my life that i may pick it up again . . .
for i have the power to do so . . .
~ JC ~

the sleeper's song . . .

he sat on the perch of life and deliberately began to bare his soul
and he spoke in a tongue that has not been heard since the days of old
yes he knew the language of the Ancients now hidden
and he was aware that this tongue of light was quite forbidden
but the day has come and he somehow knew this
the invasion of the Darkness had to desist
for many a child would be lost to the war
and that was what he was sent here for
to awaken the sleepers from the mist and enchantment
to sever the chords of illusions dependence
to open the gates before it was too late
for that was the cause of his Soul and fate
the time for song was ebbing once more
yes he had visited upon this dimension before
the story has not changed nor has the game
and he was the keeper of this Holy Flame
a "Gate Keeper" is what they called him
eleven more guarded the abyss' sharp edged rim
and once again it was he who sounded the Drum
as the sleepers awakened and embraced their sum
the war was beginning betwixt the Ying and the Yang
and you could hear the solemn song as they sang
for eons we have awaited this time and space
and now comes the time when we will see His face
i watched as the fiery light began to dance in the air
consuming all there is, the blight and the fair
and the sleeper's song began shred the shroud
and the silence of death danced through the crowd
the words they did utter gave cause to the quake
for now the words has been spoken, and the sleeper's awake

a sleeper sing . . . the sleeper's song . . .

my sweet Vanity

Vanity seems to follow me
wherever i may go
and when its time for my act
Vanity steals the show

many times i notice her presence
yet times she slips on by
at times i judge her essence essential
and i can't but help ask why

is it my endless insecurities
and all about me i'm not sure of
why Vanity appears between "Me and I"
when we are practicing "Self Love"

she even lays and dreams with me
as i ponder all i wish for
i think she takes lessons from "EGO"
at his home within my core

i ask myself should i worry
not sure who will answer me
for all the different colorful voices
offer their own decree

Vanity falls upon her knees
and pleads for much more light
Ego stands and flexes muscles
to exhibit his illusory might

but in the end i must consider
are they 'me' as i suspect
Vanity, Ego and the Ethereal Realm
gives cause for my circumspect

my sweet Vanity

and here we are

our hearts know of things
what our finite minds cannot grasp
oh how we so struggle
to express it
yet our lives go forward
step by step
and with the limit of words
and our imaginings
let us simply attempt
to bless it

for here we are
exploring the way
as we should go
each day each moment
not quite remembering
who we are
askew with joy
embracing our lament

they say its a paradox
a dichotomy of sorts
we are vacillating
betwixt without and within
let love be the key
the answer in all ways
let not the struggle win

for in truth we are
where we be
for the dream
and awakening are real
truth is contextual
in all of its ways
truth simply is what
we feel

and here we are . . .

from my way . . .

the are so many things that i've held on
gee how i wish they all were gone
and all the travail they bring about
the dark seeking fears and inner doubt

the memories of errant ways i've been
that i call lessons and they call sin
are residually still altering my road
and still remain a part of the load

i bear as i go seeking my course
and try to confuse me with my source
for i ask for daylight and am given night
as i strive each day to Master my light

at times i'm blinded by what's in me
at times i'm blinded and see
delusions abound within my realm
so many truths to capture the helm

but this is what i've come to accept
i'll follow my drum and not decept
or give myself to what they believe
for a goodness beyond is what i conceive

where joy is mine the order of day
and i am content to travel my way
before me goes the way of my heart
and from this path i shall never part

from my way . . .

being contemplative

contemplative thought is vying for my attention
but i don't really feel like being bothered
i just wish to sit and be in a place of non-being
to not be bothered i'd rather

the rain is coming down just outside my door
a primal acoustic symphony
a percussive display of the Heaven's thought
being expressed . . . to Mother
and here i am being contemplative

bored perhaps, maybe tired
sorting life, sifting through dreams and such
reflective on things i could have done
should have done
would have done
yet not done . . . yet
will they ever . . . come to be
we'll see . . . won't we
and here i am being contemplative

the people are like Taxi Cabs
some yellow, many not
in a hurry to get on down the road
to what
destinations we envision
fed to us by television
and such
so much
i touch
and here i am being contemplative

yes the rains come down
washing my soul consciousness
that i may freshly dress thee
with new visions of the morrow
beyond the sorrow
and the horror
of indifference
found in me, thee
and here i am being contemplative

i will not plead
with my soul
for it is already whole
so i've been told
but yet it is cold
out here my dear
cheer for fear is the chant
the soldiers of a new order rant
can i . . . can i not
i can, i can't
and here i am being contemplative

the tears of heaven offer cessation
to my quixotic drifting elation
of their impending reminder
may life be somewhat kinder
to all those who have not
may catch up to who got
and may the chalice be filled
with memories of the blood and tears spilled
upon our hopes for the morrow
cleansed of the sorrow
i see in my souls "I"
it is just you and "EYE"
and how we see it
isn't it
and here i am being contemplative

fly . . .

i closed my eyes and
i was flying again
as the wind swept down off the mountainside
why i had packed my wings away i don't know
to merely walk through my dream
why have i chose to hide

eyes wide shut
we suffer the creative finite
convoluting our spirit
yet deep within
the soul of man
there is a calling to fly
can you hear it ?

must we but let go
of the "visions" we hold
and embrace in this cosmic night
we are so much more
and we know it
please my soulful brother and sister
untether thy light

to come to fly again
just close your eyes
and allow your wings to spread
cling not to the nightmare
for to walk when you can fly
to chose to live as if dead

fly . . .

breathe light

our self-induced blindness
prevents us from seeing
a certainty of truth
in the core of our being

as we meander through life
in our search for peace
it seems our unrest
will never cease

doctrines and teachings
created each day
to solicit a following
of another dark way

we all see a light
that is ever true
and that light my friend
is found within you

let us start at the Heart
the Chakra of Love
yes, that is the bridge
betwixt below and above

let us walk in compassion
for one another
for all one family
we're sisters and brothers

and children we are
of the Father of Light
which was set in the skies
to vanquish our night

so let us not be frantic
in our search my friend
for all that we need
is that light breath held within

breathe light

i can imagine

i can imagine dreams
i have not thought of
i can imagine a joy
that far exceeds love

i can imagine a path
that leads that way
i can imagine this world
come to be someday

i can imagine a garden
where all fruits sweet
i can imagine the eternal
in one heart beat

i can imagine the bliss
know by my inner child
i can imagine a world
that knows not guile

i can imagine the flowers
aligned on life's lane
i can imagine a moon
that will never wane

i can imagine a life
of smiles and laughter
i can imagine a "NOW"
as my forever after

i can imagine my "self"
as i imagine you
i can imagine one compassion
in all that we "ARE" and "DO"

for

i can imagine at first we dream . . .

i think i'll call it love

i am writing my Life's Poem
i think i'll call it love
and with each line and 'twixt the verse
'tis you my heart speaks of

i just can't seem to help myself
not that i wish to bother
for within the soul of who you are
'tis what i love 'bove all other

maybe its your music
or the colors of your joy
and in the Oceans of my life
your love has been my buoy

to who you are i am grateful
for time and time again
you have been my saving reason
and how one defines friend

i think i'll call it love . . .

through my stained glass window

through my stained glass window
i looked to the clouds
they were whispering my name
yet speaking aloud

through my stained glass window
i heard my soul
struggling to remember
its ways of old

through my stained glass window
i managed a smile
for someday soon
my inner child

through my stained glass window
will come to be
through my stained glass window
i'll clearly see

through my stained glass window
i have all that i need
for life is the fruit
and i am the seed

through my stained glass window
i still yet can hear
that still small voice
whispering in my ear

through my stained glass window
life is still ordained
through my stained glass window
i am not retrained
through my stained glass window

i'm going

there is a sense i have
beyond what i know
and that is the way
i wish to go

where mind of this world
discern
for my spirit of "I"
says 'i' have much to learn

so now i must gather
my courage and my trust
and put one Soul foot forward
its Heaven or bust

this is my quest
that "i" be fulfilled
for upon this landscape
my blood has been spilled

i'm going . . .

in love

there is something mystical, something metaphysical
when we come together in love
the transcendent energy it ushers forth
brings our bellows to above

gratitude, praise and thankfulness
and all those wonderful things
blossoms upon my consciousness
as all existence sings

songs of harmony, songs of joy
that resonates in every heart
infectious is its countenance
and we all become a part

of a consciousness that is our truth
as it was and will always be
let us learn to see, be the best
of what is within you and me

in love

Life's Poem

the whole of Creation is but a poem
every syllable, every verse
between the lines there is a message
the blessings and the curse

all things rhyme and work divinely
the cadence and the tone
and in the cryptic speakings
lives the things now yet unknown

there are things that speak of mysteries
we feel within our hearts
some times there are urgings
to make a brand new start

we are here perhaps to contemplate
what we believe is real
but most of all the Poem of Life
allows us for a moment to feel

Life's Poem . . .

waves to come

the sound of the endless waves
rushing upon the shore
brings me to my realization
that i am so much more

we often seek to define our lives
as we take a purposeful stance
what we so innocently limit
lessens our chance to enhance

though i am but a small part of
all that exists and is to be
i know that i am connected
i feel the waves within me

i look out upon the horizon
and 'tis no end in sight
and i embrace "time's" Holy suspense
for i live each day, each night

for i am the wave that is endless
exponential has no sum
i be bottled nor defined
as i listen for the waves to come

and there i be . . .

i sit here on the edge of my world
with all my cares before me
trying to manufacture some happiness
as i go within to explore me

perhaps it is my values
or the empty things i cling to
in my seeking and searching for meaning
in the goodness i be and do

but just what is goodness really ?
is it a Sign on my life's Road . . . YIELD ?
it has to be more than simply giving
when is the Harvest ? . . . where is the field ?

Lord, you know we have been planting seeds
is all the landscape but barren land ?
perhaps the seeds have been modified
in the secret chambers by the "Dark Hand"

i have watered, i have weeded
"my own Garden have i not kept"
is all of life but a paradoxical parable ?
is this why my Sweet Issa wept ?

and still i sit at the edge of my world
pondering all my cares before me
yet i endure the trying journey within
as i descend deeper to explore me

and there "i" Be !

can you hear it ?

the tears that i have accumulated and stored all my life
are welling up against the dyke of my being
no more escape from the anguish i feel
no, there shall be no more fleeing

i will open the flood gates and water the garden
the place where my seeds have been sown
i lived with the full expectation of this day
it has always been coming and i have always known

there would come a time of my soulful reconciliation
where i must turn to face my neglected dark side
they told me that the light would overcome
but now i come to know with certainty that they lied

one must come face to face with their own demons
or they will always lurk deep within the recesses of heart
perhaps when i stand and confront these subtle fears
these Demons of mine will gather their baggage and part

so i will no longer ascribe to the teachings of man
for my struggle is personal and belongs only to me
though you may identify with the music i now sing
follow your own drum and thus you will be free

can you hear it ?

the paradox of 1

all of existence . . .

resides within me.

yet . . .

“i” am but a part of the All

all that i dream is my own

yet . . .

i am a part of the collective

i was but a Seed

“i” am Now a fruit . . .

here !

and “i” am sweet

taste the offering of love . . .

but i as you . . .

have been spawned by the Tree of Life

that stands in the Garden

in the womb of the Mother

and we are 1

i am but a Raindrop

i fall to the Earth

i seek the Puddle

that seeks the Rivulet

that seeks the Brook

that seeks the Stream

that seeks the River
that flows to the Ocean

along our Journey . . .
we have . . .
fed, nourished and touched . . .

Life . . .
we are Life !

we are a collective of One
seeking to “BE” One . . .
with Life
and all its goodness
yet . . .

we are Life !
We are
Life’s Goodness . . .
Life’s Fruit . . .
Life’s Nourishment . . .
Life’s Paradox . . .

the paradox of 1

the Train Ride

i was on a Train
with a multitude of stories
i listened as each soul told
of their failures and their glories

the experiences held upon
the lines on their faces
speaking hollow words endearingly
to fill the empty spaces

but to no avail
for word without power
amble along life's trail
and in darkness thus they cower

afraid of the light
of infinite truth
to come to be one's self
as we were in our youth

dancing and playing
and smiles, joys and care
has been sadly replaced
with adult lines of fear

but still there are stories
of more joy filled times
and each soul is seeking
to re-erect life's rhymes

so here we are riding
this locomotive called life
moving along and track guided
hoping, wishing, dreaming of joy rife

on the Train Ride

tommy

can tommy come out to play
can tommy come out today
that we can recreate
before we procreate
let beauty be our way

can mary please come out
with out her fears and doubt
let all girls and boys
embrace their joys
let our beauty come about

can johnny come play with me
in the gardens of the free
where we believe
in what's conceived
will come that we can see

please open up and come
we are the God we're from
from the Kingdom within
we can "BE" again
and come to know our sum

tommy

WAR no more . . .

I don't care much for War
on any type of fighting at all
for my Soul is quite weary my friend
you see, i am fighting to answer my soul's call

yes, it is a battle like most other's
struggling to overcome my finite understandings
and every time i think i got something right
here comes "Self with more demandings

there are many times i do have some peace
usually in the still solace of my night
still i sense the looming darkness about me
always attempting to snuff my light

but i am a warrior divine like you
in this Valley of Death's mighty Shadows
yet like you, i stand strong and armed
taking my licks, and delivering my blows

why must we fight for our resolutions
is not the Magic Wand of Love enough
i wished for the Fairy Tale where i could dance
but i was given all this "other" stuff

indifference and the being disconnected
from the eternal peace of our Soul
in this open heart of the Mystic i paint
visions of the bliss i behold

though i may be a bit weary at times
a thought i have had many times before
the signs along my pathway are blurring
as i draw closer . . . closer to that “door”

I don't care much for War
on any type of fighting at all
for my Soul is quite weary my friend
i have come to “BE” to answer my soul's call

WAR no more . . .

We

we search for what we already hold
we must journey within our loving fold
we think about the thoughts of old
yet we tell of things that we've been told

truth eludes those who run from light
we close our eyes and embrace blind sight
we yearn for peace but yet we fight
freedom is not in what's cinched tight

we seek the joys in deluded mind
the paths to Dreams we've yet to find
selective to whom we are kind
amongst each other we draw the line

we wish for love with no embrace
in our mirrors no smiling face
the tapestry is here but where's the lace
we live a life and leave no trace

to become authentic is why we're here
to learn the lesson beyond the fear
yet darkness closes and draws nigh and near
as soul does cry the silent tear

but the transcendence is found in hope
while we ingest all types of dope
to dull our sense that we may cope
to find that our hearts has long eloped

for love can only abide with peace
the ways of man must desist and cease
the doctrines of old must be released
and vanquish the Demons and the Beast

as we . . .

acknowledge that which we already hold
continue the journey where love enfolds
for only Love precedes that of the old
and stop blindly embracing all we were told

its all about the love . . . nothing else !

within and without

within, without and all about
belies this essence of God
beyond all fears and all of doubt
the law is thy Staff and thy Rod

that goodness begets goodness
and that is a most certain fact
perhaps if we should but reflect
perhaps we'll change how we act

for love is of the highest good
we should be love in every chance
if we examine our lives in finite sense
we would see that love is what did enhance

the quiet moments and twinkling eyes
of the child that saw light in you
should but be enough to consider
all the things we do do

if given a chance to do over
what exactly would you change
hey, do over is right "here and now"
and that is within our range

yesterdays are our lessons learned
and tomorrows are visions to come
they are never reached in reality
but right now we increase our sum

go and touch someone you hold dear
but start with the one you know best
love thyself always that's found in God
and you will have passed Life's test

within and without

woman

O woeful lady, why dost thou grieve
hast thou love went away ?

i see you sitting,
pondering in despair
seeking new air

i see your colors of Blue
shining through

as you stand at the doorway of your life
looking at your bleakness
your weakness

you find no solace
no resolution
but upon your bed

in the land of your dreams
it seems

in you waking hours
you look to the horizons
for your love's return

you look in the mirror
and wonder . . .
what is wrong with me

you pray for peace and clarity
and perhaps God's verity

but to no avail

so you withdraw within

and then it begins

the return of your color

your music

your dance . . .

your hope . . .

your love . . .

what once was a fractured soul

begins to emote the magic of being

your life's color . . .

your life's Joy . . .

your life's Magic . . .

your Divinity of "Be"ing . . .

for you are . . .

Woman !!!

yes . . .

you are

Woman

all the signs point north

living on the cusp of lust
i reach for love i must
as my life goes ambling by
not quite understanding
the urgings nor demandings
yet i try, i try, i try

but to no reasonable avail
i abide with a fear to fail
i constantly avert each day
i still seek to find
in the land of the blind
the lantern that lights my way

the some-thing that is obscure
is what my soul pines for
in this life's holy quest
and i am so driven
by the life that i'm living
from the grape my wine is pressed

intoxicated and i am drunk
by the thoughts that i think i think
and the words that pour forth
and i travel this road
with my burdensome load
and all the signs point north

am i ?

the road that i travel
was paved with no regret
for the best of my life
is ahead of me yet

the lessons i've learned
in the trials of my past
have shaped and defined me
and are growing quite vast

as i look forward
to each "Here and Now"
i open all gates
that i may allow

the best of myself
to come forth to being
and i am amazed
at all that i am seeing

with joyful wonder
in each footstep i take
i am thankful and grateful
that i am awake

am i ?

it ain't love baby

the best of her self esteem
kept company with the snails
many years of trials and tribulations
and the spirit of who she is still ails

how could she allow him
to reign his terror of defeat
minimizing her best of self
to be but his "piece of meat"

even i embrace an anger
with no place to express it
so i utilize this pen and pad
yet this angst shall never quit

until all who are abused are released
from their anguish and their strife
come my child, take the first step
and let us rectify this life

for you are my sister my friend
it hurts so when you suffer
yet you continually allow him in
as he tells the lie "i love her"

it ain't love baby

my source . . .

in the Ocean of my life
as the waves come to
the shores of my consciousness...
at times they are gentle,
at times they are forceful,
but they come . .
and they go . . .
and they come again.

i watch the children of life frolic
sometimes being engulfed
most times not
going against their approach
stolidly standing
awaiting the next wave
standing "foot-strong" in the sand
feeling the earth move under their feet
slipping between their toes

i sit on the side lines
remembering . . . reflecting
upon a time long ago
when i too approached the Ocean
with wonder and excitement
like Columbus curious to explore
contemplating in awe

as to what lies on the other side . .
of my horizon . . .

i have not lost that zeal
i am eternally grateful
and i come to know
that my little 'inner child' still lives

so . . . here i go
back to the Ocean
the Ocean of Life
testing my mettle
going with the flow
'cause i need to know
my source . . .

the Demon of my emptiness

a part of me was missing
for i felt not quite complete
the Demon of my emptiness
that i could not defeat

i strived for understanding
was this our holy curse
as i await fulfilling love
upon life's teat i nurse

yes i have many questions
though purpose i do embrace
'tis it a meaningless preamble
to the coming void-less face

these lights of creative delusions
by each i am enticed
will they offer a solitude
which lasts and thus suffice

we journey forth in seeking
hunters - gatherers are we
driven by compelling hearts
seeking to be free

yet we wish for abundance
it is all i can think of
elusive are the treasures
that fills this cup of love

yes . . .

a part of me was missing
for i felt not quite complete
seeking, seeking, seeking
that which i defeat

the Demon of my emptiness

the Garden of Even

there once was a Village
that had a Garden
where nothing but Love ever grew
the Fruits were Divine
what was mine was thine
this was what everyone knew

and then came a thought
which some sadly bought
that i was different from you
and to all of dismay
came forth the day
when this paradigm then became true

the children were confused
and some were used
to further the separation of self
and some gathered night
and held on quite tight
for they thought that things were wealth

and as time went on
the old life was gone
where they all lived simply as one
and wouldn't you know
even their personal glow
was fading and almost done

but much to their mirth
the Mother called Earth
gave an awakening call
it was not for the few
but all that She knew
she called before the fall

now some did transcend
before the end
of this fictional story i tell
but within every myth
there is a sweet gift
that each may come and dispel

so please come on back home
to the garden you're from
where all is balanced and square
the Garden of Even
where there is no needin'
for love indwells everywhere

inspired by the Divine Art Work of
Christina Von Lossberg
Internationally Noted and Acclaimed Fantasy Artist
My Friend

if we but “ALLOW”

i often think about my life . . .
and all the things i wish to do . . .
all the places i wish to be . . .

i dream of
these things . . .
these places . . .
of “BE”ing

without allowing . . .

i “Think” Life
i “Do” Life
i “BE” Life
i must “Allow” Life

and only then will i
“BE” Life
“DO” Life
“Think” Life

it is “Allowance” of our Divinity to come forth
that is the Magical Wonder of our Life

for . . .
We Are . . .

The Thought
The Action
The Be-ing
!

flowing . . .

i was flowing
where i'm going
as i'm sowing
seeds of knowing

seeds of light
shining bright
to show the way
out of the night

it is nice
it is love
it is all
that i think of

you and me
living free
that we can be
the best of me

i am clear
i have no fear
i come to go
as i do care

my thoughts are mine
sometimes sublime
sometimes overt
is that a crime ?

wont you listen
as i glisten
don't be missin'
what i'm twistin'

it is the word
my loins i gird
sometimes absurd
have you heard

i'm hot not cold
my words are old
yes i am bold
i am life's gold

so come to me
no sanctity
reality
is what i be

i am heavy
like the levy
in Katrina
and i dream of

times when we
can get along
i think this is
the same old song

flowing . . .

in rhapsody . . .

his speech was rhapsodizically prodding
the depths of his ancient heart
to turn around, and take in a new perspective
altering but 1 degree to make a new start

but i did not wish to begin again
to travel down this long solemn road
the back of my spirit was aching deeply
and i was but looking for a dock to unload

the burdens we carry forth as humans
were they truly meant for us to bear
funny how the illusions become so heavy
those of our inner doubts and fear

yes i too longed for that age old fable
was it a myth or did i truly remember
will i ever be able to conclude this journey
sometime before the 31st of December

again as i ponder this life's horizons
and the countless turns of my calendar's pages
as i stand before you with my own rectitude
and the vanity of the senseless ages

so what else is left to do my friend
Brother Omar said to live with mirth
so, i'll continue to prod my rhapsodies
as i delusionally ponder its worth

in rhapsody . . .

let the Ethereal be Ever Real

wait, wait a minute, slow up, wait for me
i got some love i want to share too
can i come and go with you to the garden
i got some real love i have been saving just for you

yes, it is sweet, for i tasted it myself
please let me come to your garden
open the gate of your dreams for i dream too
please, please won't you be my friend

we can do all types of things in the land of togetherness
yes, i have been there many, many times before
i never did quite understand why there was a gate
does it separate the Rich hearted from the Poor

it really does not seem quite fair to me you see
but what do i know, i am but a child of the wild
i was always chastised for my rebellious nature
i actually hunted for boundaries begging to be defiled

no, like you i am not much for limitations and such
like Lemonade in July with no hint of the sweet
a flower with no fragrance or petals of love
something about this picture is not quite complete

let us go and play now my dear companion
together in the Gardens of Love Ethereal
for 'ever real' are the dancers of my ecstasy here
with colors of Joy Filled love i can feel

let the Ethereal be Ever Real

let this word . . .

let this word cleave your soul
let this word not go unspoken
let this word unfetter your chains
let this word be the token

let this word resonate within
let this word shake you awake
let this word be food for life
let this word your dreams remake

let this word bring forth sunshine
let this word light all the dark
let this word sing to Star Lights
let this word make its mark

let this word cherish all you are
let this word hold you dearly
let this word teach you joy
let this word be spoken clearly

let this word smile upon you
let this word entice you higher
let this word teach you flight
let this word light thy holy fire

let this word eat all suffering
let this word bring forth our tomorrows

let this word fill us all
let this word vanquish all sorrows

let this word be life's river
let this word be our flow
let this word fill our spirit
let this word let us know

let this word be all for all
let this word be what we all think of
let this word bring forth life
let this word be love

let this word . . .

listen . . .

i was listening to the Silence
and its thunder in my ears
i saw my desire's reflection
in a pool of my tears
i try to live in moments
and they add up to years
and each step within the journey
there are potential fears

but one thing i have learned
not one of us are alone
i feel this in my knowing
in the marrow of my bone
i hear Creation's music
i hum the Sacred tone
i unsheathe what i think wit
like a knife it must be honed

so each day i take time to ponder
what i embrace and i reject
in my finite perspectives
all is quite suspect
when all i want is goodness
i submit that i may detect
the rock of my foundation
let the universe praelect

so in the end i wonder
just how does one quite fit
as we mind the road and paths
and all the prevalent Bullshit
'scuse my language it is but a word
i used to express and transmit
the spirit of the wonder seeking child
dies when it blindly submits

so attune your self my friend
with the beat of your true drum
for it in natured is attuned
calling your heart to come
back to the Cosmic Garden
the fruitful place we are from
only then, only then my friend
will we come to know our sum

so won't you sit with me and listen
to the awakening of our souls
the slumber time is over
we must fulfill our roles
cast your fears upon the winds of time
for you have paid life's tolls
at the gate stands Truth, Bliss and Joy
welcoming home all Souls

listen . . .

me

here i am . .

me !

who am i ?

am i all that i think i am ?

or am i but my dream

my delusion

or some preclusion to life

me

i often get in my own way

how about you ?

i know at times . . .

my "me" is bigger than "i"

you ever feel this way

sometimes i ask myself . . .

what is wrong with me ?

sometimes i get answers

most times i don't

i have always strived to be a better me
i guess we all have
i am always watching
looking
analyzing myself and me
most times i figure it out
but
i still desire change
i want to be a better me
don't you
but in truth . . .
ultimately . . .
i am filled with gratitude to be "me"
therefore . . .
why do i question "ME"
for "ME" is who "i" AM
Me is that loving Soul
Me is kind
Me is good
Me is me

mine and thine

i tried to hide my Sun Light
but it continued to shine
what i have now come to know
the light is mine and thine

for in the realm of connectedness
the light of life is one
as it was thus intended
let it be and be done

fight not the battle my friend
of the illusions of the dark
for shadows are but what they are
they are there to show light's mark

but if your should spiritually stumble
and believe the shadows are you
simply go to your inner sanctum
and see your light of truth

that you are all the wonder
of all the things that were made
for only you are in the image
of He who never fades

He or She is with you always
call it He or it She matters not
those things are but diversions
of the confusing Shadow's plot

know that you are the embodiment
of all that is ever good
know that you were never lost
in wilderness nor in the wood

for "I Am" with you always
within you "I" dwell
trust and but call my name
and all is as "IS" be well

so hide not from your Sun Light
continue to let us shine
from here and after always know
thy light is mine and thine
mine and thine

my Beloved

oh where, oh where is my beloved
where has he gone?
my heart weeps in anguish for His presence
my thoughts leaps in anticipation of His arrival
oh where, oh where is my beloved

Deep within the core of my being
there is a place,
a small dark room
in the inner recesses of my heart.
it belongs to Him.
It is my chamber of Love,
where i the Bride await
full of desire
full of fire
a fire that only His prerequited love
may extinguish

i embrace my Joys
for i know soon come the day
soon come the day of my quickening
when i and my lover shall be one
again

i remember from whence i came
and i shall return
to that place of flowing bliss
to receive my kiss
the anointing of all my joys
my hopes

i have endured much too long
within this realm we deem life
filled with strife
of this world
but i have endured,
for my lover gave me a song
a song of my heart
that sings of the memories

the memories i shall never forget
when He held me in His loving arms
when he pressed my head upon His breast
when i was soothed all the day
and all the night
as i listened to His Heart

telling me of all that which i pined for
all that i wished
all that i dreamed
all that i aspired
as this fire
burned . . .
burned
within the Holiness of Life

yes, today and all days
i sing this song
i speak this
speaking the word
speaking the word of love
speaking the word that only Angels know
as i step in to my lover's river, i flow
to the Spiritual Oceans of life
from whence all things spawned

my Soul opens its door
to meet my lover
as my lover comes to my Chamber
and He knocks
and i answer

for my lover is here
with me His Beloved

i am His and He is mine

my Beloved

my box

why should i define myself
why should i live in a box
to deliberately exist within a room
where i have welded the locks

no, i like a life without walls
where i can truly live free
where i can indulge the possibilities
and be all that i can be

the finality of my reality
is i can speak life as i choose
you may object, but i say what the heck
what have i to lose

. . . my box ?

on the journey

i know not where this journey goes
or where or if it ends
but each day upon my path
i seek to make amends

for i am on a Cosmic trail
i call it my life quest
within each conscious moment
i seek to find my best

there are many trials
i have faced along the way
but one thing is quite certain
the Twilight brings forth Day

most times i am encouraged
for despondency is my friend
the many lessons despair teaches
seem to be without end

just as this endless road
and the discoveries along this path
are the treasures of life my friend
it may be all we hath

so keep one eye on your dreams
the other on each step you take
and stumble not be sure of foot
and love never forsake

for in this thing called journey
love will carry you through
its full disclosure yet to come
'tis the best of you in "you"

on the journey

sitting by the Road

i sit here by the side of the Road
watching all the “Passer-bys”
i contemplate their destinations
and all their reasons “why”

we appear to be ‘migratory souls’
all seeking for some place to arrive
looking for a temporary belonging
some walk, some dream, some drive

some seem pressed and anxious
their lives stuck in a ‘rush mode’
me, i am just passing through
for where ‘i am’ is my abode

yet there still are times i too am expectant
of what lies beyond the bend
but i’ve learned that ‘Expectation’ travels with ‘Disappointment’
so i always . . . all ways seek to amend

for the road i travel has but one step
it is taken one at a time
only then am i consciously open
for the discovery of what is sublime

sitting by the Road

so where is my happiness

where is my happiness
where might it be
is it found within you
or does it hide within me

i've been searching so long
for that joy filled kiss
i've been here and there
its been "Hit and Miss"

who do i blame
none other than self
am i but an inventory
on a dusty forgotten shelf

many days i awaken
to my 'land of the lost'
does happiness elude me
just what is the cost

must i simply submit
but simply to what
there are so many paths
so i follow my gut

but this path that i travel
who's been here before
i pass through one portal
to find yet another door

my heart is so yearning
for its final relief
from pains i do suffer
from my errant belief

so how long must we endure
all this seeking and such
i follow my heart i said
is that seeking too much

but when its all said and done
and we've done all we can
we still cling to mortality
in the body of man

we fight yet to escape
this reason within rhyme
and the hauntings and dreams
in the illusions called time

so where is my happiness
is it the delusion of "i"
i am caught in convextment
so i sit and i cry

for the pain to release
may happiness soon come
to all souls of creation
may we know of our sum

so where is my happiness

something inside me

something inside me
tells me that all things are possible
and there's something inside me
that tells me that its not
so i push forward any way
i must at least take my best shot

something inside me
is like that of a child at Christmas
awestruck with expectant wonder
yes there is something inside me
that drives me beyond my mistakes
and all the times i blunder

something inside me
wants to come out
that i may touch the world
i think we all are seeking to be heard
yes something inside me like you
wants to be embraced and loved
which is why i speak this word
about something inside me

something inside me
is beautiful, loving and grande

at times it cowers from the light
but its up me to demand
that this something does come out
in this light of this day
that this something inside me
removes its doubt
that "i" may find my way

to . . .

this something inside me

sweet seeking

he was surreptitiously trying to find his way
trying to sneak up on his light
while in the winds of timeless thought
she danced upon his plight

yes love had no notion of his grief
for she is blinded by the life smiles
though love bears a grief of her own
in her journey of Tears and Trials

in absences of an awesome wonder
and the sweet soft whispering bliss
that once possessed i and i did thy
and still i yearn deeply for her kiss

my sweet notions have taken wings
to embrace the driving winds of life
soaring aimlessly above beyond reach
of illusions that produce its strife

eye hoods peeled and keenly surveying
the landscapes seeking hint and clue
and i surreptitiously trying to find my way
to that light within me, thee and you

sweet seeking

take from me illusion

take from me illusions
take me far away
in the winds of lost time
like a Tree i do sway

back and forth between
in loving change i drift
but i smell the scent of truth
i have detected a whiff

my taste buds are longing
for Life's beauty to depict
the "Law of the One"
the final certain edict

here comes the winds again
and us Trees begin to flow
is such the behavior
of one in "the know"

we yearn and we strain
for Heavens above
is it Life that embraces
her self in her love

yet rooted in the Mother
i stand and i pause
as She gives me and nourishes
that we forward Her cause

for Life's but life
a quite noble of quest
we must stand grand
and give Life our best

but take from me illusion
that i may clearly see
thy Will and thy Object
of your desire for me

take from me illusion

meop sdrawkcab eht

deredro eb tsum ti taht smees efil

dnatsrednu nac ew taht

sredrob eht txiwteb stsixe efil taht

dnamed yb dehsilbatse

epacse ot gniyrt ma i tub

etor dna etir lla morf

os robal od i yhw si hcihw

eton elpmis siht etirw ot

take on the challenge

I offer my sacred seed to the Mother
that she may entomb it
in the Womb of Life
nurture it and bring forth to birth
the light of life . . . Love

as i breathe

as i breathe i love
as i love i live
as i live i touch
as i touch i feel
as i feel i express
life
love
you and i

can you hear the drum beat
can you smell the joyful fragrance
can you see the grandeur . . .
can you sense . . .
life
love
you and i

the voices of Creation are whispering
our Sun pours forth His Grace
the Ocean is nourishing
Mother is stretching her Limbs
forth to embrace
life
love
you and i

as i breathe i love
as i love i live
as i live i touch
as i touch i feel
as i feel i express
life
love
you and i

as i breath

“BE” all you can Be

i am consciously inhibited
by my own design
i realize my limitations
are all within my mind

i care not for fetters
or the fences about
so i challenge all doctrines
and my fears found in doubt

but i do somehow realize
what's dark does hold treasures
what once was a taboo
has transmuted to pleasures

but that is not to say
that we should not reflect nor pause
for in our silent contemplations
we discover the roots of our cause

as we transcend to effect
as our life dost behoove
we may come to our dawns
with nothing to prove

so i let loose my inhibition's
control over me
and bring light to my darkness
to be all i can be

Children of the Divine

we are the Children of the Divine

we are the Souls of Creation

seeking

seeking beauty,

peace,

joy

and love . . .

that is our Soul's quest

what we are truly seeking

is fulfillment . . .

self fulfillment

this be found looking without

in Religion

in Science

in Teachings

or anything of the World

for you are not of this world

you are a Child of the Divine

one must look within
to experience beauty
we must look within
to possess peace
we must look within
to be the Joy of your life
we must look within
to have love
we must look within

when you look within
you will discover a flower
begging to blossom
in the Light of your grandeur
your God Essence Within
'tis the Lotus Blossom of who you are
begging you to allow . . .
you to be your Divine You
in thus doing you touch the "ALL"
the Whole
Children of the Divine

Namaste

forever . . . love

what can i do to touch the world
as the world continues to touch me
what can i do to open my eyes
wide enough that i may see

that all of life is full of grandeur
and its fruits are naught but love
perhaps if i could but be my dreams
for love is all i think of

what can we do to brighten this day
and bring life's joys to all
if we but go within to the inner child
we could hear love's sacred call

the promise of the divine is my vision
it exists in each and all things
i hear the Music and the Drum
as my sacred heart does sing

so let us join hand in hand
let all hearts become one
let illusion slip back to nothingness
and dance 'til the endless day is done

forever . . . love

here you go in my dreams again

here you go in my dreams again
leaving footprints across my heart
and every time i do awaken
i can never let you part

here you go in my dreams again
with your loved filled eyes and face
where once was but an empty heart
you have filled its space

here you go in my dreams again
filling my night with ecstasy
i hear the song of joy divine
you are my only reality

here you go in my dreams again
every second of each and every day
when i ponder my life's path
you are its only way

here you go in my dreams again

Here . . . Now

fling open the Temple Doors
cast to the street the Spiritual whores
clean and wax all the floors
that you may see the Gold

come my child and lend an ear
there's a song that's playing you must hear
in Love's Truth exists "No Fear"
come in to the Fold

embrace your beauty deep inside
there is a light one hide
far too long thou hast defied
know that you have been told

we must return from whence we came
you here the call of your name
we all are "One" and of the same
as it was in days of old

so here we are at the "Cross" Roads again
so good to see you here my friend
let Love's restorations now begin
as we come in from the cold

Here . . . Now

i am loved

i stepped in Life from the “Realm of Dreams”.

i was embraced by the Sun.

my Sun . . .

He kissed me all over.

i knew then again that i was loved.

what more do i need but to inhale . . .

and exhale this thought each moment of my existence ?

i am love !

. . . for i live !

i am the guardian

i am the guardian of my children's future
and it is right now . . . right here
i am the cartographer of their journey
i note not landmark nor any doubt nor fear

i am the guardian of their dreams
in these words you can taste how i toil
i cultivate the gardens of life
'tis i who nourishes their soil

i am the guardian of their sunshine
so i keep my light burning brightly
who said it would ever be easy for us
who amongst us takes this task lightly

i am the guardian of their visions
i do encourage them to believe
it matters yes, what i do accomplish
the example we set that they may achieve

i am the guardian of all humanity
by the Gate i stand and yet not part
love is my only weapon of choice
the battles of a quickened heart

i am the guardian of eternity's joy
i clear the path and make certain the way
i remove all obstacles that stand before me
for i am the guardian of the new day

i am the guardian

i am whole

i hear Life's whisperings
all around
i feel Her vibrations
when my feet touch the ground

i acknowledge this truth
that i am connected
regardless of the worldly
that has infected
my vision
my soul
my dream
my whole

so i cautiously open
my sacred heart flower
that i may release
that which has soured

which once was anxious
bound and terse
i submit with reverence
to Love's Universe
my vision
my soul
my dream
my whole

so this is the day
my Creator has made
my light beams brightly
and it shall not fade

so i journey forward
upon this life's path
with the utter realization
that all the goodness
i am . . . i hath
my vision
my soul
my dreams
my whole

i am whole !

a child of the ALL

i am not a Child of the Night
nor am i a Child of the Sun
i am a Child of the All
for "ALL" is One

i stand at the portal
where it all begun
i have no belongings
for All is None

i reserve my judgments
i dare not condemn
for i'll lose my balance
which is consequentially grim

yes i know of the Light
and of the Dark too
for it is it which holds
the divinity of i and you

so let us discover
the epitome of self
for in that nothingness
all is wealth

and as we do awaken
which is only through trust
in the whole of who are
the light and the dust

for we are not Children of Night
nor are we the Child of the Sun
we are a part of the ALL
and "ALL" is One

a child

alone

he lived alone
he died alone
he laughed alone
he cried alone

to be alone was his way
him, himself, and his "i" each day
to no one was there debts to pay
to no one did he speak or say

"i love you" was the magic word
from no one's lips has he ever heard
a sentiment he thought quite absurd
to touch another he thus deferred

alone was a life he never shares
alone one never sees who cares
alone love lives in shadowy fears
alone one never dreams nor dares

to reach out to their greater "me"
to reach and be all they can be
without a touch we'll never see
how loving another sets one free

alone the quiet anguish inside
the flower of life blossoms denied
no tears to wipe, they come forth dried
no color nor music as we achingly abide

many of us are alone within
our inclinations we condemn again
our dismal voices are our best friend
move 1 Degree and thus amend

or we will . . .

live alone
die alone
laugh alone
cry alone

please . . . come out and play

and lighten your load

so many teachings
so many paths
that seeks a light
that we already have

yet we lack self trust
that we may achieve
our oneness of self
in which we all believe

so we seek out doctrines
and embrace new ideas
seeking unity in numbers
to hide from our fears

but there is a song playing
and all notes do rhyme
awaiting the pendulum's strike
of the final note of time

where the veils of deceit
will vanish and burn
and we will come to know
the beauty soul yearns

for the journey of life
is within indeed
and the fruits of our harvest
is but our own seed

some call it karma
some call it fate
but destiny awaits you
and you won't be late

so please share the goodness
from within your dear heart
embrace your inner child
and the divine he/she imparts

and i'll see you soon
at the end of the road
let the world be loosed
and lighten your load

and yet i hold on . . .

why did you leave
why did you have to go from here
it seems not quite fair
yes, i remember
and yet i hold on . . .

i remember how i played in your hair
i was the consummate child
immersed in your smile
yes, i remember
and yet i hold on . . .

the memories of your scent lingers
dancing with certain constancy
bring forth illusions that you are still here
here with me
holding me with your breath of love
yes, i remember
and yet i hold on

i know i am a bit deluded
for in this temporal existence i believe
yes, i do believe
that i will see you again
perhaps only in the eyes of my soul
yes, i remember
and yet i hold on

i shun close attachment
for i am still one with you
still loneliness pervades my peace
without cease
and the rest is intermittent at best
yes, i remember
and yet i hold on

i often think of just the beautiful things
that for which my soul sings
are they my imaginings
or are they the magic
that allows me to escape
yes, i remember
and yet i hold on

i remember these moments
our first dance
our first kiss
our first glance
our first chance
and the magic . . . perchance
yes, i remember
and yet i hold on

yes, i remember
and yet i hold on

i am reprise

i am

i am magic

i am music

i am color

i am song

i am love

i am

Epilogue



about the *A*uthor

Bill aka William S. Peters, Sr. is the Proud Single Father of 11 children and 7 Grandchildren.

Bill has been writing for over 45 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 15 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding! Due to his own personal circumstances that “Life’s Travels” has presented to him such as the Crossing Over of his Beloved Wife, Virisa on 2 July 2006, he says he found himself deeply immersed in an abysmal place filled with convoluting voices of Love, Light, Darkness, Despair and Understanding. These Voices transmuted to feelings and thus to insights and thus to the expressive words you will find all over the internet.

Bill is not only a Writer and Poet, he is also a Public Speaker, Empowerment Work Shop Leader, Consultant, Activist, Radio Personality, Broadcast Media Producer, Spoken Word and Recording Artist and so much more. He also is the Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music. Bill is involved in well over 80 Social and Writing Sites to include My Space, FaceBook, Inner Child, Adelle Conexxions, Love Galaxy, Black Preaching Network, etc., and many, many more. He has accumulated several thousands of Readers and Friends from all over the Globe. Bill was featured in Big The Magazine, which incidentally he won the esteemed “Person of the Year Award” for the Year 2009 – 2010. He has been featured on countless Sites for his Insightful Spiritual Loving touch found in the words of his Expressions in Poetry, Story and Analogy. He has published 14 Books, his latest offerings a Poetic Collection, “This Too Shall Pass”; “the light in the window’ and “The Wind, The Mountain and The Sage” which incidentally is available for purchase at his Web Site. www.iaminnerchild.com. As i mentioned earlier, Bill is also a Spoken Word Artist and his current CD “*free thinker*” is available through that site as well as CD Baby, ReverbNation, Amazon, iTunes, etc.

He also has his own Social Community www.innerchild.ning.com. His Publicist, Adelle Banks Wilson of Adelle Conexxions and Manager, Michelle McKinnie, have nothing to say but good things about Bill and his Wonderful Empowering Spiritual Work. Bill is truly a blessing to anyone that is so graced to know him !

From December 2009 and most of 2010 and 2011, his divine work was featured in the highly Humanitarian Oriented Magazine : Humanity Healing's "Om Times" which also has a World Wide Distribution. Bill additionally has written for "Signature Women Today Magazine" and We Are Creative People, the Magazine. He has also worked avidly in his Church Community / Family as a Steward and Director of the Audio / Visual Ministry.

Bill is the Architect of the Inner Child Radio Network which includes a presence on BlogTalk Radio, TalkShoe and many other affiliate Networks. There is also Inner Child News as well as the World renowned Inner Child Magazine, which has made an huge impact upon the "Community of Humanity.

Bill additionally offers himself to others for Inspiration, Healing and Counseling. He has supported and inspired many Light Workers, Healers, Writers and Poets to further their course with their own expressions. He is also the Managing Director of a Unique Publishing Concern, where his primary focus is empowering Writers and assisting them in bringing their Words to Eyes and Ears of the General Populace.

Inner Child Press

Bill says . . .

I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds we Sow and Nourish. All things we "Think and Do", will "Be" Cause and eventually manifest itself to being an "Effect" within our own personal "Existences" and "Experiences" . . . whether it be Fruit, Flowers, Weeds or Barren Landscapes! Bill highly regards the Fruits of his Labor and wishes that everyone would thus go on to plant "Lovely" Seeds on "Good Ground" in their own Gardens of Life !

Namaste'

Inner Child

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www.innerchildpress.com

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the Wind, the Mountain and the Sage
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poetry & prose

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poetry

The Book of 'i'
poetry

my inner garden
poetry

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Free Thinker
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<http://www.iamjustbill.com/bills-market.php>

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Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

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