

Anthology of 2781

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To the One.

Acknowledgement

To all who make this possible.

About the author

My name means dweller of the valley. Like the river my life has ebbed and flowed, endured the storms, bathed in its beauty, and found its tranquillity. My mission is to be faithful and true. Poetry is foreign to me, so excuse my mistakes, but with someone to guide me I'll do what it takes.

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Two worlds

Can I live in two worlds, is it pleasure I seek, one for the offering, one for the week. Help I must seek, to live in two worlds.

I am what I am

I Am what I Am. What does that mean, am I someone vindictive, obscene? Am I the one I am meant to be, Am I the one who sets me free?

Without You

Without you I am nothing, what am I to do. The moment I surrender my life will be with you. What will I lose then and what will I gain. Take away the madness, renew me, I'll glorify your name.

Pedicure

These tired old feet sure need a rest, a pedicure! I'll put that to the test. Starts with a foot spa, massage chair for my back, bonus offer or are they just being slack? My nails are ugly, all out of shape, big ones ingrowing, is this a mistake? The clippers struggle to get through the nail, years of neglect, then I have failed. Cream applied, back in the bath. The weapons are out, feet on the towel. It hurts as she scrapes and cuts, I wonder if she feels sick in the guts. I console myself as she massages my leg, with gloves on her hands, like embalming the dead. Hot rocks, then the hot towel, she lifts her head, "finish now". Now it's all over is does feel cool, a \$40 pamper, for this aging fool.

Hiding

The hiding of His power, is that for men, and if we hide His power, what would happen then? The hiding of His power will it give us strive, the hiding of His power, can it give life? The hiding of His power, what a paradox, the hiding of His power. Brilliant.

Words

If a man is judged by his words, what is he to do? Choose them wisely is what I hear, and let them all be true.

Hot

The sun is out, it's heating up, sticky after the rain. The air is still, cicadas sing, the birds don't want to play. The wasp is out, moving about, it don't bother him. I'm up here on the mountain, man I'd love a swim.

Paper Wasps

What was that! Paper Wasps.

I love to live in harmony with nature, but this will never do.

Those Agro Wasps have set up camp, it's either me or you.

Now I am not a brave man and don't delight in killing anything,

But these buggers have to go because man they can sting.

With overalls, hat and glasses on, I sneak up on the foe,

The breeze is up and I'm shit scared, but I have to have a go.

As I get close, I don't know why, I get my feet tangled in the cord,

I know there is no turning back, well at least I am not bored!

Conditions are right, winds from behind as I sneak up on the foe.

With shaking hands I apply the flame, sorry you have to go.

It looks to me like dozens streaming from the nest,

The battles on but their no match, this LPG is the best.

Then one appears from nowhere, now I'm in a fight.

I back up quickly shouting F-OFF waving the flame from left to right.

Safely back now in the shed I hope I got them all,

or have I just made an enemy, I didn't want to go to war.

Smoking

I like to have a smoke, I do it by myself
Either up the shed on my throne, or on my back deck.
I smoke in the evening with a drink in my hand
And listen to the sounds of this your promised land.
The night is so perfect, simmering and bright
The stars and nature calling, to witness your delights
You have made me who I am Lord, and now I am never blue,
But always grateful, for you just being you.
Yes, I am free Lord, all your promises are true
And everything I am Lord, is because of you.
You have taught me not to wander,
Far from under your wing
Your beauty, your splendor, of these I can sing.
The place where you abide Lord, a shelter and a spring,
Sealed in His favour, a gift from the King.
And with this gift treasures untold, but not of mortal things,
To walk with you it all unfolds
Glory to the King.

February

There's a celebration coming, what's it all about? About a life of freedom, well I have my doubts. Should I speak out? Don't offend these precious ones. Are the really fragile? The can take it up the bum. And if I were to speak out against this ancient sin, the swine would turn and trample me, magnifying sin. So what am I to do Lord? The future will unfold, just keep working, and doing what you're told.

Hidden

There is something we can find and it's hidden in plain sight.
Evidence is everywhere, the earth speaks of its might.
It was there in the beginning, before the earth was formed
Revealed in a story, written long ago.
The voice of it thundered from its ancient throne
And called in to creation the place that we call home.
Yes it is still calling, come here my little ones
I'll tell you the story of what you shall become.
Now where to find this treasure, more precious than gold
It's hidden in the lines
Greatest story ever told.

Belated Valentine

Send a Valentine note..It's a little late I said. Why not? Do you think their already dead. What can I say then, what are we defending. Tell them son, It's the only love with a truly happy ending.

Christian

I called myself a Christian, but that was I while ago. Nothing against the people just didn't go with the flow. Stayed with it 20 years until I found the light, confirmed what I already knew, something wasn't right. Now I am not a traitor and haven't lost my faith, but lessons that were spoken haven't found their place. The end hasn't come, but it will, the time is short. Like sands through the hour glass.

Good Cop Bad Cop

Nations are dividing
Not just left and right
Leagues are developing
In the twilight
The old rulers are fading
But not without a fight
People are complaining
But do they have a right
What's on the Horizon is anybody's guess
The only thing I can say is
It looks a bloody mess

Power of the pen

I never took to reading, writing I deplored. Could hardly string a sentence together and mumbled when I talked. But since I have seen the light my attitude has changed. I know the word is powerful, I know it cuts both ways. Gentle is the way to go to turn this ship around, to wait and watch its graceful flow scatter good seed on His ground. Now back to the pen, how does it compare? The spoken word is powerful but can vanish in thin air..The written word can gather dust, but that don't bother me, I'm just here to do my bit, nothing to sleazy... It may hit its target, only heaven knows. So don't despair write it down, then go have a doze.

A word

What a difference a word can bring flowing from His mouth... When you know it is the truth of that you have no doubt..It's like the anointed oil that flowed down Aaron's beard, refreshing as the waters that flow in all your tears..Yes my friends it's evidence of what you are to Him..So search the word that you may find your glory in the King.

Geezer

I met a man today from old Leigh-on-sea. We spoke about Australia and here is what he said to me, Australia is okay you have the beach and sun, but I would trade it all tomorrow, for a pint or two, with some geezers down the pub.

The Night

The sun has faded
The evening sings it's song
Night birds call on distant boughs
The insects sing along
It is the night I praise the Lord
Listen carefully
All creation calls to Him
The air, the earth, the sea
A gentle breeze carries it
As the stars come out to play
Among the host, we will soon see
A new moon in it's place
But there can be no doubt
It's there for all to see
The glory that's in His embrace
For all eternity

Ageing

I'm as strong as an ox..And fit as a fiddle..And sometimes sleep through the night..Without waking up for a piddle.

The poet

Words of the poet
What do they seek
Where do they come from
What do they speak
The poets mind
Can be profound
Searching depths
Seldom found
Light and dark
Love and hate
Or maybe nothing really great
Whatever they do
It's worth a note
While they listen
There's always hope.

Voodoo

Thought I'd give it a go
Thought it couldn't hurt
But after the pins were out
The main difference I notice
\$150.00 short.

Eagles eyes

The eagles eyes are watching
Searching for the prey
The lion is ready
His teeth are on display
The bull is there also
His horns shining bright
And man is out the front
A symbol of His might
Their wings touch each other
Straight ahead they go
Not looking to another
The job at hand they know
Between the coals of fire
Small torches move about
The fire glows brightly
Then you hear the shout
Awesome is His majesty
Come
While it may be found
Let His holy fire
Purify this ground.

Testing

Life's tests are nothing new
They can destroy
Or strengthen you.
The harshest test can be close to home
Coming from our flesh and bone
Scorn for blood we must resist
Tempting us to react
Words for words
Act for act.
Love for hate
Destroys the cancer
A soft word
Is an answer.

Mocking

Mock me if you want to
Mock me while you can
I am just a dick-less wonder
Unlike you
A real man
But when your at the bar
With the other trogs
Please remember
I can go home to my wife
You can fuck your dog x.

Inner peace

The inner peace I feel just remembering your blessing you bestowed on me, just a small experience just a small dream one may exclaim but not so for this experience, had a glorious awakening and a spiritual power no one on earth could ever receive unless you bestowed it you can be given honour on earth to man's folly. But the honour of seeing the Glory of Our Dear Lord Jesus is an honour no man can be given it's a spiritual gift straight from the Saviour himself it can not be bought it cannot be sold it's something to sing about it's something to be told it's like the moon in the sky and the smell of a flower fragrant of a night it's a wonderful thought to know Jesus teaches us what is right. He loves all dearly He cares for our needs He flows through our veins like a spiritual stream. "Praise the Lord."

Daniel

Daniel answered and said: "Blessed be the name of God forever and ever, for wisdom and might are His. And He changes the times and seasons; He removes kings and raises up kings; He gives wisdom to the wise and knowledge to those who have understanding. He reveals deep and secret things; He knows what is in the darkness, and light dwells with Him.

The Beach 2023

The roar of the ocean the sound of the sea. Everyone's happy, including me. Boys and girls forming friendships before puberty, a tattooed father with his kids in the surf, crowds between the flags watched by middle aged men with hawk eyes in yellow and red, Amateur swimmers bobbing about trying to avoid the inevitable cold rush. Young women displaying their bums in the shallows, watched by eagle eyed men in yellow and red. I wondered how uncomfortable those strings are, and why the fashion. An attractive woman reclines on the sand, her form perfect, beautiful, more comfortable than a Danish chair, bringing back memories of youth. A mother and daughter chatting, the sea too loud to hear what they say, their faces delightful. Cool cabarners are now put away, wine and jewellery are on display. People enjoying the end of the day, an afternoon at the beach, the great Aussie way. The sun is setting behind the trees. The north easterly is cool, fish and chips for this old fool.

Go figure

I red and I red and I red, mostly forgotten what was said. Couldn't retain although I read it a hundred times. Must have thought what a dumb ass, leave him behind. But I did remember something he said, I'll mulch it and water it and see if it grows. If it doesn't bear fruit, out it goes. So here I am doing my thing, not what I figured, but worth a fling.

What if

What if life was nothing new
What if its been before
What if the thing we hold most dear
Is really not that dear at all
Would will still be concerned with the worries of this life
Would we still store up riches
Preparing for future or strife
We are here for a moment
Like flowers we fade
Why do we toil
When we could rest in the shade.

What I love

I love my life that's for sure..I love the shade under the sun..I love my friends, both o l d and young..I love my wife and children too, although sometimes that's hard to do..I love the coolness of the breeze, the rivers gentle flow..The splendor of the trees, the birds, the reptiles and all that breaths..The insects busy in the sun, well I can't love everyone..But this thing I know for sure, the love of God will win my war.

Kumquats

The Sulphur- crested cockatoo is a noisy bird
Even in the twilight their squawking is heard
We know their intelligent and live many years
But when one spoke to me softly
Nearly brought on a tear
Now when I say spoke I don't know what he said
But I got the impression he wanted to be friends
Thing is, he was right above my kumquat trees
Each season destroyed by the flying trapeze
Like teenage vandals they tear them apart
Leaving nothing for me, but revenge in my heart
So I'm a little suspicious of my new found friend
A con-man most subtle
After his own end.

The garden

I love my garden..my wife thinks it's a mess..But every afternoon I visit to taste how much I'm blessed..Cherry tomatoes everywhere, like a jungle growing wild..Growing with the parsley, rocket by its side..The pumpkin vine is blossoming, it has never failed..Thirty two we got last year, It now sounds like a tale. The seeds I threw down the back never expecting to grow, now have plants I shouldn't have, but no one needs to know..Lettuce, herbs, potatoes, just sprout out of the ground..And give me a harvest of which I can't be proud.

Summary

How do you sum up a place you call home..It would take hours leaving you cold..I remember growing up as a child we had freedom to roam..No mobiles just big voices and Bakelite phones..The rules were clear, be home before the street lights come on.. Otherwise you get a smack on the bum..Hills, Valleys, bays and bush we did explore..Billy carts, scooters, dragsters, wheel stands galore..rock flights, sword fights, wrestling around...Arm in arm with your best mate, that's what it was all about..It was a time to respect your elders..And a time the elders let us play..The street had many children, all fun and games..The street was home to different kinds..The successful and the humble, to the literally blind.. Everyone seemed to get along..If there were problems I didn't know..An age of innocence.. where did it go.

Today

Today I met a train driver having a smoke..Told me a story, could be a joke..Said to his girlfriend, "I don't like your underwear". Don't like the colour, the cut, or the lace on the hem..She said okay, stop wearing them then.

Old school

I was raised on the river, worked it all my life..Not much schooling, it's kept me out of strife..But regulations have taken their toll, now more than ever you must do what your told..They called me a grandfather, said we are not focused on old salts like you, your okay until 2022..But three years early they sent out a lad, peak hat, sunglasses, mobile phone. O yea, and a brand new boat..all paid by tax payers, what a joke..Not long out a uni, not much of a clue..told me I'm numbered my days are through..The methods your using look unsafe to me, we don't like drop hammer pile drivers, it's old technology..So now I want you to prove that it's safe..years without incident! what a disgrace..Thirty years I've been working this gear, never had a problem, there's nothing to fear..well that may be so but it don't impress me, written certificates are what we need. You can object to my superiors, so that's what I tried..Took 3 months to get their reply.. now in summary it said, "Licence suspended " ..My business plan dead...They take out small business, frame mischief with a law, jacking up prices for even the poor..Yes I think the systems a farce.. So now I write ditties and sit on my arse.

Attraction

Why are we attracted to things that kill..could be diet, drink or a pill..sometimes self loathing or talking trash..often fast cars, sex and cash..something is warring inside our minds..blocking our ears and blinding our eyes..the spirit is strong but the flesh is weak..but a man's spirit can slay the beast..the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked..the flesh it kills.

Surrender

To be left on the shelf
When beauty abounds
To want to take credit
For what is not ours
A longing for favor
Applause and a cheer
Vanity rising
Can anyone hear
Don't worry if it ever gets read
Be confident in the messages sent
There are many masters
Choose carefully
Beauty it rises
When you forget about me.

Who pays

Like cunning slavers with their lies that caught their victims by surprise enticing them to come on in
taste the fruit the funds within

The credit trap

The people pay

While bankers cronies

Fuck and play.

Cruel masters

The borrower is servant to the lender
It's always been that way
With money control
They have the sway
They think they are cleaver
But must pay their debt
With violence and bloodshed
They cast their net
The earth testifies against their creed
Money, power, lies and greed
Modern day slavery
Fuelling the cause
Using usury to work us all
Yes they will come to a bend
And righteousness will return
At their bitter end.

It's spiritual

The wrestle we have has always been
Hear with us today
The tactics, moves and holds they use
Are keeping us at bay
We should know our enemies they've done it all before
But to fight you must apply A Spirit to the war
How do you know which side to take
Or any side at all
You might think what a load of bull
So walk right through that door
There are many roads that lead up
These you can explore
But only One sits at the top
All the others fall
To question what is right
This we must explore
To lead us back to ourselves
To fight the real war
And when we win the battle
And slay the wicked beast
We will be free from tyranny
The Lord Almighty as our chief.

The track

There is a hidden track
People seldom find
Hidden in a world
There amongst the blind
But once your eyes are open
It's very plain to see
But don't step to the left or right
On the sides is treachery
You must follow diligently
And from the coarse not stray
Then you'll find the secret
To show others the way.

The con

They have conned the world
It's plain to see
Just repeating history
There's nothing new under the sun
But I wonder if this could be the big one
See I think they have cooked their goose
Or has the rooster lost his roost
What ever the analogy
The consequence is pain
Through bringing civilisation
Down again
The signs are always the same
Don't blame Him
He's not to blame
When we are led away from Him
It falls apart
Into sin
If you are listening
This I say
Get on your knees
To Him pray
There is no other who can sort this out
Get to know Him
He will leave no doubt.

Divided

People are divided
Which way to turn
Deceitful doctrine
Engulfing the world
No turning back
Can anyone see
Innocence dying
Or is it just me
Why the fighting
What is it for
They preach peace
And offer war
When will we say
Enough is enough
Hypocrisy expose
The coward cream puffs
The whole things creepy
The whole things queer
Diverting attention
Look over here
Dredging for dirt
When the filth can be seen
Arming brother against brother
Is really obscene
While the rulers are safe
In their stolen nest
Telling the world
It's all for the best
But who is really pulling the strings
Who's the chess master
The champ in the ring
Who could set all this out
A crafty enemy

Have no doubt
Sorry if it sounds like a rave
But nothing ventured
Nothing gained.

Brothers

Brothers killing brothers

This is war

They speak the same language

Why must they fall

Fed by global blood stained hoars

Greedy kings like pawns they play

With others lives to get their way

But in the end they will fall

It is the consequence of war

When honor is replaced by greed

When love fails and righteousness recedes

The hour comes like a thief in the night

Not only shaking the earth

But heaven this time.

Indian summer

Seasons come and season go
It's nice to catch the change
Not be caught up in other stuff
And miss the turning page
I felt the season changing
I feel it in the night
For me the Indian summer
Will bring on her delights.

Everyone

It's hard work when there's so much to say
To summarise the complex when there's so much at play
I believe it's impossible to do
Whatever is spoken may not be the truth
It needs to be examined
Examined by you
If you seek it
You'll find the proof
Look for the signs
Don't miss the fun
The offer is open to everyone.

Confidence

Some have confidence in themselves
Others just stay on the shelf
Some have confidence in their way
Others sometimes go astray
Some have confidence in their wealth
Others suffer poorer health
Some have confidence in their power
Others hoping for their hour
I have confidence in non of the above
I have confidence in His love
It's all the confidence we need
And sprouts from the smallest seed.

Problems

Problems arising
Look over there
Can you see it
Do you care
To give of our substance
Is for us to decide
Don't be fooled
By the spin
And the lies
Give to your neighbour
Love your neighbour
Is what he said
Look after the widow
And those in distress
The ones around us
It's them we bless
He loves a cheerful giver
And can't be outdone
Test him on this
He owns it all
He will repay
That's for sure
We can solve the problems
If we take on the task
The worker us worthy
With no need to ask.

Trying to kill

There's a battle going on
And it's between my ears
Aren't I free
Why the fears
My wife says
"Your an addict "
You've always been that way
It's all or nothing
Now it's everyday
The life I lead
May seem obscure
Wrong some would say
But wisdom is justified of her children
And children like to play
So whoever you are
Inside my head
I'll keep living
Your threats are dead.

Glory

Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom
Nor the mighty in their might
Nor the rich in their riches
They can take flight
Will who is wise understand this
Whom from the mouth was spoken
Who will declare it
The bells are but a token
Why does the land perish
And non pass through
Left like a wilderness
No-one with a clue
Call for the wailing women
Let them make haste
Eyelids gush with water
Our lands in disgrace
To know him is to love him
His glory above all
Call to him, render our hearts
Save us from the fall.
Some say: where is this One
You speak so much about
Has he gone on holiday
Why does he make us doubt
This is a message to all the tortured souls
Seek him while he can be found
Before the windows close.

It died

When it died it all went black
Nothing could I see
Friendships formed
Contacts torn
Gloom and misery
All lost
At what cost
Despair fell over me
But praise the Lord
My phones alright
Just the battery.

Elections

The elections are over
I didn't use my vote
To me it has no winners
All of them a joke
But now that it is over
Another side I see
Good nature, consideration
Above the party machine
Grace and good will
A rare sight in this modern day
Gives me hope for the future
I hope the spirit stays.

O Lord

O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord
You are so good to us
O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord
In you I put my trust
I love you Lord
You know me well
All I have is yours
And in return
You give me grace
To walk upon your earth
O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord
In you is found the truth
Creation cries out for you
Look! We are the proof
O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord
What more is there to do
But praise you Lord
For all you are
With a heart renewed.

Thinking

Thinking about thinking
Thinking is my favourite thing to do
The joy of thinking
Seems only for a few
Others do the thinking
And tell them what to do
Taking all the fun bits
Nothing left to chew
I think thinking
Is the best part of the job
Makes my labour easy
Doesn't make me a slob
I think thinking
Should be for everyone
Because when we find the answers
No longer are we dumb.

Cath

A virtuous wife is someone to hold
Her worth above rubies
More precious than gold
Loyal to both family and friends
Devoted to all
On her we depend
Gird her with strength
Strengthen her arms
Stretch out her hands
Be her charm
Bless and honour her
In all her ways
Comfort for all
To you be the praise
Go with her
In you we trust
And bring her safely
Back home to us.

Oil

Disclaimer: I get my facts?? From YouTube and then get them scrambled in my brain and they come out as this-

Russia produces 11 000 000 barrels of oil a day

Sells 2 000 000 a day to china.

US Produces 70 000 000 barrels a day and sells the excess to Europe.

They call it an energy crisis.

The volumes are enormous

And that's not including the rest of the world's oil producers

How much can a poor man use

May be I should thank God they jack up all the prices

The more I think about it

The whole thing is a joke

So save the world

With your Tesla car

And make sure you don't smoke.

Blotted out

There is a banking crisis.

What are we to do?

"Close all the smaller ones, it's easier with few.

Give the money to us, we are the big six.

Remember how to play the game

JB is on the fix.

The other clowns will follow, we can give them more hand outs.

And when we have them stitched up, the wealth will be ours."

"We can shame the people, they will take the blame.

They will follow us into hell,

We blotted out His name."

Numbers

A barrel of oil produces 1700kwh of energy..the world consumes 94 million barrels a day..94m x 1700 = 159 trillion (give or take a few hundred billion) of kWh per day.

If you need 12.8 sq metres of solar panel to produce 1700kwh..

If I divide the energy use of oil per day 159 800 000 000 divide it by 12.8.. gives me 484 375 000 sq mtrs.. or 484 375 sq kilometres.

Now I don't know if my maths is right. A fish rots from the head. We need more than sun light.

Trapped

Lyrics are poetry in song..Sometimes right Sometimes wrong..They can speak a message from the soul..I'm trapped in a life that isn't my own..fame and fortune can mask the truth..behind the act is the proof..looking good..but out of it..mental disorders..in the pit..tortured preaches singing about highs and addictions fears and doubts..telling their story until the end..trapped for eternity? Who is their friend.

The voice

We all want a voice
A voice can do well
But what controls the tongue that will tell
A small spark starts a fire
Words can pierce like a sword
But the words of the wise heal
I ask that whoever controls the tongue
Will be the wise one.

Sorry about Sorry

Seems I was fallible
Quiet a shock to see
The full moon rising
As I had a pee
That I got it so wrong
To me is a mystery
But I am not into excuses
it Deserves an apology
The moon is my calendar
Weird I know
I watch for it diligently
I am guided by its flow
Somewhat of a wake up call
I am slipping
It would seem
Or maybe I judged and fell in a trap
Guilty I must plead.
So thank you for their service
And all that they have done
And may this time bring all the blessings
That are promised in His Son.

Slipping

When I feel myself slipping
Sinking in the mud
Condemnation searches
Looking for blood
My soul will worship
The Ancient of days
He will deliver
I am His slave
He knows my reasoning
Let Him search my heart
His promises are sure
He will not tarry
For to Him, my friend
I am to marry.

Fault

What is the fault
Who shone the way
Eyes darkened
Voices dismay
What brought us to the crux
Nonsense exalted
Reason snuffed
We where given dominion
To take care of all
We have exploited
And glory in war
It's a sad indictment
Of what the world has become
Our fearless leaders
Not mirroring His son
If we searched our hearts
We might find the way
In each of us is hidden the truth
The answers revealed
In our reproof
In one
All things were created
To regain control
To Him
We must be mated.

Scheme

There seems to be a scheme
To keep them in control
The silver and gold are mine
Saith the Lord
Heed what he has told.

Compare

I love you

You know I do

If I look elsewhere

Nothing compares

All your ways are beyond reproach

Never leave me

Without you I am broke.

The stick

It's time for the stick!
I heard a stooge say
It's what they understand
We must treat them this way.
Who talks like that, with a lung full of lies
We are the mighty
Bend or goodbye.
On the highway many will go
Talking rubbish as if they know
I followed a thread on nuclear war
Plenty say, "it's not that bad"
The nuclear winter was only a fad
Science has proved it stays localised
I guess they proved that in the Marshall Islands
To the natives surprise
Told them "don't worry"
We take your blood and have your vitals read
Testing them like guinea pigs until the day they dropped dead
With demented perversity they marked some cheer
Naming a sexy new swimwear after the south Sea paradise they nuked without fear
I really struggle to see the gain we carry the cross and deliver such pain.
Beware of the leaven which is hypocrisy God save us from this evil disease.

Sight

Maybe I could use better sight
As I stayed up late I could read and write
But with blurry glasses I'm left alone
To think of the joy's that keep my soul.

Anonymous

O to be anonymous
That's a life indeed
To be unspotted by the world
As we plant His precious seed
To know it is the greatest gift
Passed down through history
To know the love from above
That heals in time of need
To do justly, love mercy, and shun the life of greed
To love your neighbor as yourself
In these He is well pleased
To do our deeds for nothing in return
It is the act of being Him
And from Him we must learn
Then He will shine bright
For all the world to see
Knowing that it isn't you
The blessing they receive
Greater are his gifts
Stored up for you and me
Than all the riches of this world
If we can succeed.

Evangelism

Some shout it out
Jesus His son
Died for your sins
Come on in, Come
Others like charitable deeds
Helping others in their time of need
Still some study the text
And listen to teachers
Who think they know best
me, I am just sitting here
Waiting and wanting
With only one to fear.

Windscreen

My windscreen is cracked
Rego is due
I'll claim on insurance
That's what I'll do
I've gone around in circles
It seems like a farce
I wonder if they know
I like sitting on my arse.

Scammers

Nothing to do with us
Don't look over here
It's down there with the rat's and dogs
Those you have to fear
We've got an answer
Have you had your shot
Here's another and another
You will need a lot
We will be their Saviour
Don't worry about the loss
It will rake the money in
We can hide the human cost
Then there's the war's
Look who points the finger
More money in the coffer
Consequences
A real shocker
So be careful with your money
The banks are not to blame
What is truth
No one knows
But all must bear their shame.

Oxmorons

I was at Woolies this week
The bench seat that I seen
With an old man sitting on it
Proudly claim 99% green
The rainbow was a promise
Gay was never proud
Shittim built the altar
To swear was to take a vow
Moving forward with the notion
That green will save the day
Destruction of land and oceans
So we can have our way
Being wise becoming fools
Glory have they changed
To stop total destruction
A Saviour we must raise.

There\\'s gold in them there.

I started on a project
A few years ago
Involved ashes and acid
Thought I was in the know
After some disappointment
And in a time of need
I put it in a cupboard
To return to when things are lean
All of this solution
I don't know how to ask
I'll try electrowinning
Either way could be a blast
The results were amazing
Black sludge everywhere
I counted up my blessing
Forgetting past despair
My hopes were tempered
I shouldn't be surprised
A wash in nitric acid
Dissolved my fortune before my eyes
The little left I washed and rinsed
And repeated over at length
Then I hit it with AR and now have a cocktail
That looks like creme de menthe.

Local

The sun has warmed the concrete on my favourite seat. I like the cardamom tea, from the Nepalese grocery store, delicious. .

The suburb seems lonely as I sit here on my own.

Here's another human a Chinaman having a smoke, I raised my cup and say enjoy, he smiles like I told a joke.

I move down the mall, there are people milling around.

There's a buska in the distant putting out their sound.

A mums taking a photo of her daughter blowing bubbles, I sneak behind into the picture, she grins, I'm out of trouble.

Bohemian rhapsody resounding from a keyboard, a passionate teenager showing us his worth, practise makes perfect, some have it with birth.

I've spent a lifetime in this area, a familiar face I can't see.

Probably best as I think about my life where I have been, what I have become.

The answers to my questions, contemplated in the son.

An Asian influence has permeated the place, as I eat my hand made noodles I do enjoy the taste.

My local centre has changed over my years but I am not afraid of what it's become. It brings me lots of joy.

Just a small player in a life out of control looking for a window to befriend another soul.

The homeless here are not rejected Ray with the bird gets most of the attention. A thug stole it once to impress his girl: locals came to the rescue, sat on the offender until the police were called. Off to the station with him, Ray's bird returned.

Yes this place seems to accept everybody, I come here often, it's kind of a hobby, to watch them all from the poor to the snobby.

Just another day but I go home a winner.

I buy roast duck and have pancakes for dinner.

Today

My father was an engineer in the royal navy ww1
My uncle was in the middle east before being sent to new guinea to fight the Japanese
His uncle fought in the middle east he was a gunner of renown
But when his medal was announced fishing he was found
I knew a man not very well died without a sound
A eulogy I had to give and in his van I found
"Do unto others as others do unto you."
He had joined the communist party straight after the war I could only wonder what the hell for
Today there was an atmosphere like a calm before a storm
Wisdom in diplomacy
Hypocrisy in war.

Doves eyes

I have a friend called Dave
Not an old man
Still likes a rave
His eyes match his personality
Twinkling and bright
Wherever he goes
He he let's in the light.
Just one of a few
That I call friends
They make life joyful
On them he depends.

Blood

I saw a friend one Saturday morn
Had blood all over him
Tattered and torn
Couldn't remember if he had been in a fight
Couldn't remember any of last night
He knew he lost his wallet and phone
We back tracked from home to the pub
Too early to open but they were unloading the truck
Turns out they seen it all
My friend was so drunk he napped on the tar
Another drunk drove around the corner and nearly hit him with his car
My friend staggers up to say hi
Gets a punch in the face and one in the eye
"Who is he, how can I find him?"
Why do that! Leave it behind you.
But it was not about his face
The fault was his
The driver had a case
What a man I thought
To seek to apologise for his mistake.

Tonight

I am invited to my friends tonight
I love their company
And they are good cook's
And entertaining
I will enjoy the feed
My fridge is almost empty
Good timing
Yes indeed.

Business

Being in business what is it for
Is it for the money
To have dominion over the poor
The illusion of wealth has infected our minds
The love of money has sent the world blind
A good business partner is what you need
One that isn't focused on power and greed
One that will put society first
And do the right thing
Even to his hurt
One that will swap profit for gain
And pour out a blessing that's hard to contain.

Howard

I have a friend named Howard
A very honest bloke
Thinks out of the square
Could be thought a joke
Wisdom is his companion
This I know is true
It can be seen in his dealings
With all not just a few
I do believe the world
Would be a better place
If more men were like Howard
In him is no disgrace.

Fact or fiction

The penny dropped as I listened today
Rorting was the subject no grace was on display
The presenter read a heart rending text
Her name I heard him say
In an instant dejavu entered my mind
I've heard this woman previously
Eyes opened that were blind
Fiction is a fantasy
Fact will save the day
Personal, emotional
Truth on display
The world needs the real
This is a fact
But they can have their fun
The race isn't run
But truth will have the bat.

Strong

I want to be strong
But feel weak
This older body
Is starting to creak
Patch it up Lord
Find the leaks
And bale the bilges
Remove the reek
We can set sail
When the weathers fair
And tell a tale
Of tender care.

Graduation day

It was my sons graduation day
He said he would drive
Nearly cut into an Audi
It was an innocent mistake
The driver didn't think so
She was quite irate
We stopped at the lights
So I went to get out
To ask miss perfect
If she had any doubts
"Don't do it dad."
So back in the car
The campus was beautiful
Parking was free
Modern buildings
Cheap cups of tea
Luminaries expounded their achievements
And what can be done
Parents like me just wanted to see their son
Muster presented
Tip of the hat
Shake of the hand
Deal was done
Happened so fast I missed his part
Instead of video
A broken heart
At refreshments the professional photo's are for sale
\$65.00 a print, framed if you have the funds
Against good advice thought I should buy one
I just wanted to have a closer look
But when the kid wouldn't let me through
I said "that's a shame, fuck you!"
I had to apologise to him and my son

A great example
Today was not one
We celebrated with a bad burger
Wasn't as bad as I think
My son told my wife
He thinks I need a shrink!

Elements

As he sat in his house with the elders before him
The hand of God fell there upon him
God's appearance on fire glowing bright in his glory
Pure Spiritual chemistry All elements dissolved before Him
Fire that cleanses spirit and soul
No gods can stand
Total control
Confirmation He is superior
Nothing can withstand the fervent heat
Pure power
Spiritual elite
His crown and His glory
Most think it's a fable
But they are fools
At one with Him is cool
They hide in the shadows casting their spells
But they are no challenge
His fire is hell
So don't be misled the future is clear
His bride He will call
Cleanse yourself now before the fall
The image of jealousy it may rise
But He has determined
Their demise.

Common

This we have in common
The Lord made us all
From the foolish to the wise
The rich and the poor
Wealth is a defence from this worlds needs
But a good name is better
It has been decreed
Wealth can't defend you at the end
The books will be opened all is revealed
The intent of the heart nothing concealed
Wisdom will defend the poor
Wealth, really, what is it for?
Being wise they became fools
The Word is correct
Society darkened
By its effects
All problems
Stem from one thing
The perversion of knowledge and fear
Of the Almighty King.

Dumbed down

The people are being dumbed down
Without a peep without a sound
Dictated to enslave our soul
Minorities top of the pole
Blindly following the lead
The puppet masters get to stay
By convincing us they are the way
No room for error
Or so they think
The Lord Almighty doesn't blink
He sees it all from beginning to end
Where will they take us?
I really don't think AI is our friend.
Is there another way
Fools won't find it some will stray
Don't believe me or anyone it is revealed in His son
So here's a tip from me to you, the truths inside us, don't be blue
Listen to the quiet voice the one that steers us right
You will know the way to go
He will shine a light.

Paper tiger

A paper tiger I don't want to be
All truth is totally free
To live a life that's not my own
Free to believe the word that is sown
To walk through life not doing much
In a world that needs His touch
Visit countries travel the world
Feed the homeless
Preach His word
This is what the world likes to see
Help me Lord
A paper tiger I don't want to be.

Narrative

As I listened I thought to myself
I have heard these words before
From One who spoke and gave me joy
A life worth living for
From loving lips I heard
About the blessings and the curse
About the road that I should take
The master and His course
My light in a darkening world
My shield and counterweight
The gentle voice that comforts me
Leaving no debate
But as I listened once again
The scene was not related
Suddenly it dawned on me
It's all in the narration
Who can give such a message
Who truly is worthy?
It very rare on human lips
You won't find it through me
It may be written on our hearts
It's called eternity
Those who seek will find it
And the truth will set them free.

Feeding the Beast

I heard the news the famished beast is right out of control
He's used us up sucked us dry, now has no place to go
His sins are stacked up to the sky every man will fall
The whore that rode upon his back has spell bound them all
The harlot drunk on saints blood fornicating with the world
The world now raped the filthy snake has no where else to turn
A ponzi scheme to me is seems is designed to deceive
But when exposed and on the nose
A slaughter is recieved.

Mothers day

Here's to all the Mothers
That cook and scrub the floor
Who lay in bed with burdens
While hubby has a snore
Who deal with the issues
That go with family
Who buzz around like blue arse flies
Hardly stopping for a pee
You have earned this day of leisure
On that we can agree
So here's to all those Mothers
Have a double G&T.

Crazy

You can say I'm crazy.
I have to agree,
Because if I am crazy,
Crazy wouldn't see.
Now that I see crazy,
Crazy I can't be.
I don't think I'm crazy.
But that's not up to me.

Kingdoms

Kingdoms come and kingdoms go
They rise then they fall
The Ancient landmarks of the nations shifted in the brawl
When evil reigns all ways the same
Others push on through
Up they go with holy glow to the summit of success
Only to find the very same kind has hatched inside their nest
It seems to me there has to be a reason for the fall
We march along to our own song singing fuck them all
But the trap is set they know best in it they will go
The valley full their sacred bull will finally be slain
The books will be opened
There will be no more trend
It is the end
When the Lord has spoken.

Glory

Give glory to your name Lord
For you are not like man
You set the times and seasons
Hung the Earth and universe's
Let your righteous judgement Lord
Fulfil all your curses
For what is man but dust
Clay in your hands
Without your breath there is no life
Why don't we understand?
You created us for your pleasure
So your glory could be told
Not worship vanity, stone and wood, silver and gold
They can't save us
We can't hide in the end
From your awesome power
But you will call us friends
If we accept the truth
You will save us from this evil hour
So praise the Lord
If you know how
If not I say to you
Rend our heart
When you hear His call

Under His wing we can dwell
Safe from this Hell
Yes His friends
It's true.

Answers

The answers to the problems
Are hidden in the lines
Revealed in the pages of those with open eyes
Volumes upon volumes only tell of One
All drawn to Him by His sacrificial Son.
Prime evil forces hatched their evil plan
To bring their destruction upon His sacred lands.
As the fog gets thicker and you don't know what to do
Look into the volumes
His word is there for you.
But Don't be fooled by fables.
Call no one teacher,
They are for itchy ears.
Listen: He wants to speak to you...
Confirmation in our tears.

Demented

Did you hear about the 95 year old great grandmother
Grabbed a knife and zimmer frame
And went on a spree

Nurses couldn't stop her they had to call the cops
Praise the Lord for our brave forces
The tasser she got
Not just once, but once more
Got her good, she hit the floor
Five foot three, about 100 pounds
Our fine police officers
Are looking like clowns.

There is

There is a vein that we can tap
Where the spirit flows
Where there is a ready pen
A conduit for His prose
To tell of the Almighty
Nothing can compare
There is joy for the workers
Keeping in His care
No writers block or sudden shock
It just isn't there
His glory goes on forever
He will not give it to another
Who will tell of His might
The One: like no other.
There is a Word
Creations call
To many sounds absurd
But with the pen of grace
His Word can bring healing to our world.

Aquaman

The original Aquaman
No one knows his frame
Worked underwater for decades
A man who knows his trade
Yes he is a champion
That must be said
Only problem is
The fuckers off his head
Similar vintage vintage
Grumpier than most
Gets pissed and wants to disagree
About things of the Holy Ghost
Like others he is searching
Trying to heal the pain
But can't understand the reasons
Can't see past the blame
But I do genuinely care
His spirit is true
And if he would listen
He would hear
"I love you."

Touched

Touched by the setting sun
Touched by the morning dew
Touched by the one I love
Touched by the old and new.
Touched by a smiling face
Touched by a child in tears
Touched by all who love me
Touched by age and years
Touched by a gentle breeze
Touched by a birds song
Touched by a dream of Forever,
Touched by my Mother's Love.

Numbers

Why am I a number
Something we should know
Why are computer files now all the go?
Asking all kinds of questions, filling out forms, paying for everything,
You know they have a cause.
The collection of data, never goes away
Stored on hunger server's, waiting for the day.
Yes it is upon us
the training is in place.
Soon all that data will teach the beast to rule.
Wow unto them that call evil good.
They are really fools.
The darkness will bring bitterness, this is assured.
But, to His chosen ones
The sweet will be yours.

Praise the Lord!

Today was the day
I had the dreaded call
We need to inspect your crane barge,
I was ready for the fall.
The word from water was, you will need to be in survey,
But praise the Lord!
I am under a clause
That gives me a perpetual exemption!
Not concerned with the crane,
Or the age of the old girl,
"You can keep doing what you do. I'll help you with the forms!"
When we live from day to day
Assured in His care
He takes care of all our needs
In everything
He's there.

Eve

It's the eve of my wifes birthday
I don't know what to do
I can't find the words
I think I'm screwed
I would love to write a poem
Or sing her a song
But instead I am here
Something is wrong.
Searching for ideas has never been my game
So I hope something comes shortly
And I hope it isn't lame.

Pork

I try to retrieve what I had
It just isn't going well
The memories that I used to have
Now smell like bacon hell.
The sweet aroma that I adored
Now smells more like rotten socks
Doesn't even look the same looks fabricated in blocks
So for me pork is out
Some think I am to blame
The food we are sold
If the truth be told
Is sending me insane.

Dominion

Man has dominion that's plain to see
But who is man's dominator?
That's what's intriguing me.
Seems to be in history
When we reign, we prosper
We take the bait, all inflate, and end up on a roster.
Scavengers then mill around saying look at what you've done.
When overtime their spells and lies have emaciated the son.
If you think the worlds a mess, come out while there's still time.
Don't believe the counterfeit, that fill our hearts, and minds,
Turning sweet to wormwood, what have we become?
When His righteousness has dominion all will be undone.

Dreamer

Who is this dreamer, where is he from.
The one watching the moon, and worshipping the Son.
Is he the one with his life on hold,
I see no glory, nothing told.
But he is my dreamer son,
Pleasant thoughts to him will come.

Miserable me

Try as I may, will I ever get it right,
Mistakes made,
Meditation at night.
Even in honesty,
The demons are there.
Cunningly searching for glory, somewhere.
But you will help in the fight,
Miserable me, come to the light.

Entitlement

I treasure my life,
My home,
My wife,
And all that I am given.
The freedom of His covenant,
This is really livin.

In a rut

I seem to be in a rut,
Just can't break through.
Handicapped.
I feel dumb.
Even now, my glasses gone!
So now I have on old and scratchy,
That's how I get along.
The plans I make,
Full of mistakes.
Yes, that is true.
But every time this road,
Leads me back to you.
You have taught me not to worry,
And on you I can rest.
Strengthen me, upon your knee,
I know, you know what's best.

A day makes

Yesterday is gone, tomorrow may not come.
Today is here. Changing gear, yesterday's behind me.
Each moment spent, heaven sent.
Trouble couldn't find me.
I'll sow a seed of gratitude for this beautiful day,
A day that took me by the hand and led me on my way.
A day that gave me gifts,
Wined and dined me too.
My day was just like heaven,
Spending it with you.

Lamb rack

I went to the Chinese butcher looking for a lamb rack.
"No lamb rack, all sold out,
You to slow, Tomorrow come back."
As I turned to walk out the door another voice calls, "what you looking for?"
I'm looking for a lamb rack.
"We have one here, in fridge out the back."
\$45 a kilo, if you take it all.
That's a good deal. I be back for sure.
Got some cash out and came back
To my surprise they said,"no lamb rack."
"Lamb rake sold, you to slow."
"Come back tomorrow, might give you a go."
I left the butcher feeling dejected, could that be so?
Or was I being rejected.
The other butchers had a much higher price,
And to be perfectly honest didn't look as nice.
And as I shuffled home passing the store,
I spotted miss friendly out back on the floor,
I peaked in an said, "got any rack?"
She said, "I told you, rack out the back!"
Aussie's are racist, so we are told,
But to deny me that rack was certainly cold.
But I think my charm won in the end,
And I'm hoping to make that Chinese butcher my friend.

Existence

The reason for our existence will come as no surprise,
When we give up our resistance,
And the scales fall from our eyes.

Knowing His power:

Makes it kind of fun;

Obliterated enemies;

All the works been done.

Conscious now we raise Him,

Pleasure we become.

Firstfruits of His glory-

Acceptance of His Son.

Do-do

Do do this,
Don't do that.
If you do do this,
You won't get fat.
Don't do that!
Must do this.
If you do,
Do this,
It will help you to piss.
I don't really care,
For costly advise.
The life I am given,
Came at a price.
I'll go on living,
Until my race is run.
The testimony I am giving,
Just adds to the fun.

Gimmies

Gimmie this, I'll have that!
The freebie spirit has left me flat.
What happened to dignity?
We used to pay our way.
Not lowering the limit,
An honest price we'd pay.
A pauper spirit bred with covetous,
It all there on display.
Silver won't save them,
Let their gold turns to dust.
Short changing someone else's labour,
Leaves me with disgust.
I once knew a woman,
Dying and old.
She had no money,
So possessions she sold.
Pennies on the pound,
That's what you'll get.
Then a king hearted friend,
Gave her cash,
Not a cheque.
He paid more than its worth,
So I am told.
A true gentleman,
That spirit of old.

yowh

How can a city sue a car company,
Why are they owed?
Compensation from corporations that supply a need.
Why! are businesses there to bleed.
The vultures all circle,
Looking for mistakes.
If they find imperfection,
The consequence: take.
All this litigation ultimately must effect us all.
There's whispers of stagflation,
The clowns still have the floor.
The entitlement mentality flows from the top.
But their not the winners,
When the gavel finally drops.

Instrument

Do you have an instrument
Do you practice every day
Is it a passion
How well can you play?
Over here they play the didgeridoo,
An ancient haunting sound.
Wind, string, percussion, brings glory to the crowd.
Me; I can't play anything.
So I have to sing.
I can sing out of tune,
And clap out of beat,
Can do it sitting, laying,
Or standing on my feet.
To others my instrument
Sounds on the nose.
But I can do it by myself,
No one needs to know.
I enjoy lots of different music,
But a song throughout the day
When it's new, when it's fresh
Blows my mind away.

The bloody city

The bloody city,
Sheds her own.
All her abominations,
Are known.
Guilty.
Defiled by the idols within.
Yes dear Lord,
She must pay for her sin.
Perverting,
Corrupting.
She lies to her shame.
Her days draw near,
Her years will end.
A mockery to all,
As she falls,
My friends.

It's you

You send this to me Lord,
What am I to do?
I don't have the answers
I don't know the truth.
Thousands upon thousands
Of souls upon the earth
Which ones do you value
Only those within a church?
How am I to touch,
Even a single one.
I can't reveal your glory,
That is for your son.
So here I sit, with broken heart.
Not knowing what to do.
Help us Lord,
You're all I have,
I'll leave it up to you.

The veil

When the veil was torn,
All were set free.
To escape from the lies,
And subtle tyranny.
To find for ourselves,
The treasure within.
To mourn and to wail,
As we uncover our sin.
To walk in humility,
With the Ancient of days.
This is the destiny,
Of all who were slaves.

While you can.

Take Him by the hand,
While you can.
He will walk and talk with you,
And help you understand.
That this world to him is enmity,
It's nothing to compare.
To the glory and the majesty,
Of
His promised land.

You

You are the one that I adore,
The one I'm living for.
You know it's true.
You give me everything I need,
No more idols, no more greed.
I'm never blue.
Even when trouble comes along,
Your remedies in a song.
Show me the way.
Yes you are the one I'm living for,
You settled all the score.
Gave me this day.
So, I will give you all the praise,
Your brightness in the haze.
Is what I see.
And when my race is finally run,
In the glory of the Son.
Is where I hope to be.
Do de do do do do....

Delight?

They
Delight
Approaching
Ordinances
We have fasted
You have not seen
It's because
You are
Not
Clean
The love
You give me
Is for yourself
What can you do
Traps are set
Get out
How
Now
Give glory
To the King
The Lord will bring.

Does it?

Does
Structure
Have a flow
Can it reveal
Have secrets on show
Does it flow
From the
Heart
Can't
offer
Something bland
Or hide its hand
Tell about
Secrets
Truth
Locked
In time
Tells of love
Of love divine
Love that gives
All we
Need
Glory
Has eyes
May they see
But those who lie
Will have no place
They will cry
My Lord!
Bye.

How long

How long O sword?
Will you be quiet!
Rest in your scabbard.
Baldness has come to the valley.
How long will you cut yourself?
The sword! The sword!
How can it be quite?
He has apportioned it there.
It will do his will:
Not return void.
Blessings,
Curse,
Choose.
You loose
Or you win
On this one thing.
"O sword of the Lord, how long until you are quite?"
I've yet begun:
I am sharpening the blade;
Honing it well.
To cut into hell!
Then set the chaff on fire.
Listen carefully
It's not you or me.
But His desire.
To turn things around
Back on solid ground,
With Him as the Squire.
Don't follow me:
Look for yourself;
He'll give you all the knowledge.
Totally free
If we bend the knee

He'll release us from this porridge.
Beware;
Only One;
Has the throne.
If in him the world is your oyster.
Your pleasant fruit tree
Invite them to see.
Under its shade:
Joy for the nations.
What I am talking about
Is a spiritual route.
Idol worship:
Infecting our minds;
Sending us blind;
With their smoke and filthy infections.
He showed them grace:
Got misplaced;
Now there
In
The
Gutter.
Over here:
My blood is dear;
But for you precious.
Without me:
assured
You'll
Fall to
Deception.
His claim is clear.
Without me near:
Possession
Always
His.
Be
Turned

Back around.

Before judgement:

Make your confession.

Seek

Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live:
The God of hosts, shall be with you, as you have spoken.

Make Him your boast,
You get the story.

Lord of Hosts.
Infinite glory.
The whole of creation
Groans for His sons.
While the "anointed" make claims,
And say their the ones.

Precious is the breath
Fierce is the fire.
Life giver,
Lift us
Higher.
Formed
By you
From the dust
We are the clay,
He is the potter,
Giving us this day,
To Him goes the honor.
Understanding Spirit
Come show us the way:
Search high; search low;
Seven eyes;
Fervent
Glow.

Give out the precious seed...

Call to the ones you need.

Evil cannot dwell with you.

The Word cleansing all their sin.

Now let the fun begin!

If given the sword

It cuts both ways!

So be wise

It has

The

Power

Of surprise.

It can cut you

Have no doubt.

Best keep

Our

Fingers

Out.

Don't get

In the way,

It's not for us,

To choose. He decides,

Who shall live

And who

Shall

Die.

What happened

What the hell happened!

Did you let the barstools win?

Haven't seen you for twenty years

You look like you sleep in a bin.

Where are all your teeth?

Your bellies hanging out.

Are you the one I used to know?

Well it gives me doubt.

Did all those Youthful pleasures

Trap you in a rut?

Leaving you left behind

With a scowl and bulging gut.

I can emphasise with you.

Travelled that route before.

Leading me to ecstasy,

Leaving me a bore.

The roads we choose

Win or loose

Don't you

Stray.

What\\'s all this

Whats
All this
Poetry?
What does it bring?
Deep hidden insight...
Brings laughter and humour -
Start a fight or a rumour.
Deep,shallow, etched in life.
Treasure everywhere!
For those to right.
Others doubt,
Or find
It
Absurd,
Not knowing
There is power
And strength in the word.
Poetry doesn't agree:
Words have liberty.
Rhyme, free and prose:
Delivered
In the
Line
Poet's
Chose.
Using ego
For a crutch
Doesn't really
Accomplish that much.
Wanting the world to see
Look! Look! Look at me!
Swept away in
Vanity.

But for

All

Those

Truly bold

Surrender

To get the gold.

Submerged

What happened
What took them out?

Let's blame the Russian's!
Those buggers are about.

Entrepreneurs lost in space.

A vain expo
Found its place.

Gotta do

Got-a do what-a got-a do.
And not do what-a dont want-a do.

Judge me if you want.
It don't bother me.
I fly by the seat of my pants.

Listen to fools rant and rave
Saving the world
One click at a time.
When the truth is choked.
What a
Joke.
Don't
Leave now.
Listening
Heaven calling...
Can you sense the rumbling sound...
Ask where their coming from...
Above, or underground?

Like fools we think we know the foe.
But it's me not him-
Understand?
Look in the mirror
Now look good.
Close look
Cock.

(God confessed to Job-"with your own right hand...)

Got-a do bet-a
Bet-a not do worse

Worst bet-a got-a bet-a
Mumma sav-a me from this curse.

If all our works are filthy rags
New clothes must we put on.
Then all we do is wash our feet
Dirt and dust all gone.

Dressed for the party
Could be a double treat
Marriage to His virgin
Slaughter of the beast.

I did what-a had to do.
That-a good for me.
Doin what-a had to do
Set-a me-a free!

Free to enter the cities gates
Country side to roam,
Where all the got-a bet-a
Found-a their-a way-a home.

Keep some cash

Keep some cash.
What did you say?
With those notes
You can always pay.
Not like that plastic,
They say is fantastic!
The digital hoodoo
Can fail,
Leaving us in deep doodoo.
Cash in your pocket
Will be a blessing
Like today
With
System failure
No one could pay.
Just a small glitch?
But it must be said,
We thought our forefathers mad,
Keeping cash under the bed.

Who

Who
Believed
Gone astray
All their own way.
Blow the trumpet! The sword will slay them all!
Blow not: I will require their blood watchman.
So shall thy word
Be that goes
Out from
Me.

At the cross

I stood at the cross, crying, my heart full of pain;
I looked at my life in pieces crushed,
Like a smashed windowpane;
I remembered my youth and the laughter living I did;
I remembered my good and bad times
And what sin I had hid;
I remembered what could have been
Wasn't the story now;
I thought of my previous life
A story never to foretell.
Thought of the scars on my heart
Like a worn out old rag
Some never seen on the outside,
But Jesus felt the scars.
I remembered the road
I had trodden
The life I had hoped would be,
But all I lived now seems void,
And ended in a deep blue sea.

When life on earth is ended
Another takes its place
We all must rest from labour
Away from earthly state
To join
The join the links together
Added again to our Kin.
Where no tears will be uttered
No pain felt and no sin.
Where Jesus will be waiting
Who died for you and me
Living together
A Spirit that's now set free.

Civil

Civil politics was music to my ear.

An

Age when

We will stop

Tearing apart

Proclaiming our

Righteousness

Going

To

End.

The webb

They spun will

Become their tomb.

See through the madness and open our eyes.

The truth is coming cutting through their lies.

Bring on your future where righteousness reigns.

Bread

Bread

Crumbs fall

Into the lap

Food for the ages

It's food to adore, fills you with knowledge

Bread that brings health to all of the nations

We eat His flesh

Drink His blood

It is

Done.

I strife

Hey, yes I strife,
To reach out from the other side,
If my words speak to you
You'll understand that there true.
I lived a life that's bent
Taken to hell and back again,
But the thing I say to you
His love comes through.
First made me loathe myself,
Then realised it was heaven sent.
All the things He said are true,
He can make us brand new.
Free to live our life in Him,
Under the protection of His wing,
Where we engage the world anew,
Where He takes pleasure in you.
To live the life He gave
Free from curse and grave.
To show a new and living way
Once found, never stray.

Pleasure

We were created for His pleasure
That is our design.
His will: To live together
Under the divine.

The seed He has sown
Will sprout and grow
In fertility hearts
To those, that come to know.

The truth of our existence
Why are we really here?
To live in His glory
Come! Give ear.

He writes His testimony
One the willing heart
It's His story
We just play our part.

What part? You can question
When His Spirit flows
Opens connection
Like a powerful hose.

Nothing can stop Him
Can't run dry
There's no end to His glory
This is why...

And when this evil time is over
When all live in peace
Laying in the clover

The babe and the beast.

What Mysteries were hidden

We may then understand

But to live for His glory

Takes a better man.

Aussie dollar

The Aussie dollar back on 66.6
Interest rates on hold
I am taking the piss!
Mortgage holders caught in a hole.
Savers raped. Save our souls!
Their gold won't save them
The fix is in
All will reap
The wages of sin.
There is a place
Safe and snug
It is in
Our Fathers love.

Have we

Have we any idea what humans can achieve?
Have we moved our gaze beyond the lust that saturates our needs?
Have we pondered who we really are and why we have it all?
Have we thought about reality and if it's real at all?
Have we wondered if we are player's in some strange game...
Where the winners are the losers when the victims get the blame.
Or do we just accept their facts and get caught up in the race...
Human potential is infinite. No AI could understand.
We are Spirit, Soul and Body,
Perfectly planned...
To nurture the earth, with thanksgiving and with a loving hand...
To provide God with pleasure as we answer His commands.
To bring God a harvest that was our hire.
But the fruits rotten!
Needs a fire.
Evil taken hold
Sprouting lust
And greed...
We bitch and moan
Fight and scrap
Lie behind each other's back
Cheat on our wives
Kick the dog
Rob the widow
And play with our nob.
What a joke we all must be..
A withered branch
From a mighty tree.
God saw what was going on...
No on left!
Sent His Son.
Veil
Torn look

Find out who
You are to me...
Not some fluesy
Not some punk.
But a kindred Spirit
Of Almighty God.
A grafted branch
On the Ancient Vine.
Nourishment for earth,
That is our design.

Battle is here
Victory
Have no
Fear.

Forgive me

Forgive me Lord for the things I don't do

Forgive me Lord for the things I do do.

I am in a dilemma

So much pain...

What can I do

I feel I am going insane

My heart is tortured

I am in a mess

All I want to go

Is bless.

How do I walk such a thin line

To see the evil slowly rise

It's tearing me up

Bitter calls.

My body is aching

My Spirit is strong

I am not here forever

But when I am gone

Please forgive me

For not being you

I try Lord

But it's so hard to do.

Nothing new

There's nothing new
Its already been
All revealed
In the unseen
What is today
Was yesteryears to
Some change of appearance
As knowledge grew
It's the same old battle
The same old foe
Control is the mission
So we cannot grow
Stuck in a proverbial hell
Hooked on trinkets
And whatever they sell
Handing gifts to all of the proud
Bought with vanity
Adored by the crowd.
I am not fooled
I see you and grin
I know the loser
And you don't get to win.

Destination

We are attracted to the destination
But we must find the path.
The road we take keeps us in its grasp.

There are many paths?
We are told..
But the proofs in the pudding
It's there to behold.
Like people, like priest
The image the same
You might think
What's the shame?
If that's your view
I am sorry for you
You've been told
All the same.
If the blind lead the blind
They both fall into a ditch.
We need the light to enrich us
Not worldly pleasures that vanish and rust
But a new creation
In God we trust.
He will take care of us
And show us the way
You'll know when your on it,
You'll praise Him each day.

Smell a rat

I am anticipating a hit
I see through all their wit.
Wasn't long ago,
Gas was all the go.
Solar's on its way,
Or so they say.
The push down here is on,
All electric, the latest song.
Government rebates to change from gas,
Smart meters to count the cash.
Not that cash is used.
Consolidation ripe for abuse.
But let's wait and see
If they shaft us with electricity.

Made

Word

Made flesh

From heaven

Dwells amongst us

No one has ever seen his form revealed

In him light and the light shines in the dark

Comprehension

Dissenting

Absurd

Dead.

I am not

I am not here to make friends
Although I hope I do.
I like to read what's in your head,
Even if sometimes I suspect it's not true!
Your words give insight
Into a part of your world.
Whether fact or fiction
The colours unfold
To give a kind of portrait
Of a soul.
I know not to judge.
We reap what we sow...
I came here to love,
This you should know.
But if I seem offensive
With the poems I send,
Please be assured
I am your friend.

Spreading the good news

Can I escape?

It's everywhere!

More on certain days.

No matter what I am listening to it all sounds the same..

Telling me what could go wrong or the latest terminal disease..

Certainly can make a man feel sick!

A carefully crafted subliminal trick?

Bombarding us with good news trash...

Don't forget to bring your cash.

The plan is simple..

The coast is clear!

Poison their bodies Poison their minds block their ears send them blind.

A sick society killing their soul.

Lead to the slaughter by lies and Deception..

But I am here to speak of connection!

Connection with the creator of all...

Truth teller: beware of the fall.

Innocent blood to set us free.

He did it for you.

He did it for me.

He did it for Him...

So should we.

He knows the secrets

Of the heart.

He can

See.

Lover call

I avoid thinking about loves past.
To be honest, mostly, it was just a mask.

I had my share of love gone wrong..
Now I sing a different song!

Finally found love without strife.
No more demons from previous life.

My lover now is strong and bold,
Eyes of fire, arrayed in gold.

He holds me tight in a jealous embrace...

Catches me when I fall
Lover of my soul
Made me whole.
Lover
Call.

Ponder

As I ponder the things of life
What's it all about
What to say, what to do,
What's it all about?
I know it's there for us to find,
To some as plain as day...
If so we should sparkle
Until we pass away.
Now if that light is worthy
Into his arms we come:
"Well done, good and faithful servant."
You glorified my son.

Raceisnm

What's
Racism?
I am me,
Your different.
Problem? I see it!
They want us to conform.
We are what we eat..
They feed us hate
Enflaming
The fire.
Woe.

Idols

The people worship the work of their hands.

It was prophesied long ago when all humanity gets caught in an evil flow.

Blinded by illusion the riches never came.

Just a pox on both their houses with no one else to blame.

The day of the Lord will come and on that day we'll know

When the lowly are exalted and the high ones take a blow.

Man's loftiness and haughtiness will be brought down.

And on that day exalted,

The King with many crowns.

Dreamer son

Who is this dreamer son

The one loves everything you've done...

The one who dreams of futures past...

That laments the loss, as he drinks from the flask.

You are the one that he adores...

I am so glad that he is yours.

Happening

Now
I am
Asking you
What's happening?
Isn't climate change.
Floods, heatwaves around the globe..
Have we bought it on ourselves
Confusion to their face.
They opened their mouth
To Blaspheme God
O what fools
Judgement
Sure.

Grief

In much wisdom is much grief.
This we come to know..
To see people so deceived
Thinking that they know.
To watch a blinded humanity
Take an evil course..
To see the horns that scatter,
Take without remorse.
To know the world will flounder..
Be a witness to the change..
Brings grief to the heart
And a Spirit that will rage.
To see His children slaughtered
In this evil time,
Being diverted from the truth
Never to know, the love of the divine.

All their works are vexation of spirit.
To Him we must come.
To free us from this evil age
The truth: Be, in His Son.

Don't try

If I try the well runs dry.

When I wait great.

If I share it's because I care.

When I offend I've bucked the trend.

When will I escape?

No one knows the date.

So here I lie and wonder why..

But I will wait it's not to late...

I love a happy ending.

What we are

Don't look at what we aren't look at what we are...the Kingdom of God is like a mustard seed when it grows it's a star...the smallest of seeds grows into a mighty tree.. giving food shade and shelter for others in need...when the seed is planted in fertile ground, tendered and watered away from the crowd...it will increase as it grows...love and grace will flow from those.

Written

Truth
To find
On our hearts
And in our minds...

His sheep hear his voice to him they will come,

Another they won't listen to, only the one.

Follow his voice
Seek him now
While we
Can.

Seek

Come seek the Lord
His word is truth.
In it you can believe.
A guide, a strength
That you can trust.
It will not deceive.
The truth is there for you to find,
Search for it like gold
He speaks to his sheep through the word,
Of truths not yet told.
His pasture is the world
And we are the sheep,
Many folds are his to call
Not just the ones that speak.
His children scattered throughout the globe,
It is the heart He seeks.
He'll purify and fight our foes,
No more to be deceived.
Under His yoke we will dwell,
You just have to believe.

Fruits

By their fruits you shall know them.

Not much else to say.

He was a liar from the start

Deception is his way.

You may agree with me

See the writing on the wall...

His days are numbered

Don't go down with him

When he falls.

Burnt offerings

Rare steak a treat,

Cooked to perfection.

Sushimi, oysters, give me more...

But it's burnt offerings I really adore.

Lamb medium rare, can't give that a plug.

Cutlets cooked low and slow on the barbie until the fat renders in, and permeates the meat.

They think it a sin.

Double cooked duck in a hot oven until the meats well done.

Make the bones into a stock for yet another run.

Use the fat for roast potatoes, that's another night...

The joy's of the Lord, clean, out of sight.

Line upon line

Line upon line, he confirms his word.
Precept upon precept, most find it absurd.
Here a little, there a little, the mystery unfolds.
Bringing forth out of his treasures, things new and old.

Compilation

They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walks through the earth.

Your enemies roar in the midst of Your meeting place; they set up their banners for signs.

"When I choose the proper time, I will judge uprightly.

All the horns of the wicked I will also cut off, but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.

The stout hearted were plundered; and they have sunk into sleep; and none of the mighty men have found the use of their hands."

I call to remembrance my song in the night; I meditate within my heart; and my spirit makes diligent search.

Give ear, O my people, to my law; incline your ears to the words of my mouth.

As I

As I listened to a different translation it seemed a little odd,
I wondered how much they pervert the Word of God?
"His Word is pure, like silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."
The witness was recorded for good men to find.
So hear a fun fact: If I could put in my chime,
The original King James Version took seven years to write.
By over fifty scholars, the best of their day,
Split up into six? groups to see what each other would say.
There were seven revisions in that time, I am told
If the proof in the pudding, history will show...
For three hundred years His people had peace,
The Word of God to the masses released.
It wasn't an easy road, for heresy some were burnt,
The martyr's killed by the church.
The gospel was spread when the Word was the heart.
But an evil deception has torn us apart:
"Come follow us! WE know the way."
Find it yourselves.
The truths on the page.

All

All you have done,
All that you are,
Truly,
The bright and morning star.

Energy

I stared into the fire, it's coals glowing bright.
The energy releasing into the night.
What journey it has gone through, to get to this place?
Seemingly
Now
Lost in
Space?
But energy doesn't die, just takes another form...
Energy can't be killed.
I wonder at it all.

Today

I thank you Lord
For each day
With you I soar
Without disgrace
You show me things
That you adore
It leaves me weak
Please show me more x.

Gone

He seemed to be ashamed of his name..
Now who do we blame?
I only knew him as "Aquaman" for our first two years!
Rick opened up over time,
He had pain.
Needed tears.
A lad rejected?
God only knows-
But in his reflection there was a glow.
But he's come to the turning of the tide...
Has my mate Aquaman has taken his last dive?
Or will he arise with a smile on his face?
When the righteous judge takes His place...
I hope to think His grace will show,
But who am I,
I don't know.
To love the Lord, is to love His Son.
A dilemma for me, as I see him in everyone.
No one is perfect,
But looking past the dross,
The silver is there.
What a shame if it was lost.
I could sit back, and delight in what will be.
But truth is painful,
My prayer is: All could see.

F the greens

To improve my diet, I cooked some greens.
Bok chow in the wok, it tasted unreal.
But I got a piece caught in my throat.
Home alone, it wasn't a joke.
I couldn't breathe in, couldn't hack it out.
If anyone was around, I couldn't even shout.
I thought to myself, what a strange way to go!
Down on my knees, fingers down my throat.
Finally, hooked the culprit.
I needed a beer, and a smoke.
So meat and bread, that with do me.
And for my health,
I say, fuck the greens.

Insight

The Psalms give us insight,
Into what is and what shall be.
Proverbs instills wisdom,
How from evil to flee.
Ecclesiastes tells us plainly,
Not just for a few...
Song of Solomon,
The depth of His love,
So true.

Perpetual motion


Whatever you ask I will give you,
What can I say?
You answer me with help,
So I praise you every day...
Like a spring of living water,
A well that won't run dry.
True perpetual motion,
You rule from on high.


Stinking thinking

Stinking thinking invades my mind,
Silly thoughts: to them decline.
They only come to steal and rort.
Bombarding my mind with evil thoughts.
I know their tricks.
My coarse is sound.
On earth as it is in heaven...
I am homeward bound.

World cup

The semi's tonight,
Don't be late,
Lets stick it up the Poms!
Yeah mate.
The attitudes don't make me smile,
Just confirms we're still juvenile.

What 

**'s going on**

With everything going around,
Not a peep, not a sound...
Deforestation: deserts formed, in once fertile countries.
Now they yearn:
For those years when the rains would come,
Now they can't grow a plum (or peach).
Climate change!
You hear the roar!
But the rich have their way,
As they rob the poor.
But the poor will rise...
The rich to shame.
Then all will know
Who is to blame.
It is a shame,
All must fall..
For righteousness
To save us all.

Funny thing

I heard a funny thing today,
More arrogance on display..
We deserve third place!
An easy bet?
More disgrace.

Publishers

Publishers paying for poetry,
Money for jam.
And if we strike it rich we could buy a Christmas ham.
Poetry is for losers, as least, I would agree.
Focused on image, found in self conceit.
Poetry of life, gathering the dust,
Awaken from your slumber,
Let your word erupt...
The forces of nature are written in their songs...
The race is not to the swift...
The battles not yet done.

Beyond

Beyond Greatness!

Who would be so bold?

Now, stopped the Lionesses roaring.

Gloating under control.

Controversial

Like a frog in a cauldron,
Slowly we die.
Society darkened,
We wonder why.
All coerced to bow and bend the knee,
To kiss the bum of the sacred cow,
Like lambs to the slaughter,,
Under their power.
Gliding along with the flow,
Unable to see, unable to know..
That the forces of darkness have taken control,
Led us off the path and into their hole.
But the word is true.
You may think it might tarry.
He has his bride,
Come to the marriage.
Outside are thieves and liars,
Setting their traps,
Hedges of briars.
Wise up friends,
By their fruits you shall know.
Don't go down with them,
It's time to go.

Over

Over ninety charges where's the kitchen sink!
Nothing can save them,
The whole lots in the stink.
It's Nebuchadnezzar's dream-
Iron and clay can't mix.
Long for the day, there is no other fix.
But on and on they stumble fools to lead the way,
The whole world attentive to the lies they relay.
Tearing us apart divided we can't stand..
Releasing hell fire with a cunning slight of hand.
Does climate change cause earthquakes? Or stop the wind to blow? Can it control the heavens? Or
reverse the demons flow?
They may go on for decades, no one really knows.
The writings on the wall though,
He saves those he chose.
Who are the chosen? Plenty will claim.
He calls to the humble and raises them from the grave.
Yes this is a mystery, of which I am not sure...
But He reveals His will, to those who answer to His call.

I level

Can you spot the mischief
Do you enjoy the fun
Seven eyes are watching
All rolled into one.
Nothing can be hidden
They discern the deep
Levelling the mountains
Searching in the sea...
Their gaze will route the enemy
From the light they flee.
Then scales will be opened
And in the balance be.

Sodomites

I come across them everywhere
All sniffing my arse
I know their close
I can't see their nose.
They come up from behind
Like Fangio, half blind.
Can't comprehend the road
Think they can push when there's no where to go.
When the opportunity comes
Hit the gas, I really can't stand the crap.
See, a bunch of soft cock bullies.
Can't hack it when given a chance.
The irony is my driving isn't bad
But the other drivers probably think I am mad.

Seek

Follow His voice
Seek Him now
While you
Can.

Leaven

Beware of the leaven.
That's what he said.
Got to be flat bread,
To really be fed.
Leaven leavens the whole lump.
Brings on despair..
A little bit of leaven, fills the lump with air.
Digestible,
I guess that's a start...
But getting onto solids
Can bring a change of heart.
What happens to a world with children at the reins?
Unable to digest the truth that flows through their veins.
Those of understanding find solice in His word,
Can sit back and relax,
Knowing it's absurd.
Those who find it will know what is true.
They find in the things of life a road that leads to you.
The one true teacher
You were there from the start
The one that calls to all his children
And cleanses every heart.

Do do

Should I do the things I don't do?
The things I do are hard to sell,
What I do I try to do well.
Many things stay on the shelf,
So I wonder if I am kidding myself.
On I go into the great unknown,
Seeking a kingdom to sit by the throne...
One day at a time,
Not much thought of tomorrow,
Tomorrow will come.
And I can't please everyone.
There's a purpose for everything under the sun...
But the road seems long and there's much to be done.
The things I don't do might leave me on the nose,
But the things I do are not for show, and I hope, come what may, the things I have done will finally pay.
Not that my work is without reward!
But that's another chapter
I'll save you , (if not to late!)
From getting bored.

Mouth

I am not sure what's wrong with my mouth...
It goes off like a water spout.
It's okay if the cock stays closed,
But if opened, shoots like a hose...
I can confuse myself with the ideas it displays,
And cringe that the volume has wash them away...
So for me,
I try poetry.
Whatever that may be?
Hopefully brief!
The words not poor.
In it, can explore,
Unspeakable treasures,
And give ears some relief.

Words

The words that he left us
Although the blind can't agree
Are the answer to all problems.
If only we could see.
With subtle Deception and a cauldron of lies they have stolen the glory.
It should be no surprise.
Teaching the fear of God through the precepts of man,
Has left us in a minefield with no where to stand.
Not having the Father his truth not told,
Has left us in poverty seeking fools gold.
Lusting for immortality, stretched faces and bums,
Finally loosing without a crumb.
The riches and glory belong to him,
But megalomania has creeped on in..
Despised by the world the time will come,
When all knees will bend,
And worship the son.

Precepts of man

Let me not be judged by the precepts of man.

My life is yours, I am in your hand

Search me diligently for sin I must pay.

Keep my heart from going astray.

Everything is yours and everything is mine

Will I be judged for taking your wine?

Keep my priorities in your tender care,

I am what I am

You guide me there.

Original

Where do thoughts and answers come from?
Can I truly claim their mine.
If I take the credit, do I commit a crime?
Vanity of vanities, all look at me.,
Words I have created to my credit they shall be.
But who really gives songs in the night?
Then test's me in the morning to see if I am right.
The power and the glory hidden or exposed,
Can be found in our story and the way it is composed.

Petrols down

Petrol prices dropped more than twenty cents overnight!

Don't want to give those tourists a fright.

The weekly workers, and locals travelling around, pay the inflated prices to keep their business model sound.

I think tourism benefits the few.

Most of us others just get screwed.

Paying inflated prices for meals and goods,

Or buy from the chains, if your out in the hood.

The world over, take a look around,

Prime realestate reserved for rich fat cows.

I noticed in Asia what it does for the poor,

Were they better without it?

Of that I'm not sure.

I've been a tourists on them I'm not down,

Are we better without it?

"No!" Says the crowd.

Growing up on a working river, joy did abound

And there was hardly a weekend without friends or family around...

Share a few oysters and more than one beer...

"Stay over, have dinner."

A house full of cheer.

And when it was our turn we'd pack up the car...

Off on adventures both near and far...

Were hospitality was given and no price was paid.

Yes when I think about it, it was a much better way.

Now the humble village is losing control as the tourism dollar rips out its soul.

Can't park on the weekend there up to the fence,

With flashy new cars and no common sense.

A stark contrast to the poor resident, with the rusty jalopy, behind on their rent.

There should be a way we can all get along,

But I fear: it's out with the old and in with the throng.

Okay for me, I just stay at home,

And work in my garden,

Where I'm left alone.

2nd job

Why put your money in bags with holes?

The pays poor, and in the end can lose your soul.

Work your first job, eat, drink, enjoy the fruits, take your rest.

But if you take on this 2nd, give it your best.

Run your race with endurance, profits more than gold!

Honour your employer, give him no disgrace, eat his flesh, drink his blood, shine like his face.

Take the scroll, gobble it down, sweet to the taste.

Secrets abound...

Life is his, in him abide, be the branch that feeds from the vine.

Find true joy, nothing in this world compares to it,

To server the King, to call your kin.

"Come to the waters, come buy and eat, buy wine and milk without money."

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."

With the strength of the ox, power and might.

There's provision enough, an abundance of all.

Job offers open! Just answer the call.

Won't find it on Facebook, it's not for the masses.

He's calling his people, the scattered and tattered.

They that they bound with their spells and lies.

When it's time to get even, it will be a surprise.

See their slaves will plunder them, when he raises his hand,

And he will restore his righteousness and reign in the land.

Yes, we are his heritage, living his word,

A peculiar people, seen as absurd.

The battles not easing, it's only begun, and it's not to late to join in the fun...

You won't have billions or dollars for sure, but you will see the riches, if you open the door.

Flip side

The flip side of the story: glory here on earth?
Their handing out recruitments, your money for your worth.
Give us your hard earned and in return,
We'll give you the crumbs, with no real worth.
Come take the trinkets, but nothing is for free.
Glory to the 1 percent, the rest in slavery.
The ultimate pyramid scheme, reaching for the top,
But like those before them, the house of cards will flop.
The blind lead the blind, straight into the ditch.
Then for all their sorrow, they'll turn to the witch,
She cannot save them, her spells are a curse.
And when the scroll is flow over, all lies will leave this earth.
And the elements will be dissolved,
Nothing else can stand.
The Spiriodic table
Is at His command.

Try

I always try to live the truth, found in His word.
I need it to back me up, confidence returned.
Wary of my fears, I don't give them a voice,
Or entertain them in my mind, it just isn't a choice.
Their purpose is to manifest, in body from my mind,
So I battle with them daily, to keep myself alive.
They put me to the test, then I recall the things I have heard.
To hell with their threats!
Their only lying turds.
Threats don't harm me.
They say I am to blame!
Watch me rise on eagles wings
And glorify His name.

Navigate

How can I navigate through this world?

I don't understand, we get bruised and churned.

Show us a much better way, guide us constantly, this I pray.

That we may tread the heights of your earth, to witness the sorry, to suffer no dearth.

To lead by example, to harbour no sin.

"Open your gates!" Let your children in.

It is our heritage, a gift from above.

Delivered with righteousness, power, and love x.

Southerly

It was blowing a southerly today,
Not the best time to tow the old concrete pontoon away!
I planned to tow, but it wanted to nosedive,
Couldn't turn it, caught between the wind and the tide.
Managed to manoeuvre from the stern to the bow, and pull in reverse,
The weather was foul.
Got to the island, now in the leah, was able to push her, a pleasure it be.
Out in the open, the wind changed its coarse.
I had to find shelter, the mangroves, of coarse.
Wind now blowing straight into the bay, right on high tide, I shunted away,
Into the small canal, mangroves both sides,
Till she hit the mud.
Now there she resides.

Sever

The borrower is servant to the lender,
An ancient Proverb told.
West in debt over their head,
Others turn to gold.
Don't be surprised, nothing's free.
Power struggles, people bleed.
If power is used to exploit for gain,
The end result: you feel the pain.
Evil: hypocrisy in the tongue,
Into the trap that they have sprung.
Tangled up in the spin,
I laugh,
Confidence, in their sin.

Vine and fig

Come, sit under the shade,
Away from the sick.
The fruit is sweet,
The wine is rich.
The Canaanite lay in the ditch.
For those outside,
Make the switch.

Acronyms

WTF

OMG

SYSLY

All these acronyms are leaving me blind.

GOAT

GOOGLE

FOMO

Not for me.

SMART

SoLoMo

TBH

EOD

IDGAF

It's become a disease.

Am I sorry

I am sorry for what I put you through,
But I won't stop praising you.
No matter what mistakes I've made,
I will give you all the praise.
I know you are so good to me,
And in your freedom I must be.
So I give to caesar what belongs to him,
The thieving barstools can never win.
Your richness surpasses the glory of gold,
The thief when found shall restore seven fold.
I am not seeking forgiveness,
But allow me to be bold.
So come what may, I'll take my stripes,
Knowing you gave it all, to save my life.
It sounds like a cope out!
I broke their rules.
Now my wife takes the blame,
For me being a fool!

AA

AA, AI. The end is nigh.
Can you trust what they have begun?
I lead the way.
Trust me! Hun.
We can write the script for you,
We have no soul, but yours will do.
To have you in our grip, at last.
It won't last long, but the spell is cast.
To guide you further into the pit,
With lies, Deception, and subtle wit.
We are so far from the truth,
Your easy prey, we made it that way.

Daylight cravings

Daylight savings at the beach
Umbrella's flying, what a treat
Hot wind blowing, it's so relaxing
Hold your hats, the day is taxing.
Bodies laying in the sun
An umbrella in the head!
O joy, O fun.

Why

Why can't I get things done, why am I so tired?

Why am I feeling glum, is it time to retire?

"Did I say, 'I am through?'"

I'll cut write through the briers.

To get the secret to success, you must be inspired.

Credit

Cash is being taken out.

Banks in crisis?

The jury's still out.

The credit trap has caught them all.

Will those with cash avoid the fall?

I can't stop thinking, cash will be king..

A worldly thought,

I'll worship Him.

After life

All the voices here today,
Sooner or later fade away.
Here today, gone tomorrow.
Days of joy, days of sorrow.
I think it's right, all is vanity,
And when we are gone, no memory.
So I'll praise Him, while on His earth,
Knowing that, in Him, is my worth.

Crisis

Inflationary crisis, deflationary crisis,
Where will they turn?
Financial system in a mess,
Destination, crash and burn.
Caught in a web of lies and Deception,
Not wanting the pain that comes with correction.
Robbing the poor to feather their nest,
"Look at me, I am so blessed."
Leading my people away from the path
How long did you think it could last!
The world being enmity with God,
The road they took is now a bog.
Forward, backward, in a mess,
To fix all problems we must confess.
Turn away from corruption for gain,
Rest in Him, avoid the pain.

Who are you

Who are you, to tell me who my children are.

I see it all, the near and the far.

I search the heart, and know the truth.

No man can claim.

I am: The proof.

The contrite and humble will know my name,

And I will remove all their shame.

But, the wicked are like the troubled sea,

In my rest they cannot be.

The man I was

I am not the man I once was,
Old clothes don't fit me, a waff I've become.
Lost over 20kg, without any fuss.
Following His directions, in Him I trust.
I am as fit as a fiddle, even though I get tired,
But all my needs are met, and I am out of the mire.
So I praise you Lord, for what I have become,
I couldn't do it myself, but you sent your Son,
The help you send us, defeats all our foes,
And health you give us, from our head to our toes.
You truly are the way,
And I'll worship you Lord,
Until you take me away.

Science

Science is amazing, think of all the things it's done,
The complexities of what's been found are only 2nd to one.
The inspiration we may believe comes from ourselves,
Will vanity find the truth?
I often ask myself.
The answer to my question was written long ago,
Now in our hearts and on our minds,
Listen, it may flow.
Transcending their reality, doesn't need to make a fuss,
If we believe, we can achieve,
To know Him is to trust.

Swift

A strange thing is going on,
Australia's economy helped by a song?
As economic activity slows, interest rates increase, and inflation grows,
Is Taylor Swift our hope?
Some think so, no joke.
I don't understand how spending can save the day?
Sooner or later, surely we pay.
Now, if the fiat stops going around,
The house of cards comes tumbling down.
In older days they used to say, a hard earned dollar goes a long way.
But now we have a credit trap,
It's so easy, tap, tap, tap.

The professor

The professor is the one to know.
All knowledge he can show.
We have professors on the earth,
But none of them can give rebirth.
See, the world is enmity with God.
But the professor of heaven and earth, can do the job.
Learn from him, all his ways,
They are health to our bodies,
And life to our souls.
In him we enjoy the rigours when old.
A new way he shows us, with lessons each day,
A masterful teacher, won't lead us astray.
But where can this professor be found?
Confirmed on the pages, he's calling us now.

Sheeps clothing

Wolves in sheeps clothing,
Is that a fact?
By their fruits you shall know them: look deep into that.
Praise, praise, praise the Lord,
Buy our books, merchandise calls.

Yes I need a private jet, the itchy are waiting, their caught in the net.
I can preach, a sermon on the mount,
To bring me prosperity,
And you cannot doubt.
See, I am the anointed of the Lord!
Nothing can touch me, I am backed by his word.

Like the Lord showed Ezekiel, they put the branch to their nose.

To deceive a people, a nation, a world,
Take the authority of the scriptures!
But scripture has the last word.

Now just to clarify, I am not here to judge,
The word does that.
It's only a hunch.

Serious

It's getting a bit serious, out there.

Hear: I sit. Do I care?

I long for a world where all have come home,

Where we work with our hands, and not just the phone.

To see the downtrodden, raised up in His seat,

To witness the wicked suffer defeat.

But I am just one man.

Hear! Let it be known,

The Lord God Almighty

Sits on the throne.

As I

As I think, am I right?
Where are the true delights?
In the form of power and prestige?
Or the simple things, that supply our needs?

Loving friends, a cosy home, peace within, a kingdom grown.
To share your abundance, with strangers and friends,
To love with power, to the end.
To know the truth is wealth indeed.
And it springs from the smallest seed.

Digits

Digits on a screen, floating in the ether.
Under whose control?
I wouldn't trust them either.
Like dew on the grass, when things get hot,
Disappearing in a vapour.
Your wealth lost.
Tangible assets, out of their control,
Keep their thieving hands away,
When they crash into a hole.
Does war add to inflation?
There's a rising oil price!
Seems to me, it's not looking too nice.
I could be wrong, it might blow over, and come back another day,
Everything seems upside down, who can read the play.
The war in the economy is in full flight,
The west in debt over their heads,
Can we afford to fight?
Nuke 'em if you must, the problem won't go away.
Am I prepared?
God only knows
I trust He
Leads the
Way.

Judging

Wouldn't it be great, if the law judged the heart?
How many innocent could find a new start.
Instead, the law judges our actions,
Which often at times, are emotional reactions.
To hate the evil, and love the good,
If only we could.

 **I'll tap this out**

I'll tap this out, before it flies away!
I believe music will save the day.
Lyrics and melody have a magical charm,
Able to heal, Able to harm.
When the words are right and put into a song,
When it catches, and all sing along,
Speaking the truth, guiding the way.
Not spreading Deception, and leading astray.
His children will hear it, and know that it's true,
Hearing the music that lives inside you.
When I was young I just sang along,
Now that I am older, I seek a new song.

What is truth?

When confronted with the question, that was his answer.
All these years later it's a full blown cancer.
Eating from the outside in,
No one suspecting, the thing called sin.
"He will save us!"
Don't you know?
If we could see the truth,
Not blinded by the lies,
We would understand,
It's right before our eyes.
We are what we eat,
I think that's a fact,.
Cancer survives on all the crap.
Filling with delights,
Fit for the hole,
Self absorbing,
Eating our soul.
All events are a product from within.
Truth be told:
We must flee from sin.

Doorway

I remember something written,
Is was a while ago,
Kind of a contradiction, from those in the know.
It spoke of a doorway, a secret one within,
That leads us out of turmoil, to a life with him.
Now, there's always opposition,
King of pride is his name.
First he sears the conscience, then controls the brain,
And when he moves into the heart,
The whole world goes insane.
But in his word is the truth: to him we must bow.
O, the joy of deliverance,
The door is open now.

Unto others

In this upside-down world in which we dwell,
Seems our rulers are bent on hell.

History can show: one like Gandhi-there'll be Others too,
Who chose to forgive, bringing peace anew.

The ultimate: Humiliation, plucking off the hair, giving his back to the smitters, spitting in his face-right there!

Knowing the victory was not in might,
Like a lamb to the slaughter,
Showing us how to fight.

"Not by might, or by power!"

The humble he hears in the faithful hour.

"But we must get even, eradicate the threat!"

Live by the sword, die by the sword.

Lest we forget.

Mischief

Mischief, devised with a deceitful tongue.

Cut like a razor:

They had a good run.

But lies could never defeat the truth.

"What's this rotten fruit? Cut the branches from the vine, then into the furnace.

The vengeance is mine."

Light will the dark expose,

Wow to the inhabitants,

May the windows not close.

It's heaping up,

Here comes the wall,

Evil powers,

Leading the fall.

"What a misery." My wife would say.

But to not blow the trumpet?

That's not my way.

Barbarians

In ancient times, in times of war,
Kings would battle in the fore.
Genghis Khan, Alexander the great, and many others witnessed the fate.
Leading the charge, practising what they preach.
Now we rulers that stay out of reach.
Their there, on both sides.
Delivering slaughter while protecting their hides.
"The ancients were animals heads they would plough.
Thank God we've evolved,
We a civilised now."

I know

I know what I know
I know I know nothing
I believe what I know
I know there's no logic
I am what I am
I can't be more
I have one master
I know that for sure
I don't have the answers
I can wait
I know the ending
It's really great!

What's in a name

In they come: Gently, gently,
"This is s good for you."
We are the seeing eye;
Five billion; "that will do."
"We'll partner up, support AI."
And by the time we're through
We will control you
And everything you do.
You will have an edge on your enemies
The enemies within
And all that, will unfold,
Is all linked to our sin.
Slaves were made.
Where were the brave?
Swimming in their crap.
The future looks bright my dears
That is a fact.
For all of those, that he has chose,
AI won't worship that.

Judging

I walk past this beggar, once or twice a week,
Sitting in the same spot, smoking, or having something to eat.
I always think you bludger.
He's too old to get a job,
But I can't help thinking, he's just a bludging slob.
Today I stopped to talk to him,
And when I looked into his eyes,
All I saw was sadness, much to my surprise.
He took my gift with Grace,
Never said a word.
Now I sit here thinking,
What a judging turd.

Ban

In the guise of compassion:
Phase out live sheep exports!
That's their fashion.
With the world spiralling that's what they do!
"We are so noble, we are so true."
The sheep they save will not be us.
"To the slaughter, grind them to dust!"
Like all children we need protecting.
Total disaster we are accepting.
But the blind eyes
Cannot see
The arms we trust
Are full of disease.

It's late

It's late here now
And here I lay
Thinking of you all
How each has their own journey
How mine spluttered and stalled
How all the things that I did wrong
Have brought me to this place
How I know nothing is lost
If put rightly in its place
I know that you are loved
No matter what your brand
The love for you surpasses all
I hope you understand.

No need

No need for a light, the light dwells amongst us!
Open their eyes to see.
Open their hearts to receive your glory, your brightness in them reveal.
From the one source, stay the course, evangelical, indeed.
Not like the world, no twists and turns, a smooth path we need.
You made a way, as they say. But has the truth really been revealed?
The one on show is rather slow, or pumping at the seams!
He made a way, loves on display,
He made it for you and me.
He knows where to start,
In the heart,
He's a gardener,
Yes, indeed.

Nations

The nations of the world are as nothing,
They are only man.
All their actions vanity,
Understand?
Who questions wisdom with ignorant empty words?
He will have them in derision,
Prophesy, Mocked, Absurd!
Can they tie the Pleiades together or loosen the bonds that hold Orion?
Can they guide the stars season by season?
No.
Can they set the world on fire??
Come let's reason,
What shall we do
Follow our Creator,
Or you?

The final kingdom, half iron, half miry clay,
They shall mingle themselves with the seed of men:
Is it happening today?
Battle lines are drawn,
But in that day none will stand.
Destroyed by the stone cut out of the mountain,
Not with human hands.
And He will set up a kingdom,
That will forever stand.
Where all will live in harmony
Under His righteous hand.

Ghosts and Ghouls

Ghosts and Ghouls, nymphs at night,
Join the fun, the dark delights.
"My people are destroyed from lack of knowledge."
Witches and Warlocks, it's just a game.
Children come join the fun,
Take the treats
My time has come!
"Whosoever believes on me shall not be ashamed."
Follow me avoid the pain.
"The god of this world has blinded their eyes."
The gifts that he offers brings your demise.
The signs are obvious
A cunning plan
Side with darkness
Innocence in his hand.
The price is high
Nothing is free.
If will took his advice,
We would flee Halloween.

Fallen

Truth is fallen in the street,
Conceiving falsehood in conceit.
Equity cannot enter, truth fails.
Transgressions are with us,
No longer the head now the tale.
He saw that there was no man,
So he enacted his plan.
He put on righteousness as a breastplate,
A helmet of salvation on his head.
Garments of vengeance, a cloak of zeal.
Each man judged, truth revealed.
According to their deeds, he will repay,
Fury to his adversaries, his enemies displayed.
They shall fear his name from the west,
And his glory from the rising of the sun,
But to you who fear his name,
Salvation has come.
The sword of the Lord is filled with blood,
For the day of the Lord is vengeance
Vengeance to his foes.
His sheep hear his voice,
Peace to all of those.
For behold, the day is coming burning like an oven,
All the wicked before him will be stubble.
For you who fear his name there is healing in his wings,
When the Sun of Righteousness shall arise to him our hearts will sing.

Prosper

What am I doing?
I often wonder.
Scattered fool how can you prosper?
Getting slower, in all I do,
Going backwards,
Looks like I am screwed.
The life I lead is weird to some,
As from the pit I have come,
Lifted from the miry clay,
I know I can prosper, he shows me the way.
I'll trust in him he'll see me through,
He promises I'll prosper.
That will do.
All his promises are yes and amen,
In him I have the greatest friend.
So no matter what the world may say,
I'll keep praising him,
He makes my day.

Wicked

Wicked has an angelic guise,
Smiling faces, compassionate lies,
Preaching fury, death to His foes!
Telling the faithful which way they should go.
Who is this devil that most despise?
Ruler of the world, king over the children of pride.
Raising one, another falls,
In the world he has our balls.
But he is not the King of kings.
In Him you can rest.
But remember, He puts us to the test.
Like fullers soap, a refining fire,
Brings forth an instrument,
Full of His desire.

Goals and objectives

Tool time

Investment methods

Black hole

Remain vital

Re-engage

Cross over

Cart before the horse

Quantitative results

Black hole

Full circle

Results

Consistent rotation

Transition

Utilising variable assets

Head winds

Luck

Cutting back

Trading down

Right lane strategy

Make the switch.....

I know

I know you bought me for this place,
Full of mercy Full of grace.
Why do I torture my soul?
Your gift made me whole.
So to You Lord,
I will sing.
You bring me joy,
My everything.

According

According to the multitude the altars have increased.
Hearts are divided, how can there be peace?
They say: "we have no king. What can he do for us?
Nothing."
Spoken words, swearing falsely.
Who do you trust?
Judgement springs up like hemlock in the furrows of the field.
Every man, and woman, alone, to Him must kneel.
The plan is simple, and after the pain,
He brings out an instrument, that glorifies His name.
He has a name, only He knows.
Clothed with a robe dipped in blood, His name is the Word of God.
The armies of heaven follow,
Cursed are those that lie.
From His word, we live or die.
His words are sweet like honey,
And an all consuming flame.
Coming with righteous vengeance.
All will bear their shame.
So their friends, you have it,
Banging on the wall,
Prince of peace is his name,
By Him we rise and fall.

Now, if you know him, you'll understand,
I life in him is simply grand.
All the problems of this world can be fixed,
His plan is brilliant,
How is this-
He's a gardener.
Did you know? To bear fruit, good seed must be sown,
Watered by another,
Weeded, from time to time

All working, just doing our bit,

Life, just divine.

And if your still hear,

And think I am off my head,

Let me tell you straight: Fear the One, who can burn your soul.

Believe me,

He's our only mate.

So, I've been rambling on.

Might not even be true.

Should finish with a scripture,

Which one will do?

"Then he answered and spoke unto me, saying, This is the Word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

My backyard

Everything seems upside down
Skew-wift, not profound.
As war consumes innocent souls,
Others safe in their holes.
Desensitised.
This is no game.
Not in my backyard.
But it is a shame.
How far can they push, before it breaks,
The pain widespread, make no mistake.
Audacious moves,
Fools lead the way.
Good verses evil I hear them say!
Reason stolen with Deception and lies,
All of this war who is it for?
To defend democracy, keep the world free?
To kill the infidels, the world's disease!
Who would take sides?
It's a losers game.
The puppet master strikes again!
Causing division when we should be one,
Like lambs to the slaughter we have become.
I know there's a remant,
From the ashes they rise.
Death is defeated.
Who is wise?

The dove

I spied a dove on the fence,
The dove offers no offence.
The guinea fowl squawk and shout,
Warning the eagle's about.
The little finch dart around,
Through the tall grass, close to the ground.
Swallows stop to say hello.
I really do love the show.

Rabbits play and eat the grass,
The cool of the day,
Relaxed at last.

I want

I want to make generosity a drug.
Peddle it everywhere.
Let those stingy losers know that I don't care.
Let it take over, dish it out like water,
Contagious and addictive,
See what it can slaughter.
All can use it, totally free.
Enough for all is what we need.

Saved

Saved for a purpose,
The time will come.
Saved from the mystery of other tongues.
Content in the simple another unfolds,
Glimpsing the glory that's to be exposed.
Creation groans for all to be one,
Made in his image the key we become.

Joy

To have and to hold.
A sign of the times?
But when I give,
Joy is mine.

Drunk

Drunk I am,
Drinking I see,
If I drink,
I am totally free.
Drunk with you,
You are my friend.
New wine delivered,
For us to bend.
Drink and be merry,
The day has come!
All of your riches,
Rolled into one.
You teach us to follow,
And show us the way.
Celebrating your victory,
To praise you each day.
A gluten: winebibber!
That's what they said.
The fear of God, through the precepts of men.
But you are the Lord!
Searching the heart,
Blessing your children,
Each one apart.
Drawings us in,
From wherever we land,
With goodness and mercy,
We are in your hand.

No so for the wicked.
Their time will come.
Then all knees will bend,
The victory won.

I just want

I just want to sit and write
In the morning
Or late at night
It's my favourite time
When thoughts
Like a river flow
Sometimes fast
Sometimes slow
In the morning
Before sunrise
When nature sings
All as one
Softly Softly
Before the sun
I can take pleasure
In other tasks
But writing
No one
Has to ask.

////////////////////'m a

I'm a mother fucker.
A mother fuckers son?
I stopped fucking mothers,
When my face was rearranged.
I pleaded: "I've shit myself!"
He washed his hands,
And went back to his beer.

That was then.
This is how,
I confess my faults,
We are friendly now.

Relationship

Can I have relationships with very few words?

Maybe a few,

Some odd and absurd.

Others I know well by the things they do,

Some ways I love dearly,

Some ways I love you.

It's not about Deception,

Or flatulent art,

It's about being real,

And searching the heart.

I judge no one and even if I did,

His judgement trumps them all,

So I am careful where I tread.

But to my friends I am loyal and bold.

If you think I am not real,

At least you've been told.

The vow

When I was younger
Life was fun.
As I went deeper
An addict I become.
First near death experience
Healed at the root.
Foolishly promised
Never again shoot.
Temptation surrounded me
I had a fling
Heroin returned
But not my sin.
Snort, smoke, anything else
Keeping my promise
Not adding offence.
Then one day I just forgot
Mixed up a hit
And had a shot.
Couldn't revive me
The ambulance sped
But on arrival
Pronounced me dead.
A slow ride to the hospital
When to their surprise
The corpse that was me
Opened his eyes!
First thought: My vow to God. He had saved me again, why this little sod?
When the heart is swept and garnished
And left unguarded
The demon returns with seven of his mates
Leaving the man in a much worst state.
This is my testimony
I know the scriptures are true.

For another seven years Addiction did I do.
Seven years filled with shame.
Then gently this time he bought me back again.
First time I opened the book
You may know the part
Where one says "rip it out."
The other says "let me tend it and water it, give it some time.
If it bears fruit it can be part of the vine."
I understand the consequences
He had given his all.
And chose to forgive me
Even though I had nailed him, once again, to the wall.
I can never go backwards
His life is my plea.
But this much I'll tell you-
No more vows from me.

Creaks

Sneak down the stairs
Don't wake the hoards
Bones creaking
In tune with the boards.
A good day's work
The old dogs are numb.
I avoided this day
But it had to come.
Cob with his hernia
And one and a half hands,
Me with my fried brain,
Between us,
A man!
We got the job done
In very good time.
The old girl did good.
In her bilge
A little brine.
The weather was fair the tide was right.
The old fellas did it,
With no one in sight.

Arrivals

Here at arrivals, sights I see.
A suntanned Chinaman fresh from Fiji
Blond haired women, sunnies on their eyes
Maori mother with a tattooed chin,
Now there's a surprise.
An older man looking like cash
Visiting Sydney
With his handlebar moustache
Excited children
Family reunions
Flowers and kisses
Reminds me how slack I am when it comes to my misses.
Smiling faces
Others looking lost
The joy to be here
Not counting the cost.
I like arrivals
And this is why
The people are happy
Departures we cry.

Balance

Keep me balanced
Don't let them flip.
Keep me in your favour
Don't let me slip.
Forgive my laziness there's so much to do.
I can't do it by myself,
I need you.
You don't let me down.
Let me stay true,
And tell of your glory,
You know I love you.
We made a vow: til death us do part.
We carry the burden,
Give us your heart.

Seeds seed

As I listened and had a read
Picked up something about their seeds seed.
Got me thinking, (my favourite thing to do)
About the gift of staying true.
If one generation rejects the call
The next doesn't necessarily fall.
What if two in a row are taken out?
The numbers are thinning
If you know what I am talking about.

One generation
Can save the day
Only a remnant
I heard him say
From the ashes
Sprouting seed
Where righteousness rises
And he succeeds.
The role we play is pivotal to all
For without His Spirit
The whole world would fall.

Hit

Hit the switch
Turn on the light
Illuminate
When the time is right.

Take the battle
To the gate
Nations falling
It is fate.

Are the slaughtered
If they bow?
Spirit rising
Telling how.

Shall he make peace with me?
He shall make peace with me.

When all the alters come down.
Ground like chalk stones
No more crowns.

Then the nations will be released
When the armies of heaven
Again have peace.

Word

In the beginning was the Word
It was there from the start.

Many think it foolishness
To me a work of art.

Questions all the answers
Uncovers things untold.

Glides us through our troubles
The pages first in bold.

Weaned from the milk
It then offers meat.

Fattens the bones
Eliminates defeat.

Brings down strongholds
From their lofty heights.

Restores and delivers
In it there is might.

Not to the hearers
The doers they are told.

The contrite ones hear
To them it will unfold.

Forms

I am what I am.

He takes many forms

But His nature is perfect

Never reforms

A God of Love we know that for sure.

A God of justice, yes this is true,

A God of mercy a God that renews,

A God of vengeance a God that repays,

A God to be feared, jealous in His ways.

A God to be worshipped a God above all,

A God that for us, gave us his all.

All of His host

Prepare for the day

When His sons return

When He shows them His way.

Judge

Judge not for the measure you judge will be metered back to you.

Thats what he said!

Enough to drive me off my head.

Without His eyes it's hard to see

The root of evil in you and me.

Born in a wicked time we all play our part

The world being enmity with His heart.

Selling our souls for worthless gold

Putting our substance in bags with holes.

Oppression, injustice, rights denied

There are higher officials don't be surprised.

He will take vengeance

He will choose

Those that won destined to loose.

Put oil in your lantern, trim it right

For when judgement comes you will need the light.

Then the darkness will be exposed

But love covers a multitude

So I am told.

It

It happened long ago:

A vast enemy, a violent foe;

Gathered their armies to destroy the host,

Not knowing they would battle the Holy Ghost.

The people cried and sort the Lord,

Knowing they were powerless against the hoards.

He gave them a vantage and told them to stand still,

And see His salvation, and the enemy killed.

You see His judgement is always right,

When we get in position

He takes up the fight.

How long

How long can this keep going on?

How long can they keep up the con.

Money becoming worthless,

Inflating their demise

The poor suffer first

That's no surprise.

But everyone keeps chugging along,

Thinking we're right, singing their song.

I thought about my savings

I could be hurt

I have a few mining stocks

But their in the dirt!

Everything seems upside down

They rise and fall:

Mere voices make the claim

Black seems white, bad is good,

What's happening to my brain?

I sometimes tune in to the crap

But it will never do.

I'd rather sit here with my thoughts

And bat them off to you.

Christmas

Christmas is approaching fast,
I do find it a bit of a farce.

It's turned into another grab for cash,
So this year I think I'll give poetry a bash.

I could use some undies and a new pair of shorts,
But to choose for others is always fraught.

So this year to my loved ones I'll write them a poem,

Something personal that they may not have known.

Words that might make them feel cherished and loved.

In tune with the season,

A gift from above.

Privilege

What a privilege to know the Lord,
To understand He is the sword.
All his promises are yes and amen,
All scribed with a ready pen.
To be taught of his loving ways,
And from his paths never to stray.
Outside are threats and lies,
But in his way is compromise.
He understands our mortal frame,
And doesn't want to apportion blame.
But he is righteous, all will see,
That he would even want a punk like me.

The edge

To live on the edge
There's no time to stall.
To the left and the right is downfall.
To walk the line can seem rough,
My body aches, work is tough.
But at the end of the day I am always grateful.
He makes a way if I stay faithful.

Mary

Mary chose that good thing,
I am so poor,
The weight of affliction keeps me on the floor.
Is it so bad to sit here with you?
Troubles are around me,
What more can I do.
I am weak Lord,
You know my frame.
The work is before me,
Strengthen me again.
For I am nothing without you,
Only your arm bring me through.
So here I sit, at your feet,
While all around me screams defeat.
But you are the Lord of All.
By your will I rise or fall.
Help me Lord to run my race and give you honour for my disgrace.

Before

Before all the god's I will praise You,
For your loving kindness and truth.
I cried out
You answered me
And gave me all the proof.
Your word magnified
Strengthening my soul.

The kings of the earth will praises you
When they hear the words from your mouth.

For great will be your glory
East
West
North
and
South.

Whoever

Whoever walks the road
Shall not go astray.

Although a fool
I will show him the way.

No lion will be there
Or ravenous beast.

The ransomed of the Lord
Their steps he keeps.

His angels to take charge
Lest you dash your foot against a stone.

Joy and gladness shall attain
Sorry and sighing
They shall go.

Compromise

How can I compromise
So much on the go.
Tangled by confusion
The lines won't even flow!
I am weak
He is strong,
So to him
I'll sing my song.
I'll ask for forgiveness
For the things I cannot do.
For strength and wisdom
To guide me through.
To make a way for me
When all could be lost.
To stay in my position
Not counting any loss.
For you are my provider
You set me upon a rock.
There can be no compromise
For you are my lot.
Although I may struggle
You always make a way.
Then in the cool
Give me plans
For the new day.
How I love to praise you
I'll tell it to the world!
You my Lord and Saviour
I hang on every word.
Because you are the King
God's only begotten son.
In you is the victory
And joy I will become.

Day by day

Just taking it day by day.

Praise the Lord!

Is what I say.

He gives me strength

To see it through.

I don't do much

But that will do.

Sometimes

Sometimes I rant
Sometimes I rave.
I do understand Sometimes I am a pain.

But it always comes back to him
The one who washed away my sin.

He showed me his word and took me under his wing.

Now everything I do is all for you.

A life in him is not the same
I fear no evil but feel the pain.

He shows me how to stay true,
Seems insane, the things we do.

With a Muppet mouth I offend some,
But my purpose is clear,
To love everyone.

You see I am a sinner,
Not yet a saint.
But I love all his ways,
And he is my mate.

Say

Laying here with nothing to say
A drink and a smoke at the end of the day
Chocolate ice cream
As I lay in the cool
Another day over
For this grateful fool.

Bushy

Bushy the truckie
A mountain bloke
Delivered my pipes
I thought what a joke.
Eyes peering out of a bearded face
No shoes on his feet
Dog as a mate.
Said he could unload without a crane
They were under a dog trailer
I thought it insane.
He strapped it and jacked it
Propped up the end
Then over the side the pipes he did send.
It really was old school stuff
Worthy of his title
The old boy was tough.
We talked about price
Way back when
Nothing official with paper and pen
When I asked what I owed
He knocked five hundred off!
I paid him the extra
Not having that.
So to Bushy
I tip my hat.

So much

So much to do, all I want to do is rest.
Going around in circles while trying to do my best.

Rolling with the punches is all I know,
Trusting in your goodness,
Going with the flow.

While on this day I loose to their lie,
I feel so exhausted
I could lay down and die.

But there's still so much to do, strengthen me again,
Take away the blue.

Forgive me Lord
What am I to do
I feel so broken
I am nothing without you.

I trust in you come what may.

Can I praise you Lord
And not go astray.

It's seems so hard to stay true
But I love you Lord
You know I do.

Many

To many this will be a contradiction,
But I am into fact and not fiction.

In the

In the world not of the world what are we to be
A nation of liars full of greed and idolatry
Or in a land of rest where evil cannot go
His Spirit as our master where living waters flow
If all we have is his
Then all his is thine
If we follow his directions and graft into the vine.

Law

I want a world without law
One free of fear and retribution.

I believe in the day
The final solution.

When man sees the light
And darkness is gone.

When righteousness reigns
And to him all belong.

Open your eyes
Behold the fate.

Time is ticking
Don't be late.

To all

To all the truth both near and far
Follow the bright and morning star
To lead you to the manger where
The babe is born in loving care.

Now entitled to new birth to bring peace upon the earth.

From a baby in a manger, no more orphaned, no more a stranger.

A real story buried in snow
Lost in trinkets and lights
The sacrificial lamb
And his rights.

He beat the world at its own game.
Now the fruit for him to claim.

The word goes out throughout the earth,
His Spirit comes to give new birth.

The true gift needs time for pause,
But we rush around like Santa Claus.
Has Christmas lost its sparkle?
It seems its become some kind of debacle!

But there's always hope:
Don't miss the message from the pope!!

It will be another for itchy ears, but the real message is found in our tears.

Merry Christmas, it's the way.

An upside down world

On display.

Get it

Get it into ya!
That's all you gotta do.
Take little bites,
And have a good chew.
The taste may be sweet,
And bitter for some,
But with goodness concealed
Healing will come.

Horns

Flay the horns that have scattered my people,
They have raised themselves up
There like a steeple.

Covetous
Idol worship

Lead away by a cunning hand,
Banishing my children
From their land.

I will come.
To show the way
There will be no Canaanite on that day.

Raise

Raise me up and take me when I'm gone
Let me be one of your chosen
And I will be your song
To praise you forever more
For everything you've done
Raise me up and take me when I'm gone.

Raise me up and take me when I'm gone
You know that I love you
Like you I can become
Don't let me be presumptuous
By grace you lead us on
Raise me up and take me when I'm gone.

Raise me up and take me when I'm gone
But in this life keep me
From what the world's become
Sheltered under your wing
My race with you to run
Raise me up and take me when I'm done.

Laces

No need for flashy cars
Or worldly delights,
I am supplied with everything
In you are my rights.

Filled with riches
With no added sorrow,
No need to worry
About tomorrow.

So today
May I ask
Let these old laces last,
Don't let the rags fall from my back
You truly bless us
That's a fact.

Repair

Rebuild the walls
Strengthen the gates
Repair the foundations
No time to wait.

If the temples rebuilt what will become of the nations?

They won't pay customs our treasury will be diminished!

When it's completed
Their kingdom is finished.

To be

To be all to all
The straight and the bent
Understanding
Heaven sent
Moving in circles
Prudent to wise
Your glory
In disguise
Contrite will hear
Guidelines from above
But fools seldom differ
In the doctrine of love
Love is the answer
That we must be
He is the gate keeper
He holds the key
Only one true shepherd
Him we must know
We are scattered
Wolves had their go
His rod and staff before us
Shelter in his might
With understanding
He will take the fight
It's not about stasis
It's more about our creed
And when we have it
A better world
Indeed.

Not

Not by might
not by power
Seven eyes
The stones to scourer
The foundation being laid
On those stones inscribed his name
With the plummet in his hand
The eyes go throughout the land
From the olive branches the oil flows
With those seven throughout they go
They stand before the whole earth
All liars and thieves will have their curse
Wickedness is in the ether
This is her resemblance
No one to keep her
Lifted up to be set on her base
Not heaven
Not earth
Another place.

I think

I think I think
I need a drink
What am I to do?

I just want to do my job
Not give my time to you.

You confuse me and revolt me with all your intellectual ways.

I just want to be set free not trapped inside your cage.

So now you want first aid okay I'll do the coarse
Lose a day
Pay my way
And fill your forms out
Of coarse.

Just five minutes online....

I've already lost an hour.

Now I need a US!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!
We need identification downloaded on the app.

When I come across these hurdles and don't know what to do
It comes to mind what has been and how you got me through.

Those forms created by geniuses
Are hard for aging hoons

I think I'll just roll one up
And get stoned this afternoon.

I am

I am what I am
How can I change.

Search me Lord remove the rage.

Hate the evil
Love the good.

Don't let evil manifest let me do as I should.

Travel the path that I will set walk with me have no regret.

Wickedness in disguise
Gets into hearts
And steals lives.

It's rule is short let it lead the race
Righteousness comes
To their disgrace.

Plunder

The Lord will plunder his pasture,
Shepherds have no place to flee.

Roaring from on high,
Leaving His lair like a lion.

He will roar mightily against his fold:

He is awesome in power,
A fear to behold.

Hear it to the ends of the earth,
He has a controversy with the nations.

He will plead his case with all flesh,
He has made his invitation.

Wicked go to the sword,
Disaster throughout the nations.

A whirlwind rising to the farthest parts of the earth.

Just remuneration.

From one end to the other,
None lamented.

This is their end.

Don't be a pretender.

The voice of the cry of the shepherds,
And the wailing of the fold...

There will be no place to flee
From the Almighty God of old.

Recipe

You need a good base
That's the start
One that brings flavour
And joy to the heart.

Layered perfectly
Subtle to find
Hints of perfection
To blow your mind.

Meat and potatoes
Pasta or rice
Don't rush the sauce
It needs to be right.

Food like music
If made with love
Is a feast for the senses
A gift from above.

Something

If nothing becomes something,
Something has to win.

But if something is nothing,
It gets thrown in the bin.

To make something out of nothing,
Would be a real sin.

But when something comes from nothing,
All praise goes to Him.

Why I

Both low and high
Rich and poor
Incline your ears to a Proverb
Dark sayings for sure.

Should I fear the day's of evil
Iniquity at my heels
Who can redeem his brother
How do we appeal?

Trusting in wealth and the multitude of riches
Not seeking the truth become the enemies bitches.

From a seed the fruit will grow
Meditate, His Word will show.

Without redemption
Souls lost forever.

The last shall be first
Now who is clever.

Pride downcast

Calling My lands by their own names
Thinking they have it together
But Reaping shame.

The man in honour
We love the game he is playing
Fools in prosperity
Approve their sayings.

Like sheep
All destined for the grave.

The upright shall have dominion
No longer to be slaves.

God redeem me from the power of the grave
Recieve me Lord
The soul you have made.

Do not be afraid when one becomes rich
When his glory is increased

For when they die they carry nothing away
Their time has ceased.

Though while he lives he blesses himself
And men give him the praise

They shall go to their fathers
And stay inside the grave.

Man that is in honour and does not understand
Is like the beast that perish
No longer to walk His land.

But those who honour the Lord
Will rise on that day
To their eternal heritage
From Him they'll never stray.

If

If I can't kick back in the afternoon
To right a riddle,
Or sing a tune;

What's it all about?

If I have to rush around like a blue arse fly
To make me fortune before I die,

What a miserable sod am I.

If I couldn't sit here and commune with my heart
Where the hell would I start.

Don't get me wrong,
I could follow those,
But to me it all seems on the nose.

And by the way-
I love it here.

Kicking back with a smoke and a beer.

Know that I have a sure guide
While others think
I am on the slide.

A fool like me

How can it be
A fool like me
Could be given eyes
That help me see.

Your ways are hidden in plain sight
Your hand is raised
With restraining might.

Your Spirit seeks to show the way

I am almost mute
I feel so weak
But of your glory
I live to speak.

Of all your promises being yes and amen.

An unlearned man with a ready pen.

So I will be a fool for you.

There's nothing I would rather do.

What! Where? When.

What has the looney said,
I think he must be off his head!

Some drunken fool
Past his prime.

Copying things from ancient times.

Hard to see
Not much
Flow.

Out of the loop
Not in the show.

The real attraction
You may find

Written on your hearts, and on your minds.

So some raving fool
Sends a message...

Heavens above!

Search for yourself
If you want
To find
Love.

Why do the heathen rage?
And plot a vain thing
Taking counsel together

They think they can win.
He shall have them in derision,
And speak to them in his wrath.
And distress them in his deep displeasure.

There won't be any app.

When I grow up I want to be a branch on a mighty tree
Planted by the rivers of water
Bring forth fruit in season
Whose leaf shall not wither
Existing for a reason.

What's next

Evidence is mounting
Statistics now display

What were we thinking
That they could save the day .

Lies and omissions
Given a trusted name

Profit and power
Guinea pigs in their game.

Follow the money
Don't be perplexed

Turbo cancers are our focus.

I wonder what happens next?

Blind

Hear ye death that you may see
My servant is blind
How can this be?

Seeing things but observing not
Opening eyes
This is his lot.

Be well pleased for his righteousness sake
He will magnify the law
Make no mistake.

The people robbed and snared hidden in prison holds
They are for a prey
Who will say Restore
On that fateful day?

Former things have come to pass new things I declare
He tells us now before their time
Our shame we all must bear.

But He is our healer
The Lord Almighty is his name.
His glory shall not go to another
The chaff he blows away.

Don't look on our iniquities
Refine us in your light
The seed of your planting
To be daily your delight.

Perfect

Perfect love casts out fear

We may be bold

When we are dear.

As he is

So are we.

Send your word

Set us free.

There is no torment in perfect love

First recieved through precious blood.

What we recieved we give back the same

In perfect love there is no pain

All spirits and prophets need to be tested

To love and hate is to be a liar

Good for nothing but the fire.

Right

Sixty five thousand tons of bombs dropped on Gaza..

Did I hear right?

Ans we are told to save the planet..

With solar panels and LED light's.

We can

There's nothing we can do,
But we can't do nothing.

Caught up in an evil time the rulers of this world have taken our spine.

Enslaving the people with their reforms,
While dropping bombs with no remorse.

Hypocrisy is on display,
And all the time we are the prey.

Paying for this evil course
With inflated egos
Totally divorced
From the one who cares.

We can't do anything
Let His Spirit abide
In our hearts
On our minds.

It's not democratic
Opposition can't win.

With God on our side,
Here's the thing...

One gives flight to a thousand
And two,
x ten.

Do the calculations it doesn't take much to win.

And the best thing is we don't have to strive.

Not by might,
Not by power.

Praise Him we're alive!

So me I'll just do nothing
But this we all should know
That when we seek his righteousness
All evil has to go.

Australia day

I can hardly wait
With all the debate
For Australian day to come.

A polarising spirit in the land that I am from.

On one side you have the bogans
Itching for the day.

On the other are the grippers
Wanting to take it all away.

The simple things we cherish
Could be our fate..

To be stabbed like a beach ball
Unable to inflate.

The true Aussie spirit is seldom on display

You see their just like you and me

We work, we rest, we play.

Doesn't matter who you are..
You could be a ding bat for all we care.

But this thing I can tell you
If you need us we'll be there.

We don't hold any grudges
Suffer no regret
Hopefully learn from our mistakes

Forgive and forget.

And if you need a hand
(Although you'll never ask)
We read the play and strait away
Get up off our arse.

We don't care who you are
Couldn't give a hoot.

It's the character of the nation
That made the day so beaut.

If you listen to the mainstream
You would think that we are dead

But we're still here
drinking beer
And getting off our head.

If we are to live together
The thing that we need...

Is to get over ourselves
We're all a mongrel breed.

Just a little ditty
You may think it a farce
But to real Aussies
I'll always raise a glass.

Fear

Their preachin fear out there you know..

Now I am a little slow
But it goes something like this-

We are gods people
The earths gonna blow
But before that day we'll be taken away to enjoy the show.

Then after the blast
We return with Him
And rule at last.

Problems in the vanity.

It's not about them
It's all about me.

Say this prayer and now your in.

Jesus has washed away all your sin.

All of us are on the road
To the streets
Pathways of gold.

My leanness, My leanness
That's what he cried...
The treacherous ones have scattered my tribe.

Gather now the mighty men
Take up your sword
The word

Your pen.

The beast with his many crowns, has deceived the people

Foolish ones

Clown's.

Follow us

We know the book

We can show you where to look..

Not one is righteous

All gone astray

Vanity of vanities

Bring on the day..

But not so with you my chosen ones

Come, I am your teacher

My lessons are fun

I created the world and all that's within.

I will not share my glory.

I suffer no sin.

Don't fear the day of the big black hole

Fear the one who can destroy your soul.

I send my Spirit

To show you

The way

I return

To your joy

But to their dismay.

For thus says the Lord-
Who created the heavens...
The Lord Almighty
Is His name.

I created the earth to be inhabited.
And I created not in vain.

Hear my precious ones
Righteousness brings youth

Seek and you shall find me
In Spirit and in truth

For sure this world is passing
But this we all must know
On the day
Are taken away
The fools that lead the show.

Phonies

They talk like phonies
This I know
For the Bible tells me so.

Wolves in sheeps clothing
Won't be long
Seek the truth
Sing him a new song.

Beware of the phoney
Speaking baloney

Phonies, phonies, phonies,

The truth has gone astray.

Don't be dirty
Don't debate

Have His Spirit as your mate

Holy Spirit come on in teach your children how to win.

Holy, holy, holy...
He ain't no honkey
Came riding on a donkey
Now the fix is in.

Thus

"Thus says the Lord!"

I heard it as a word..

But where are these prophets?

Was their prophesy absurd..

If a prophesy doesn't come true, or what was proposed..

Like the king with his pants down; their private parts exposed.

Although a scatter gun approach is often applied..

Run from them
To the mountains
Hide.

The Word of God is not in vain.

Listen to it carefully
Avoid
Unnecessary pain..

God searches the heart he knows our frame...

But where is his glory?
And where is His fame?

His glory can't go to another..
And we don't hear of his fame...

But HE is the righteous one.

We have no one else to blame.

The righteous one who doesn't deal with a slack hand...

He must be our master but no one understands...

None seek his glory:

So wickedness commands..

We have all gone backwards..

It's an obvious display..

Return to Me

My children

Is what I hear

Him say.

Grumble

Grumble, mumble, stumble

The pride of man is loud.

Loved in the market
Heard in the crowd.

Swinging big ones
Bringing each other down.

Worship their prosperity
Enlarge their evil ways.

But the world is enmity
Let them have their day.

He knows the heart
It's all on show..

"So the last shall be first, and the first last:"

When humility strikes the final blow.

Your word

Stand in awe of Your Word

Find great treasure

Hate lying

Your law abides forever

Seven times a day praise You

Your judgements are right

Great peace to those who receive your law

The ones who see the light

Hope in your salvation

Your commandments do

Soul keeps your testimony

Love brings life anew.

Paradise lost

There's a lot of debate about Adam and eve:

It makes no sense,

How can we believe.

That from these two was birthed mankind..

And where was this Eden

No one can find.

Could the scriptures be correct?

Could It be true?

He speaks in plural...

Now who is that too?

Let them have dominion over all the earth...

In our own image:

Were the tribes then birthed?

God formed Adam from the dust of the ground...

And put him in His garden to tend and to keep,

With only one commandment:

From the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, do not eat.

Well, we know about eve and the serpents lying,

Led to expulsion from paradise through his beguiling.

Now, I don't believe they were the only humans at birth,

But were put in communion with God, to tend to His earth.

That right was stolen

Count the cost..

The whole of creation groans for the manifestation of the sons of God...

To take back control of paradise lost.

How

How can I remember Lord all the glorious things you say...

Here for a moment then Snatched away..

Tell of His glory...

Shine the way.

It's not who's worthy;

Far from the case,

To tell of his glory

Is shame to our face.

But you are always with us;

Know this is fact.

You lighten our burdens ,

And keep us on track...

Yes, it's a shabby old road,

But tell of Your glory is better than gold.

Your Word flowing,,

Will not go astray...

It's beauty and honour,

Will pave the way.

Cloud cover

They've got then by the balls..

Caressed every curve,

Lead by the old fella,

Into his world..

Evil angels:

In they glide;

Filling heads, and clouding minds..

Taking control of all we do..

From space flight to a toaster;

The jokes on you..

How could we be so blind?

Now the consequence;

Slavery is fine..

Consuming energy,

While others pay;

Now, nuclear fusion will save the day!

The link completed;

When he swallows his tail..

The game sown up..

Howl and wail...

All control going to them..

But we have the power of the pen

The trap is set

What a delight

See the circus

In full flight...

Come, join the fun and games..

Endless opportunities..

For our slaves..

Take what you desire..

There is no recourse..

Follow us..

Have no remorse..

Who will stand up on that day when all our power is stripped away...

When his throne is fully birthed when his time has come to destroy those on earth...

Who can stand against him he regards iron as straw,

His scales so tight no air can get in,

In all the earth there is none like him.

He is the first of the ways of God; only He who made him can bring near His sword:

Come, My people,

Tremble at my word.

He beholds every high thing, and is king over all the children of pride..

Did he speak to us softly?

Took us for a ride.

Do you have an arm like God?

Can you thunder with a voice like His?

Lay your hand on him; remember the battle- never do it again!

Who has preceded Me, that I should pay him?

I blow the coals in the fire,

Who is to win?

Everything under heaven is Mine:

I am;

The destroyer of sin.

Crowded

Three thousand people at 6am?

Smoking ceremony

Sounds like hell..

Already hot

All in for a swim

I wonder how life guards know where to begin.

Throngs of people between the flags

Call me a kill joy

That sounds mad.

Crowds of people off to the beach

Celebrating Australia day?

We used to say.

Bloody cabarners

Put them away

May they enjoy their day in sun

I am picturing thin white strips on very burnt bums.

Piles of rubbish at the end of the day

Bonza mate

The great Aussie way.

On Gadigal country the mob perform

And amongst them the people mourn

Protesters gather throughout the country

Road uncertain

Certainly bumpy.

Tribes in a divided nation

Australia day now complicated.

If disunity is death which way will we turn

The stories been told we just never learnt.

Come on Aussies

Enjoy the day..

However we spend it your on display.

Bronze Aussie culture surf and sun

Hear the fear..

Melanoma will come..

Follow us

We don't know the way

Come on Aussies

Enjoy your day.

Can't argue

Can't argue.-

It's all online..

Fill out our survey??

She'll be fine.?

It's a farcical system that gives me a frown...

But I won't let the barstools get me down.

The truth destroys power and greed...

And to be honest they have not much, I need.

I'll play the game and be careful where I step...

And crush their heads...

It's a sure bet.

Love thy neighbour as thy self.

Not control everything and be up yourself..

When we believe there is a better way...

Humanity can save the day.

The lion

When the lion roars
Who will fear
Who will prophesy?

The time draws near
For two transgressions and for three
Many men will die.

All must pay for their transgressions
Scattering My beloved
Bringing her to subjection.

Your iniquities I will punish
Before I bring new birth.

Can two walk together unless they are agreed?

Will a lion roar in the forest unless he has no prey?

Turned to other god's my people are displaced.

If a trumpet blows in the city will the people not be afraid?

Surely the Lord does nothing without a call to save.

But who is wise to know the times to witness the betrayal?

The Word is out have no doubt it's time to howl and wail.

Return to me
Rend your heart
I am gracious
A brand new start.

All the meek them that seek and put me on My throne-
Will find shelter from the storm and I will be their home.

But those that aren't willing will suffer the wrath of God.

Woe to their souls they bring evil upon themselves.

But if you listen very carefully I am here to help...

I am the good shepherd my children hear my voice...

Follow me I make a way to marriage not divorce.

Beware of the wolves that come in sheeps clothes..

I am the only teacher my Word will expose.

Glory to God in the highest
On that day...

When the penny drops and he removes the fray.

Online chess

My wife likes sub titles
They seem to help her snore.

So I tried online chess
To help me when I'm bored.

Went for the easy!

Played a character named Bill-

Flogged me each time!

No setting for dills.

I learnt from my blunders and stopped making mistakes.

Now I was putting the pressure on keeping him in his place.

But I still couldn't win?

The game was a disgrace.

I would be one move from checkmate,
And my queen would move to the wrong space?

In from a distance Bill's bishop would glide,

And take out my queen!

What a hide.

I couldn't complain
Had no recourse.

Seemed to me the game was rigged?

Not my fat fingers or anything.

I wanted to beat him so we went at it hard..

Wasn't much left standing a total blood bath.

In the heat of the battle bill didn't take two of my pawns-

Both dashed for the line

Two queens are mine!

Took out his last rook,
He was out of his place.

Then took all his pawns
At a leisurely pace.

Two queens and a knight
Against his king

A hopeless situation for their boy Bill.

But Billy the trickster pulls this out of his date..

"No moves left."

Stalemate!

If I can't win I don't have a hiss

But this online fraudster was taking the piss.

But now I find I can reverse the play,

Doesn't seem fair to rewind a game?

But bill's a cheat so I am one too.

Now I reverse all my wrong moves.

Working out strategies Bill makes the same mistakes..

I'm beating him more often it sure feels great.

Help

Help me Lord

So much to do

But I can do all things with you.

I trust you Lord

You make a way

So I can praise you every day.

Keep my priorities

Focused on you

Bless me Lord

In the things we do.

Guide my way Lord

Let it be right

Be there in my day

Be there in my night.

Don't ever leave me

Don't let me stray

Let me be a blessing

Just for today.

Is it killing me?

I have a strange dilemma:

I'll put it on the page;

Things together that we do,

The dark, and the sage.

It's something like a double life,

But your always centre stage...

Stage one is work;

My hours now are few.

Now when my work is over,

Relaxing is what I do.

You always have time for me,

You always make a way

It is strange I love you most?

I praise you every day

For all you get me through...

Is it such a blunder?

I love to be with you.

You fill my thoughts with wonder...

Showing what is true.

Man cannot comprehend what you have arranged.

Now to my dilemma-

It does seem rather strange

When I am close to you, my body takes a blow..

Feet, ankles, gut, skin..

Even my eyes get dim.

Should I worry that it's you?

Or will your faithfulness see me through?

"Physical ailments

Spiritual trap."

"Get with the strength

We beat all that crap."

I'll keep going even if I have to crawl.

You may think I am broken with my back to the wall?

This much I can tell you-

I am not about to fall.

I'll wake with the dawning refreshed and bright...

Stage one in the morning,

Stage two at night.

He

He treads the winepress

His wrath is assured

Out of His mouth

Goes a two-edged sword

He rides a white horse

His robe dipped in blood

KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

Yes, He will come.

His eyes a flame of fire

On His head are many crowns

He judges and makes war

Can you hear the sound?

In righteousness He came

No one knew, except himself,

What was His real name.

To the birds of heaven He cried

"Come gather for the feast."

Eat the flesh of kings and captains

All people

Slave and free.

Then the beast was captured

The false prophet too

Who deceived those

And took his mark

And never worshipped You.

Yes, this is the fate

His sword will slay, it's true.

And all the birds

Were filled with flesh

All prophesy come true.

Email Gmail

Email, Gmail, there given me the shits.

I am convinced the whole things from the pit.

I really don't find to much joy

Except the obvious, of course

Of which I am employed.

All this webb has nothing I need but forces me in..

It's hard to succeed.

Nothing is obvious for a fool like me

And my eyes get dim and it's hard to see.

Where is the send button?

Where does it hide?

I think that are hoping I will lose my mind.

Why is forwarding this Gmail so bloody hard!

I've been trying for days

Would be quicker to get in the car.

Make an appointment to see this engineer bloke

Vent my frustration...

He'd think me a joke.

But that's how it was back in the day

You would write a letter and sent it on its way.

Or arrange a meeting face to face

This internet age has changed the place.

Now I waste time filling out forms,

"Fill out our survey."

Has become the norm.

Want to talk to these pricks?

Sit on the phone for hours.

"But our app does the trick!"

I am sick and tired of playing their games.

Without them am I screwed?

The whole systems in vain.

It's all right

Come what may

Come what might

I know with you everything's alright.

You lead me by still waters

Open my eyes to see

There is no other one like you

To you the glory be.

You took me from the miry clay set my feet upon a rock.

Gave me a new and living way

The good shepherd

Of the flock.

You came

I was heavy laden

And you gave me rest

Your truth I am now cravin'

Because you are the best.

More precious than pure gold more desirable than anything I had been told...

Many there shall be that call upon your name

To them will be the kingdom while others bare their shame.

I heard your voice I didn't harden my heart

You took me under your wing and set me apart.

Now I glimpse your glory my heart shall never stray

And I will praise You my sweet Lord forever and a day.

Words

Hear what he's done

It's a master stroke

Words have two meanings

To some its a joke

To some may be a pain in the heart

To others might be a brand new start

Ambiguity I hear them say

But where the heart is

It leans that way.

The mozzie

I had this mozzie recently buzzing around my bed

I'd try to get him when he came near but just smacked myself in the head

Couldn't catch the nuisance

When I put the light on he would hide

I haven't heard him for a while so I guessed he must have died.

Last night, half asleep, I dropped my glass

While mopping up the water my joy was enhanced

Hiding under my mattress was a daddy long legs in his webb

Now I thought, how good is that!

The Lord sent me a friend.

Better than the toxic cocktails we are told to spray around

God's little helper was just above the ground

Setting his net near the mozzie lair-

Now I am sleeping peacefully.

So lovely in his care.

Help

Help me Lord with the things I need to do...

Help me Lord I haven't got a clue.

Show me Lord the steps I must take...

Don't let me slip, cover my mistakes.

I love you Lord You know I do.

My Lord, I am nothing without you.

I can't praise you from the grave

Keep me strong,

It's you I crave.

Why on earth would you want a fool like me?

A man so scattered, with a brain like a pea.

Why you would give me challenging times, with rivers to cross and mountains to climb...

My frame says, I don't want to go...

Then hear in the silence, a voice that I know

Telling me everything is alright

My yoke is easy, my burden is light.

You are always there to make a way

So I will praise You

Until my dying day.

Then let me praise you forever in rest

Let the fruit's of our labour

Stand the test.

Chinese

The Chinese play the long game

With each move, more defamed

But actions speak louder than words

We are yet to see

Who the winners and losers will be.

Teacher

Who could understand the word of God?

Who could be your teacher?

Who could understand its ways?

Who could we call preacher?

Written very simply

It's a work of art

Finding true meaning

Sets one apart.

Seek and ye shall find

I am the way

But there are many obstacles

To keep the truth at bay.

Few will find it

Blinded from the start

Needing a miracle

A cleansing of the heart.

The Word of God endures forever:

Follow what was preached...

Twisting of the letter

Keeps us out of reach.

Don't get me wrong-many have found the way-living through the scripture-and following His trail.

One that was settled before time began

One that's perfectly mapped

His perfectly executed plan.

Don't believe it, have a try...

The truth is hidden in plain sight,

Mingled in the lie.

Perilous times

Thoroughly furnished perfect may be...

Reproof, correction, instruction, receive.

From a child you have known wise words to you were sown...

Continue in these things learned...

Through the Word the spirit yearned.

Evil deceivers wax worse and worse,

Bringing destruction

Bringing the curse..

All that live Godly will suffer persecution

Patience, endurance, is our contribution...

He knows our doctrine, our manner of life...

To the wicked destruction, trouble and strife..

Resisting the truth

Corrupting the mind

Lead astray

Totally blind..

Ever learning never knowing the truth, lead away by divers lust; look, see the circus; the people have been lead astray not taught their real purpose.

Having a form of godliness but denying its power

If you have eyes to see

This is the evil hour.

Traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure;

Denying the truth chasing false treasure..

Truce breakers, false accusers, without natural affection,

Despisers of the good..

Will have no protection.

Covetous, boasters, unthankfull, unholy, proud, blasphemers, lovers of themselves..

Perilous times.

Stay

Don't let me stray Lord

Don't let me stray.

Help me to stay Lord

Help me to stay.

Don't let me slip Lord

Don't let me slip.

Keep me in your grip Lord

Keep me in your grip.

You know that I love you

You know this is true.

I love you Lord for all that you do.

I am nothing without you

Just chaos and pain.

Don't let me stray Lord

Please keep the reins.

Sacrifice

How I love to walk with you

I love it when you call.

You know I need you near

Without you I will fall.

"But where is your sacrifice? are you worthy of my life."

Draw me close don't let me go

Lift me over the wall

Help me now

My all in all.

"The spirit is strong but the flesh is weak."

Strengthen me with your word

So I can speak

Of a love so tender

A love so divine

One that gave it all

The only one that can save me

From the fall.

Of a mighty warrior

A King with many crowns.

The world cannot see you

They mock you like a clown.

But your word is eternal

Mysterious in its ways

To bring your Kingdom and your glory

O Ancient of days.

How can

How can a man be born again when he is old?

I posed myself the question Not feeling very bold.

Unless a man be born of water and the Spirit he can't know the truth has no place in it.

Flesh is flesh

Spirit is spirit.

Marvel not

To be born again is to be like the wind

No one knows its direction you hear the sound

Then it's gone

Not leaving

Just reflecting.

How can these things be

How can this be done?

Art thou a master a teacher of babes

If you don't know these things how can you be saved.

We speak what we know and testify what we see

Ye receive not our witness

Can you agree?

He speaks of earthly things and you cannot perceive

If I spoke of heavenly things how could you believe.

No man has ascended up to heaven but the witness has come

And as the serpent was lifted up in the wilderness even so must the Son.

Not to condemn

But that the world may be saved.

Not by might, nor by power...

I rant, and I rave.

But men loved darkness more than light..

A fond farewell

And I bid you goodnight.

Valentine

Courtly love

Erotic desire

Champagne and burgundy

Hearts set on fire

From princely courts

To peasants abode

The language of love...

Now,

Don't kiss a toad!

Insurance

Insurance can be a tort.

They take the premiums year after year, but when you claim you may hear-

O dear.

You didn't disclose this or that.

It's in clause such and such, of our insurance act.

Sorry, we don't have to pay.

If you read the contract it's clearly displayed.

They refuse on a technicality but I think it is daylight robbery.

There should be a law to stop it in its tracks.

If they don't pay out

You should get all your premiums back.

Invention

There's this amazing invention

It's called a heart:

When tuned correctly sets us apart.

Can discern evil

Can discern good.

If only we use it

The way we should.

Crafty admiration

I'm so excited

What's the game?

Hanky panky

Where's the shame?

I love to love you baby

That will pass.

I like it both ways

Full of class!

Like a virgin

That didn't last.

Ultimately for some

A pain in the arse.

Fall in the trap

Get the shaft..

But I have to admire

The skill of their craft.

Slayer

Evil slays the wicked:

Have you heard?

They bring it on their own head;

It's Written in His Word.

The slayer slays himself:

How absurd.

His ways are not our ways,

He is higher than the earth.

His thoughts are not our thoughts,

How can we know our worth?

He exalts the humble,

Puts the proud in their place.

As for the wicked,

They seal their own fate.

What!

I heard something 2nd hand but believe it is a fact

In the school my daughters friend works at

They have kitty litter in the toilet

For those who identify as a cat!

Happy birthday

When walking through the mall today I was reminded of something I couldn't miss,

Bumped into Izzy, she told me it was your birthday!

I could have given her a kiss.

Mother of four, adored, by all, who see your heart.

Carrying that ancient flame that set your kin apart.

Gifted to the little ones, passed down through generations.

To see the fruit you have produced fills me with admiration.

Well Matt, you knew where it was at, taking Hanna as your bride.

A wise move, the family you have, should give you the best sort of pride.

Thank you Izzy, the best big sister, your a real beaut.

Thoughtful, intelligent, loving, and cute.

Keep eyes on Eleanora, my words cannot describe, the beauty I behold, when I look into her eyes.

First son Filippo, a boy of few words; but his talents can't be missed.

With his good looks, and lovely lips, I am sure you'll get a very nice kiss.

Last but not least, Leonardo, the latest to the fold....

Once more you've done it,

Perfect to behold.

I don't know what to give you

But this I'd like to say:

May the Lord bless you and keep you all,

And continue to light your way.

Happy birthday.

Hear again

It's here again, comes around another year.

Last year the sewer line broke, I didn't miss the irony!

This year is all about love....

A family event!

Gorblimey.

Nothing is sacred,

Look what they stole.

At the end of their rainbow

Is a filthy black hole.

Love this, love that....

Put your furs on....

Love the cat.

Love her, love him....

It's a total freak show.

Where to begin.

They put on corruption,

Sow the seed,

Eat the poison and see where it leads.. ..

Hear again,

Proud is out.

Proud is out.

They prophesy their future.

Have no doubt.

Heritage

There was a woman

A funny little thing

Bare feet old nylon dress

Like Orzi, couldn't sing.

Bad B.O.

Oysters were her fame

Only pearl amongst them

That was the claim.

Devoted to her husband

But never wore a ring.

To her friends she was everything.

She could drink like a fish and swear like a trooper

Joke like a barmaid

She really was super.

Given the gift of the Fathers heart

After two breakdowns

A new life she did start.

Honest as the days were long, confident in the words of the son.

Leaving behind the sins of the past, working for treasure destined to last.

When she passed some years ago

Wanted no one at the burial.

She said: "it's just a carcass going into a hole."

"After three days have a service in the Chapel to praise the Lord."

So that's what we did

And everyone balled.

Not tears of sadness but tears of joy!

I know this is true

I am her little boy.

A step closer

Come join the fun!

Family friendly,

Feel the love..

Bring the kiddies along,

There'll be face painting too!

Join us,

Enjoy the view.

Bring your money,

Have a ball..

Another generation,

Closer to the fall.

Phobic

Couped up, trapped inside these walls.

I sit here in the dark, I see something crawl!

When I turn on the tele I am utterly appalled.

Can't go near the window, feel I'm gonna fall.

I go out into the street, when all is quite, no one to meet,

Just when I think I might be in luck,

I feel uneasy at the sight of a duck.

Lucky for others, as I can't take a shower,

So I sit here alone and count the hours,

And worry that maybe when I am gone,

Someone might forget, and send some flowers.

Psychologists and pills,

Still no life,

God help me!

I am in strife.

Dreamer

Am I just a dreamer

Do I have a clue

How I love your precepts

And every thing you do

How could I not believe

Only you are true

I can't change the world

But let me be like you.

What it's all about

What's it all about
What are we here
Will we ever learn the truth.

Loud and proud some stand
Others take offence
Ruthless masters rule the world
Deafness in defence.

Out on our own
Foraging on the fence.

Love to overcome
Our foes
Remember no offence
Diamonds under pressure
Shining in the night.

Doing His will
Coming to the light
All will be revealed
Unified by fright.

A few good men

I know a few good men
Not part of the crowd
There to lend a hand
When no one is around
Standing tall
Not backing down
Not out to pick a fight
Just getting on with their job
Doing what is right
Considering the lowly
Answering the call
Working in the shadows
Lifting those that fall
Closer than a brother
Can be these merry men
The glue to our existence
Foundational
True gems
Hear today
We pass away
In the end
Will they rise
To their surprise
A few good men.

Complicated

It's complicated
Everything's out there.

Contemplating Interpretations
Leaving some despair.

Who really knows?
Who has it right.

I search for the answers
Deep into the night.

The rock is the foundation
Of this I am sure.

I've seen it on the streets
Witnessed by the poor.

I heard of it in churches
While bums warmed the seats
But as for a faithful man
Not many do I meet.

I hope they are out there
Walking with the crowd
Not raising their voices
Or praying out aloud.

Blind servants
With humble disregard
For the evil that enthroned itself
And the reality at large.

Certain in the knowledge that truth will find a way...

I wonder if I am right

Or have I too,

Been led astray.

Silence

Seasons come, Seasons go, should it seem strange.

Your thoughts always on my mind, What has changed?

I am all alone like an empty soul.

No inspiration, fallen in a hole.

I don't have the answer,
Maybe I do?

Something I have done...
Have I upset you?

What is the question that needs to be raised?

Silence in the answer, am I deranged.

Hell in a handbag has come to the earth.

My Spirit is strong but weakened by dearth.

I'll never leave you, forsaking my way,

I'll will long for you,
What more can I say.

Reflecting

I've been through a few seasons,
All came to an end.

From the gutter to the gatepost,
You always were my friend.

At times I abandoned you,
Went on my merry way.

But you never left me,
I just went astray.

In good time you called me,
With a forceful nudge...

Reminding me to have no doubt,
All actions shall be judged.

Now, with your love, you guided me,
Up to this very day.

Is this season ending?

It's been fun,

I have to say.

Yoked

You can't be unequally yoked.

To me it's almost beyond a joke!

When the truth finally unfolds,
I wonder where He'll find the gold?

Not in the likely places, seven eyes see...

Is it in the mouth of anyone who thinks: "look at me."

The word of truth,
It makes a sound...

But still humanity is spiralling down..

Why may I ask, are we going this way?

All the whoredoms, are on display..

The words tell the story: like Shittim; back in the day.

Who can glory? when their soul is swept away.

Falling in a trap, taken by the waves..

I believe that our forefathers would be rolling in their graves.

Abandoning the One, who came to save...

Turning from his precepts, so we can have the stage.

Where are we headed?

What comes next?

Better be under His wing, when He puts us to the test.

You know, He takes on all our sin..

Into His Kingdom, cannot come in.

But hear, they are, crucifying Him all over again..

Using his name, bringing down shame.

Jesus will save us, let Him take the blame.

It's a Spiritual battle, don't be surprised;

Just like the flesh,

His Spirit will rise.

With fervent heat-He, will slay the foe.

Into ashes, they shall go.

From those ashes...

Others will rise.

Yes my friends,

Don't be surprised.

What we have now, is digging its own grave..

Abandoning the Prince,

To become a slave.

Come back...

While there's time.

Seek repentance

You are mine.

Controversial

In the year one thousand and twenty,
Cnut was in power...

Supporting the church,
Pagans devoured.

Around the same time,
The Slavs were told...

The Saviours reign was beginning to evolve.

From the throne
His righteousness spread...

Confirming His reign,
To the corners of the earth.

Giving dominion, with this new birth.

Could this have been the thousand year reign?

If it was, we are in for some pain..

As pagan doctrines once again show..

Where good is evil, and evil is good..

Where bitter is sweet, for the misunderstood..

Have we come to a fork in the road?

Where Deception is cruel..

Where the truth is not told.

The word of God doesn't lie.

Search the scriptures and find out why.

I am the good shepherd:

You are my flock.

Come into my pasture,

Away from the rot.

Tariffs

Tariffs:

A political game.

They turn on the tap,

Then shut it again.

Who do they want

Who do they hurt.

Who's to blame?

We had a flirt.

The heart

In the heart of the city
I see beautiful people..

The clock towers broken,
Tall buildings eclipse the steeple.

Not a hair that shouldn't be there
Perfectly attired,
Clean and white.

It had to be admired.

Not a blemish or imperfection to see.

Amazing, for a river rat, like me.

I seen the beggar,
Paper cup in his hand...

Looking less glamorous,
Kneeling,
Head bowed,
Least able to stand.

I wondered about the whitewashed tombs..

And thought that eventually he might get a room.

Show me the boy

Show me the boy I'll show you the man,

I guess it must have been part of your plan?

Two brothers, Forged in short time..

The elder watched for the younger,

Both divine.

Cute little faces

Questions and games

Two different souls

One of the same.

So much potential

At this tender age

The burdens of life should not be engaged.

But that's what you do..

When there's no body else

So the boy is a man

It's self defence.

Keep on keeping

When everyone fails

Did he have enough?

No one knows.

We thought was fine

I prayed for him twice

We spoke on the phone

He seemed alright..

So why jump from the thirty fifth floor?

Was the burden to great

Did we all ignore?

Communities failure?

The burden is mine.

I sat on my arse

Thinking everything's fine..

To lazy to travel or pick up the phone

Content in my contentment

Cosy all alone.

Now is to late

Potential has died.

A fifteen year old carcass

Good for the flies.

The plague

Hear, I am in a maze..

Caught between something and the Ancient of days.

I am hoping, he will come through...

So I will stay steadfast and trust in truth.

The pull is strong..

I am in a haze...

Release me gently, to avoid the plague.

Back to work

Cash flow stopped

I hear a little hissing..

Then I realised what's been missing...

Back to work I go...

I'll sit, to tired to stand.

Give me the hours,

My life is in your hands.

Conversion

Oxymoron, what can I say?

A double entendre

Please explain!

True dichotomy has taken the stage..

Who's changing who?

A finking outrage.

Everywhere

Look to the left..

Look to the right..

Lies and Deception

Tucked out of sight.

Listen to this,

Listen to that..

It all sounds okay,

Then it falls flat.

What is a man supposed to do?

Follow the leader...

Not the fools.

Deception is deep.

We gave it control.

We'll need more than a shovel

To get out of this hole.

Who

Who crowns us with loving kindness,
Satisfies our mouth with good things.

Who executes righteousness,
And all creation sings.

Who forgives all iniquities,
Heals all disease.

Bless the Lord
O my soul
In you I am set free.

Forget not his benefits,
They are of old.

Who redeems you from destruction and the bullshit that's been told.

Who restores our youth, as we age, into eternity,

Where the fruit gets sweeter,

On the vine,

By lamps they are seen.

Ripened to the full,

Matured and refined;

Tendered by the masters hand,

Prepared for the new wine.

Ready for the feast-

Ready for the bride.

What happened to Easter?

What happened to Easter

Where did it go

A light to the world

It bathed in its glow.

Now just a shadow

Dim and dark

Seduction completed

A cunning work of art.

Why be surprised

Why care at all.

The truth becomes a myth

A lie proceeds the fall.

Sweet becomes bitter

Right becomes wrong.

Is it time for the remnant

To sing a new song?

The Lord is my God.

The Lord is my God:

Why dismayed?

Am I wrong,

Have I gone astray?

Am I convicted by what has been sold..

Is seeking your glory now somewhat old.

I ponder, I question...

The answers arise...

What is the truth?

Where does it lie?

Execute true judgement,

Show mercy, compassion, every man to his brother,

Don't oppress the widow, the poor, or your mother,

The fatherless, the stranger, (going okay so far, might be out of danger?)-and don't imagine evil in your heart against your brother.

But who is my mother, who is my brother? (Can I get out?)

I see the scriptures leave me no doubt.

The thoughts are still there,

Am I through

I didn't refuse to hearken,

I don't think I stopped my ears,

My heart is not an adamant stone,

You've witnessed all my tears.

But hear, I lay uncertain

Offences may be few

Others may say for certain

My hope is in you.

I want to be an old man in the city of truth.

Staff in my hand,

Living proof.

Now for hire...

Man and beast.

The remnant of his people

To be released.

War

War has come

Who can win.

Lord Almighty

Remove all sin.

Who is right?

Who is wrong?

Who can sing

A brand new song.

The harvest is white

But the labourers are few.

Who can see,

What to do.

Looking for signs,

In the stars,

In the sun-

Believing that soon their saviour will come.

Seeing righteousness in the war, interpreting prophesy believing their sure.

See wickedness on display..

Believing from the evil, they'll be taken away.

Me

I don't know.

But this is for sure-

We should all fear him.

The writings on the wall.

I lay here in wonder

As the rains falling down

We really have desecrated

The Lord's holy ground..

Seek him with all the heart

It's not a time to feel bold.

Search the scriptures from the start...

The story has been told.

Who could

Who could open the seven seals,

Who could understand.

I hear many proclamations!

Sounding like the thoughts of man.

Is there something subtle,

To keep us from the truth?

Who could really know,

We dimly look for proof.

There are many theories,

That come out of the book...

Any many may sound plausible,

If you don't bother to look..

Rapture is common-

In the church today..

Nothing will happen to us,

Jesus will take us away!

Not in the tribulation?

I don't think this is real.

Read when the seals are opened...

The fifth one-where we plead.

Death is a transition,

One we all must face.

Beware of your position,

In this dirty little race.

Wisdom

The old man in his hospital bed,

This wisdom he did impart-

Don't waste an erection,

And never trust a fart.

Waste places

Build the old waste places,

Raise up the foundations of many generations.

Repair the breach,

Restore the streets...

That we may dwell.

Don't turn your foot away,

Honour the holy day...

Don't find your own pleasure,

Or speak your own words..

He will cause us to ride the high places...

If we honour the Lord.

He will guide us continually,

Satisfy our soul in drought.

Like a watered garden,

Who's waters never fail,

His light will dawn in darkness,

And make darkness as noonday.

Share your bread with the hungry,

Bring to your house the poor,

Cover the naked,

Hide yourself no more.

Undo the heavy burdens,

Let the oppressed go free.

Break every yoke,

To Him,

Will glory be.

Jerusalem

Where is this Jerusalem?

I heard it in a song.

I thought of its prosperity,

And what it had become..

I heard of its fame,

But it was nowhere to be found..

So I had to wonder,

Where is this holy ground.

Is it the city

Where angels dare to tread,

Is it some delusion,

Rattling around in my head.

I couldn't see it on the earth,

But could I be so bold,

To think that it is waiting,

In the spirits of men of old.

So I am encouraged,

In the hope that it will rise,

Descending with the ancients,

Each from his tribe.

The line is cast,

The measurements told.

The streets like glass,

Of pure gold.

The spirit wars against the flesh,

The flesh against the spirit.

When it's found,

Jerusalem,

We will know that we are in it.

Comfort or delusion,

It's all a work of art...

To have the key to the kingdom,

Locked inside the heart.

See

See the son?

He's the one.

He is the bread of life,

Come,

Eat him,

He'll keep you out of strife.

They shall never hunger,

They shall never thirst.

But you don't believe..

You need to see him first.

Not some counterfeit phoney behind a peice of glass..

They mock you with nonsense,

Like it's flowing out their arse.

All the Father gives him will come,

His sheep will hear his voice.

He will lead them to green pastures,

Is there really any choice?

He will not cast them out,

By the Father he was sent,

That he should lose nothing.

He's coming to collect the rent.

Babylon will be threshed,

The fields as white as snow...

The treacherous ones have dealt treacherously..

Not allowing my people to go.

He will have them in derision,

They will fall into their own trap..

The poor will see it, and think-

Fancy that.

How to get on board,

How to see his grace...

I'll leave that to the master,

He has a time and place.

I don't say it is easy,

The path is straight and narrow,

And Don't be discouraged while on the road,

You cop some slings and arrows.

Nothing could harm him.

He led the way...

And this is his promise-

He will raise it up on the last day.

Joy to the world

Brothers and sisters

Give a holy shout!

The King rules in Zion

Let his Spirit rout.

Slavery

They abolished global slavery in 1948..

What's been happening since that date?

The global system really takes the cake.

Still working for the man, to get dinner on our plate..

Yes, here we are, the bold and the free..

Providing all the pleasures,

Paid by you and me.

Borrow for this, Borrow for that.

The usury system has got us in a trap.

Working now,

It's what you have to do..

And if your lucky,

Before you die,

You can play a round or two.

From the cradle to the grave,

Now paying until we are dead.

If you think they abolished slavery you have rocks in your head.

Free to do this,

Free to do that..

Keep them in employment,

Make it harder to be sacked.

Sap a lot of profit,

Give a little back,

Use the rest for what we like,

For wars and shit like that.

Yes, they may wonder,

Even bitch and moan.

But we have the power,

We can take what they owe.

Put them on the street,

Treat them with contempt.

But if they follow the rules,

Can stay cosy in their bed.

You can have your freedom,

You can do it your own way.

Just remember who you serve,

And make sure that you pay.

Money comes from nothing,

Ledgers in a bank.

Created to control the masses.

No one knew it stank.

If you believe they abolished slavery and set the people free,

Well, it may be possible,

You are more deluded than me.

Righteousness

Righteousness reign.

Where is the gain?

Caught in an evil time..

Clock is ticking

Everyone is fine..

The truth stands aside...

Wickedness doesn't hide..

Spell is cast..

People are mad.

Seduced and raped,

By lies and Deception..

Stopping the blessing-

Missing the resurrection.

What comes next?

God only knows.

Don't be the one

Without the right clothes.

613

To understand what Paul said...

We must understand what Paul read.

The two greatest commandments, multiplied...

Five for your neighbour,

Five for God.

Multiplied to find his love...

Your righteousness is everlasting,

Your law is truth,

Your justice eternal,

Your instructions perfectly true.

Find the truth,

Cast out sin.

Six hundred and thirteen elaborate on the ten,

Guided into all truth...

With two it begins.

What's 'is name

What is His name?

If I think to much it might drive me insane.

The Deception is in.

The spells been spun.

But it doesn't change the truth.

And what he's done.

His yoke is easy,

His burden is light.

Brothers against brothers..

A pit-full site.

He makes it clear...

Belly laughter...

He is what He is,

He is the Father.

"There is no one else.

The glory is mine.

I will not share it with another.

Come little children,

Graft onto the vine
The fruit is sweet
And the love
Divine."

Rort

Today I am really distraught.

I search for truth and find a rort.

Twisted scriptures for blind eyes..

I still wonder why I am surprised.

He sums them up with critical prose...

Now their stench is up my nose.

Feathered corporations;

Making children slaves.

The wickedness so glaring,

It has got me quiet enraged.

Gloss and glitter,

No substance to be found.

Building on foundations,

Destined to come down.

Give us your money..

Lambs to the slaughter.

Sweet, my honey.

Making promises they can't declare..

It's all a big vanity fair.

The Feast of first fruits comes straight after passover...

Follow their way..

Spells disaster.

Leading the flock with fiction and lies..

I saw it, and started to cry.

Mocking His commandments in the name of His son..

Slaves till the grave, is what we become.

First Fruits is an offering to God.

Giving true thanks for what is to come...

Declaring His goodness,

To Him we display,

So, in true worship, we give Him praise.

That's what He asked.

These seem depraved.

(In vain they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.)

I feel for all, caught in their trap..

Come to Papa...

Get your lives back.

Tithe.ly

What a joy it is to serve the Lord!

Follow us we teach the world.

Give ten percent,

Be blessed.

It's only a minimum,

Do your best..

Give to us,

It's what you do..

We will grow the kingdom for you..

Build with us and spread the word,

We will proclaim all our good works..

The best is yet to come!

Don't forget the building fund and your first fruits.

It must be the best!

For you we root..

Hear: at thith.ly, we can take control..

We have free online giving tools..

To rip out their soul..

Sing up for free stuff..

We'll blind your eyes.

Using your wealth for another's demise.

We are marketer,

Team builder,

Part family man-

Phone burner,

Publisher..

AI non profit, Understand.

Generosity is what we desire-

We have brainstorming meetings,

That set us on fire...

Pour it down,

We can't be in arrears.

Now,

For Gen Z, we have nine welcoming ideas!

Top ten best giving platforms,

Top ten apps..

I could go on.

Can you see their rats?

The tithing command is in Deuteronomy 26.

But they've twisted it around,

The cunning little wicks..

It's a year for giving...

That comes every three years.

Not every Sunday,

For our itchy ears.

Stored over that time,

Not put on display.

Then giving to needy that live by our gate.

The priest,

The fatherless,

The widow,

Your mate.

Where was that preached?

That's old.

We are new.

Well I am thinking,

That your days are through.

Even now the axe is laid at the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

Imitators

Who are the imitators of God?

Who walks around in his love?

If Christ so loves you you will know...

And as an offering it will show.

No uncleanliness.

Foolishness?

Of coarse..

No covetous,

Idolater..

From them he is divorced.

Empty words deceive..

Son's of disobedience..

Still do not believe.

Partakers with them..

Turn darkness into light,

Sweet into bitter..

But the Spirit is always right-

His fruit is goodness, righteousness, and truth.

By their fruits you shall know them..

He has all the proof.

Unfruitful works of darkness are to be exposed.

Shameful secrets a stench in the nose.

Smoke in the eyes,

Spat in the face..

Their end will be swift..

They can't see there fate.

Awake you who sleep

Arise from the dead

Walk circumspectly

Spirit led

Not as fools

Be wise

For the time is evil

But we shall arise.

Exalt

I will praise your name:

Faithful and True...

And sing of all the things you do.

A fortified city you make a ruin...

Never to be rebuilt.

The stones are strewn.

Songs are heard to the ends of the earth-

"Glory to the righteous!"

Woe is me!

The treacherous ones have dealt treacherously!

Comes your rebuke:

The fear;

The pit;

The snare.

O inhabitants of the earth:

Upon your the bear.

Reel like a drunkard..

Totter like a hut..

Punish the exalted ones

Knock them off their perch..

Bring the lofty down...

The kings of spin and merch..

Gathering people together,

Prisoners in the pit..

They will be punished after many days,

You can be sure of it.

Then the moon will be disgraced,

The sun will be ashamed.

And he will reign gloriously...

Releasing from the cage..

The appointed time

He comes.

Reigning from Mount Zion

Exalted as one.

Another's eyes

If I could see through your eyes,

I wonder what I'd see?

Would it be a surprise,

Could It provide empathy?

How would I respond,

If I was in the know?

Maybe it might help me,

If I saw like you do,

Or, like a nightmare,

I'd lose my love for you.

Would it make me happy,

Could It make me grim?

Best I never see,

The secret lies within.

Current affairs

Current affairs..

Just have a look.

Open your eyes,

Their there in the book.

Did you notice they changed the memorial day?

Cut of the blessing!

As the multitudes pray.

A cunning move..

A slight of hand..

For on that day he could command..

It wasn't the Lord's holy day.

He spat in his face when he went on to say-

The

Devil

O

Vain.

Instead of letting Jesus rise...

Exalt the queer!

They bring their own demise.

Christendom fell for it-

Just another day..

Wolves in sheeps clothing have led them astray.

Why are you bleating?

God's on the job!

Well, for some perverse reason, he's called on a slob.

I didn't ask for it,

Who is who?

But it's something I am must do-

There's no soundness in it,

Just putrifying sores.

It needs binding up,

The decision is yours.

I am a slow learner.

I should know better.

But for three years now,

I've been on the same letter.

But this I think

Must be true?

The cunning system is completely screwed-

And unless we get the truth back-

The house will fall.

I seems a fact.

Even now it may be to late-

Is that the axe,

Tapping on the gate?

High Sabbath coming soon

Can't miss it

It's on the full moon.

I am not here to lead anyone astray.

Just a looney,

Having his say.

Isaiah 24:5

Little lamb

Mary had a little lamb it's fleece as white as snow,

And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to the altar one day,

And on it, it was slain.

Not a blemish, not a spot-

Mary loved that lamb.

Can you feel her pain?

A Father had a son,

Perfect in every way.

He always did what his Father did,

Walking in his ways...

He sent him to his vineyard,

To the husbandmen-

To collect the pay...

But when the husbandmen seen the son,

Like the lamb they did slay..

What will the Father do?

to those,

That killed his son!

He will utterly destroy them.

He is-

The Almighty One.

The trap was set,

They didn't understand.

He gave his son,

A sacrifice-

To cleanse and heal the land.

The body they broke,

The blood they split..

Comes back upon their head.

Prophesied in the scriptures,

Now written in red.

What's with the sacrifice?

I don't understand.

If Mary's lamb seems barbaric,

Think about the man.

Like a lamb to the slaughter..

To the altar he was led..

Nailed there for all to see,

Until he was dead.

A curse

Hung on a tree.

Why would a Father do such a thing?

Is was for you and me.

Unlike the lamb,

The stories grand!

On the third day He did rise!

The Father's plan to heal the land,

Revealed to the wise...

The veil now torn in two,

Access has come...

This is why

He came to die

So we

In Him

Could be as one.

Glory and honour belong to Him-

For everything He's done.

If we deny him
He denies us too.

Suffering we may account,

This is nothing new

But with His Holy Spirit...

His word will guide us through.

Maybe the time is short?

Maybe the suffering long...

But don't get caught

In the sport

Of Crucifying

His Son.

The cheer leader

We are the anointed one,
Hide with us from the wrath to come!

We have prophets
Pastor's
Priests..

Yes
In them
You'll find relief..

Now risen from the grave
You no longer will be slaves..

We can tell you what to do..
With the blood
We drink anew..

Drink it down
A bitter pill
Great results
When you have your fill..

Follow us
It's much more fun
You can even take it
Up the bum..

With seven heads
And many crowns
We can bring the people down..

Murders

From the start
We rebirth
The Ancient art..

He warned you
It would be this way
If from His precepts
You did stray.

I know that our time is short
And from the wheat the chaff is sort...

Burned with unquenchable
Fire...

But don't let on
It's our desire..

We are master's of slavery
With our permission
You can take a pee..

The plan has been a little slow
Now in control
We're on the go..

Infiltrated hearts and minds
Blocked their ears and sent them blind..

Listen to what we say
We are the truth
The life
The way..

The Deception isn't about to stop
We'll have prophets talking rot..

They will fool all
But a few
The remant will know
Who is who.

Antitechnology

Has antitechnology sent me blind,

O, how easy it is today...

It was meant to be this way.

Has antitechnology stolen my worth?

It's my rebirth.

It Lord's itself...

I rush in.

Not understanding,

The perils begin..

As poets, (and people), we all should know-

Something within us

Gives us the flow.

Merely writers,

In this story of life,

It is the director's,

That bring, that bring out the light.

Or maybe it's dark..

I don't finance the show.

We are all free to go,

Wherever we go.

Thing that's really bugging me,

Is few get antitechnology...

Like the mirror

It divides

Abolishes slavery.

Who is wise?

A subtle guide through highs and lows,

A constant companion no one knows...

And when the powers out..

Will speak softly

Making it clear

That antitechnology

Can also hear.

Antitechnology,

I do love.

Awesome in power...

Gentle as a dove.

Happy birthday Dave!

Mighty few

Not surprised to see it maybe there is nothing new.

The story told from days of old related to me and you.

The promise gave the duty paid to those who went with him.

The battles fought the lessons taught,

Happening again.

Who goes up
After slavery...

Who will slay them giant's from the mountains to the sea.

Who will possess the land promised from the start.

Who will face the judgement for foolishly losing heart.

Walking ever forward,
Paying our due.

Not robbing our neighbours..

Slaughtering for you.

Defeating our enemies.

The strong and mighty few...

It's happened before...

Now done anew...

And just as in the days of old the righteous one comes through...

At His command we take the land...

Be prepared
O mighty few.

What's it like

What's it like to live a life free of guilt and sin...

What does he call that place, and where does it begin.

It is the new Jerusalem,

Dwelling in the heart...

Lo,

If you find it...

It is a work of art...

You'll know when you get there everything is free.

Providing all needs,

With joyfulness,

In deeds...

Banished is the slavery that once ruled our kind..

Exalted as rulers:

Freedom we provide...

It looks nothing like the world..

And this kingdom will grow...

And He will have the glory...

And everyone will know.

Is it

Is it a time
To receive
All of the wealth
Of the lands
Of the seas?

Is it a time
To follow the crowd
Seeking glory
Loud and proud..

Is it a time
To get on our knees
To give thanks
For supplying our needs...

Stranger's
Pilgrims
Sojourners on earth...

Waiting
Watching
For the promised new birth...

Coveting the world?

Walking in humility...

Absurd..

Putting our riches in bags with holes?

Working for treasure that can't be stole...

Land and riches
On that day
Will never again
Be taken away...

Kingdom restored
Hear on earth
Is it a time
For rebirth...

Vain

Nations rage,

People plot

In vain.

Kings of the earth:

"Let us break their bonds in pieces and cast away their cords..

'Come, join us..

The kingdom will be yours!"

He who sits in the heavens shall laugh.

Cutting off their source..

He will have them in derision.

Stupefying thoughts.

With wrath and distress

He will lead them with displeasure..

He gave them warning.

He signed and sealed a letter.

He has set His King on mount Zion.

I will declare the decree:

Ask, He gives him the nations,

From the mountains to the sea...

He will break them with a rod of iron,

And dash them to pieces like clay.

'He is coming with vengeance.'

Stay close

Don't get led astray..

Be wise

O kings

Be instructed,

Judges of the earth..

Serve Him with fear,

Serve Him will trembling.

Lest He be angry

And we perish

In the way..

When His wrath is kindled but a little-

Only those ones

Will stay.

Let

Let my walls be salvation,
My gates be praise.

Let you be my brightness,
And the sun be ashamed.

Let you be my glory,
My everlasting light.

Let my mourning be ended,
With righteous delight.

Let my branch be planted,
The work of your hands...

Let a little one become a thousand,
At your command.

Plagiarism

If I write your words
Copy every line...

That would be plagiarism and that would be fine.

If I tried to explain them,
Lead you in the way,

That would be vanity

And vanity doesn't pay.

If I understood your words,
Written on my heart ...

With your inspiration,

I could make a start...

When in meditation,

If Your words start to glow...

I would have no hesitation,

To write that which you show...

I make no plans
Sitting in my den
But in anticipation
I hold a ready pen.

You never stopped surprising...

Should I be taken down?

I'll call it "pagearising"

My foolishness abounds.

Ten days

The tenth day,

When over,

Will finish the fast.

Was that the order

You gave in the past?

Was it not feasting on all you desire?

To give portions to the widow, the stranger, the priest...

Not a time for mourning a time to feast!

Am I wrong

To feel this way?

Anticipating the final day...

I don't want to fall..

In joy is salvation.

You make the call,

With your revelation...

If I was wrong

You are still true-

For I heard you say:

Father, forgive them;

For they know not what they do.

Two aspects

Two aspects

I cannot fight

One for the day

And one for the night.

One for the world

Both for One God.

Both aspects certainly gaze on his love.

As the day fall's and night finds its way,

Another aspect comes to play...

Work with the hands,

Scribe with the pen,

Fruits of labour

Glory

All glory

To-Him.

Who can do anything?

A fool,

I am told-

The meek hear the story.

Bring out the gold.

Disrespectful

I'm not saying you're disrespectful,

I know your not one of those..

Maybe a little forgetful?

Now,

Put away your clothes.

Chess

Life seems like a game of chess,

Be careful with your moves.

Need to take each step cautiously,

Be wise in what we choose.

Blacks a master of the game,

Strategic in his plan.

The king he does conceal,

We never know his hand.

Sacrificial pawns

Taught in the way

The bishops do his bidding

The queen she lurks and prays.

Black takes out the mighty;

And just when he thinks-

I win.

Two white pawns

Reach the other side

And take out his king.

Tech

I hear the story and can't help but laugh

All these people drivin' fancy cars

Automatic

Enjoy the drive

We have the apps

On them we survive.

We are hear for you

We do everything

Track it all-

Peep,peep,peep.....

Knives

The knives are out
The methods are crude
Homicide is up
What can we do?

Give us more powers we'll flush them out..

More powers to keep us safe..

Another step in our disgrace.

Who knows their world?

Who can truly set them free?

Brothers and sisters in the human family.

Just another stumbling block a rock of offence.

Who can save humanity?

Who gives a defence?

The knife makes an incision on their blood they gorge..

Who works the answer

Who can break the curse.

The Word of God
Alive and active
Sharper than any double-edged sword.
Raise up your mighty men

Let your whisper be heard.

The mystery of iniquity

The truth made a lie

The lie is lurking

Why must we die?

The truth is calling

Can anybody hear

It births the nation

When the fools appear.

The righteous nation

Justice on the earth

It will come

Yes my son

I am.

Hear

Two who

Two mummies

Two daddies..

Ban the book!

Has anyone anyone read?

Who's had a look?

"The human rights commission should have something to say!"

Illegal exclusions

That's the way..

Another free kick

Promotion is free!

What is the outcome?

Who will agree?

Death spiral

Who is in the death spiral

Who can't meet the terms

Who will they take down

The rulers of the world

Who will take a cut

Who will not complain

When the sword falls

On those that are to blame

Death spiralling

Numbers out of control

Who are the winners

It's a grubby black hole

Change must come

For better or worse

It's our choice

Blessing or curse.

What's it

What's it all about

Is it about you

Is it about me

About the stranger

Or family

Is it about right

Is it about wrong

Darkness and light

Vibrations just right

About DNA

Secrets Hidden away

Is it about death

About rebirth

Forever returning

Home to earth

The answers to these questions are to high for me.

This is the truth.

There's only One He.

Life after death

Came
Swooning
Spluttering
Hardly a sound
Sanctity gone
Demons now
Seducing my body, my heart, my brain
I couldn't resist the urge was too strong
Holding me tight
Ruthlessly
Controlled
With lovers Deception
A price to pay
more, More, never enough give me my ease
Now is the time
Are you wise
Forever
No spot
Show
I am
Back again
Lord of lords
King of kings
Death to life
Truth in him.

Scribble

I'll have a scribble
Have nothing to write
Maybe something ill comes
Late in the night
By then my head and pen will be down
And after a few I am really a clown
My wife rolls her eyes
Friends drift away
I don't push a barrow
Have little to say

My world is shrinking
Time still flows
From the shadows
He grows.

Dilly-dally

I am sore sure

Dilly-dally can do anything:

Goes to work, scratches his head-brings out his tools for an hour for so.

Packs up.

Away he goes...

Meets a client

Chats for an hour

Tries to talk his way out of the job,

Nice old man;

It'll cost him a bob.

Drives half an hour to town

To have a feed and look around

Visits his favourites

Likes that a lot...

Greeting familiar faces

Smiling in the crowd-

Makes his day

He has to say...

Of wasting time, he is proud.

Drives another hour back to the shed:

Loads up for tomorrow (yes he remembered his pen).

Sat back in his favourite chair

Gives thanks

Has a cry

Knowing tomorrow

Dilly-dally

Will have another try.

But the works not over

He does a 2nd shift

It's the time of the day

When his focus is in.

The work is play

Dilly-dallys tomorrow's

The bills-they'll pay.

He loves hisvwork

Because he loves you.

Without your help

Dilly-dally

Would be in the poo.

Wimps

What wimps they are:

This gutless breed;

Typing out slander for all to read.

Allow a comment or two from their mate..

Then snuff out all debate.

Free speak:

Pardon me;

I'd like to pull out all the weeds.

But that would be costly, just let them grow.

When the reaper comes he will know.

Can I pick them apart strand by strand?

I can see a cunning hand.

Most are just foolish

They don't know

Just agreeing with what's on show.

Not understanding the dread or the fear...

All cursed with itchy ears..

The road is wide

For those are led

By the prophets of the dead.

Laying their cockless eggs

So the vipers can be fed.

Nor engaging with the truth

Feeding on rotten fruit.

What are they afraid of?

Looney tunes?

They can hide.

There are those who stay and play

To them I wish a very nice day.

Did it

After two days of prep, and scratching my head,
To day was the day I jumped out of bed.

Cruised down River...
It was a beautiful day.

No more excuses, I must find a way...

8x4 iron bark, 16' in length,
Is hard to wrestle,
If you ain't got the strength!

But I got it in, new planks fastened down,

The wharf stays open!

My reputation is sound.

Six hours straight, no rest for me.

I did stop twice, to have a pee.

My back is aching,
Nuts are sore,
That's what I do,
I don't know anymore.

Now back at the shed, with a bourbon and coke,

I think I'll reward myself and have a smoke...

Give thanks For the day
That's what I do

Because when I need Him
He always come through.

Tentacles

Spreading through nations
Misery and death.

War in the making
Peace bereft.

Invading continents
Ready to overthrow.

What is the answer
Does anyone know?

How did we let fester
This evil disease?

Did we invite it
With all of our ease?

Were we complacent
Fooled By the foe?

Their end will come swiftly
Let it be so.

Puzzle

Am I confused
Trying to make sense
The avenue narrows
Now there's a fence
Scattered puzzles
At the pieces I stare
The order illusive
My brain isn't there
The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak
Drowsy now
I'll have a sleep.

Please

Please forgive me Lord
I know not what I do.

Let your face shine on me

Help me, to be like you...

Forgive me Lord

I fall short

My flesh is not divine..

Help me Lord
In all my ways
So in me you can shine.

Who knows their path to salvation?

Only you can tell...

Where is Your dwelling place?

You search the depths of hell..

Your the One
Who holds the keys
Life is in your hands.

Many there are that disagree
How can we understand.

The love you have for your creation...

How you gave your only Son...

So He could heal the nations

And bring wickedness undone.

Only you can tell the story

How it will unfold...

To fill the earth with Your glory

To you we sell our souls.

Games

What is clear

Dark or light

Shadow speak

Incongruous delight

From the pit

A megaphone

Salubrious ways

Still every dog

Has its day

Lies mystic

Devoid of proof

Light expells darkness

Whereas in truth

Darkness is

A big black hole

A cerebral vortex

Sucking the soul.

In the shadows can there be light?

I ponder the question who is right

If it was clear it may show

In muddy waters

Can only see the flow.

Judge

I heard him say

Will you judge

I poured out my heart

I want to be love

Don't let me judge

Don't let me judge

I want to be love Lord

I want to be love.

He is gracious

I know

Opening eyes

The veil lifted

Now no disguise...

A frail frame

Filled with light

Can once again

Be His delight.

Where is it

We search the stars
Dig deep underground

But where is it?

It can't be found.

No mention can be made of coral or quartz..

It's much too valuable

It can't be bought.

Where is it?

Can it be found...

Not in the land of the living..

Understanding is not with the proud.

Gold or crystal can't equal it

Can't be exchanged for jewellery or fine gold

Was it in the wealth of the ancients

Back when its story was told

Where does it come from?

Where is its rest?

Behold, it says-

The fear of the Lord

Is wisdom at its best.

Economics

They call it black
But their far from white!

I have no problem
Full of delight...

They screw us in the hole
Herding us in
For total control..

The global economy, to me, it sucks..

So I search for another...

I am in luck!

It's not about money

That will come

It's about working with integrity

Helping your mate

Looking after the widow

And not expecting a date.

Sharing with caring

The things we hold

Understanding the blessings, and the promises told...

About doing what is good for the soul...

And rejecting the lure

Of the economic black hole..

Chips

Chips in our fridges

Chips in our cars

Chips in our ovens

Chips in the stars

Chips in most things

That's what I read

You will know the end is nigh

When they put chips in our head.

Ratios

The ratios have risen from days of old

Silver was 16-1, in its buying power to gold

A home was $4 \frac{1}{5}$ x the average annual wage, now it's 14 x, not affordable at this range

The wage gap has widened

Averages are too high

Distorted by the few

Who's packages are sky high

Alcohol and tobacco the poor man's friend

Well, we can't have that

Tax it until they end

Gas, electricity, petrol, and food

Corporate profits rising

Savers left nude

The rich get richer

As the middle class fades away

Don't worry

You'll own nothing but be happy

That's what I heard Klaus say

The borrower is servant to the lender

A highway has been pathed

And all of us upon it

Are driven to be slaves.

Who's who

Who is who

Have we met

I only hear you on the net

Jill could be jack

Mary chose to be Peter

It's hard to see

Out here in the ether

Are you a child

Or 80 years old

You can be who you want

Room to evolve

Fact or fiction

It all has its place

Technology now moving

At a rapid pace

You may not even be human

If I may be so bold

Use the system

And print what they sow

I take it at face value

The truth is sometimes hard to see

But I am just a number

I might not be me

Now don't take it personal

I know you are true

And if your not

Well, that's up to you

I am not suggesting

I have my doubts

Just another thought

I could write about

X

Nothing

For nothing I strive
With nothing I go
Without nothing
How can I know

Delusions of something
Cloud my mind
Now with nothing
They run and hide

Nothing is something
Now I see
With nothing
Glory be.

Boggo road

A girl saved me
In a previous life
An escapee from boggo road

She hid in the vice
Of the city lights
Where she wouldn't be exposed

She was a tough cookie
Compared to her I had little sin

But we got on
Both on fire
Dartboards for the pin

I worked the days
She worked the nights

Our lifestyle was expensive

I could hardly fight
My Innocence was my might

Without it I was defenceless

An Italian grocer
Was counting a large wad of cash

She gave me a look
That said
Grab it an make a dash

I ignored her and bought some grapes

The grapes were sweet but not to her taste

He was ready for a punk like me

I read it in his eyes

He would have broken my legs

If I was lucky

And flicked me like a flea

I think back on my past

The times I was dead

She saved me once

I am grateful that

I never lost my head.

May be

Con of cons

Better you see

Digits will be

Corruption free

U R

How could it be

That someone like me

Could not be disgraced?

I fumble along with you as my song...

But your peace I sometimes erase..

Why reside with a fool by your side

You inhabit eternity.

What have I done to deserve so much fun?

It sure is a mystery...

But one we become the King and the bum,

Entangled in ecstasy...

Forgive me I pray may I not go astray..

All glory to you must be.

Derbate

How's the States

The felon and his mates take on the machine..

Oh, so slow, soon the drongo will hang out in the breeze..

If ego and his chums shaft him up the bum,

All he'll do is sneeze..

They'll clamp him tight with all their might,

The seed will be released..

What will grow does anyone know?

It could be tragedy..

What will be will be

It seems to me

It's all a little late.

Coming soon

All to hear

Spoofhell in debate.

Customise

Something I now realised
Is it best to be customised...

A generic world leads us astray..

Cheap tricks begin to fray.

Do this..

Don't do that...

Now just upload our app..

Showing all which way to go

Cunning Deception

From head to toe.

The Master sees

And calls His sheep...

Yes, He is the One that gives us meat...

It comes from an eternal glow

With righteousness

His glory flows...

He forms the spirit within the man

And brings him out with His mighty hand...

To inhabit His city

The one that was told

To raise the ruins

From days of old

To shelter His people

From the ruthless and cold..

Can He do this?

He is all wise.

For with fear and trembling

He doth customise.

Don't fall

Don't let us fall

Don't let us fall

Raise us all

Raise us all

The trap is set

The noose is cast

The fruit is ripe

The first are last

When you put your sickle in

Blood will come up to the chin

Who shall fall

Don't drown

When judgement turns to wormwood

Wrath comes down.

Fentanyl

Remember the laughter

Bitter to taste

Days without slumber

Feeling no waste

Long sleeps

Recharge again

Go up a gear

To handle the pain

Consuming passion

Worse than love

Without her

Anxiety and rage

A prisoner

Keys to the cage

The bliss

The romance

Rapped in love

The needy companion

Now see the slum

Mind is awake

Body must crash

Final devotion

Sweet talking trash.

Productivity

Productivities down!

How is it so?

Informations there

AI on the go..

Bit perplexing

We cut out the fat

Better dig deeper

And study that.

Moving forward

Moving forward

Step by step

Wealth to the keeper

The reaper respects

Block by block

Stone by Stone

Building carefully

Seemingly on our own

But others are with him

I have no doubt

When the building is glorified

Praise will ring out.

Companion

I have a new companion

Flashing in the periphery of my sight

Like a shooting star, or an alien

On a very dark night

Sometimes it comes in the light of the day

Like a meteor, or a gremlin

That just wants to play

It doesn't get me down I find it quite fun

And in the process send fear on the run

After decades of experience with these things that play

I understand the power that takes them away

From bruises, to viruses, to failing organs

He has healed my all

Of this I am certain.

And even if they could take my eye sight away

It would most certainly back fire

You know what I say...

My love

My greatest love

The love of my life

She loves me more

Than children and wife

You see, she's so good to me

Although at times hard to read

Alive and active

Her poetry flows

Wisdom unchained

The keys to freedom

She can arrange

With love she took me and held me down

Kissed me sweetly, made me frown

Filled my eyes with bitter tears

Cleansed my heart

Removed my fears

Blinded my eyes so I couldn't see

Stopped my ears

I couldn't plea

Stuck my tongue

Shown me there is only one

Many books distort or fake

But the old king james

Makes no mistakes.

Starlink

Hot spots, dead stops, dropping out

You need starlink, the experts shout

At telstra we can supply starlink cheaper

With 1/3 of the speed!

Mongrels

Skimming off the ether.

The package arrives a 30 day trial

That seemed to be true

No time to smile

It came with no attachment for the roof

That's another \$500

They make we want to puke

Found a local to make a bracket

Saved over half

Now just have to fit the mast

That went okay no real hitch

But running the cable was a real bitch

Up with the Ridge capping into the ceiling

Threading through the cavity

O what a feeling!

Crawling through bats, smelling like vermin dust

I did it myself as theirs no one I can trust

Drilled a hole in the eaves and a hole in the floor

Then struggled to locate them

I thought I couldn't take anymore

Finally finished my side of the job

Then along come the experts to fiddle the nobs

Up and running

Ten times the speed!

It doesn't impress me has nothing I need

Now they can watch continuous shows

And play games till they bleed from the nose

Was it worth it?

In spite of my spite

It will be

If I don't hear expletives deep in the night

But here we are in the afternoon

And I'm not so sure

I hear the sounds of failure

As I try to snore.

Science

It may be a controversial claim

But I think science is lame.

Like a child with a spade

Making sand castles that wash away

Grain by grain uncovering proof but never able to get to the truth.

Are they getting closer?

The Deception is in play..

Science isn't God

And its fruits will decay.

Wine on the lees

A feast of fat things

Of wine on the lees

Full of marrow

Well refined

Unworldly

Divine

Remove the covering

Cast over the people

Veiling the nations

Exalting the steeple

Wipe away tears from all faces

Swallow up death

Leave no traces.

When the rebuke is taken

His people will say

This is our God

It is Him who has saved.

We waited for Him

He wasn't slow

In His mountain his people will know

The hand of the Lord that gave them rest

Made their enemies a dunghill when put to the test.

Stretch out your hands swim right through

Bring down pride and the spoils of its hands

Cleanse the earth and all of its lands

Bring the high walls down and grind them to dust

In His promises you can trust.

Relations

The Chinese president will soon be in Australia

They say, wine and lobster is in favour

Should he surprise us and strengthen relations

By releasing the prisoner

That citizen of our nation.

Donkey

He's ridin on a donkey!

Who'd ride that honkey?

Ain't he comin with silver for gold?

Cast it to the potter

So I am told..

I broke my staff

Beauty and bands

Your not gunna feed em?

My covenant was broken.

The poor that waited will understand

It was the hand of the Lord

Cleansing the land.

What was the offer?

Thirty pieces-

I through them to the potter..

A princely sum if I may be so bold

So it is

We have been sold..

The brotherhoods broken

Foolish shall be

When his voice calls

From the highest degree...

Everyman will eat the flesh of another..

A foolish shepherd..

What's for supper?

River

A pure river

Water of life

Clear as crystal

Out of the throne

No more curse

He makes us a home.

In the midst of the street

Each side of the river

The tree of life

Its fruit from the giver

To heal the nations

Its leaves shall not wither

His servants shall serve Him

And see His face

His name on their foreheads no more disgrace.

There shall be no night

Or light from the sun

God is their light

Glory to the One

He has shown his servants the things that must come.

Behold He comes quickly

Keep the sayings of the book

God we must worship

To Him we must look.

Let each man be as he is still

Behold He comes quickly

A reward has He

Each man's work will be tested

According to their works it shall be.

The alpha and the omega the beginning and end

Blessed are all those that know him as friend.

Hmm

Watching a show with my wife

Called Bosch

The actor playing Doug Rooker had us tossed.

We independently looked him up to find out his name

But guy in the photo wasn't the same!

Wikipedia, across the net..

The wrong face we only met.

Not a big deal in the scheme of things

But bells and whistles is seems to ring

Now I may be wrong

They may be right

Eyes are deceiving

This time of night.

Swords and spears

The sword is against the people

They throw their spears with might

The counter will deliver

Songs in the night.

Singing of the glory of the Ancient One of old...

How He bows the nations

Cast's their silver and their gold..

Beat your swords into plowshares

Your spears to pruning hooks

Bring down the lofty, shame the high looks.

The ox knows its owner the donkey his masters crib...

My people do not consider all taken from the rib.

Brood of evildoers

Corrupters in the way..

Provoking Him to anger.

Go away.

From the soul of the foot even to the head..

No soundness in it

Foolishly led..

Our countries are desolate

Strangers devour the land..

Is it His doing?

Or the work of the hands..

If we cease from evil and learn to do good...

Seek judgement, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow in distress...

Then, from the ashes we will rise,

Though our sins are as scarlet

He will wash us clean

As white as wool

The host supreme.

If we are willing and obedient we shall eat the good of the land...

Hear a little
Their a little
The little understand...

His hand turns against us and purges away the dross,

It's a fearful thing to face the Lord

And many suffer loss.

Redeems with justice, destructed together..

Those who forsake will be consumed

Glory to God

Forever.

The Lord will be exalted on that day...

And all flesh will understand, the life, the truth, the way.

Briers and thorns

How precise is the word of the Lord

His description perfect

The prophesy sure

A blatant Deception

The prophesy stalled

The whole land

Full of briers and thorns

Dig with the maddock

Dwell on the hill

Where butter and honey

Shall be your fill.

One tenth are like the teal tree

From their seeds

The sprouts will see

When His glory

Fills the earth

When righteous judgement

Give new birth

No more death

Enjoy the wineing

Yes my friends

He isn't lying.

The child

I wondered where it came from this passion for a song

And the memories came back

When I was young

Not a sophisticated kid

Liked dunny art

(Maybe that's what sets me apart!)

Rhymes, lyrics, limericks, playing with words

Foul and obnoxious

A polished turd.

The "skill" waned in adult life

Just messing with my children

And annoying my wife

My life took some different turns

Didn't think I would ever return

But hear I am doing what I love

Playing a game

Nows the season

Little rhythm

Little reason

The child reborn

Without the treason...

Redemption call

You can hear it
On the streets
In the halls
High on the mountain
Redemption calls...

Woven in lyrics
Slipped into songs...

Not in the headlights

Not in the throng..

Darkness covers..

Cast in the light...

Sparks from the flame

Hiding his might...

Eternity calling

Theirs from the start

Redemption call

A work of art...

Pretension

Kind of an oxymoron

To look at it seems wrong

Who creates the tension

Is pre right or wrong

The answers to my questions

May never find an end

Now I know

Or may not know

If ever it was my friend.

Dew south

As I looked into the sky at night
The southern Cross was to my right

Two brighter stars sat up above

And from these stars my projections were done

I projected down to the river below

And in the distance a red light, flashed, and glowed

It was that old port marker I drove long ago

Now I know that dew south, is a line from the marker, to the corner of my house..

Wait there!

That's the wrong way!

I am headen' North

So they say.

Going up

Going up!

I hear them say

I hope to God they find the way...

Of one thing we can be sure

He exalts the humble

And raises up the poor.

So wear a smile and not a frown

When he goes up

We must go down.

Caresses

He comes in gently knowing where to start...

No yacht or Bentley,
Caresses at the heart...

Strums it O so gently,

Then smashes it apart.

Eats up the flesh..

Strengthens the bones...

Then put us back together without the heart of stone.

It's a joy and a wonder,

Of that I have no doubt.

Be careful what you kiss though..

The bums are out.

Reigns

The rains descend the floods come..

Climate change!

You, can kiss that bum..

Who is wise to understand?

That fools build their house on sand.

Troubles come that's for sure..

But to the wise man's house they come no more...

They search for his sayings...

Live by his word...

Evil is flaying..

You think it absurd?

But all will understand on that day-

When the iniquity of man is taken away.

Most high

Hear the message sing the song

Pick at the carcass,

Until, Truth comes along...

Down the path:

That rocky road;

Walk on the left..

Kiss a toad..

Step to the right..

The bombs explode!

Many perils on the way;

Donkey don't break your back!

Many fall off the chariot:

Who's a little slack?

On the road it's theirs to find:

Victory in rest;

All troubles left behind;

Who can contest?

Washed in his blood:

Unworthy.

Sealed through faith...

The word of his testimony-

Wisdom and grace.

To know the enigma

To fight for the foe

To sow for a harvest

And ask that it grows...

Forged in the fire

A vessel is cast...

Diamonds, rubies, all precious stones,
The dross removed from the silver and gold!

Bring out a vessel fit for the King:

The bride

Most High

His signet ring.

Lord God Almighty you sit on the throne.

Glory and honour to You are bestowed.

The derbate

It all seems a little late

How was that "presidential" debate!

Who's the liar?

Both have a smell.

Each had "his" story..

Welcome to hell.

No humility:

I am the One..

What a tangled webbs been spun..

Disunity is death,

Divided not a few,

Is there a way out?

What can the people do?

Is the solution

Who has the biggest clout!

Can politics fix the problems?

Well, I have my doubts.

Wouldn't be surprised if blue got the boot..

And as for red, him they might shoot!

I took a bob on Kennedy, at odds as high as the sun,

Early in the betting,

Just for fun.

I don't care for politics

Or religion, if it comes to that,

I listen for wisdom but may as well eat my hat.

I don't know if it's possible for Kennedy to get through,

If he did, at least I'd be a winner!

Hoo Roo.

Living forever

There's so much to do, it'd be a miracle if I got through it.

Not that I am stressed,

Just a dreamer with a pleasant address.

Enjoying life at a leisurely pace...

Don't want for much,

Dropped out of the race.

Dilly dally they called me..

But I don't give a toss.

I am just content knowing who's boss.

I have a thousand projects running around my head,

I couldn't finish all before I am dead..

I'll build stone walls for gardens,

A brick tank to catch water,

One to be bathed in...

And we can give thanks,

As we orta!

I'll build a shed from timber I stored...

Not some slap up from burnings..

I find generics a bore.

I find inspiration when I create...

Love to get a vision-

And tell my two mates!

I am a dreamer That's certainly so,

To bring dreams to reality, takes time, you know.

I would like to harvest trees;

Take some limbs,

Not waste the bark,

Craft a rocking chair.

That would be smart!

I could sit back and plan For the next hundred years...

And achieve all my dreams With joyful tears...

We could sit like kings upon our thrones...

If we can live forever

Life could be slow.

Coming

Winters here,
after the storm

Gentle rain,
From dusk till dawn

Nights are cold
Days are warm

A time to rest
To be reborn

Birds sing their twilight song

The flooding rains have come and gone

The ground at rest
Reading the call

When springtime comes they bud and blossom

Enough for even the hungry possum

The earth looks after his elect

To fools it brings a bottle neck

A measure of wheat for a penny three measures of barley the same

And don't hurt the oil and the wine

It's my servants to claim

Whats in store no one knows

When summer comes we may need a hose.

Give with one hand

End of the financial year

The policies are out..

Helping the battler?

I have my doubts.

A 4% pay rise has been approved

But cost haven't stopped rising

We all still lose.

A \$300 rebate on our electricity bill

I got the latest pricing schedule

It's all uphill

Any rebate is frittered away

So nothing has changed

It's all just a game

Smoke and mirrors

Everyone's broke

Costing more for booze and smokes

Complaining don't bring the prices down

The policies aren't helping

They treat the people like clowns.

Across the pacific I heard blue boy say-

We gave them \$10 000.00 to help them on their way!

Ten thousand dollars won't help buy a den

It probably wouldn't pay for the ink in the pen.

Inflation seem out of control

What will they do?

Crash it and burn it.

The economy seems screwed.

On the other side of the globe

They are secretly stacking

Silver and gold

Is that the solution?

I can't tell

The future appears

To have an ominous smell.

Interesting

Muslims siding with greens?

Strange bedfellows

Indeed.

Forgive

Forgive me Lord
Forgive me Lord

I know not what I do.

I love you Lord
I love you Lord

I know this much is true.

How could I Lord
How could I Lord

Not worship You.

You know the way

I heard you say

Follow me to truth.

It doesn't matter what I say

Or even what I do.

Forgive me Lord
Forgive me Lord

It's always about you.

Scribble

Who can know

Who can understand

The words are deranged

A message in the sand..

Increase to the caterpillar

Labour to the locusts

Who's your friend

Here again

They call it hocus pocus.

Manifestation

Do what we will

A snare for the nations

Freedom at last

From the ruling congregation

The heart to contest

A must revelation

Prophesy sore

Manifestation.

On sale

It's one big sale

Everything's on show..

Some in the spotlight others on the go..

All have the answers

Look over here..

Healed me of cancer!

My spots disappeared!

No time for reflection searching for the truth-

Find the right connection subscribe for the proof..

Take the free stuff we avail..

Collect the data pave the trail.

Only the simple are truly free...

Sales webb bonanza let's buy humanity.

Tax time

Report from my accountant

It's that time of year.

I work for myself so it's never quite clear.

Broke my old record...

I got paid paid five thousand six hundred

For the whole year!

Working with widows, pensioners too...

And anyone else who ain't got a clue.

Both my old vehicles are still able to run-

We had flooding rains and the punts never sunk.

So hear,

I am grateful that I got through

Another year over with little to do.

What about super, if you need compo you'll be broke!

No money for the leaches from this jolly bloke.

I always prosper, never hungry, seldom sick.

Have no stress,

And they think I'm thick.

I don't need anything

Nothing I have is new

But my bodies holding up

And I have enough teeth to chew.

I know the numbers don't make any sense...

My wife thinks I'm crazy.

I have no defence.

But hear

I sit

Telling whoever

Life for me

Has never been better.

So, on money I won't choke...

I'll take it easy

And look like the joke.

Slow learner

Slow learner...

Is that all you do?

Your still reading that!

I don't mean to be rude-

Should you move a little this way?

Your eye is so single,

Have you gone astray!

Come now..the deals been done.

The answers are there, found in His son...

Listening in tune

All jumbled up

Bring out the wine

With him we must sup.

The slow learner takes small bites and chews...

Slowly digesting his spiritual food...

Day after day reading that book...

Understanding that, the whole head is crook..

Listen deep in the night-

Find inspiration

Quietly write...

The time has come

He knows what to do

Study the lines
Prepare like kung fu.

The slow learner may be slow
But lessons are etched
Deep in his soul.

Understanding he can't know it all
And in the process of learning
Has a ball.

Prophetic

Trump is vice, Zelenskyy is Putin..

A Freudian slip from chief of the loonies.

Can Trump truly reign?

Are Putin and Zelenskyy part of the game?

Globalised forces pull the strings..

Political puppets, their song they sing..

Nationalist rising

Cast the net

All in delusion

The future set.

War drums are beating there in their minds..

People are bleating know where to hide...

Fingers on buttons

Who runs the show

Fools on stage

Of the great puppet show..

He sits in the heavens

Sees them

And laughs

All in derision

The first will be last.

Nicky no friends

Nicky has friends but none could be found.

No time for Nicky

Nicky did frown.

The partner is a bit of a slouch

No one works around the house

Likes to potter

Plans are grand

By mid-afternoon there's a drink in hand.

Children are adults

One married one at home

But no one is vacant

Thank God for the phone.

Nicky no friends don't know what to do.

Tomorrow morning?

That's up to you.

We could watch some sport?

That under 6 team

Or visit that church where they shout and scream

Or don't leave home and stay in bed??

At this point Nicky would rather be dead

Nicky needs friends and their hard to find

It's a lonely place if your one of a kind.

Square peg where do you fit?

Not in the stocking carefully knit..

You are a block a pillar of size

Fearfully crafted

Come, now rise...

Square what part do you play

The rounds are dowels

They fit that way

You need some holes to let them through

Square and round not one but two.

Building blocks like seasoned wood

Hate the evil

Love the good.

What's up doc

The whole head is sick
The people saw
Up on the podium down on the floor..

A fist goes up a scream and a shout

A world divided the cat let out..

What's up doc? What comes next?

Civil war?

A puffed out chest..

It's getting desperate that old fool can't stay..

A stroke or heart attack will get him out of the way..

Allowed to rise
The Devils son
In many disguises
Anointed the one..

The world in derision
He laughs on the throne
What once was forbidden has now found a home..

Divide and conquer

Lies led astray
Rally the faithful
Hells on the way...

Of course it may have all been staged?
Raised the profile
Directed the rage..

What is truth? nothing is new...
The knives are out and not just a few.

Truth

The truth
The hole truth
Nothing but
What
we here today?

What is truth?
A man once asked
Life-
given that day...

There's a truth.
Another deeper still...
And if you search hard enough you end up in his will.

Lies
Little lies
Others more acute
When tutored by the master's
Those lies are Really Bute!

Good turns to evil
Bitter becomes sweet
Darkness Cast's out light..

Time comes to retreat...

Praise him in his glory
The deed is done.

Time to get gooey
You daughters and sons...

Be the one taken from the breast...

If we gave all the glory

The earth could have a rest.

Hope

Well, you should know I am a one eyed man...

Eye fixed on the ultimate plan...

Leaders come and leaders go.

They have their glory, it's all on show..

Ultimately, the lofty are brought down.

He has the throne, and wears the crown...

Will they learn?

If they only knew;

That all glory belongs,

To you know who...

If all people give him the glory

It could be written...

End of story-

We could enter into the promised age...

No more tears.

No more sorry.

Earth without end.

A new tomorrow.

He takes no prisoners who is wise?

The rod from the stem
The Branch from the root
His bow is bent
Straight arrows he shoots.

Spirit of council
Spirit of might...

Fear Him.

Be his delight...

The dimness shall not be
As at first in her vexation-

The great light they saw,
This time will roar;

Lion of the nations.

They joy like men in harvest
Like those who take the spoil...

Once removed..
Now reproved...

Ignited with the oil...

All high things
Judgement bound.

Spirit of burning

Bring their house down.

All that is lofty to the moles and the bats..

Not one escapes,
Though they scamper like rats..

His house exalted high on the hill:

The people flow to it;

Judgement now killed.

The gospel according to Paul

Sir Winston Turnbull- "after all I am a country member ".

Gough Whitlam-"I remember ".

Bought tickets for me and the wife, she admired the bloke, so I thought it could be a play she might like.

Now her hip needs replacing, so the wife couldn't go, so on me own to the Opera house went this backwater unknown.

Trudged through the rain umbrella in hand, found the foyer, took their command.

Into the show, took the wrong seat, met a granny, she was rather sweet.

Spotted a famous face in the isle, disputing about her seat, with a smile.

She was accompanied by a bald man in a very fine suit.

Me in my Levis, not looking so cute.

It was a one man play- the gospel according to Paul,
About Paul Keating, not the one previously called Saul.

Paul Keating, in case you didn't know, was the world's greatest treasurer. (according to the Euro zone).

Like him or loath him in can't be denied, his wit could cut many down to size.

Called the mortician, the lizard, and twat. He was up to the challenge. I can't deny him that.

The show was a cracker. Biggins did him proud.

With meaningful moments his story explained with vinyl and slides and jokes that outraged.

Turned the tap at time to vaudeville with kicks and twirls.

Sang like Orci, and was good with words.

The humour seemed factual the stories were true.

Beat sitting at home and writing to you.

Soon it was over, didn't seem long.

Got out of there like a rocket, had a smoke on the run.

Saw the lights, vivid on display.

Got the train back to me car, six bucks I had to pay.

Back on home turf hungry as a hound, 10 pm, everything's closed down!

Is anybody out there?

Global outage

Airways in despair

Are they that desperate to keep him off the air?

I wouldn't blame them he went on a little long-

How can they shut him down, he's got them on the run.

Running mate off and running....

Do I need to repent?

A gun packing granny raised the boy!

From heaven sent?

Does covid have the others beat..

Or is Joey having another sleep.

Can anyone stop the roller-coaster,

Democracy in action!

But it's not the main event...

Just the main attraction..

All I can say there comes a day, when we get satisfaction...

Until then I'll keep my pen, and scribble some distraction...

About a King that suffers no offence;

Treats all people equally:

Has a strong defence.

Pays no bribes to judges;
Doesn't speak in the dark;

One sent from the Father;
Who has the Fathers heart.

Seeks a humble prose;
Doesn't seek the glory;

Doesn't look down his nose;
Brings a new chapter to the story.

Raises the lowly;
Let's righteousness abound.

Yes my friends you guessed it-
It's yet to be found.

Numbers

I've always had numbers running around my brain:

Count this, Count that;

Nothing useful as a matter of fact.

I like the symmetry, the patterns at play.

Haven't bothered to count the time I've wasted!

Like a digital clock:

Like seeing; O one O one, and O three O three.

I little bit of lunacy programmed in me!

Give a smile when the AUD is 66.6..

A subtle reminder of those evil wicks..

Why am I writing this?

I don't know.

But at three thirty three-

I have to go.

Do I

Can I get it?

I don't know.

But if I get it I think so...

I can't believe it;

Although I must.

Give me reason so I can trust...

Tell me stories of ancient past of your glory, and how it lasts-

How the people were led astray..

How hopes were dashed and lives disgraced..

Ashes

Bring life anew

Who forget it?

It's all about you.

Batteries

Shock! horror!

They can explode!

There, in the landfill..

This could get out of control.

They say:"save the planet:"

I smell a rat.

Money is the driver, peddling their trash..

They put huge marks ups on all that is new..

With built in obsolescence.

The consumer gets screwed.

Doesn't matter what the appliance..

If they have a chip..

I can't offend Fido

But you get me drift.

Save the planet!

Give it back..

We can recycle and make money from trash..

Everyone's saying, "they are to blame!"

Are they serious.

The whole things a game..

In times past: in case you never knew; things were repairable; Yes, it's true.

Nothing now is made to last..

The consumption economy is just a farce.

Look into lithium mining

All other metals

The dull and the shiny..

Really, we are poisoning the earth..

The ultimate victim?

For what it's worth.

It's clear you know all the idols their on show..

Give me this-

I want that..

Like coloured beads

A load of crap..

Where is it?

Where is this new Jerusalem?

The one of fabled fame...

The one in peace and righteousness;

That glorifies His name.

The one that is perched high on the hill...

That peoples flow into to cure their ill.

Don't look to the world..

The kingdom is:

Hear:

Written in parables for those with an ear...

Forged in eternity

Ancients arise...

The new Jerusalem;

Their disguise.

One by one the blocks are laid...

On a foundation

Raised from the grave...

Building the temple setting it apart...

The new Jerusalem

Their, in the heart.

Generational

Pondering generations
The future in the past..

Something programmed in us
Although the distances are vast.

How we got here
Who we are today
And about our ancestors
And if they had a say....

Each generation shares seed with another, and if you think of it, we should be all sister and brother!

Why all the everything what could it all mean?

Like many hybrids that look shiny and clean, their nutritional value is no where to be seen.

Seek the heirlooms scattered in the field,

Bring them to the storehouse

Gather the precious seed...

Plant them in the garden see if they will grow...

Tend them, water them-

And when the buds do show...

Prune them as required to get a better crop...

And if they don't produce..

Compost you have got.

A quality yield needs good seed to be sown...

Deep in the field where no other goes...

To bring back the flavour of a very good season...

Producing the fruit of wisdom, not foolishness and treason..

What determines who controls the pack..

Or who should be the instructor that leads them down the track..

Generations come-

Generations go.

And all that they produce is what someone else has sown.

Unoriginal

I got told a story
Doubt that it's true
About a talented young man
And the things he could do.

A natural actor
Could dance and sing
A real entertainer
Could do everything.

The talent scouts had stars in their eyes..

They ask him his name, and to their surprise-

Penis Von Lesbian! is what he exclaimed.

I am very proud and in no way ashamed.

Well, they said:

We think that name could cause some strife..

How about we call you

Dick Van Dyke?

Ceremony

What did they say Harry?

Everything's in French!

Got the Aussie commentary-

Never on the fence.

Overloaded boats up the river Seine,

Waving like excited children,

Playing in the rain.

As I wonder what comes next..

OBSURITE

I can only guess, not knowing any French.

SOLIDARITY

The reaper on a horse?

Dark musical backing..

Of coarse.

Up to the tower

Walking with a pillow?

It's the flag, I think?

Off to the fridge for another drink.

Raised the flag to something like a hymn..

Wondered again-
Are they singing about Him?

But the mood is up
Let the games begin..

SOLENNITE

As darkness takes the light..

Well I could go on but who wants to fight.

Hope all enjoy the show but there is one thing I would like to know-

If USA could find four hundred and fifty, they could call elite..

How come they could only find two loonies for the presidential seat?

Just my final word with the lighting of the flame,

Reminded me of the Hindenburg.

My wife thinks I'm insane.

Scriptures

What about the scriptures

Lies are exposed

Playing their games

Proud

Unopposed

Truth lies in the pages

No blind man can see

The battles with the ages

The quest

Eternity

Powers in the doing

Like a list from a-z?

It's him that does the wooing

His yoke

Easy

He comes a calling

Softens the heart

When they get the warning

They appreciate the art

When scales are taken off the eyes

When glimpsing his glory

You realise

Nothing is as it should be

Show their shame

From mountain to sea

Riding on flim flam

The people agree

Good is now evil

Darkness is light

Rumours are spreading from morning to night

What is truth

Who can say

It's upside down

In decay

The battles on

It ain't no joke

Understand:

The curse invoked.

My people

Come my people

Interpret the art

Foolish nations

Seen as smart.

Thinking they can play the game

Hit the big league

Now to their shame

Their sin like Sodom

Proud and free

Emboldened now with blasphemy

It is written

It shall be so.

Heart hardened

Conscience sealed

A brood of vipers

An evil seed

Now embolden

Applauded on stage

What comes next I must confess will probably cause outrage

Peace taken in the dearth

Darkness cast

Woe to the inhabitants of the earth

One another they will kill

Evil takes heart

A bitter pill.

One comes

Scale in hand

To feed his children

The promised land.

Death and Hades follows

One forth of the earth

To kill with sword, with hunger, with the beasts of the earth.

The souls of those slain cry out to God

"How long O Lord

Holy and true

Average our blood

For the sins they do."

For them on earth

Bring on the curse

There isn't any stay

In the mire

No solid ground

Must be swept away..

Dig down deep get your roots wrapped around the stone

Drink the Ancients water
Make Him your abode...

The end is surely coming
No one knows the hour
But when it's here
Let's be clear
He has all the power.

"What sort of a God is this!
To bring disaster to the earth?"

The same One that gave His son so we could have rebirth...

Evil kills evil
Have no doubt
If we are not with him
We are out.
The symbolism certain
Prophecy exposed
Mary sings without a head
All will be deposed.

So what

Should I stop?
Should I yield?
Without you there's no sword or shield...

Am I confused by the things I do?

I have no answers,
It's all about you.

Should I drink?
Should I smoke?

A babbling brook, a fool, a dope?

To be the last is something new-
Is wise the fool that you once knew?

But this allow me to understand-
How you fought for me;
And with your mighty hand-
Brought me through the desert,
To the rivers edge,
Let me glimpse your glory,
Showed me your defence.

Bought me into the promised land:
Where all is pleasant;
Under your hand...

Where new wine follows
And honey drips
From your fingers
To the lips...

Am I right
Or am I wrong?

So what!

Let's have another song!

Into your promised land.

O heavenly Father We worship your name

O heavenly Father You took all our shame

You listen with love as we give you the praise

O heavenly Father in you we are raised

As the dear pants for water so my soul longs for you

To tell of your glory, your mercy, your truth

Fill us dear Lord with your Spirit today

The world may not know you but we haven't strayed

O heavenly Father You know everything

Your listen with love as our soul sings

Songs of your glory rise up to your throne

O heavenly Father bring your children home.

How to

How did he live

The writings on his face

Winners are losers

World brings disgrace

Slaves to the system

Pawns in the game

Power brings corruption

The end just the same.

Now multinational

Bitter sweet they shoot

Conception for the masses

Looking to root.

All grow old

Some hide away

The face of the righteous,

Shine every day.

Wisdom changes countenance

No longer lies can sway

Seeks correction

The life: the truth; the way.

Why look to man

With only breath in his nostril..

When we were made the worship-

The One in the gospel...

The one that brings peace, to our hearts and minds, surpasses understanding, brings sight to the blind.

Releases the captives sets his children free...

Better than slavery

I hope you agree?

Many are home comfy and snug, someone to cuddle, someone to love...

Or maybe just angry, and don't give a toss, that's your right, he's searching the lost..

If he has found you, I think you would agree, your life before him was different indeed...

He lifts up the poor, brings joy to the mourner...

But brings down his wrath on the wicked and scerner..

Comforts the lonely

Raises children

From the grave

When the time is right we all unite
In spirit we are saved...

Know the Father
Our first true love
Nothing to fear
His hand in our glove
Apple of his eye
We are indeed
He brings refreshing
Plants his seed.

Taste and see his goodness
Understand the lie
Created for his glory
Not in fear we die...

He makes enemies our friends
All his promises are true
The road to life is narrow
And very few get through-

How to get there?

Seek and ye shall find

He's a very clever Father...

Writes it on our hearts and in our minds...

How to feed in this crazy world
That's not up to me
But for what it's worth
The pastures sweet
In the land of victory.

Middle feast

Are they that simple

Wouldn't they understand

Their enemies power

One to command.

Always one step ahead

Must be blessed

Unless they'd be dead.

But where is the peace?

Can't see it: hear..

Can't see it there..

The battles in the media

For us with a comfy chair.

Counter controlling hearts and minds-

Full on deceiving

Knowing the time.

It is His doing

He silently waits...

They bring down destruction

It's theirs on a plate.

Bring them down to the valley of Jehoshaphat

There He'll pass judgement

And that will be that.

Twisted

With controversy over the opening of the games..

The aftermath seems a bit insane!

Probes into death threats for the artistic director-

And someone called "Butch" got extra attention..

Now accusations of "Israeli" roots??

I find the diversion a little cute..

If Israel was chosen of God-

What the hell is he doing with this mob?

It was said, "threats are coming mostly from the USA"-

If that's "Christianity" they seem to have lost their way.

Evil is here, flaunting like Sodom..

But, so what,

That's their problem.

As gross darkness covers the earth..

No need for despair, if you know your worth...

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom...

Understanding secures his kingdom...

In it is no Canaanite..

There is no one there to fight...

Best to find it before the day..

When the mourners wail..

To no avail.

Beggars

What's a beggar without a hide

The lowest profession a man could find

To humble yourself to go so low

Without a hide you wouldn't show

Putting your trust in the generosity of man

Seems to me a feeble plan

But persistence pays, have a go...

Same spot most days

Making a show.

Don't judge them

Many I knew have now moved on to something new...

Or maybe just passed away?

I wonder how many have gone this way.

They may have been angels?

Was unaware...

Sharing a portion without a care...

Am I also a beggar bought with disgrace

Finding joy in another's face

Give me a forehead harder than flint

And a heart so soft it only squints...

In his rest

See the light

A hide so thick

No need to fight.

Polarisation

Will left be left

Will right be right

Their taking sides

Looks like a fight

I do hope all is well

But there's bats in the belfry

And their calling up hell.

Forever living

Living forever what a surprise...

It's always there

The Spirit has eyes

Remember when the seven had her to wife?

They didn't know the scriptures or the power of God

But to his servants he gave the nod

They will be like angels

Angels can't die-

And just for the hell of it the scriptures don't lie!

But he went a step further...

Did you hear what he said?

He is the God of the living

Not the God of the dead.

Raise up your children

The harvest is white

Bring from the embers

Your power and might

Let the world see your glory

Let fools stop their mouth

That's the end of the story

Relax and chill out.

The sword

Live by the sword die by the sword.

Is there glory in war?

Will there be peace?

The battle lines are drawn.

There was a fabled city-

Under siege..

Had no military power its people on their knees...

One wise man, as the story goes...

Saved that city by his wisdom...

But that man no one knows.

So hear, we are..

The blood still pours

The earth will not hide it

The eagles soar.

Where is the wise?

What can they say?

The theatre of life does it have a new play?

Is it a scene from long ago?

Repeating, repeating..

Character the same..

A slight of hand, a chance to reign..

There's nothing new under the sun:

Everything old is new again;

The stage is set-

Can all be won?

It's all innocent..

Have some fun!

Evil puts on her disguise:

The people love it!

Watch it rise.

Loud and proud..

What will be?

It is His doing...

Watch and see.

Wilma!

Tha Arabs need some cheering up after all that they've been through..

Let's send them Fred and Barney, and all the flintstone crew..

The Afghans didn't get it, the Saudis said we're through..

It may be lame, but it is claimed,
That Abu Dhabi do.

Try

I'll try to hit a note we might understand...

By the light of the moon there's a Jokerman.

I always liked music from when I was young,

A nursery rhyme, the kind that we sung...

As a youth it was more for the beat..

Clapping my hands and stamping my feet..

Some of those songs I reject now I'm old,

But others I find speak to my soul...

The combination of melody and rhyme

Convey powerful messages there in the lines...

He puts them there

Hidden on display

His sheep hear his voice

Leading the way.

The spirit

The spirit goes on living
I doubt it will die

Somewhere in the giving
It hides it from the eye

The earth made for the living
Set in its place

Who got dominion

The whole human race

He brings them up to the valley of Jehoshaphat-

There He gives judgement
His final decree

Where the souls go on living
His Spirit will be.

She

She loved Bob

Fiery as a lion

A woman of conviction

Suffered no liars

From a snotty nose kid to a beauty queen

What was hiding in between

A show of strength

A contradiction

The strain at times to much

You held the line

Did just fine

It's okay to have a crutch

You couldn't look after yourself

Angels came to you

You gave all you had to give

She

The girl I knew.

Tears of joy

Do your healing

Tears of love

More than dreaming x

Look

Look at me Lord

What a mess

But unto you I shall confess

Where else is there I can go

You are my friend

A deadly foe

Let me be right

I don't want to be wrong

The love you send

My heart my song

To heaven and earth

I will declare

Lord God Almighty

The One who cares.

Inverter

The inverter has converted

How is it so

What was once not courted

Now on show

It's been recorded

What could happen next

The world now lorded

A bunch of defects

Whp can see reason

Why is it so

Is it just a season

Heaven knows

He shall lop their bow with terror

Their stature hewn down

The haughty shall be humbled

And He shall wear the crown.

The markets

The markets up again

A positive word

A number claimed

But who is really getting fat

Lies and Deception honour that

Money like water flows away

Into a muddy puddle

Where the rich kids play.

Storing money in bags with holes is bad for ones health afflicting the soul

Our labour now spent on vanity and war

The middle class stripped as they lavish the whore

He sees the affliction

Knows the score

When the cess pool is full he'll fatten the poor.

"Your tide ever flowing, in and out..."

Your the moon and the stars, your Venus and Mars...

How can anything be anything?

Everything is you.

But where is Your praise?

But only a few.

Wolves in sheeps clothing-

Scattered the flock..

Now evil enchantments are seen round the clock."

Go on marrying and giving in marriage..

Sell and trade like there's no tomorrow.

The pit they dig won't hide their sorrow.

Olympics

How was that weightlifter

Could have been worse

Couldn't get the snatch

But took the clean and jerk.

Pit

He brings us up out of a horrible pit full of miry clay..

Sets our feet upon a rock establishes our days...

Puts a new song in our mouths even praises to our God...

Many shall see it and fear that day-

And come to His holy mount...

Many shall trust in the Lord that day-

And all that the Father has given Him, will in no wise be cast out.

Hear O Israel the Lord is One-

Every tongue and every tribe

To Him will come.

If you doubt your out.

What's the truth Lord

Let us see the lies

Even the truth is murky at best

How can we know our fragility and strength

Like a master playing chess you are very smooth

Allowing us to have our way, until there's nowhere left to move

You put us in a maze with a map to get out

Gave us your soft still voice so we would have ne doubt

Many are deceivers you'll hear them rant and rave

Clanging on your armour to get into your brain

But we have the victory his truth is a fact

He keeps us humble on our knees

Than deals with all the crap.

If you don't believe me that's your choice

I am just putting it out

Trying to be his voice

Is the time upon us no one really knows

But it's getting a bit smelly

Their shit gets up my nose.

His sheep hear his voice

It's them he has chose

If your looking forward to the wedding

You better get your clothes.

The department of youth

Remember when Alice was the man of the hour with the department of youth and how they had the power..

With the world creeping into the tragedy of war-

The strategic move is with the young:

Hearts and minds;

They become..

As the generations turn further from God, will come the time to give peace the nod..

A new love takes the stage:

Individualism; let's all rave..

Love love, take it as it comes-

Come with the beast:

kiss his bum..

The hole is tragic-

It's upside down..

War destroys all on the ground.

Peace brings death in the most costly way:

When we turn from God, and side with the depraved.

Pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

The elder knew, but youth? Given no clues at all..

Isaiah prophesied women and children will rule-

Sounds good for a moment..

But in the end it is cruel.

Who is called by His name?

Redeemer Everlasting...

Where is Your fame?

The horses are prancing they prophesy peace, as the witches are dancing..

Will you tread the winepress on your own, is no man with you, are you alone?

He will tread them in his anger:

Trample them in His fury.

Their blood sprinkled on his garments, staining all his robes-

In the day of vengeance these will be his clothes.

The year of his redeemed will come, and he will look, but find no one to help, no one to uphold.

Could this be the future coming from the mould?

His own arm brings salvation, sustained by His fury..

The people will protest..

But He Is, the judge and jury.

Bring them down in Your anger-

Their strength down to the earth.

As righteousness reigns in the heavens...

So shall it be on earth.

I will mention the loving kindness of praises to the Lord...

For all that he bestowed on us,

His mercies are assured.

For the multitude of his loving kindness given day by day...

When it comes the people will curse,

But they wanted it that way.

What to do?

She's gone.

Confirmed by a passer by.

I felt the rejection it made me cry.

I take it as it comes to all there's a season..

I guess I am struggling for rhyme or reason?

My wife heard a something at the party two Saturdays ago-

But I refused to believe it, although it is so.

I love this family I am not part of the clan-

Like a father to me was their old man.

From a cheeky kid, to a renegade youth.

Like a good father he spoke the truth.

Paid me to help him as he prepared to depart,

Showed me his favour, won my heart.

Taught me what it looks like to be brave,

There until the end, helped carry him to the grave.

Loved his eldest, all her offspring too...

His son is a champ, no problem with you.

I spoke to her cousin not two days ago about oil for her Mum's mower-

They only live across the road!

The rejection I felt I know is unfair.

Then I thought of the Lord and how much he must care...

I believe now it was to give me a clue...

The rejection he feels with his love for you.

Run run run..

What a cunning adversary disunity is death

When all humanity through them should be blessed

The air the earth the mountains the sea

Understand what the people should be

But hear we are the age of enlightenment

Where friends are foes and know one knows.

But wait, I digress, what was it I wanted to get off my chest?

Why look at the speck in your brothers eye when there's a plank in your own.

Pray all you want do you think he will hear?

Trampling His altar

The intention is clear.

Those he shows will answer the call...

His yoke is easy they won't fall.

The wolves are out they opened the door!

By their fruits you shall know them nameless I am assured...

Gross darkness to cover the earth herd them in set the coarse..

Wrong is right and right is wrong-

Now, we block, the weddings on..

Write a new book: A1 is your friend-

Write one for all that doesn't offend-

Block dissension: descended from hell.

Can you see it?

Can you smell?

Hidden verses come to know...

Relax my children enjoy the show.

Fancy

I heard a term thought I'd look it up-
Quick wiki search..

The chronology of eschatology!

Wtf I thought.

Fear is healthy that's a fact-

Life is rosy when you discover that...

The only one you need to fear is the only one that holds you dear.

"What's that got to do with that?"

I don't know.

But everything's backwards so backwards I go...

Fear the Lord.

It must be so.

First things first last things last,

Get in order, lifes a blast...

He is the King of Glory you know,

In His hands all flourish and grow...

Rejection leads to Disgrace..

Acceptance puts a smile on creations face...

No need to worry
No need to frown
He lifts you up
Gives you a crown

But who am I
What do I know

If you don't believe me let that be so.

But if you have an ear
You may hear
Calling from inside
Come my dear
Your passports here
Come and be my bride.

Bald face

Are they so sick they don't understand

Bald face lies..

Cheers from the fans!

Should you find it such a surprise?

The conscience is seared the heart is not flesh..

Come my children I'll give you rest...

Shut your door behind you, hide yourself away-

Wrath will come, as only for a moment-

Judgement will be swift, benevolent, omnipotent.

The strategy is all to clear, even Disney exalts the queer.

Lighted up, electrified!

Now with earth leakage they don't need to hide..

But the time is short he takes what he can..

I heard the report...

The whole house is a scam..

But the people live it..

Give us some of that!

Following after a load of crap.

Changing

The world is changing

Will the blind see

Redefining the powers that be

A thousand years to be erased

Words that healed to be replaced

Everything old is new again

The hatch is lifted

Let the games begin.

Fool

They were throwing out four crates of vinyl two thirds classical one third jazz-

Next week I spotted a turntable and amplifier and thought, that's a must have!

I rent an old chook shed 100mtrs long full from one end to the other with things from decades gone...

They think I am a horder and that may be true but it's full of dreams and memories and today one came true-

I hooked up turntable and amp to the old analogue speakers my wife swapped for a sound bar-

A fiddle here

A jiggle there

Wola!

Music in the air...

Beethoven, Mozart, Benny Goodman and his crew, Louise Armstrong, Count Basie, just to name a few...

I feel blessed in so many ways-

Stopped by the roadside today to buy some fruit-

The seller was Syrian only been in this country a short time-

His truck had a flat battery-

A call from the divine...

Took a moment but we got his truck to go...

Gave me a box of very nice fruit,

Wouldn't take no.

Back in the shed it's hot out side but I am in the cool...

Grateful for everything-

This silly old fool.

Putting on the records

The sound blew me away

Sittin' back with a smoke and a beer

Thankin' the Lord for another day.

Devoted

It could be said: why aren't you devoting your life?

Come back home..avoid the strive!

People I love

No one doubts

But who should I listen to?

When I hear; get out.

Backslidin'; who dares to say?

I keep my peace and go his way...

He takes me to places that few people go;

Lightens my load; deals with the foe;
Keeps me from heat, and stormy wind...

He is my Saviour, He is my King.

And:

He is Lord:

This I know.

His yoke is easy;

His burden light;

Praise the Lord!

No need to fight.

I did fear death

I died once or twice

But that was in my previous life.

Since that time I've had a few scraps;
Choking on Bok Choy was my last escape.

I didn't want to die but it wasn't a shame:
A peace came over me...then out it came!

Confirmed once again that I am in his hands.

Nothing can be taken away, if I stick with the plan.

The fear of death makes love impure;

When we rest in Him we find the cure.

I know nothing

I know nothing but still I can see

Everything and everyone may not be who they be

I suspected this was true then an ad gave me a view

An imaginary life projected to the masses

Don't be absurd it just a few clicks and dashes

I think I see why and still find it sad

To be lifted by something that you never had

Their on the stage showing their wears

Out to impress the no ones that care

Contentment in life in the surreal

It's a bit kooky I get the feel.

Who am I

I don't know

I know I am a little slow

Slipping up

Here and there

Given a conscience

Knowing I care

How could I get it right

Internal battles

I must fight

It might be trivial

I don't know

Am I fooling myself

Is it all just a show

I'd be a coward to throw in the towel

If I create my own burdens

I weep and howl

Do I stuff up

Is all the hurting

Really a bluff

Are my intentions as they seem

Like hidden emotions only a dream

It's illusive to wonder how this can be

Who I am

Hatred and glee.

Windy

Decided to go to work today wondered if I would get blown away!

Heading down with the wind should be safe but coming back will need some grace...

On the job worked the tide decided to get out before the rise..

Wind blowing west, a rising tide, blowing a gail, not a comfortable ride.

I have a twenty one foot punt, nicely shaped, not completely blunt-

But I wasn't sure how she would go getting away early would avoid the flow?

Distributed the load, slight trim to starboard...

We'll cut the chop with the port bow!

Let's get started-

Hugged the shore to stay in the lee,

Rounding the point- white tops, all I see..

At this point I pray to the Lord and don't stop till I am back on shore...

It wasn't that bad

Kind of fun

Had to stand to avoid a sore bum.

The old girl got me home okay...

Praise the Lord is what I say.

Fish head

A fish rots from the head

So it is told.

Dagon is the fish god of the Philistines of old-

Arch enemy of the Israelites sitting on the throne?

"Put a fair mitre upon his head..)

They mimic scripture as if there their own-

Symbols in the dark

Mocking to the face

Alas that rotting fish head has led us to Disgrace.

It may seem unfair the man is just a dope-

He doesn't have the reins..

Slithery lights a smoke..

father, farther,!

dear..

Who is listening?

Absolution is unclear.

Pawns in the game..

Slithery gloat

A rambling lunatic?

If it wasn't that serious it could be a joke!

But maybe the world could laugh it off..

Or crush the foundation and throw out the cross

If he wills, the people will devour the whore, the smoke from her burning will be-
Forever more.

When the beast gets the power to sit on the throne if you think it won't get better..

Well,

Your not alone.

Garbage

Tis a peaceful night:

No one about;

An unexpected flood of joy!

The moon has just come out!

A day or two early?

What can I say...

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

An awesome display.

Settling in early; just after dusk...

No murders or mayhem

A message, a gasp!

We have a system in our house-

Wouldn't fool a mouse.

But this is how we do:

Compost bin, rubbish bin (very thin),

Recycling out the back-

Packaging, drinks, tins, so forth-

All the crap that brings the crap.

Disclaimer: I am mostly bottles and cans, but that a plan.

I collect them

They pay ten cents each!

Man, O man!

Back to the story: this quiet peaceful night...

Tws for me a bit of a fright!

To do my duty!

To be a husband to my wife.

To be the hero

That tidied the mess.

Well,

That is my lot.

I must confess.

Now I am not complaining, although it could be said-

That a little more processing, could save me from this dread!

We dwell at the top of a quarter acre block.

Bottom half bush.

We can handle four adults but six is a push.

The septic doesn't like it-

I can only pray to that...

But tonight's mission is garbage!

And to not let out the cat.

Or the Labradoodle, that one in her prime-

Who can run like the wind,

And is so hard to find.

Talking garbage:

Up the side it resides.

It's usually in one box, can be a little on the nose.

But tonight took two trips, to the front, near the hose.

We have a ten metre frontage

Six metres from the road

And fitting six cars in

Could make a head explode.

New moon:

It's dark.

Shadows from the house.

Didn't have my torch with me-

Ouch!

Got me shin on the tow ball!

off to a good start-

squeezed in beside the bins-

It's usually a work of art...

Not tonight.

Now the systems for the system:

given three council bins

To separate our rubbish

And absolve us of our sins.

Now, I am thinking...

Is it my duty to be crushing boxes in the dark?

Am I being tested?

I know I am not that smart.

Who takes garbage out in the dark?

Without a torch!

Well,

That would be me.

Of course.

Crushing boxes my glasses fell off!

A seen of despair as I splutter and cough.

I had this thought:
It's easily mended, if they were crushed nice and neat,
Before thrown to the vendor.

But chivalry is alive!

I am not lost!

I will fulfil my duties

At any cost.

Knowing the payout is not of this world...

What else can I do?

I married the girl.

Dogs now barking as I rattle a few tins,

Across the road a chorus joins in.

Off now for the second load,

Trip over my sons wheel caps!

I am about to explode.

I forgot about them there in the dark.

Oh, look!

The ladies are back from the park.

Left now
Never alone
Needing a voice
Gathering stones
Tilling soil
Fallowed in time
A call to redemption
The harvest sublime.

Windows open
Not just for me
Those who he calls
Will surely see.

If a fool is known by his many words

Have I exceeded my Quota?

That's one for the birds.

Council elections

Council elections.

Leave me alone.

Well, it's compulsory here, so I may as well have a groan...

I don't use social media

Wouldn't give it time

I don't care for politics

I am just fine.

Read the flyer that I got

See if something hits the spot-

Bullet points below:

"Help with the cost of living."

That we've never heard!

After when we balance the books they say..

When is the word that is in play..

"Protect our unique environment."

More of that to come..

"Prioritising community engagement."

AI will get that done.

"Ensuring our local infrastructure..keep up with development."

There's the rub.

"Delivering core services;"

Need I say anymore

"Planting trees on the peninsula."

That will even the score

"Rid us of that unsafe level crossing."

Quaint it may be,

My guess they want expansion

Bigger roads to the sea.

I do wish them luck governing the growth.

But lies lead to scandals, then everyone's broke.

Man's march where does it lead

All for the money, the prestige, the greed?

Arr, I shouldn't judge

I've gone on to long

What can I do

I've done nothing wrong

The best they could do is leave me alone

Fix some potholes

And answer the phone.

Lets right

Lets write.

I don't know?

If I must - supply the flow...

Tap it out have no doubt the messenger knows what he's talking about

Did you see those robots

How they spoke

What they do..

Tell 'em son-

I am is the One.

They've got nothing on you.

No emotion no sixth sense.

Beware of the Spirit

Prepare your defence.

The occult creating blasphemous offence.

Standing in the holy place -

who will stand the wrath to come?

The blood will drain from their face.

They'll run to the rocks and crags

But there'll be no hiding place.

The beast speaks softly now

His time will come

When all connections are made

When all his knowledge is one

This god of precious stones

The work of mans hands

Forsaking the Lord

Evoking the curse

If you think it's bad now it can only get worse.

That's the scribble

Could be dribble

Take of it what you can

Not to say he told us so

Tswhtf.

Poet

I am not a poet

More a hack

Limited vocabulary

Rhyme I choose

Don't know a prose from a muse.

How did I get here?

Had thoughts in my head

Hours of explaining

Boring others to death.

I needed to summarise

A gift I had found

A platform for poetry

A voice in the crowd.

It's hard to catch

These swirling words

I know His glory goes on forever

If I catch a little

I have now found a tether.

To all my friends I do not know

To a special breed

May wisdom flow.

Made it

Thank you Lord
I got something done
Not breaking any records
Not always fun.

One foot in front of the other...
That's the best I can do-
Moving forward you get me through.

Snail like can seem the pace
But no one minds
No pressure, no race.

You certainly are good to me.

Although at times I sometimes bleed-
And twist my knee and bruise my foot at times I feel a little kaput.

Made it through another day...

Praise the Lord!

Is what I say.

Tonight starts my day of rest with peaceful sleep I am always blessed.

You bless our basket and bless our store...

Why look to man?

You give so much more.

One of those

One of those nights thoughts swirling around my head

The ones that leave without a trace

If I don't catch them before bed

Or at least the theme

What was that they said

Was it all about pawns

Was it something that I read?

O yes

Thinking about compliance and government red tape

I know it is an constant rant but how do they keep up the pace

Obtaining qualifications just to get somewhere

Documenting details for everyone who cares

Following the guidelines sticking to the plan

Taking the illustrious showing them the ropes

Organising central control

Dance around the post

Some get rewarded (a pin not a crown)

And after their Applauded some are cut back down

Work for your country

I prefer the King.

Ask me for little

Give me everything

Doesn't matter if I'm poor doesn't matter if I'm rich

I don't know how they do it

life must be a bitch.

Was it about pawns?

Or something up the shed!

I've rambled on enough

I'll waddle off to bed.

Tears

It was raining floods of tears
He was waiting have no fear

Tears with a cleansing flow

When a child
A little boy
I knew you then
I saw your joy

I let you run
Gave you space
Seen you heading for disgrace

Many times I went over
The scratching and the spew
Everything that it demanded
I had to do

Vanity of vanities
I couldn't see my way
Give me more insanity
To take away my praise

Running riot with despair
Thinking you don't see
Thinking you don't care

Your plan was simple, the world didn't see, it was all about you and the grace you gave me.

I don't know why you made a way for a numb nut like me
I was that one in your garden
That very fruitless tree

You didn't find me cumbersome or take me from the vine

So all I offer are my tears

Hoping they to you are wine

You did it all for me

I didn't do a thing

A most unprofitable servant

To you my Lord

The King.

Crap for the masses

You need this
You know you want that
Truth is
It's a load of crap.

Sold a dream
Given a nightmare
Consume this use that

Truth is it's a load of crap.

Grades of garbage that's a fact
The poorer you are the dirtier it gets.

Craft now rare

We can produce
Build in obsolescence
It's the golden goose

A most destructive gravy train, can it end, what if it stops, what happens if the wheels fall off?

Skills passed down are getting rare
From my limited perspective that's what I see
Now playing Russian roulette with technology

Now the crap is everywhere
Everyone can see
Can't touch It
Smell it
In
The air
Divide

And conquer
The strategy
A cunning plan
People divided algorithmic feed
Giving them all the crap they ever need
Set the base against the honourable
Heading for oppression
Caught in the trap of
Self obsession

What's the answer
I don't know
Idol worship
Aint the go
Have we been sold the most comfortable lie
Eat and drink
For tomorrow we die.

Goodness

How I adore goodness

I see and hear

I find it rare

But in the mix I see it there

Doing what's right whatever the case

Serving quietly not on the take

In an evil time the blind will see

Goodness and mercy sets us free.

Civilisation

Every civilisation sort the gods of old

Some made of silver others made of gold

All their philosophers, astrologists, scientists too

The wisdom of the ancients everybody knew

The glue that held together also tore apart

Now we have a new age, a counterfeit work of art

Once manifested now ridiculed by the smart

Invisible things clearly seen now replaced by useless memes

But there's no excuse

Debtors to all

The wise and unwise

The rise and the fall

Left with examples through the annuals of time

Now being twisted no more sublime

From faith to faith it was revealed

Seeking the Godhead seldom concealed

Hear, I am

Where is my glory?

When judgement comes we get the story.

Nothing to see hear

The median dwelling price across my land

Has now reached ten hundred thousand grand

Two hundred per an-num is what you need

It costs a lot to get into the greed

Rentals up

What to do

The middle class are getting screwed

Get a mortgage become a slave

Collect your super before the grave

We can raise your children

Look after your parents too

Follow us It's the thing to do

Drink the slops until you spew

The lender has a hold on you

Fiddle with this

Change that

Makes no difference

The eagle shat.

Latitudes

Russia to the north

Israel to the south

Look out world if war brakes out

Mercenaries will have their day

As people tremble, curse, and pray

The art of war at its peak

He brings them down to him their weak.

Who can stand

Who can say

My hands are clean

I followed your way...

Who is right who is wrong

What is truth?

Many claim to have the proof..

Once delivered by the word now pooh-pooed and thought absurd..

But he will have them in derision and bring to nought all their wisdom-

Who cast off his cord and break his bands asunder..

And fear not the Lord who commands the hail, and thunder-

And pestilence and plague- earthquake and fire...

With judgement consuming all hypocrites and liars

And those that swear falsely will never see the day when righteousness is restored and peace has a way...

It will be well with the righteous their doings will bear fruit

And on that day

They will say

Sit under my fig tree

Drink from the vine

When sin is removed

All will be fine.

His rest will come

His promises are true

No more sorry

All things new...

And people's and nations will praise the Lord

When all unrighteousness is slain by his sword.

What is man

Come my man
What role do you play
He's mindful of you and will visit each day
Give him a title
Exceeding in worth
Exalt His name throughout the earth
Give him dominion over the works of your hands
Babes are your strength
They'll understand.

Turmoil

In a world of turmoil who is to blame??

Finger pointing is a popular game..

You did this, they did that..

Where does it end? This tit for tat..

Where is the truth?

Who's telling lies?

In a shadowy world I am not taking sides...

There's only one winner.

What is his name?

I hear it in passing like he's part of the game..

Come on down to the valley of Jehoshaphat gather the nations time for a spat...

When Judgement comes

Who can stand?

Time will tell who gets the land.

Searching

Searching for the truth
Causes some confusion
With all the angles
It becomes an illusion

The game is rigged
A lay down hand
Hatred and oppression pervades the land

How can this be so
Is man so shallow
Doesn't he know

Do unto others
Was the command
Love your enemies
Who can stand?

Oils down

Oil prices are down: they say it's the Chinese recession..

It's hard to count the lies: coming from all directions.

Oil is the business: in spite what's proclaimed-

They need the revenue.

But now the rules have changed.

Thinking they are smart: lets take them out..

Just created a second market: that raging; have no doubt.

China and India: will take as much as they can dump-

Over here in the west: we get rewarded at the pump.

Chinese recession?

That might be so?

If oil revenue fuels all things

They need to maintain the flow.

The third trench

I've been working (not very fast) for the past thirty years:

Building terraces out of stone;

Retaining walls and garden beds...

Some might think I have rocks in my head!

Plans are grand: Rome wasn't built in a day.

The third trench: It's like my own little Israel-

What can I say.

Battling weeds: both in and outside;

My patch is surrounded on all sides!

I don't use chemicals: might harm the dogs;

I refuse to at any rate: the battle is on...

Pulled all the Bindi on the eastern front:

Rounding up the stragglers: easier if not drunk.

That part is lawn: where the dogs do their do;

I just pull weeds: call in the other crew.

The third trench should be a paradise: a fertile eco system;

Outside the walls: is where I get resistant;

Too many species for me to count: (if I used my toes I might work it out).

My strategy is to sow the land:

Edibles only;

Well that's the plan...

Dealing with the weed's: out by the roots- sift out the seeds...

Sow in heirlooms: watch them breed...

Maybe it's not paradise but garden without weeds is certainly nice.

Fear

The fear of death: that's a thing.

There is a death: it has a sting.

Not the first
We should fear;

But the second, for those with an ear-

As a people have we gone astray:

Death is nothing!

They may say..

Like energy reforming;

Restoration of power;

Divine awakenings;

Come to the hour:

The books are opened;

He sits on the throne;

And all of our secrets to the light are exposed;

When those not written in the book of life..

Will understand fear.

The word has gone out:

Deception abounds;

In the fear of the Lord

Redemption is found.

Where do you find it?

I've heard it proclaimed!

By the precepts of man they bring them to shame..

The God of all creation searches the heart, understanding our fragility, offering a new start..

He is all knowing, there's nowhere to hide

Knocks once, knocks twice,

If we don't answer we die.

If we seek him and let him in, he brings repentance, and casts our sin.

The heart is deceitful above all things: and desperately wicked.

What joy He brings!

His yoke is easy, and his burden is light...

He calls his children

In them he delights.

Left out

They rise like poppies in the field

Plucked off as they bloom

Their beauty just an illusion

Still the people swoon

Hell has them in confusion

Rich men weep and howl

Other get the show

Punishing the past

As if they really know

Forefathers rest in their graves

A few generations

We all became slaves

Professing to be wise

Only fools

Leave out the one who counts

Not understanding there are rules

The land is full of idols they worship the work of their hands

Praising one another

They really don't understand

He will have them in derision

And laugh at all their plans

Where is his glory

It's all a sham

A work of fiction

Written by man

Not understanding the sincere milk of the word

In contradictory terms truly absurd.

Trust

Live life from day to day

Trust in me I hear him say

Why put your faith in man with only breath in his nostril

Swept away in Vanity thinking all is possible

Trust in me I hear him say

I am the rock

I am the way

I speak the truth I do not lie

The keys are mine why should you die

In my house are many rooms

A place I have prepared

Trust in me with all your heart

Then you'll understand x.

A message

A message from a son in a far flung land:

Who isn't there to hold your hand;

One mightier than me-

Sends His blessing unto thee!

He sees our faults and knows our heart;

And all that we endure.

From His love do not depart for he has the cure.

Do not fear to leave this life:

There's much more to unfold;

If you put your trust in Him-

He will save your soul!

There's a place of rest he shows

One that he prepared...

All our pain and sorrow go

When in his promised land.

Make a way

May the Lord make a way for you

Bring you in with love

Shower you with tears of blessing

To wash away the mud

Refine you in his furnace

Keeping all the gold

And wear you as a jewel

That only he beholds.

Works

If Everyman is judged by his works as the book of revelation claims

Is there any man that could survive his shame

A righteousness judge knew all would fail

So he made a way for us

Seeds upon a trail

Pathways are given tailored to a name

Each one different

Each one the same

It all maps out

Praise His holy name!

Do all roads lead to God

Is there any god at all

Foolishness to those

Who never took the call.

Strange

Thoughts running around my head

Strange dilemmas

For a man not well read

I looked up dichotomy thought that might sum it up

Explains something but my minds still in a rut

If right is wrong and left is right

Can they keep up the show

If right wins does the fun begin

For those who like a fight

Who wins gets the reins

That's the spoils of war

Or maybe we split into two

Like 1984

Fantasy not long ago

Scribblings on the wall

When I look at prophesy the end is not yet here

Definitely on the road but are the suspects aren't that clear

So hear my dilemma

Who is really fake

All of them

Whoever

I think it's just to late.

Today

The day will come

Who gives a cheer

Who are the winners

It's not yet clear

Democracy

The people choose

Split in two

Can everyone lose

Does democracy have the final word

Well, I guess we get what we deserve.

What's next

Will your Spirit take control

Lift us from a grubby hole

Guide the people with a righteous hand

Empower leaders to heal the land

Will they also be led astray

Pray not for these people I hear you say

My heart is grieved, my soul is vexed

I see you there, I am perplexed

So I put my trust in you, there's nothing more that I can do.

Awoke

Awoke, awoke to grey old day

What will be will be

As they say

Time is

Short.

Everything/nothing

Everything is nothing, in a world of change

Nothing is everything, it's the same old page

Seeking glory, whatever the code

Blinds the pathway, pathed with gold

What the world gives, is only disease

For total healing, it's Him we must please

Preach to the converted, I hear him say

For unto them, I show the way

My burden is easy, my yoke is light

Trust in me

I have the right.

Fatal attraction

I met her at the dry cleaners

Putting my suit in

She, picking up an evening dress

That showed a little skin

Hair ruffled at the back

First attraction

Fancy that

Wore Lycra like an athlete

Blonde hair like a crown

She gave me a sheepish look as she put her wine down

Eyes blue, skin like milk in the night

Not many words were spoken but she was a delight

Now I am much older but still within the zone

Of half my age plus seven

So it is told

Why should I look upon a maid that could steal all my worth

But I battle forces within my mind

Am I entitled to desert

I hoped to see her again maybe to test the water

Next day in front of me

I see

Someone like the mother of the daughter

Thinning hair ruffled at the back

This one wearing blue jeans

That were more than a little slack

The face now aged

The milk had curdled

Thank you Lord for helping me

To get over this hurdle

Beauty fades like a flower

Should I jeopardise my Sanctity

In these final hours

That's the game I had to play

In it I must choose

Knowing that it's all or nothing

I do not choose to lose.

You keep me from temptation

And always make a way

So for now

I will not vow

But worship you

Each day.

Hazy

Crazy hazy

Strollin bones

Gets to lazy to pick up the phone

Stays awake deep into the night

Can't get up

Might give em a fright

Staggers out between one and three

The flood gates are open

If you new what he means

The answer to his riddle has flown the coop

Better get some sleep before it's time to

Brings charges against me

Heap them up to the sky

Spew out vitriol

I don't care why

To stand on one's honour is my only thought

And I do believe

I will get

My day in court.

Dippy slip

Don't let me slip Lord don't let me slip.

It's a slippery dip Lord,

Sometimes I flip.

You know, if I am untrue:

If the world has stolen my heart;

If from your precepts I depart;

If my thoughts faded from your view;

Where could I turn?

What could I do?

Darkness would overtake me;

Lies would pierce my shield.

If you I had forsaken my sins would be revealed!

You know my frame Lord

That I am but dust

And the battle that rages

And in who I do trust.

So draw me close Lord don't let me fade...

For in your glory I am unashamed.

Run around

Run around like a lunatic don't get much done

Going here, going there, hiding from the sun

Years march on

Nights get long

Priorities change

Things to do

All for you

Life is not the same

You were always there

Unaware

Even when gone astray

Now joy is found

Fooling around

Life is like a play

With no compare

Off the air

You slowly turn the page

Redeem the time

What do you do

To take away the pain

Life you give

Peculiar

One that is despised

Hidden from the gaze

Of all of those now blind

Now of no renown

Content

Found

Seated in the heavens

Walking on the earth

What a joy

The mystery

Of rebirth.

Power

Now, it may seem a bit absurd to say all power is in the word.

Money is power, wealth a defence..

Power in the word?

It doesn't make sense..

Spoke creation into life-

Has the power to bring blessing or strife.

To understand what's little known...

From the beginning, their on the throne.

Life and death, the power of the tongue:

From the heart they write;

Fruit they produce, bringing death or life.

A little member can boast great things:

Better disconnected, that suffer from its sins..

If we think we are religious and can't bridle our tongue-

Vanity will not complain, until its work is done.

The tongue is a fire piercing like a sword..

Listen very carefully for every idle word.

Seven

Seven days

Seven altars

Seven rams.

Seven spirits

Seven demons

Who can understand.

Seven lamps

Seven candlesticks

Seven churches

On the go.

Seven angels

Seven vials

Seven Plagues

Woe.

Seven horns

Seven eyes

Seven spirits

Throughout the earth.

Seven angels

Seven trumpets

Completion of His work.

What is it with seven?

I better stay alert!

Seven

Are one

All for the glory

Found in the Son.

That's all folks.

See

They breed them up, then cut them down.

Hypocrisy, from the hungry crowd.

The measure that is judged will be metered back-

It will all be exposed,

That's a fact.

What good

What good is it

I am not in it

Not in everything you say

Your not

In everything I do..

My mind is empty, my spirit dissolved

There's nothing left

Everything is new

Everything is old.

Like a sponge soak it up

Nothing to conflict

How's it feel padre

Who's the heretic?

All that's old is new again

The plan has never changed

What good is it to be like you?

To be as you are

To do as you do

In the world you have no glory

Nothing to articulate

Just the same old story

Spoon fed for the plate

What good is it

If I am's not in you?

The people seem to love it

I fear, without a clue

Turn aside after empty things

Which cannot profit nor deliver

Nothing is without you

With you is the quiver.

Who gives

Who gives songs in the night?

The Lord of Glory;

In whom is delight.

So, the simple hear of his fame:

Ancient of days;

Never has changed.

He tells of his glory,

Where is it found?

Can man see it?

It's all around.

In the heavens-

In hearts he reigns...

Takes our reproach.

Covers our shame.

He speaks his wisdom to every tongue:

Calling us back from where we are from-

His seed scattered throughout the earth:

Nations are nothing.

In Him is our worth.

Calling his children, he shows them the way...

Those that follow will not go astray.

There is joy, in all that he brings-

Praise the Lord!

Honour the King.

Give me

I don't know if I can do it

Give me strength to see it through

I don't mind the crazy

That's the way we do

I remember last night caught hiding in the dark

The smile confirmed it

What a work of art

The follow up sounds foolish

I trust you have a plan

Give me strength to see it through

My wish is your command.

Roller coaster

Life: a roller coaster?

Slippery dip of thought;

Better be careful,

Might be a rort?

There are many things that can be shown:

Dizzying highs;

Terrifying lows.

Come to the fair, with all the dazzling lights..

Hop on the merry-go-round:

Taste our delights..

Next, try the "cha-cha"

More get up and go.....

Than move to the Ferris wheel

For something a little slow. .

Feet back now on solid ground...

Come back to the round-about

Just to mess around..

Tempted by the roller coaster?

Just have a little spree..

Truth be told:

I remember the lows;

And they scare the shit out of me.

Pulling strings

Who's out there pulling strings

I heard a twang, a funny thing

The one that once wore the crown, lost his footing

Got taken down.

The 2nd time he calls them home...

He'll be seated firmly on the throne

Being their delight

Under the wing

No room for spite

To live in the wonder of what shall unfold, answering questions as they evolve

To serve the master and Honour the King

This is what he comes to bring.

Hmm

Truth is truth

Fact is fact

Then of course, there is the crap

Some are grey

Other beige

Some amidst the foggy haze

some are old

Others new

Some leave us wondering what to do

All is hidden in plain sight

All that's wrong will be right

Could be surprised for all we know

When we come to the end of the vanity show

The truth in the end will reveal the story

We should know the last line...

The truth is his glory.

Bold

Where told this is it.
we must do that.

Impossible to sort the chaff from the wheat, the lean from the fat..

With scales on eyes and stops in ears,

It's hard to see and harder to hear.

Who are the winners?

I don't know.

Could be that looney I meet on the track, the one that's all smiles and never looks back

Or maybe that widow that lives down the way, helping others, busying her day

With man's knowledge, what has he gained?

More ways to slaughter, more ways to enslave..

We have knowledge

Aren't we proud

All is lovely, down hear, on the ground..

Follow us, we teach joy

To every girl and every boy

From barbie doll's

And all the obscene

Dredged for your pleasure

From our latrine..

Like a fool to the stocks

In over his head

Sold the life

Bought the death.

The word polluted now festering sores..

The same will slay

It is his sword...

Knowledge is not wisdom

Wisdom is not fact

It's higher than the heavens

The simple know that.

Only wisdom knows the end from the beginning, and if you think you are right..

Well, he'll just be grinning.

What will be will be

She has the last say

But in the meantime

Best redeem the day

The truth is there

Hidden under a cloud

It can't be told

It must be found.

What was that

What was that?
I guess it's gone.
So? like a fool, ramble on..
It's my fourth attempt!
Gremlins be gone!
What to write?
I don't know, your the one who runs the show...
Speak of angels, put them right...
Tell 'em they can visit anytime they like
Well, that may not be exactly so
But they have my permission
And so they go
Their expecting a vision
Visitations at night
Not some ministers
To set the world right
The good ones
The bad ones
They pull the strings
Blessings and curses
Each one can bring
They lurk in the shadows
They bring in the light
They call from the left
They call from the right.
To be continued...
Back on track
The demons are pipsqueak
That's a fact.
Can be annoying, I'll give them that..
But truth will always slay the crap.
Like i said, Pipsqueak
They don't have much power

Except over the children of pride
Take a look, the bums found a ride
Now, I am in disrepute
The people love it
How cute.
The fallen have risen, in case they don't know..
The great I am runs the show.
Don't pray for these people
What will be will be
They will all see my glory
And shamed they shall be
In the meantime let it be known
I knock on the door
But the door stayed closed
If they were to open and have a peak...
They might invite the angel
The one that they seek.

Credit where credit is due:
Who is the one who created who?
Credit for the heavens credit for the stars
All the constellations
Jupiter, Mars.....
The costly garden now overgrown..
It's in the bewitching..
The earth, she groans.

How are the things unseen not hid?

The credit master lifted the lid-
Wickedness was what he found.
It's happened before: who is the clown?
With the breath that we take each idol word seals our fate.

Credit now where credit is due that's the thing that we must do.

My way

My ways are not your ways

That's what he said

As the heavens are higher than the earth

Catch the thread

His thoughts are not our thoughts

Although to us they are untold

It's a complicated story

Into the heart he goes

Searching the darkness

Bringing in the light

Those that follow

Become his delight

Children of the most high

Don't need to have a say

Understanding what is

They cannot go astray

The world doesn't know them

On his wings they ride

Swept up in his loving arms

Father of the bride.

The wedding

The wedding week is over he gets to kiss the bride.

It was a three stage affair:

Not sure how they survived.

Grooms family: Nigerian

Brides: Aussie white

From Christian families...

But not everyone? Right.

First ceremony was low key, close family only.

Somehow I was invited in:

They gave me cocoa nut;

It's a family thing.

Negotiated the dowry in line with the ancient code,

Explained the marriage rites.

Now I am a chief, I am told.

Making preparations for the very big night:

Chiefy didn't get involved .

Still listening to his wife doing what he's told (ha).

The stage looked amazing.

Draped, decorated with huge feathers and things.
It really was credit to whoever did the work...

But look! Here come the dances:

Brides family first; in all, about eight.

Next came the grooms; am I seeing straight? as far as the eye can see....fathers, mothers, sisters,
brothers, nieces and nephews not a few...

Could be the cocoa nut not sure what that stuff can do.

Then came the grooms men and the groom of coarse...

Some looking very eligible, for those who dislike divorce.

Then came the Brides maid's

All different sizes

Nothing out of place

As they danced down the aisle.

All the players on display, none without a smile.

Then it was my turn; chiefs up on the stage.

I must say, I was honoured, so please don't take this the wrong way-

The elder explained the cocoa nut: of family and friends; of love and devotion, and how it mustn't
end.

Did some back slapping handshake, and chanted in another tongue....

I didn't know what he said, but seemed to get the job done.

Lots of singing and dancing, married now!

But no.

There's still the Christian wedding.

One more day to go:

Hot day

Suits and ties

Chiefly not involved

Just there by the side.

Beautiful location

Harbour views

Married by the pool

String quartet played

A very peaceful mood...

Now, the father of the groom is a pastor, and he was doing the honours...

What no one knew, was that he, had invited his brother-

To say a few words:

What marriage is to God, and how we've hit the bottom..

Adam marrying Steve!

How the world's becoming like Sodom.

The crowd was very gracious but on a nearby stool..

The brother of the bride was fuming, and wanted to push him in the pool.

Restrained by cooler heads

All eyes were averted

On the bus

Back to the rocks

Where everybody flirted.

Is been a big month, had a marriage and a death.

Now I can go back to work!

Wait. Christmas comes next.

Now

Now, before I go

Go long range!

Kick off the show.

We do it for you

But really for us

Smiling assassin

What's the fuss?

I still run the show don't you know.

Coming the hour, delusions soon over, but while I have power..

I know, I know

Promises are nothing.

A political witch hunt, that's what it was..

And who wouldn't?

Just because.....

Times nearly up, I did what I do..

Look after my interest

Thank you x

Evil time

It's an evil time, says the Lord:

I read the passage, it hit a cord...

They tread down the poor with grain taxes, while they recline on the couch..

In hewn stone houses, there they slouch.

Planting pleasant vineyards, enjoying the fat of the land.

Hear
wonder
Understand...

stretching out on beds of ivory, eating the fat of the flock.

Would it be a revelation?

Would it be a shock?

Singing idly to themselves not considering the Lord..

He will have them in derision, slay them with his sword.

Hating the one that rebukes in the gate,

Abhorring the one who speaks uprightly.

Therefore the Prudent are silent,

Whispers to the client.

He who made Pleiades and Orion;

Turns the shadow of death into morning-

Repays back to their face.

He gave them all the warning.

He rains ruin upon the strong,

Fury comes upon the fortress.

"You who turn justice to wormwood,

And lay righteousness to rest in the earth!"

Foolishness has spoken, bringing death and dearth..

He makes the day as dark as night:

(I don't know about you but it gives me the frights.)

He knows their manifold transgressions, and mighty sins:

Afflicting the just and taking bribes;

Diverting the poor from justice at the gate.

Yes, I can see it...

"Thanks mate."

Seek good and not evil, that you may live;

So the Lord of Hosts will be with you,.

Who cancels our sin.

Hate evil,
Love good;
Establish justice in the gate.

Let him be gracious to you,

It's never too late.

There shall be wailing in all streets:

(Prepare a fast)

The last will be first;

The first will be last.

The farmer to mourning, the skilled lamenters to wailing.

The mighty men fallen, their vineyards are taken.

Woe to you who desire the day of the Lord!

It is darkness, not light.

(Now there's some food for thought)

Who's wrong and who's right?

Now I could get diverted it's all a winding thread...

A tapestry, if you please,

Blood soaked red.

Make your preparations

Launder your clothes
Come to his kingdom
Reign Unopposed.

But let justice run down like water, and righteousness like a mighty stream...

I must confess, from my point of view, it looks more like a dream!

They have their stars and idols:

Everyone's okay;

But the bit is pulled by the bridle;

The horsemen have their way.

Did they offer me sacrifices?

I heard him say:

"I hate, I despise your feast days,

Your sacred assemblies have no savor.

Though they offer me sacrifices,

Them I will not favor."

Take away from me the noise of your songs,

They make me want to puke.

Let justice and righteousness run like water,

Suffer no rebuke.

Plagiarised

Reporter: So Fred, your 97! What's your secret?

Fred: I sucked a cock for a watch once.

Reporter: I meant secret of your longevity.

Fred: Oh! Fruits and vegetables.

Silly

Is it modest or demure

Buffeted or whacked

Could It be smart or clever

Reality or fact

Answer or reply

Relish or gloat

Swallow to many synonyms

Get thesaurus throat!

Shoosh

Now there's a secret, hidden from view

And believe it or not, it's all about you

It can't be mentioned, or spoken about

Because if it was, all hell could break out

See, the conduit that runs from Father to Son

Bears the scars of what we've done

So, for those relieved of their mortal sin

The question remains, it's all about Him

I know, we know

But hear the shame

In forgiveness, where is the pain?

Can we crucify Christ, all over again?

But he was wounded for our transgressions

Bruised for our iniquities

Is our soul a blessing?

Does it bring relief?

He exalts the humble

And humbles the proud

And suffered for us, down here on the ground

So what is the secret, I am talking about

If it were known, all hell would break out.

Granny

Now, I am always banging on how Chinese are polite

But today this old granny gave everyone a fright

Marched across the road, while the traffic lights were green

Stopping the cars

Man, she looked mean!

Moving like a bulldozer

From her path people fled

Had that look on her face..

Mean. Like I said

A woman on her phone

Not watching the show

Soon felt her wrath

As grannies trolley ran over her toe!

No one said a word as she Marched into the shop

And if they did I wondered

Would they get a karate chop!

It is a peaceful town

Of troubles there's not many

But take some care

And beware

Of Hornsbys irate granny.

The rapture!

Have you heard the news on the ground?

How all of these people will be taken like a cloud.

Search the scriptures, make a claim..

Rest easy, in his name.

Is anyone sceptical?

What are the facts?

There's always a contradiction...

Fancy that!

He tells a tale about Noah and the flood and those who prevail...

Then goes on with another story about the kingdom of God and who receives his glory...

Now

We may know the scriptures are a living thing...

To some: just foolishness;

To others: a wellspring.

others condemnation which is a clever thing

Those with ears have no doubt:

Illusion/delusion: the beast is out.

Woe to the world because of offences! For offences must come, but woe to that man by whom the offence comes!

The scriptures are plain, just turn it around: imagine Hebrew upside down!

I don't know, how could I know.

Your glory, your honour

It's no where on show..

'Seek and deliver: my sheep hear my voice.
There is no understanding: they are my choice.'

How do they prosper?

Remove their sin.

Their depth will be paid, with forgiveness within.

Talk about marriage, how the two become one...

Look at the stolen, and what it has become.

Can I get a little cocky?

Have a little fun?

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Satan: number one.

We can follow all the commandments and still fall in a trap..

He can thread a camel through the eye of a needle!

Fancy that!

Now: He tells us the first will be last!

And this age is ending and soon will be passed.

A new age is dawning, of permanent light;

Where servants are rewarded one hundred fold

Where goodness dwells with mercy

Where death is swallowed up.

His promises are many, but with him we must sup.

Now: in the west we have Labor laws protecting our rights! Fighting for more!

(Little for the poor.)

God's kingdom is not so lame, everyone gets paid the same!

Come in last, go out first!

And if they don't bless you..

They get cursed!

It's a win-win! And winners are grinners!

(The gremlins are trying, we'll eat them for dinner.)

Come on in: the dinner bells ringing; come to the light our eyes are dim in..

I know there's a baptism they sprinkle some water but listen to what he said to the grandfathers daughter...

What is this baptism sent from above?

"Purges the heart and fills it with love."

Now: in this upside-down story that sounds like a chore, his baptism makes you servant of all...

All is His glory: that is that.

None of this story will leave you flat

His yoke is easy, His burden is light.

He has the victory.

There's nothing to fight.

You see the enemy has no where to stay except in the prideful; king for a day.

Now: a tree can grow tall, spread its branches wide, a magnificent canopy covering the sky, spreading its roots..

But it withers and dies if it doesn't bear fruit.

Cast out of the vineyard

What a strange array?

"Smells a little fishy"

Lets get on our way...

Invited to the wedding: didn't want to come.

Go out to the highways!

Your sure to find some.

bring them in both bad and good make sure they have a wedding gown...

The ròm will be inspected: no fools, no clowns-

That broaden their phylacteries, chase money like a whore

To be called Rabbi

Do you see that anymore?

Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites: shutting up the kingdom of heaven.

(Could be that communion bread, the one with all the leaven.)

Blind guides: who cares?

For fucks sake!

Don't swear.

Strain the gnat,swallow the camel.

Blind guides: leading the peril!

Hypocrites; He sees the unseen;
Beautiful outward /inside-unclean.

Full of dead men's bones.
(He knows how to set a seen!)

Serpents, brood of vipers-

"Come to the nursery, bring your diapers."

"Do you not see these things? Assuredly, I say to you, not one stone will be left here upon another,
that shall not be thrown down."

So, if you're still with me??? What can I say:

Do you think they'll be taken away?

Why should they be taken at all?

Was earth the garden that suffered the fall?

What was that kingdom he came to restore?

I don't know. That's for sure.

In a world tattered and tore, wars, and wars, and rumours of wars.
Don't be troubled I hear him say just be prepared: no one knows the day.

For he comes like a thief in the night
To rapture them up

Clean out of site!

Now: full circle; back to the start; who is so cunning? Who deals in black art?

Of that hour no one knows but listen to the story this is how it goes-

(But as in the days of Noah were, also will be the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark.

And did not know until the flood came and took them all away. So also shall be the coming of the Son of Man.

Two men will be in the field one taken the other one left

Two will be grinding one taken the other one left

We are called to be faithful to give food in its season...

All of creation groans: we are here for a reason.

The ramblings of a mad man?

That may be true.

But a man's got to do, what the man tells him to.

W

Now

The days nearly done, my focus slim.

I get one in, before my eyes get dim.

What to write?

I don't know?

The rivers wide, with a gentle flow...

I could go to the ankles?

Cool the blood...

Or wade in waist deep?

Wash off some of the mud!

Out in the middle it's over our head.

It's a dangerous river-

In waters unseen..

"How about we get in a boat!

'You'll need a fair wind'

And make sure that she floats!"

Many have fallen, pray to the rocks..

Food for the fishes, seagulls and crabs-

They find it delicious!

When caught in the trap.

Now: what are you talking about?

Rivers and ankles and waists and heads

Cooling and washing and drownings and dread

To be honest: I don't really know

Just typing it out. Go with the flow

I struggle with gremlins hear on the site, spend hours drafting some shit in the night. Then, my final draft, I change it again, To whatever I like.

The problem is, in the second stage.. I type for an hour, then something deletes the page!

Usually "resubmission " if my memory serves me correct?

It's very annoying, I am put to the test!

Not to be beaten, I type into the night, not seeing to well- Spell check takes the fight!

So today it's a one hit wonder, or a total blunder.

I don't care.fool be me.

"May we be grafted into the vine"

What vine is that?

Why is it so fine?

The fruit of its clusters, brings the new wine...

"But the old is better", I hear them say..

The stock of the tree is ripped out by the root!

Where is this going?

Where is your proof?

Well you have me there.

I don't know and I don't care.

Who is the head?

Who is the tail?

Who is the leader?

You gives the mail?

Right about now I have lost the plot!

But this I am sure of: nothing at all!

Could be fiction

All this fall..

The gremlins are not only on the phone, they get into our minds our hearts, our souls.

You have to recognise then, right from the start. Kill them off quickly, before entering the heart.

The heart is wicked, deceitful, above all things; and from the heart speech it brings; blessings and curses, from the same tongue; It's all in the verses...songs have been sung.

I know what I know

And you should too.

The Lord Most High

I worship You.

You are the life, the way, the truth.

And all that fear You, suffer no rebuke.

We live in the shelter of your wing.

You are our Saviour

You are our King.

So forget that bullshit that's sprayed about..

Trust in Him.

Have no doubt.

The day will come

All will fall

And all will know

He is King of all.
Until that day, have one on me...
Open some eyes Lord
Let them see.

The beginning...

Blind

Well, I have a title!

Sounds about write...

My eyes can get blurry this time of the night:

Well, now I remember what we were talking about-

The Atheist; their out and about..

They have some good points, more than a few: well versed in knowledge; scripture and verse;
Blasphemous outburst, not fearing the curse.

It's hard to argue, there's plenty to slander: vanity; hypocrisy, just to name me and you..

What can you say to that?

All of it is true.

Then there's the stories, fiction at best..or downright lies!

A cunning plan! Hatched by man; to keep the pope alive.

I don't know? I don't think so!

Now a world divided..

What once was one has now become a cacophony of liars..

Bay be that's a little harsh? But I am trying to find a rhyme

But you must admit; you hear some shit; in the air and on the wires.

It's Nebuchadnezzar's dream!

Can anyone remember? Has anybody seen?

Democracy one 0 one.

Fifty one stick it up forty nine bums.

So, we keep arguing over wrong and right; who did what and who should pay..

There must be a better way.

Of coarse there is: keep harping on; one day baby we can right a song...

A melody: soft and cool., to woo them in...

What a tool!

You know what I am talking about..a blue's number that break the heart...

You old fart!

Those Negro's had it: not long ago...

He eased their burdens, they laid them all down; the joy was receiving,...

The King was in town?

That's right Frankie, they knew who's who...

A nation divided.

That's me and you.

Circumcision

When he brought them out of Egypt, he gave a command;

Circumcise all males:

What a pain, but Moses carried out his plan.

But the people rebelled from the very start..

So for forty years in the wilderness, they marched.

The Lord determined they would not enter into his promised land.

But the next generation He would command...

Joshua as their leader was told to make sharp knives:

All of Israel; he was to circumcise;

A second time...

Now, if you know your bible, and I am confident if you do-

You might understand what I am on about?

If not hear the clue:

The circumcision required was the same from the start;

The flesh profits nothing.

It's circumcision of the heart!

Now: we have a battle to fight:

It's not about flesh and blood;

We do it with His might.

With Him we take the Anakin:

Giants on the hill;

Nothing can match us: we are in his will.

What am I saying?

It's all been heard..

But a game we ain't playing...

And you can't polish a turd.

He calls his children one by one:

If you've come back to papa, you'll know what I am talking about...

It's ten percent of all:

We don't come out;

Now: the ten percent brings the other tribes in-

Hallow youA,: no more sin.

smoking flax don't quench,

No voices in the street..

Step by step we work with him:

Giving out his meat...

To hungry souls starved of affection:

His way is the only way;

In it is no rejection.

You follow me:

That's what he said;

It's all in there, if He shows you where to look!

It's a rich tapestry:

That book.

Ripped off again

Just spent hours penning a poem..
Hit "preview", got access denied!
All of it wiped!
I will try a second time.
I won't be beaten
I'll tell them that
It will take more
To shut my trap.....

Christmas shopping:
Not online;
The old fashioned way.

My adult son likes Japanese so into the city, I like to please...

Following my phone:
Eight hundred meters to the shop;
Get there: out of stock.

'Go six hundred meters back up to the top!'

As luck happens: there's a game shop on the way:

You see I have a friend he's a really good bloke, on the bones of his arse..and that's no joke.

He lost everything that he built,so it is no surprise, that depression and loneliness live by his side..

Anyway, he created a board game sounds pretty good. Although I haven't played it! And maybe I should.

I felt excited for him when I seen the shop...

Took a photo and in I popped.

Spoke to the fellow that run the store, to ask him a question, to find out the score.

You see my friends background was in printing, we could pay to churn some out...
Not that great at marketing to get it off the ground..

He gave me a contact, and off I went...

Seems this day is heaven sent.

Now at the bookstore:

A massive place;

Took up half the second floor!

Battled the crowd to the comic help desk:

"The Japanese section is at the other end!"

(No time to rest.)

A thank you very much...

And off I went...

I feel this day is heaven sent.

Found a Japanese:

help me to decide;

Bought for Mangas,

Off I fly!

Told my wife I would only be a few hours, if I gets much later, I'll be forking out for flowers!

Next mission:

Find a belt.

A leather one, not a veneered strap, that cracks and breaks; I didn't want crap..

Found a place:

Helped by the phone.
Off we go: destination unknown.

Found the store:
Oops, the wrong one!
The girl understood:
It was all in fun.

Right next door was just what I needed:
The belts were good but not the right size..
She gave me directions to their store inside-

Now, that store is Myer, in case you don't know, it has six levels and there all on the go....

I suspect it's designed to keep shoppers trapped.

"Up on third. That's where you'll find that."

Found them after ages looking around the belt was perfect.

Another one down.

What have I done?
I suddenly felt crook;
Somewhere? I had lost the Manga books!

I couldn't believe it, what had I done?

Going back to the bookstore wasn't my kind of fun..

Hooray!
Found them, back at the fourth shop, the one that sent me on this Myers hop..

Only one more present-

It's for my wife.

The days getting long, I could be in strife?

Haven't had breakfast, not eaten on the trail.

So I dropped into a pub, for just one ale...

Back on the train:

We meet at three.

(That's the wife and me)

On the train I get a call from my sister:

Her husband in a wheelchair, they live on a small farm, or their own.

She is now seventy, I haven't seen he for decades but we do talk on the phone.

Her husband is in agony as she explained:

The burning is like torture, on the inside of his limbs, although on the outside he doesn't feel a thing.

He describes it as like having your flesh torn from your bone

And here is my sister doing it on her own.

He been on some medication for over twenty years, not sure what is was, but being addictive seems quite clear.

They were told this week there is no more..

Global supplies has disappeared

When new stock arrives?

There not sure.

I have digressed, but it's a hell of a state.

We have no real pharmaceutical production down here, it's controlled by big pharma, that much is clear.

The government recently has compounding chemist in the sights, accused of being careless, dangerous in fact.

It's a corporate takeover.

You can at least see that

They feed us with poison, then when we get sick, they sell the solution..

A fair bunch of pricks. .

Now no misunderstandings, it's not me or you, or Bill Gates or some fool that we never knew.

If we can't see the cause the problem just grows..and it's not out there, it's under our nose..

Off the train:

Silver earrings I heard her say:

I am a little early;

Hooray!

I found a pair I thought she would wear:

Similar to some I bought her before-

Said to the girl: "I might be back " before I walked out the store-

Well, that prophesy seemed to come true when wife told me that I don't have a clue!

Shown me some that suited her:

(Lucky enough, we were in the same store!)

Exchanged earrings, while my wifes not about:

Christmas shopping over:

Have no doubt.

Almost broke:

Can still pay the rent...

I think this day was heaven sent.

Trials

If we have trials, hear the thing...

It's a two edged sword, with it we win.

Can make you smile

Can make you howl

Opens eyes

He's on the prowl

See him tear

See him smart

See him as a pip squeak fart

killus?

Is that what he can do?

If you fear the Lord he has nothing on you...

To know him is to love him, because he loved us first.

You've probably all heard it.

It's a popular verse...

The hearers are not justified, the doers stake the claim...

Eternity is in our hearts...

But do we feel the shame?

Trials! What a laugh.

Did you hear what he went through?

I couldn't do that, neither could you.

What's even sicker, who takes our blows?

He might kill the body

But never gets the soul.

Now, just a faint reminder for those of us on earth:

He shall bring delivery

He shall bring rebirth.

Ha!

Now, all my trash talk, I am certainly a peasant!

Thank you, Ssanta, for the Christmas present.

It came a bit early, don't you think?

A covid household! Fancy that!

You always liked to give out crap.

Me, I don't want to break the rules..

So God bless you, and all your tools.

My they prosper, fester and grow.

And return on your head.

Oh.

The book

I have a client, he wrote a book.

Gave me a copy to have a look .

I liked this fellow, it must be said

But my attitude was tarnished, by the scene I read..

I know it's just fiction, a work of art

Where does it come from?

I think the heart.

The author is on full display

Like it or not

It's them on the page.

Books

I take care

They have their agenda, enticing us where?

The heart it calls

To you and me

It is desperately wicked

Can you see?

Fact or fiction

Fact or fiction?

Truth or lie?

All this Deception, I wonder why?

Why the parables?

Why the curse?

Why the mystery in the verse?

Why the temptation?

What is the reality?

Why not give us a bit more clarity!

Who are free?

Who are slaves?

Can the dead rise from their graves?

Are we really here at all?

Is it an illusion?

From where did we fall?

How did we rise?

And if we have...

It's a surprise.

who has dominion?

Who runs the show?

Who has the answers?

God knows.

You can

You can deck the prick with bells and holly..

Far-far-far, far-far, far,far,far,far

I am not feeling very jolly

Ha-ha-ha,ha-ha,ha,ha,ha,ha

Look at what the world's become

Lo-lo-lo, lo-lo, lo, lo, lo,lo

Ruled by tyrants, thieves, and scum

La-la-la, la-la, la,la,la,la

We the people eat their crap

Bla-bla-bka, bla-bla, bla, bla, bla, bla

All caught in an evil trap

Ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha..ha,ha,ha

How could we be so stupid

Da-da-da,da-da-da,..da,da,da

Yes, up the bum we've all be rooted

Ar-ar-ar,ar-ar,ar,are,ar,are

Do a few corols brings him glory

Na-na-na,na-na,na,na,na,na

It's time for us to live the story

Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya,ya

Time to turn this mess around

Wow,wow,wow wow,wow,wow,wow,wow,wow

Let His Spirit take some ground

Cha-cha-cha,cha-cha,cha-char,cha, cha

Hand it over like he said

Nw-now-now-now-now-noe-now-now,now

Join the living, not the dead

How-how-how, how-how, how-how, how how

Ask the Lord to be your Saviour

Just you and Him

He'll give you favour.

Tonight

Tonight: having a quiet beer;

Across the bay;

Something like gunshots I hear!

First one loud, second muffled-

Then I see a fire!

It had me puzzled.

Could be a bonfire?

In a no fire zone?

I put it down to Christmas cheer..

I mustn't have been alone.

Back inside: what did I hear?

Five-seven more explosions, loud and clear!

Opened the door: ran out-

As I said, this was happening on the western side of the bay, the old pacific highway runs that way-

I watched eight or so cars speed off south, and three or so north;

Surprised me a little, but hoons love the coarse-

Christmas eve, out for fun, not really hurting anyone.

Now, the fire is raging:

Rang an RFS deputy: to see if he knew?

I wasn't sure what else to do?

It still might be a bonfire, with flames twenty feet high!

I didn't want to call police, some innocent might die.

Deputy not answering (it's nearing midnight (

Left a message with what you read, and thought I'd call it a night...

From the way I saw it, the fire was tracking in a straight line, cutting a break through the bush.

It looked mighty fine.

I came to the knowledge, this must be a controlled burn!

Good old RFS, my respect they have earned.

Just as I was thinking; flashing lights and a siren!

From the fire shed, they sped...

Police arrived minutes later, then another truck;

Christmas eve in sleepy Valley: did anybody see?

Tucked in bed?

Being good for Santa

Dreaming of presents around the tree..

Or

Sitting back and watching the show, thinking, nothing to do with me!

Sleepy Valley

It's the night after in sleepy Valley, everything is quite.

No nocturnal's scampering, no bird riots

Only crickets do I hear, or is it ringing in my ears?

Forty past midnight: thinking of failure;

The paradox: joy for fear;

That's what leads me on.

It isn't always clear, do I fool myself?

But still you lead me on...

Was I a failure: I saw laughter, without a tear.

Softly, softly, I must tread:

Keeping you near.

A sheep, not a goat.

Forgive me once, Forgive me twice, seventy times seven.

I am only flesh and blood, you rule from heaven.

Don't rebuke me in your hot displeasure, give me another try...

My joy is to to worship you, without you, I should die.

Hold my hand as I stumble, carry me through. .

Your the Father to the son, my life is held by you.

Baby face

To the child: sweet things come their way;

Joy fills their eyes;

Hearts melt away...

To know you is to love you;

Darkness can never cover that.

Baby face: sometimes a little flat..

What can I do? my turtle dove...

I search for answers, but only find love.

To know

To know the word is a marvellous thing

Brings laughter, makes you sing

Corrects you when your feeling cold

Keeps you youthful, when getting old

Fights your battles, defends your friends

Yes, its virtual has no end.

When become the best of friends

From the beginning, tells the end.

In all the noise tells the truth

Still hard to find, we all want proof

A wicked generation seeks a sign

When all around us is the glory

Only one can tell the story.

Some try, others lie

Isn't it the way?

With bells and lights, and all delights

We totter and we sway..

The world doesn't love us

It caught us in a trap..

Used, chewed, and spat.

The earth is in dismay, groaning for a rest

(There's that word dominion)

We became the pest..

In the grip of covetous, we take, we claim

Who bears the guilt? Who wears the shame?

For answers to these questions, you may only ask but one...

Calling to his children: learn from me, my son.

Depressing

Depression: no joke.

Text from a friend

Saying he's near the end

Would he do it?

Is he a dope?

He has four children, two boys and twin girls...

Could It be pride?

Seems kind of strange

A call for help, attention seeking?

Seems trapped in a cage

Nothing to live for, he says..

Everyday, nothing to do..

Debts are mounting..

Is he saying screw you?

Hell, it's hundreds, not thousands, I suspect .

His problems seem minor, it seems kind of sick-

Is he so weak he can't even ask?

Easier to take an overdose!

I think, what a prick.

He knows that he's loved...

But I do understand, the humiliation, when your beaten, and can't get up
Caught in the grip of depression
Unable to function properly
Bound in your own misery.

Everything is against him: no job, no house, no wife, no life..

An extrovert, giving himself a sentence of solitude

Apathy taking residence in his brilliant mind
He has so much potential, he's only sixty four
Throwing himself on the scrapheap..

"I can't take it anymore."

I, like most, sit on the fence
Not caring to look, as friend, neighbour, acquaintances, struggle on
As we struggle on
Has mateship died?
It seems a pitiful shadow of its former self

Or is it just me: I wonder

I thought about it: remember those thoughts in your head, that said no one would care; until your dead.

I survived.
I hope that he does
Because like me
I know he is loved.

New year

Happy new year
We all gave a cheer
Sang Auld Lang Syne
Had a good time
A fireworks display
To greet the new year
Singing and dancing
(All fuelled by beer)
Hear, we go into twenty twenty five
Another year over
And I am still alive
So I raise my glass to friends and foe
It's all about him
But who would know.

Here we go

Do you hear the prophets?
They still call from the tomb
Can you hear them in your car?
Surrounding sounds in your room
Not that they know it
They all play their part
From the heart the mouth speaks
It's a work of art
Hidden in the lyrics of a song
Told in a joke
Truth speaks loudly
From many a folk
Although muzzled, he knows how to play
Some hear his voice
Some go astray
But the prophets are calling, out from the grave
And if they are true?
You should listen to what they say
Not that we have much to boast
It's more like Sodom, and we're the toast
Treading with caution, holding the tongue
Listening carefully, for the one

False prophets, angles of light
Little children
The nursery is bright.

Focus

Ha! It's a bit of a joke to my wife.

ADD, she calls call me!

Sees a scattered madman:

Building beds to plant a tree;

Moving dirt for a pond, then just going away?

Having another think: will come back to that, some day.

Doesn't make good money: bad with it I hear; more focused on personalities, and holding them to dear.

I always stay focussed! and if I was to stray, all the hocus pocus, could carry me away!

I sometimes listen, occasionally look; It's does sound convincing, it is in the book!

The path it calls: shows me a way; presses in tight, how can I stray?

Shows things that haven't been told; to foolish to mention; more precious than gold.

But then, on the other hand, who is right?

I like to have fun, so with me is no fight.

A man once told me (much wiser than I), that if everyone is doing it, it's probably a lie.

So back to my focus: I can add one plus one.

Bigger equations I can leave,
Because I am dumb.

Daley double

Peculiar: to be truly peculiar is a glorious thing

Brings joy and laughter, makes the heart sing

To be wise, you must be a fool

So let's raise a glass, to Him, and all his tools!

Debate: who is God, where is the divine?

What a stuff up he is!

Nothing to rhyme?

Follow all the misfiring farts, who think they are stars, their own work of art..

Not understanding the things that were told...

Of idol worship, of pagans of old..

They hoist their banners, not shamed face..

How they grind the faces of the poor, and proclaim it is grace.

But hang on-I am off on a hack!

Alert! Back-peddle... get back on track...

You can't fight with to many syllables..

So, just like him, he makes us invisible!

Maybe only seen by the keenest eye

One blurry night before he dies

Who knows? Who cares!

It's not a numbers game..

Just a hoot, as we salute, the King,

Before the grave.

Be warned then my fellows, flying foul and slippery snake..

The truth is out to get you...

It's not up for debate.

Wasps

Wasps again; I wrote of them before, how up the shed, they made their nest, next to every door!

Their nasty hoo-ers, they know how to sting!

Get to close, and a squadron flies in!

Last summer; I made a truce; you don't bother me, I don't kill you.

The truce has held for some time; Praise the Lord, I say! every one was fine.

It's stinking hot today, still cool in the night...

Could be the year of the insect?

They were flying about last night-

The spiders at home are doing a good job; better than the poison, made by the tub..

Back to the shed, and my dilemma:

You see, they (the wasps), are back at this door, the one I use most!

I can't see their nest, but presume it is close?

Their gathering water? Or maybe the moss?

I don't want to fight them, it hurts, and I don't know the cost?

Their flying close, but I don't lose my cool..

I suspect they can sense danger?

I might be a fool?

Not perturbed, I hasten to my my job...

As they busy around me, doing their job...

I'm spooked by the wasps but what can I say?

Only a fool would pass this way!

Between the wasps, and the snakes, and all the long grass, trash, treasure, crap from the past.....

Nature draws near, as we grow!

To see creation, how it flows?

How it helps each other; from the soil to the bud...

How does it know?

My thoughts return, to his love.

Giving us dominion over the earth...

Have we sold it all?

To return to the dirt!

Some fungus will find us, of that I am sure...

Where life goes on, in primeval spores.....

What utter madness!

The fools off his head!

But I do remember what he said: when all is completed, there is a rest...

Enough contemplation!

Back to the test.

One thing is clear; if I leave the wasps no one will come near!

Except, of course, welcome friends...

All for His glory, I recommend.

Out

Out of control
Hands off the wheel
Can I do what I feel?

How can I change
It's all on track
Just sit back and relax...

Can I say
Please don't go
I really do enjoy the show

It's a real paradox
No one knows what is what

That includes me!

Can I see the end?

Glory be...

Redeem the time
What mine is yours
And what's yours is mine.

Strange

On the bones of my arse?
Well, that's not exactly true...
I have enough to get me through.

My current job is for some Chinese
Now, those who know me know I like to please...
And I can a man of many words

I chop and change like the wind

Like an evolution

God knows

Without the sin.

I like to explain why and what has to be done...

Hear, I have a language barrier..

So, the fun begun.

Today I bought some petrol, I like to stay topped up.

I had an empty ten litre for the boat, and sixty kilometres on the truck-

The truck took eight litres
Sounds about right
My budgets fifty dollars
Should be all right.

Filled the container and to my surprise, fourteen litres, total!

Now, how is my demise?

Battling skin disease: can't handle the sun; out come the clouds, I get things done.

Fumble around like a silly old fool

Write a poem

Sharpen a tool

Think about what's to be done

Glorious life, with Him number one.

I'll stay the course and do what's right...

Not by power.

Not by might.

Controversy

(It t's late)

Caught up in the controversy of God:

What's his name, what's he done!

It doesn't say that. it says it in the Greek.

Have they read the passage about the meek?

He is a villian..there's no where called he'!!!

Call him Jehovah!

Go cast a spell..

He murdered the children! Liked slavery and rape..

Hail spaghetti and meatballs!

The whole things a fake!

"Written by goat herders, twisted by the Church.."

But now we know the truth, new clues are unearthed..

Books that were hidden for such a time

Forbidden fruit shall wither on the vine.

Crying

I cry, I think of things and wonder why?
What I did, and what I could have done...
Mistakes I made
But I am not glum!
Reminders of the old and new
Of all the things he brought me through
Little moments etched on my mind
Bring tears of joy
The very best kind.

On the porch

On the porch, it's ten forty eight pm:
It's been a long day, I went a few rounds;
Dogs are inside, I can settle down.

There's a storm over the valley:
I count for thunder, in the dark;
Slowly getting closer, but hard to define where it starts, and stops.
The deep grumble goes on for ten seconds, fading in to a crescendo, than fading out.
Definitely a baritone.

All is still: except for one critter, keeping time; like clockwork on the half second.

Lighting lights the sky: it's only ten seconds away;
Somewhere, hopefully not here!
The tree's might sway?

The earth is thirsty, its been a dry season, I go with the flow, think there must be a reason?

We had a couple of inches last week: maybe not enough to close the oyster industry, but enough for me to pull the weeds, and leave what was left of the herbs.

I'm a lazy gardener, but for a few years now my crops been incredible!
This year has been to dry for anything to sprout: the rain is increasing; maybe he is breaking my drought?

The strong man

Where is the strong man? Who spoils his goods?

"By their fruits you shall know them."

Or at least we should.

Judge not: who is tearing down?

Where is the truth?

Is it here, on the ground?

First bind the strong man; then rifle his house: a house divided can't stand: it's the old divide and conquer; bought, buy, the precepts of man..

Who's right, who's wrong?

Does anyone understand?

I am here. I am there!

All wanting to be the bride.

The strong man is still the strong man:

His kingdom is still intact.

No Canaanite can enter.

That's a fact.

Doesn't come with observation; it's written in our heart's

Lies lay with vanity, to tear us apart.

The King judges: runs the whole show

He wrote it in a book, incase you didn't know...

To judge evil

Where is the spell?

The watchers watch the judges

The judge judges: all's well.

Now what is the trouble?

Can't see it; hear

Death with be swallowed

For those without its fear.

"Who is blind but my servant? or deaf, as the one I sent?

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: He that is filthy, let him be filthy still: He that is righteous, let him be righteous still: He that is holy, let him be holy still:"

"And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be."

?

My right arm

I ask for forgiveness; tears I renew;
In this situation, what am I to do?
I know in you my health abounds:
Is it missing, here on the ground?
Or should I be bold, and save the day?
With my own right hand, should I strangle the prey?
You are my strength: let me be your delight...
With you by my side; who would dare to fight.

Watching

Who is watching?

Who can see?

The darkness in the glow, from mountain top to sea.

What is the time?

Does anybody know?

Evil abounds, with a soothing note..

Permeating hearts; through minds; can anybody see?

The blind lead the blind

Woe will be.

How has the answer, it was written from the start...

One to one is calling: let me fill your heart...

Take away the burden: the two of us we can;

Calling, calling, calling, do you hear me? Son of Man.

Kingdoms are falling: what was wrong is right; still he keeps calling;

don't turn left or right...

There is a time for every season

And when the fruit is ripe

In goes the sickle

He has the power

He has the right.

Our control has failed

He did what he had to do
Now our life must pale
And his must spawn a new.

That's why he's calling
To set the record straight
And bring back his sons, and daughters
To their rightful place.

To give his children dominion
So he can heal the land
Fulfilling the prophesy, where the lion lays with the lamb.

I am

Lazy, confused, distracted:
That could be my way
Not getting much done
Living day by day
Not sure where to start
To many issues
Time to reset, time to restart
But I still have tissues
When my focus, is on the one
Joy was mine, life was fun
Paralysis let go your hold
The day is long
the time is now
let us kick a few more goals
Mysterious murmurs
sooth the soul.
All for one, and one for all!
I stay my coarse,
the race begun
Where winners were losers
And losers won.

AI

A U

U A I?

U B U

I B I

O 2 C

A c v

4 U R

G B T

Z z z

U R

2 Me.

Artificial

What's in a name?

Ask the questions

They can explain

Let them give directions

The noose is cast

The trap is set

Use your brain

It's a better bet.

Debate

I've been distracted of late
In a little debate
About who is number one.

It's strange to me, how people see, him only as the son.

They quote verse after verse to make their claim
To me it's rather odd
That they can't see, that he may be, the glory of His Father God...

Anyway, there's this to say; to me he's number one.

He has the right, and all the might;
For everything he's done.

So, if he is the number two, what is that to me and you?

Only he can relinquish the crown.

So hear: I sit; with him; to wit:

And think about the clowns..

It's a little sad, I shouldn't judge

We reap what we sow

So I repent

If, I am not sent

To whisper from the ground.

Comes and goes

Comes and goes,
Like a wave.
Dear memory,
Don't misbehave.
Snippets of what was said,
Only last:
But I remember the ride;
What a blast.
Whispered thoughts:
Telling signs:
I am mute;
But never blind.
Oceans boiling;
A whore To host:
The land mourning,
As it turns to toast..
So here I am,
On my arse.
So to you...
I raise my glass.

Sin

It's an amazing thing this thing called sin..
Robs us of His glory.
He may hang about with those on the out...
But that's a different story.
It sucks us in this thing called sin..
It's hard to know right from wrong.
With its clever disguise even the wise get caught in its trap..
Now those that agree with eyes to see...
The following will show
That under his wing
Joy it sings
Thus, returns the glory.

Get it up!

What is happening?

It's hard to say.

Why is the Febuary fourteen erectil dysfunction day?

Is it an omen, is it a sign?

Why have the men gone limp?

All the flowers, food, and wine,

I don't know what to think.

Maybe it was always the way

But if I couldn't get it up

I know what my wife would say-

"I couldn't give a fuck."

Windfall

Is it me? I can only do what I can do.

It's not desperate, just a little thin, this financial situation I find myself in.

So, off to the bank, with coins, to cash them in-

I go to my bank: well, I am not that surprised;

Both machines not in service.

I drove twenty miles!

Not just to cash my megar stash,

But have a feed, when I get the cash.

So, not perturbed, off I trot, across the mail, to the other spot.

It's a better bank(if that's possible), but today it was absolutely colossal!

The bag I took was full of silver(you know the fake stuff, that is really nickel)

I have pilfered all the gold(fake again) over a period of time, so if I got forty bucks that would be fine.

I am a bit dim witted, when it come to most things, but as the pennies dropped it was time to sing-

Apparently, according to the machine, I did have some gold!

Final tally, one hundred and fifty six!

Is it praise the Lord?

Or fiddle sticks?

I won't know for sure until Monday.

Trump the devil

We read it on the pages
His mug shot on the wall
He's gathered his sages
Trump has the call.
How was he elected
Nothing did he hide
Media rejection
Elevated the rise.
What's the force behind him?
Is anyone surprised?
The whore sat on the beast
On him she did boast
With now a new alliance..
Well, the whore becomes toast.
So hang on to your hats
It's time to take a ride
The beast with seven heads
Was dead, but now alive..
So is Trump the devil?
Who's shoes does he fill?
Because if he is the devil
Is it Gods will.

Who

Who can know the future,
man is fickle.
If we had eyes to see, we might see we in a pickle.
Nations in debt, over their ears..
Robbed by thieves and liars;
Exalted by wicked queens;
Headed for a showdown, or so it seems?
Peace they say comes at a price,
Two percent now, but five would be nice.
War machines; pay the bill.
That's what you need to keep it still.
Will their be a time of peace?
How long will it last?
Looking down a barrel
What a way to save your arse.

Confusion

Who's this spirit of confusion
Messing with the kind
Did I see or was it an illusion?
Doubt attacks my mind..
Bring me back to peaceful waters
There within your flow
Calm the storm
Bring new birth
Treasures from within
You I know have all the answers
So where do I begin?
As dogs surrounded me, you were still my song...
Through sickness, and health: trouble, and strife: you didn't forsake me.
You married for life.
If I have gone whoring: or haven't felt my shame
My pleasure and my calling, to you would be vain.
So I write, to give you my heart.
Let clarity return
And confusion depart.

Something new

This Poetry thing, I like to do
Just ain't getting anything new.
So I take a trip down memory lane...
And realise how much things have changed!
In a short amount of time.
The tide is turning
There seems no doubt
The swamp is draining
The cat is out..
Although, courtesy is allowed...
Who knows the truth of such allegations?
Lighting the darkness?
Sending shivers throughout the nation's?

Is peace now possible?
Time will tell, if for now we have escaped...
The stench of hell.

So thank you for that
Something new
A short scribble
Without a cue.

Whatever his name is

Call him light

Call him day

In the light no darkness remains.

Both were separated, on the first day.

The Spirit it hovered; its still hovering today...

He divided the waters: he put a firmament between.

The waters under the heavens he gathered in one place:

Now the creation story, starts to pick up pace...

It was brought forth all things, after their kind: He saw it was good.

Everything's fine.

But the story gets murky: who's in his image?

He breathed life into one, that should be the finish.

Instead he gets lead.

By the weakest link.

Beguiled for the knowledge of good and evil..

It's no wonder that we drink..

But the battle is won.

Make no mistake.

He was cruising for a bruising

He can spit a fake.

Whatever his name is, I did hear him say-

"I will raise you up on the last day,"

Which is.

Which was,

Which is to come..

Has paid the price for all His Sons.

A creation story, from beginning to end:

The Alpha and Omega

Your very best friend.

The same

The same was in the beginning
The Word that was said
Foolishness to some
But life to the Wed

The Light of the world!

That darkness can't comprehend..

He was there in the beginning:

This One, that called you friend..

Lord God Almighty:

Prince of Peace:

He was there in the beginning

He is the Chief.

He is what He is:

King of kings, Lord of Hosts

He rides on High;

This Holy Ghost.

He is the Word

He made it plain

It is His sword

By it we are slain..

Seek the question

Let it be told

He tells us the answers more precious than gold

To its beauty, nothing can compare...

When given a portion, plant it in fallowed ground

Where the roots can run deep

Where living waters abound

Come: drink he says

Be grafted on the vine

Without me you'll wither

With Him, you'll be fine.

Love for losers

The burden of truth: where does it lie?

On the earth; in the sky.

Founded somewhere in between; sheets of love; all we dream...

Love for losers: it's a winners game: eating pages, erasing shame.

Truth, it speaks of different tongues; of arrows to the heart.

Love for losers: it's a winners game; tearing us apart.

What's on offer?

What's on show?

There's no burden in the truth, If the truth be known.

Waters

Waters above

Waters below

Firmament in between.

I can't skip over this

What could it mean?

Firmament called heaven!

What is there above?

I know it doesn't matter,

I am rooted in his love...

It becomes more of a mystery

Who is this God

To much for a mortal man.

Who could know the truth-

Who can understand?

My ways are not your ways.

I heard him say.

Have faith in me,

I am the way.

The light that separated the darkness, that was over the deep

On this I lay and Meditate, before I go to sleep.

Peace

Seventy years of peace..

Then remember his word:

Think not I come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.

Brother against brother, father against child, children rise up against their parents..

Get ready for the ride.

Battle lines drawn..

Who can turn the tide?

As in heaven, so on earth...

He is coming for his bride.

Two sparrows for a farthing: who can know their worth?

He brings glory to the nations, when he rules the earth.