Anthology of 2781

Presented by



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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Praise the Lord!

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How long	
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Submerged

What\\\\\\'s all this

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Keep some cash
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At the cross
Civil
Bread
I strife
Pleasure
Aussie dollar
Have we
Forgive me
Nothing new
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Happening
Grief
Don\\\\\t try
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Seek
Fruits
Burnt offerings
Line upon line
Compilation
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Gone
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Petrols down
2nd job
Flip side
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Why
Credit

After life
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Science
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Serious
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Doorway
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What\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\
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Ban
It\\\\\\s\s\s\s
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Nations

Ghosts and Ghouls

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Prosper
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Goals and objectives
I know
According
My backyard
The dove
I want
Saved
Joy
Drunk
I just want
/\\\\\ma
Relationship
The vow
Creaks
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Seeds seed
Hit
Word
Forms
Judge

lt			
How I	ong		
Christ	mas		
Privile	ge		
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Comp	romise		
Day b	y day		
Some	times		
Say			
Bushy	1		
So m	uch		
Many			
In the			
Law			
To all			
Get it			
Horns			
Raise			
Laces			
Repai	r		
To be			
Not			

I think

I am

Plunder

Something Why I If A fool like me What! Where? When. What's next Blind Perfect Right We can Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded Can't argue	Recipe
If A fool like me What! Where? When. What's next Blind Perfect Right We can Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Something
A fool like me What! Where? When. What's next Blind Perfect Right We can Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Why I
What! Where? When. What's next Blind Perfect Right We can Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	If
What's next Blind Perfect Right We can Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	A fool like me
Blind Perfect Right We can Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	What! Where? When.
Perfect Right We can Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	What's next
Right We can Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Blind
We can Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Perfect
Australia day Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Right
Fear Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	We can
Phonies Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Australia day
Thus Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Fear
Grumble Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Phonies
Your word Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Thus
Paradise lost How Cloud cover Crowded	Grumble
How Cloud cover Crowded	Your word
Cloud cover Crowded	Paradise lost
Crowded	How
	Cloud cover
Can't argue	Crowded
	Can't argue

The lion

Help

Online chess

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Hear again		
Happy birthday		
What!		
Slayer		
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Insurance		
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How can		
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Perilous times		
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Words		
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Email Gmail		
Не		
ls it killing me?		

A step closer

Phobic
Dreamer
What it's all about
A few good men
Complicated
Silence
Reflecting
Yoked
Controversial
Tariffs
The heart
Show me the boy
The plague
Back to work
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Everywhere
Who
What happened to Easter?
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Who could
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See

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Righteousness

What's 'is name	
Rort	
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Life after death	
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Dilly-dally	
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Did it	
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Chips	
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May be	
U R	
Derbate	
Customise	

Don't fall

Fentanyl

Productivity

Moving forward
Companion
My love
Starlink
Science
Wine on the lees
Relations
Donkey
River
Hmm
Swords and spears
Briers and thorns
The child
Redemption call
Pretension
Dew south
Going up
Caresses
Reigns
Most high
The derbate
Living forever

Coming
Give with one hand
Interesting
Forgive
Scribble
Maninfestation
On sale
Tax time
Slow learner
Prophetic
Nicky no friends
What's up doc
Truth
Норе
The gospel according to Paul
Is anybody out there?
Numbers
Do I
Batteries
Where is it?
Generational
Unoriginal
Ceremony
Scriptures
My people

So what

How to

Middle feast
Twisted
Beggars
Polarisation
Forever living
The sword
Wilma!
Тгу
The spirit
She
Look
Inverter
The markets
Olympics
Pit
The department of youth
What to do?
Run run run
Fancy
Bald face
Changing
Fool
Devoted

I know nothing

Windy

Fish head

Garbage
Council elections
Lets right
Poet
Made it
One of those
ears
Crap for the masses
Goodness
Civilisation
Nothing to see hear
Latitudes
What is man
Turmoil Turmoil
Searching
Dils down
The third trench
- ear
Left out
- Trust
A message
Make a way

Works

Strange

Today
What's next
Awoke
Everything/nothing
Fatal attraction
Hazy
Dippy slip
Run around
Power
Seven
See
What good
Who gives
Give me
Roller coaster
Pulling strings
Hmm
Bold
What was that
My way
The wedding
Now
Evil time
Dama 05/070

Plagiarised

Silly
Shoosh
Granny
The rapture!
Now
Blind
Circumcision
Ripped off again
Trials
Ha!
The book
Fact or fiction
You can
Tonight
Sleepy Valley
Baby face
To know
Depressing
New year
Here we go
Focus
Daley double
Wasps
Out

Strange

Crying

Controversy

On the porch	
The strong man	
My right arm	
Watching	
I am	
A I	
Artificial	
Debate	
Comes and goes	
Sin	
Get it up!	
Windfall	
Trump the devil	
Who	
Confusion	
Something new	
Whatever his name is	
The same	
Love for losers	
Waters	
Peace	
How'd we do	

Can I
Gremlins
Fine tune
Weeping
Our day
For things not done
I don't want
Rant
Evolution
Rain
Dementia or demented?
The beast of revelation
I am god
maga
Nauseous and funny
Dales tales
A nuisent
Free
Doctor Doctor
Chilling out



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 though the nail, years of neglect, them I have failed. Cream applied, back in the bath. The weapons are out, feet on the towel. It hurts as she scraps 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 fragrants 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 to 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 I 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

You are so good to us

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

In you is found the truth

Creation cries out for you

Look! We are the proof

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 producers 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 ww11

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

To 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 coarse

My light in a darkening world

My sheild 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 where 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 a?I 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

Totally free

If we bend the knee

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.

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
In The
The
The Gutter.
The Gutter. Over here:
The Gutter. Over here: My blood is dear;
The Gutter. Over here: My blood is dear; But for you precious.
The Gutter. Over here: My blood is dear; But for you precious. Without me:
The Gutter. Over here: My blood is dear; But for you precious. Without me: assured
The Gutter. Over here: My blood is dear; But for you precious. Without me: assured You'll
The Gutter. Over here: My blood is dear; But for you precious. Without me: assured You'll Fall to
The Gutter. Over here: My blood is dear; But for you precious. Without me: assured You'll Fall to Deception.
The Gutter. Over here: My blood is dear; But for you precious. Without me: assured You'll Fall to Deception. His claim is clear.
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:
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
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



Back around.

Before judgement:

Make your confession.

My poetic Side 🔏

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...

My poetic Side 🗣

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

lt

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 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

То

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 Al 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 wifes

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

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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.

Solars 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.
1 disort their bodies i disort their minds block their ears send theiri billid.
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
Commodicit with the creator of aim.
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 fo	r Him.	
ııc	ulu	IL IU		

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.



Raceisinm

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 watsh a blinded humanity

Take an evil coarse..

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\\\\\ttry

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.

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 briers.

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 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.



You guide me there.

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



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 webb 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 drew on the grass, when things get hot,

Disappearing in a vapour.

Your wealth lost.

Tangible assets, out of there 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 to 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, 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 myway.



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 Al."

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,

Al 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 to 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 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 coarse, 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 their 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.



/\\\\\ma

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

Heroine 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 remant

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

lt

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	cra
--	---	-----------	------	----	----	-----	-----

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 apon 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!

Your 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 statis

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 USI! 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.

My poetic Side 🔏

Plunder

The Lord will plunder his pasture,

And the wailing of the fold...

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,



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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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-

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 coarse
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, × ten.

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

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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,

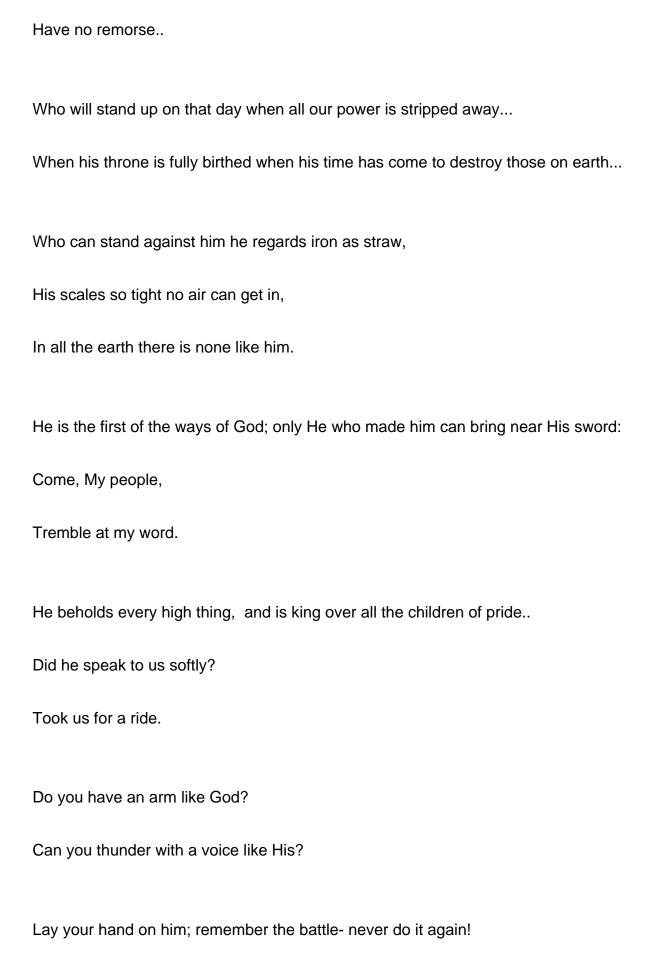
Will pave the way.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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



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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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 preform
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 dor	n't know	the	way
--------	----------	-----	-----

Come on Aussies

Enjoy your day.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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.

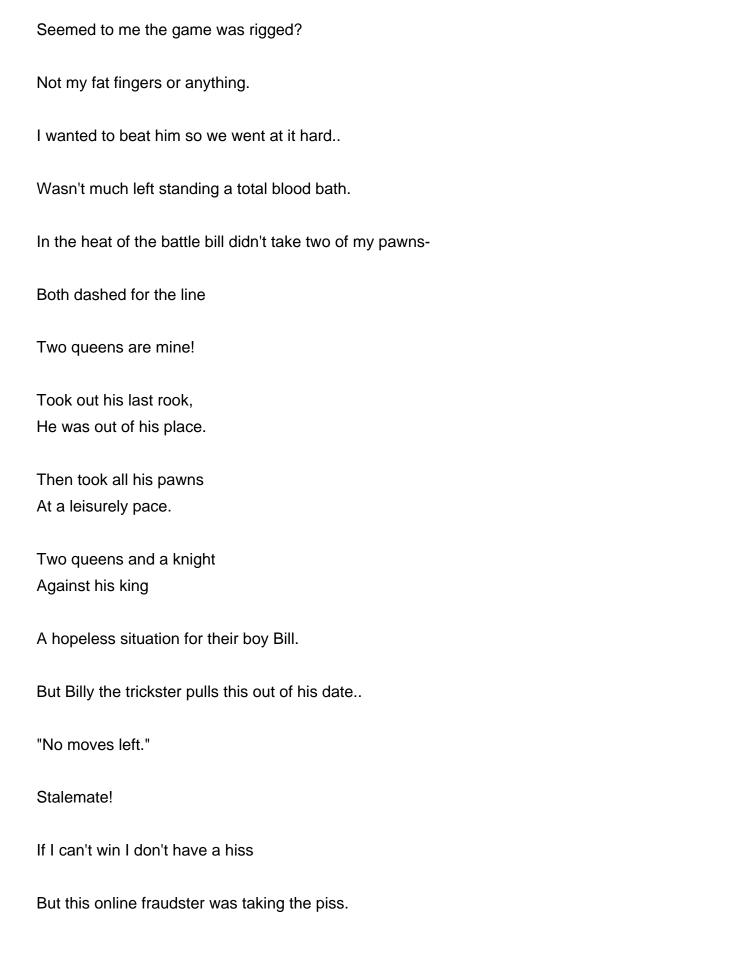
Glory to God in the highest On that day...

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.





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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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

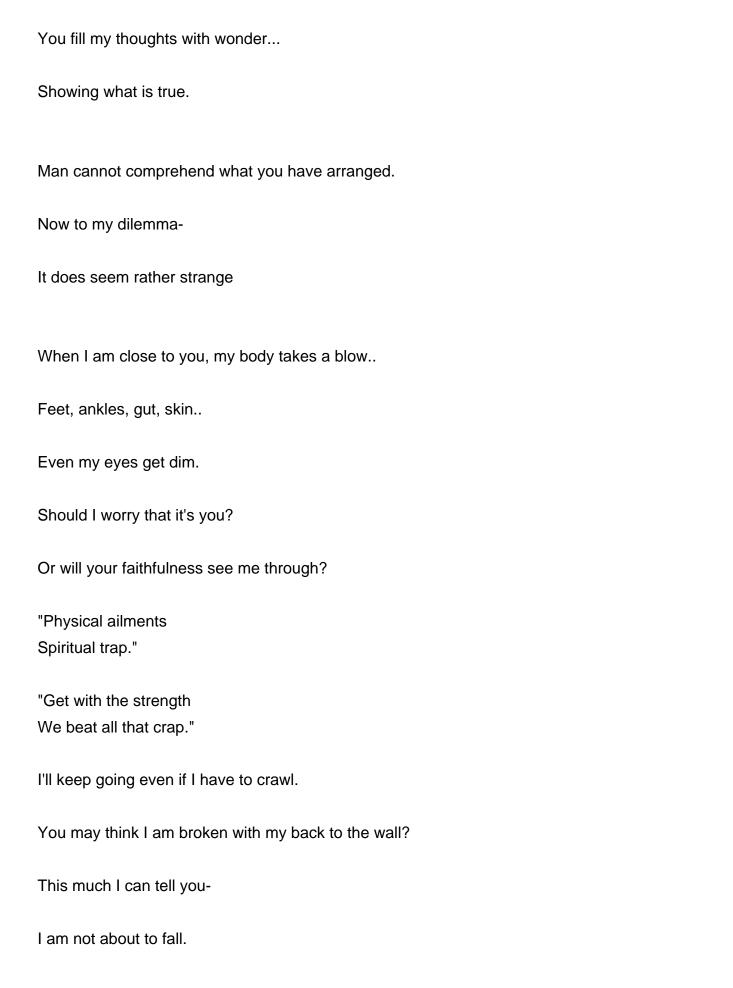


Just for today.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

Is it killing me?

r nave 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.



۱'II ۱	wake	with	the	dawning	refreshed	and	bright	

Stage one in the morning,

Stage two at night.

He

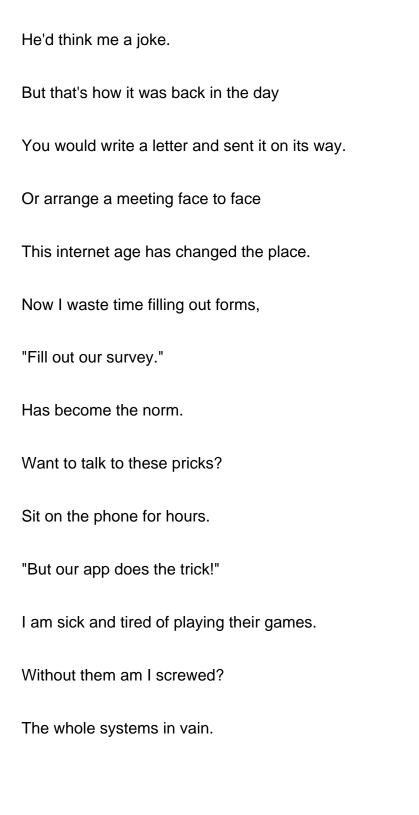
He treads the winepress
His wrath is assured
Out of His mouth
Goes a two-edged sword
He rides a white horse
His robe dipped in blood
KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.
Yes, He will come.
His eyes a flame of fire
On His head are many crowns
He judges and makes war
Can you hear the sound?
In righteousness 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



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.

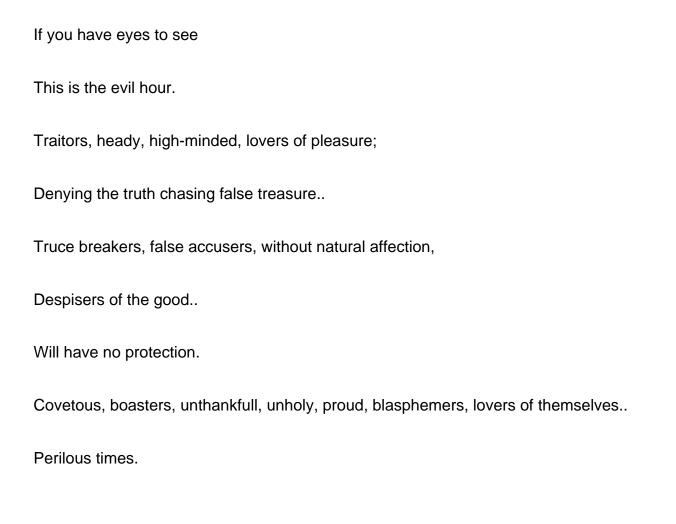
Teacher

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



My poetic Side $m{R}$

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 your 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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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
Te receive not our withess

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 rort.
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 technically 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



Crafty admiration

m so excited	
Vhat's the game?	
lanky panky	
Vhere's the shame?	
love to love you baby	
hat will pass.	
like it both ways	
full of class!	
ike a virgin	
hat didn't last.	
Iltimately for some	
pain in the arse.	
all in the trap	
Set the shaft	
out I have to admire	
he skill of their craft.	

Evil slays the wicked:

Slayer

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!

Perfect to behold.

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,

I dor	ı't k	now	what	to	give	you
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But this I'd like to say:

May the Lord bless you and keep you all,

And continue to light your way.

Happy birthday.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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 Orci, 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.

Couped up, trapped inside these walls.

Phobic

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

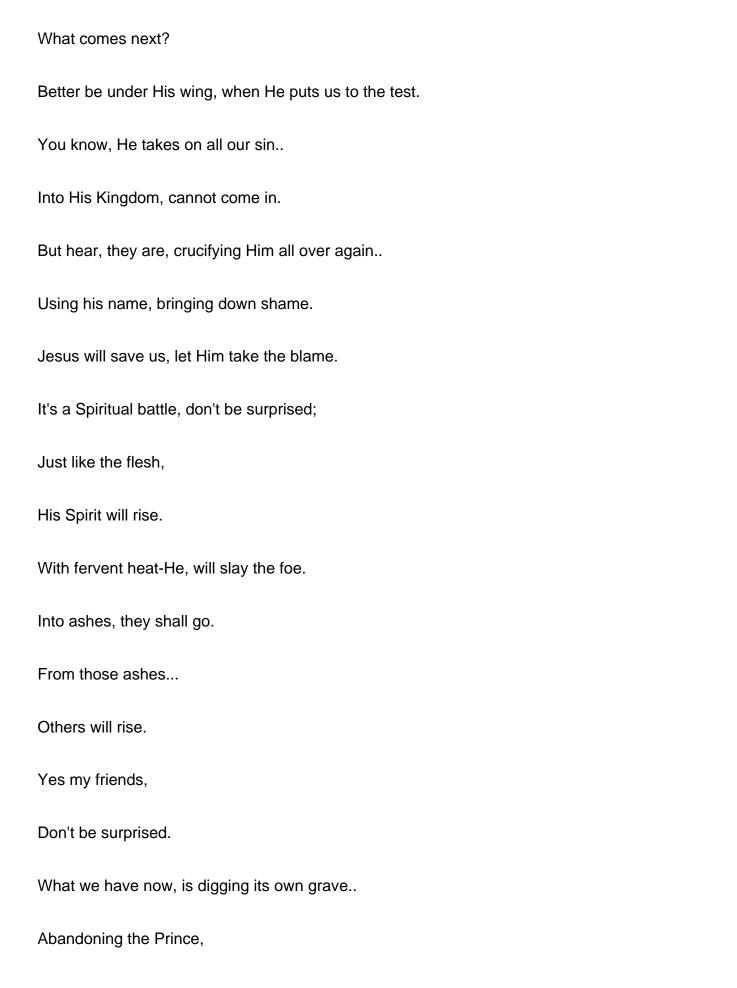
Seasons come, Seasons go, should it seem strange.
Your thoughts always on my mind, What has changed?
I am all alone like an empty soul.
No inspiration, fallen in a hole.
I don't have the answer, Maybe I do?
Something I have done Have I upset you?
What is the question that needs to be raised?
Silence 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?



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 where told
The Saviours reign was beginning to evolve.
From the throne
His righteousness spread
Confirming His roign
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
Timere geed to evil, and evil to geed in
Where bitter is sweet, for the misunderstood
Have we come to a fork in the road?
Where Deception is cruel

Where th	e truth	is not	told
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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

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...

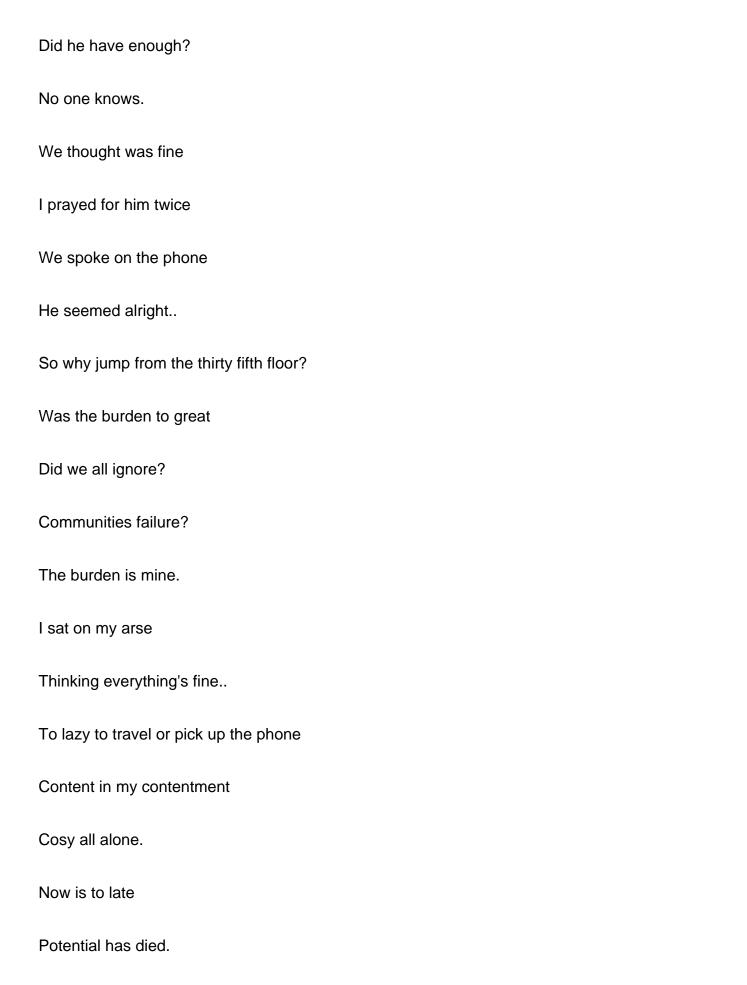
And thought that eventually he might get a room.



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





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..

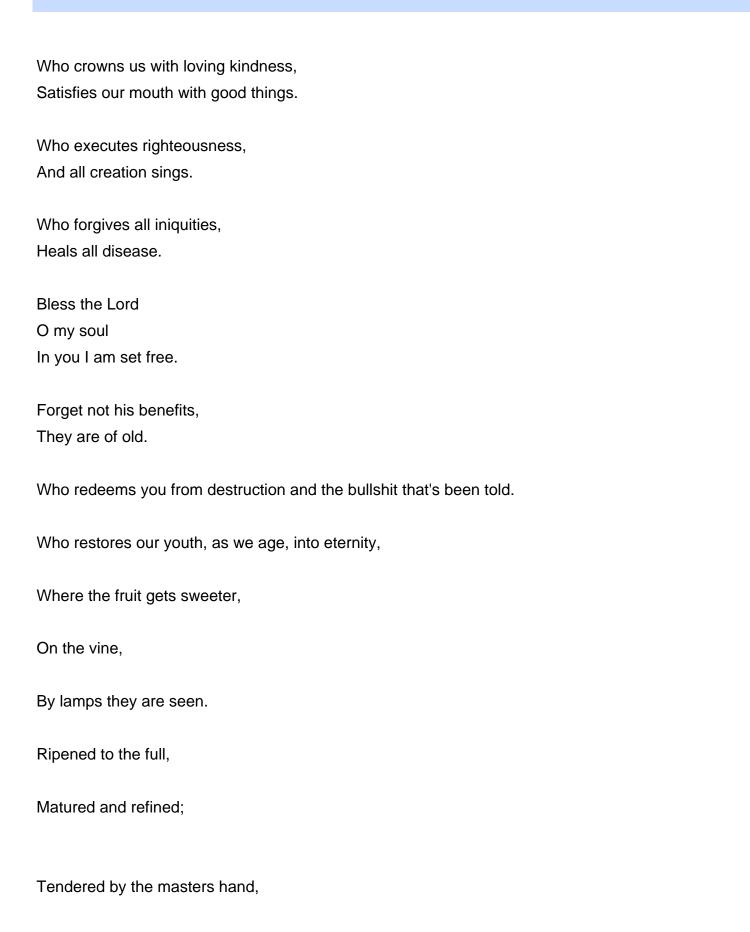
Who's changing who?

A funking 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





Prepared for the new wine.

Ready for the feast-

Ready for the bride.



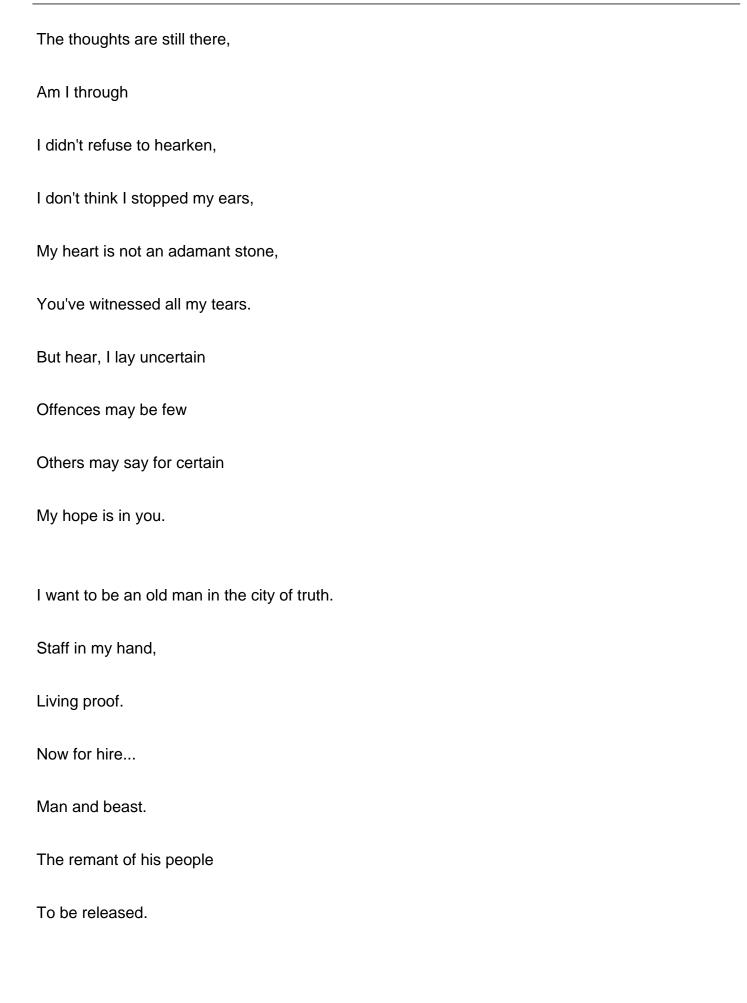
What happened to Easter

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 remant
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.



My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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 savour 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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

Waste places

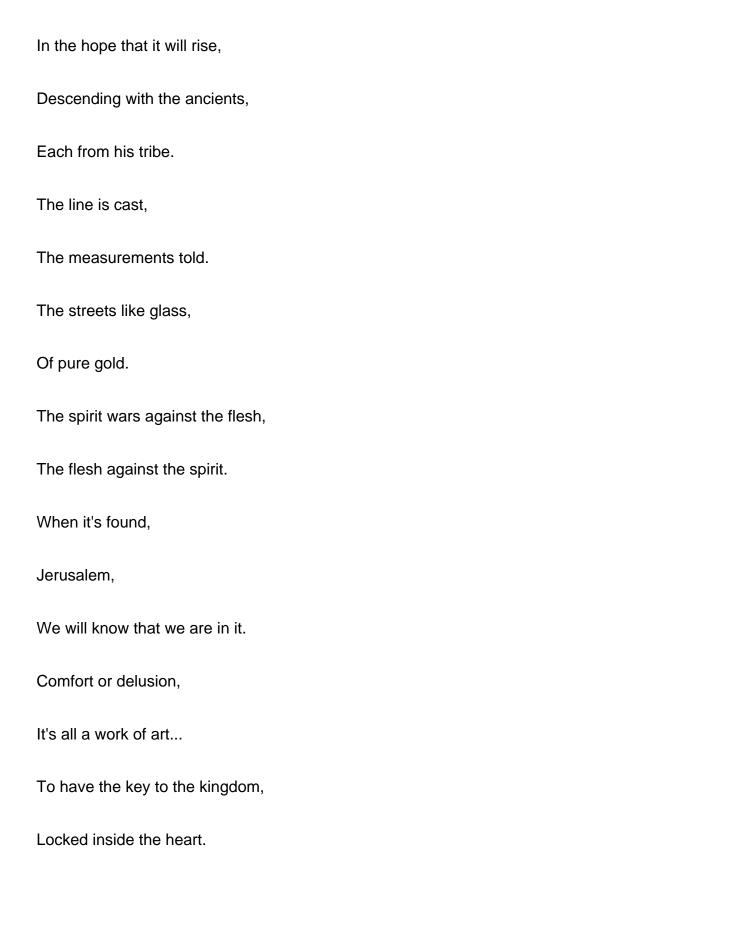
Build the old waste places,
Raise up the foundations of many generations.
Repair the breach,
Restore the streets
That we may dwell.
Don't turn your foot away,
Honour the holy day
Don't find your own pleasure,
Or speak your own words
He will cause us to ride the high places
If we honour the Lord.
He will 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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

Jerusalem

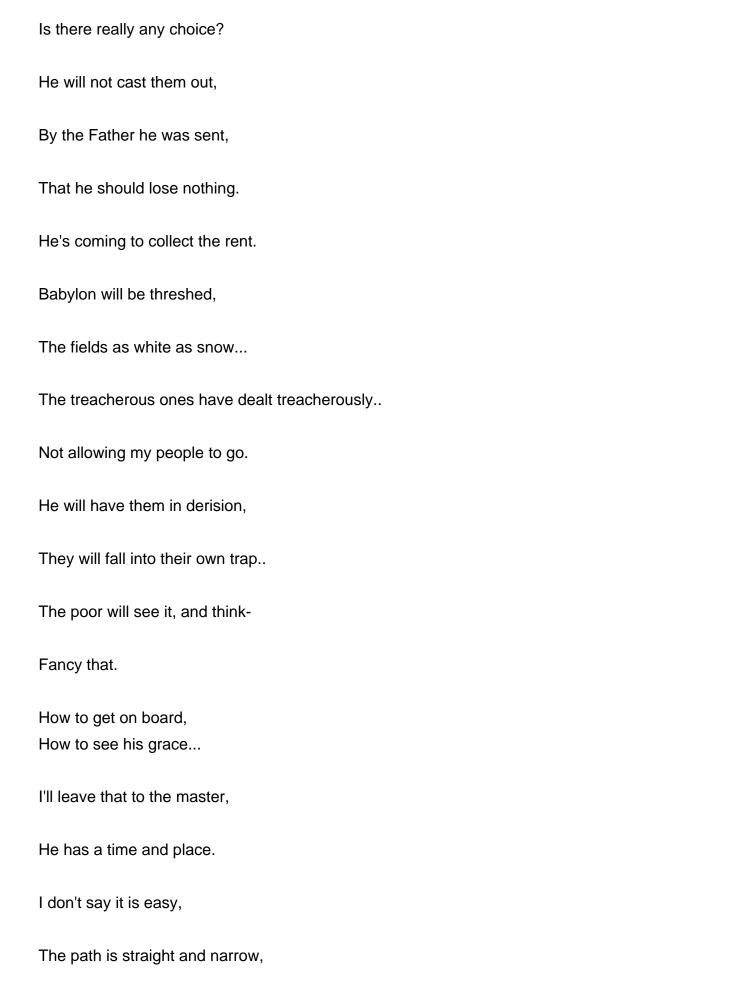
Where is this Jerusalem?
I heard it in a song.
I thought of its prosperity,
And what it had become
I heard of its fame,
But it was nowhere to be found
So I had to wonder,
Where is this holy ground.
Is it the city
Where angels dare to tread,
Is it some delusion,
Rattling around in my head.
I couldn't 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,



My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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,



And Don't be discouraged while on the road,

You cop some slings and arrows.

Nothing could harm him.

He led the way...

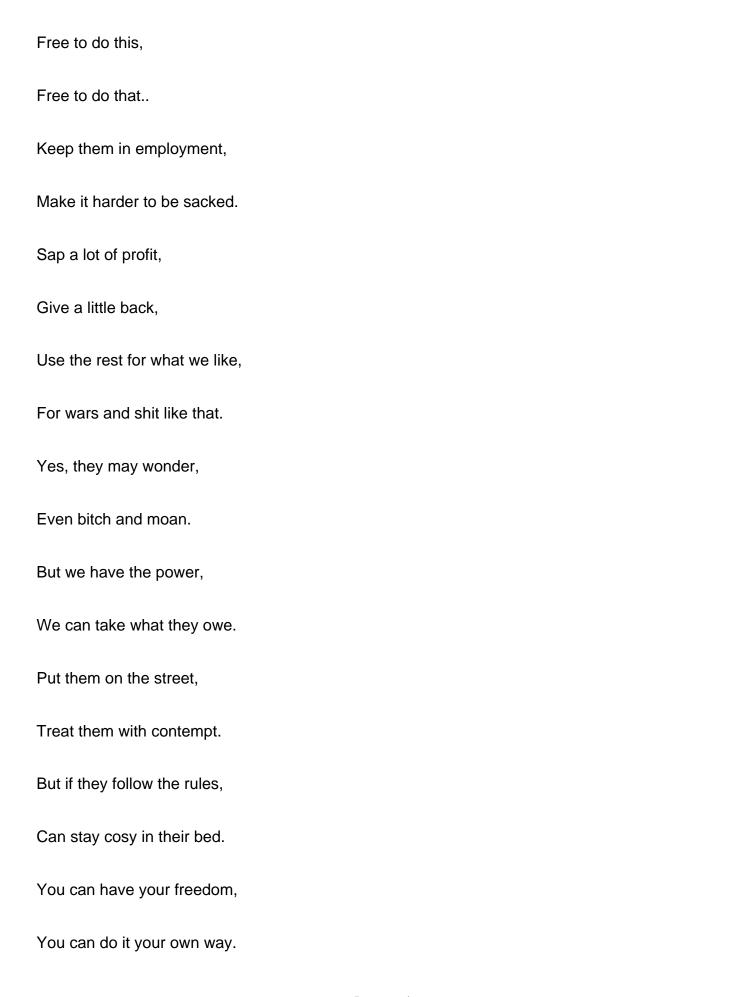
And this is his promise-

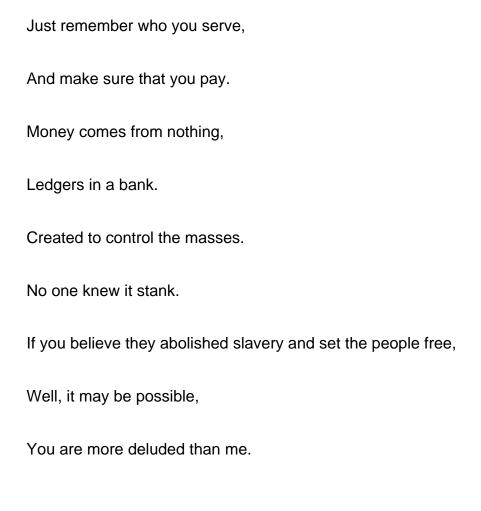
He will raise it up on the last day.

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.





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

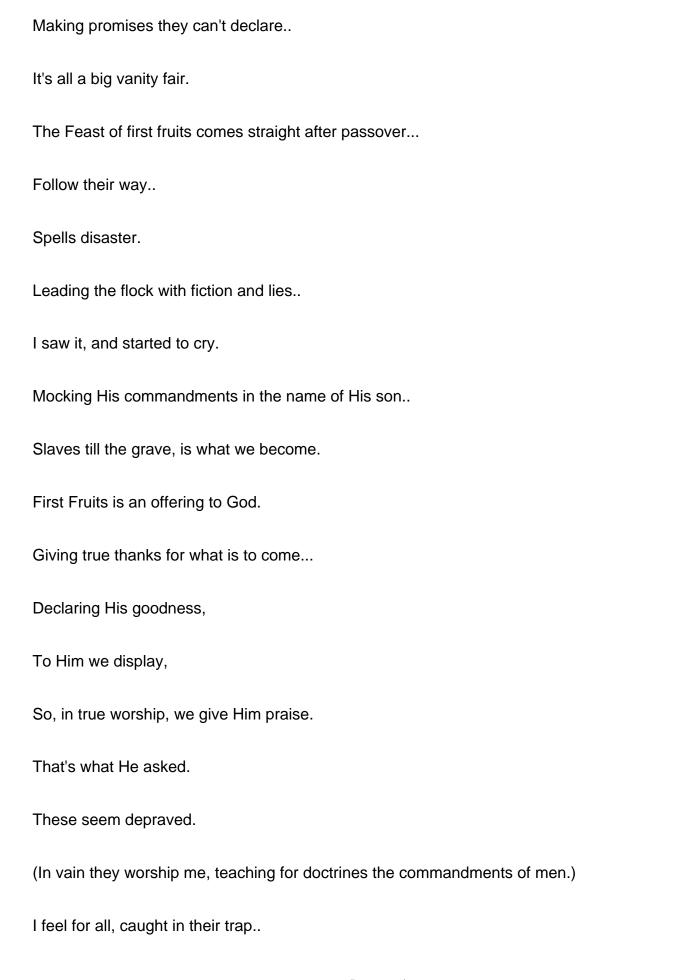
What is His name?
If I think to much it might drive me insane.
The Deception is in.
The spells been spun.
But it doesn't change the truth.
And what he's done.
His yoke is easy,
His burden is light.
Brothers against brothers
A pit-full site.
He makes it clear
Belly laughter
He is what He is,
He is the 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.



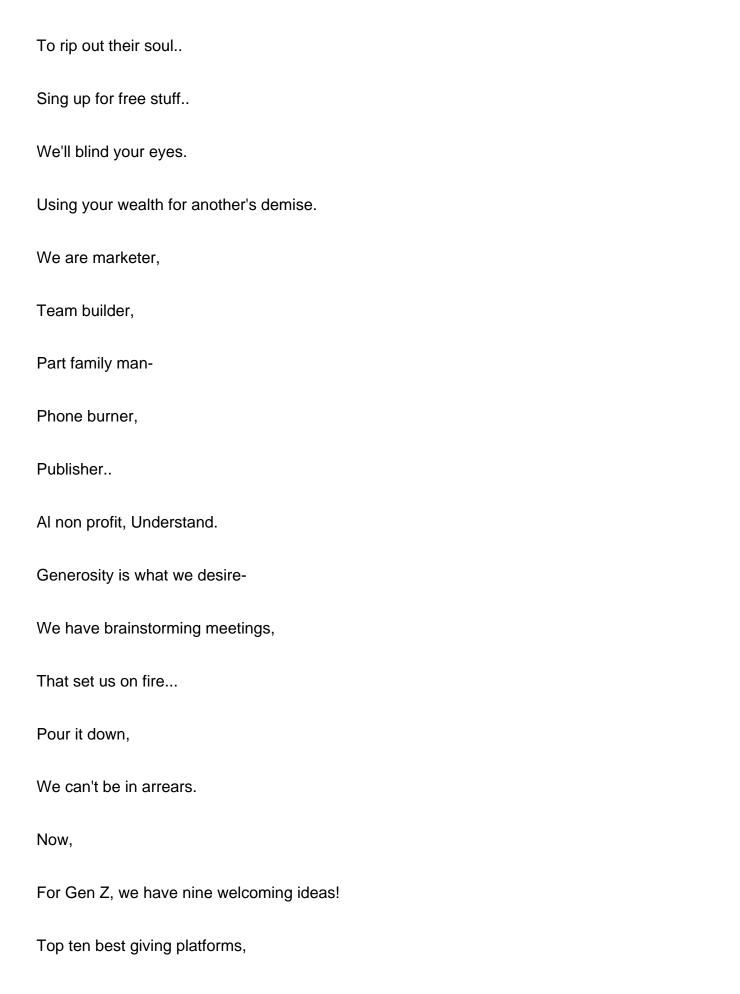


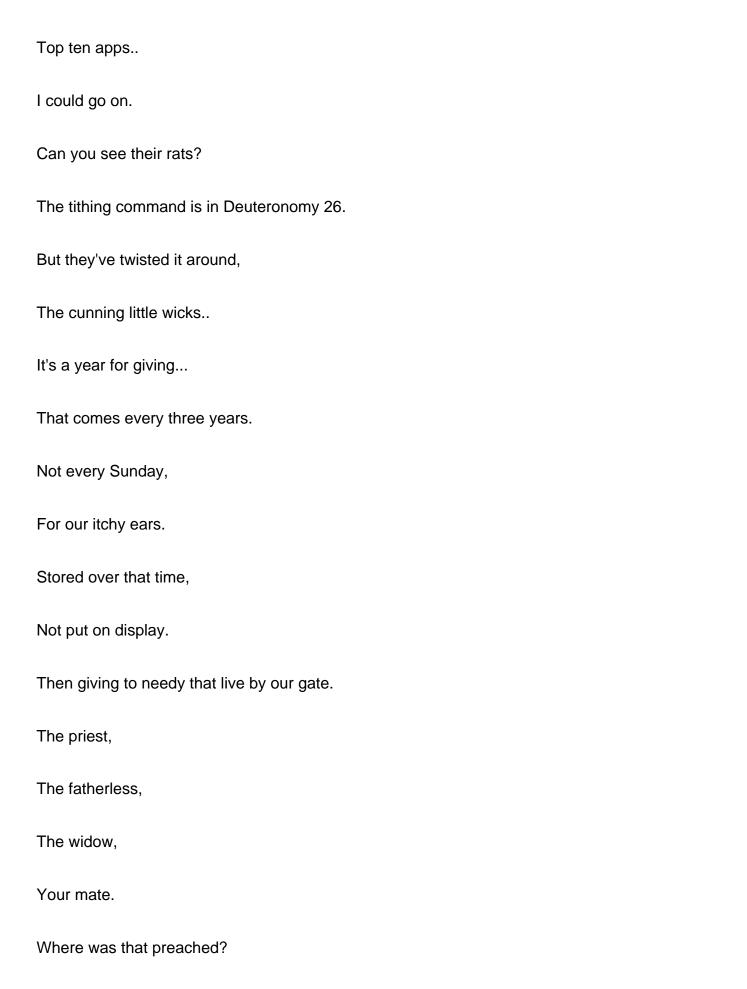
Come to Papa...

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





Anthology of 2781



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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

Imitators

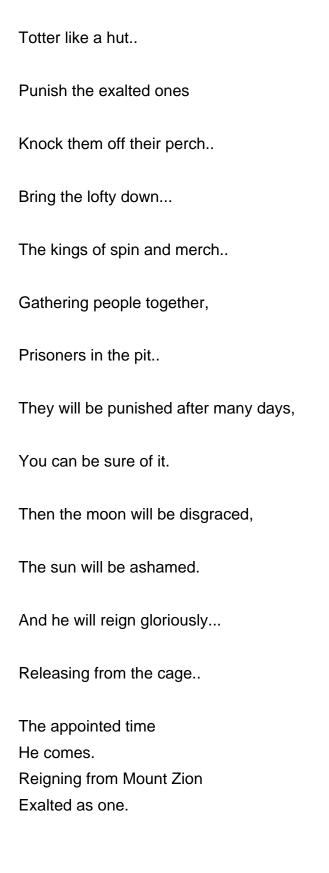
Who are the imitators of God?
Who walks around in his love?
If Christ so loves you you will know
And as an offering it will show.
No uncleanliness.
Foolishness?
Of coarse
No covetous,
Idolater
From them he is divorced.
Empty words deceive
Son's of disobedience
Still do not believe.
Partakers with them
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.

My poetic Side $oldsymbol{Q}_{oldsymbol{a}}$

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



Anothers eyes

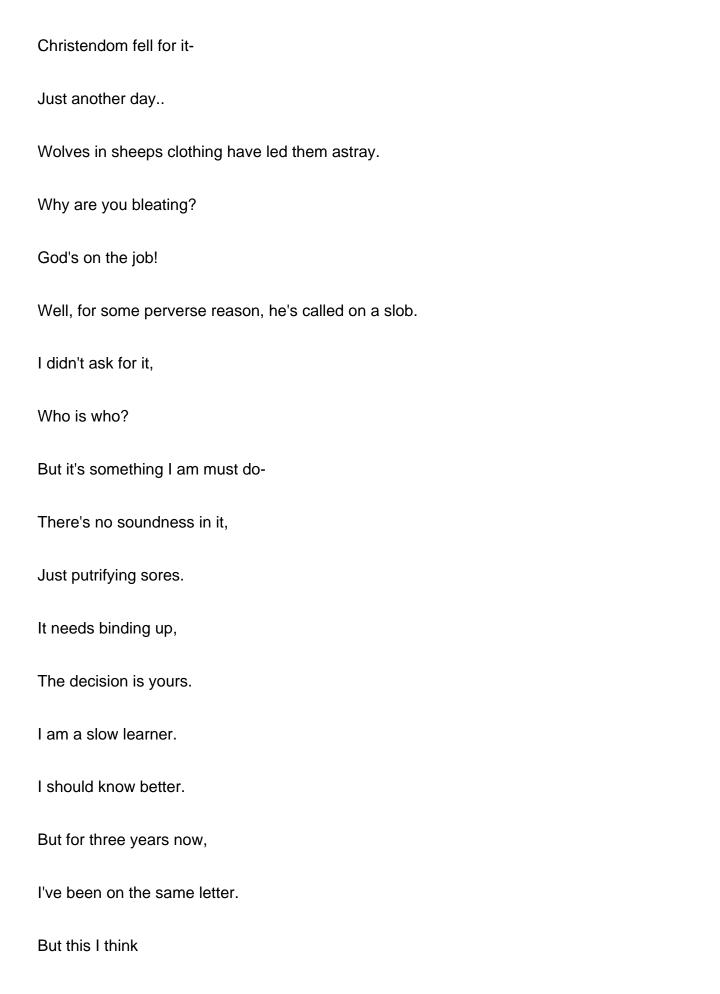
If I could see through your eyes,

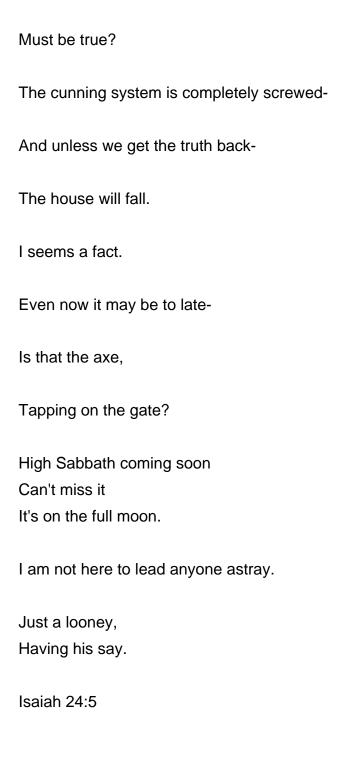
I wonder what I'd see?
Would it be a surprise,
Could It provide empathy?
How would I respond,
If I was in the know?
Maybe it might help me,
If I saw like you do,
Or, like a nightmare,
I'd lose my love for you.
Would it make me happy,
Could It make me grim?
Best I never see,
The secret lies within.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

Current affairs

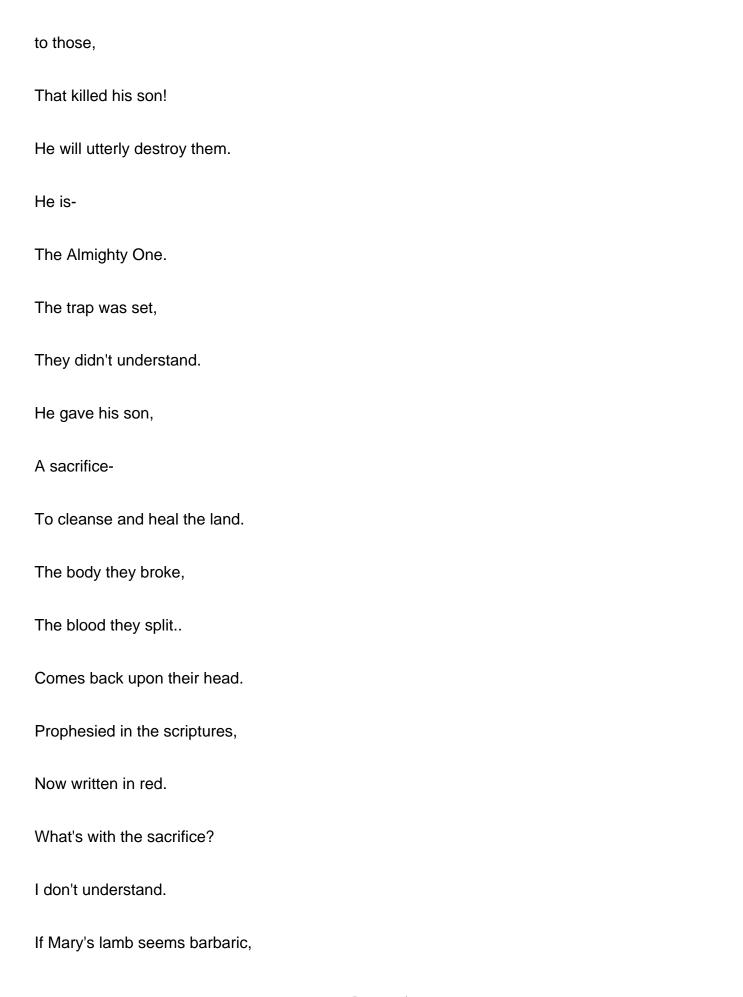
Current affairs	
Just have a look.	
Open your eyes,	
Their there in the book.	
Did you notice they changed the memorial day?	
Cut of the blessing!	
As the multitudes pray.	
A cunning move	
A slight of hand	
For on that day he could command	
It wasn't the Lord's holy day.	
He spat in his face when he went on to say- The Devil O Vain.	
Instead of letting Jesus rise	
Exalt the queer!	
They bring their own demise.	

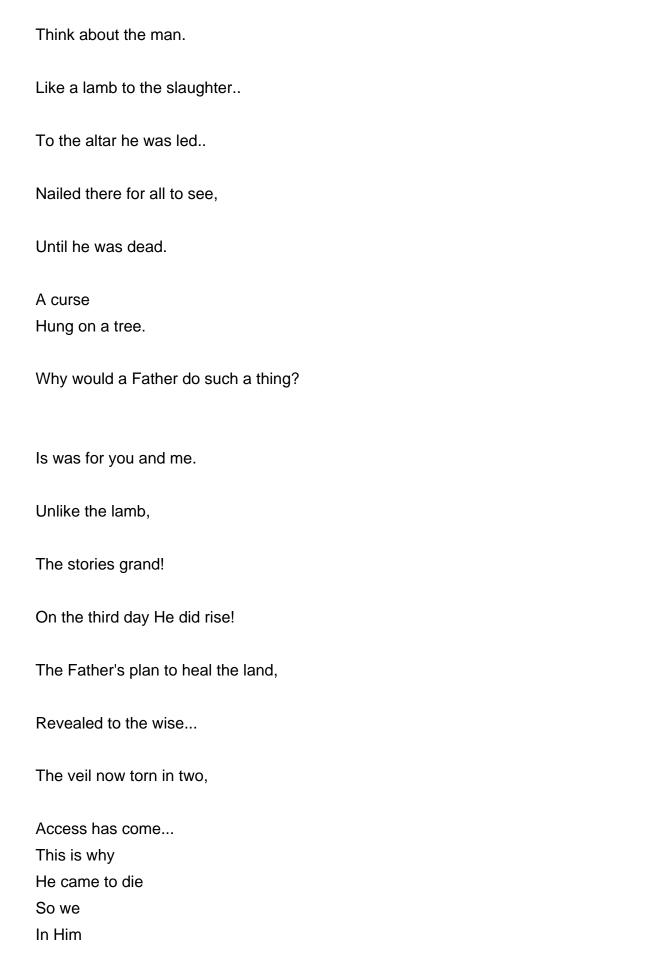




Little lamb

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 husbandmem seen the son,
Like the lamb they did slay
What will the Father do?





Could be as one.
Glory and honour belong to Him-
For everything He's done.
If we deny him
He denies us too.
ne deflies us too.
Suffering we may account,
This is nothing new
This is nothing new
But with His Holy Spirit
His word will guide us through.
Maybe the time is short?
March a the auffaring laws
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

Yes

In them

Priests..

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..

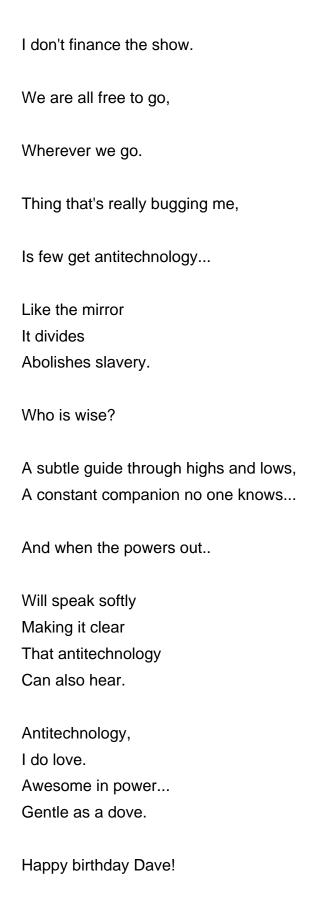


They will fool all
But a few
The remant will know
Who is who.

My poetic Side 🗣

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



My poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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...

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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.

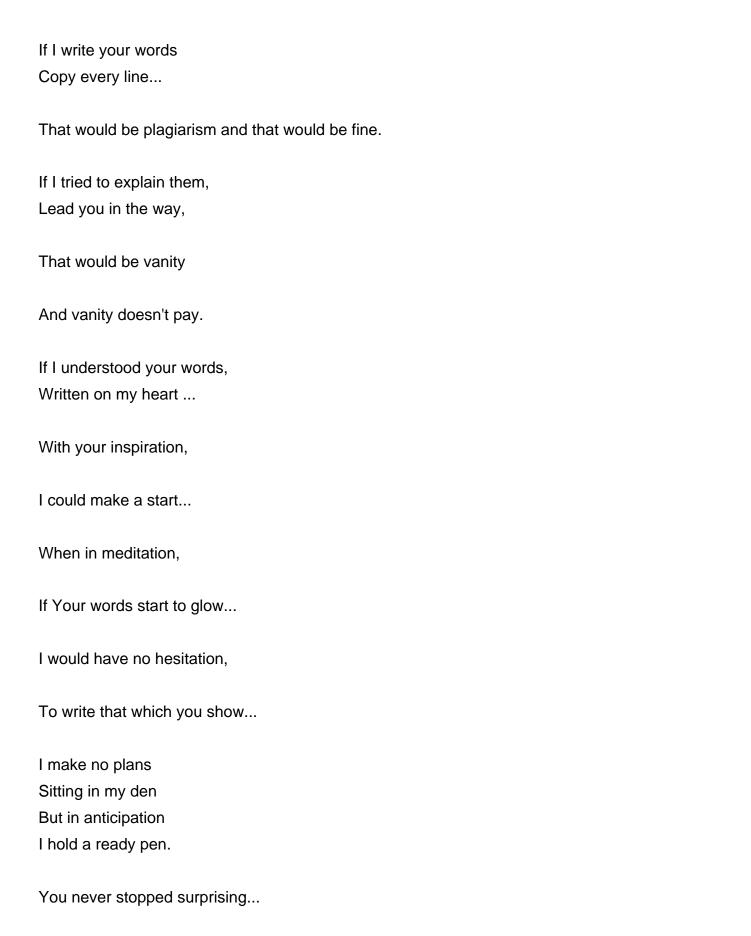
Let you be my glory, My everlasting light.

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



My poetic Side 🗣

Should	l be taken	down?)
SHOUIG	ı be taketi	uowii:	

I'll call it "pagearising"

My foolishness abounds.

My poetic Side 🙎

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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

My poetic Side 🗣

Two who

Two mummies
Two daddies
Ban the book!
Has anyone anyone read?
rias anyone anyone read:
Whole had a leak?
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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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 to 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.



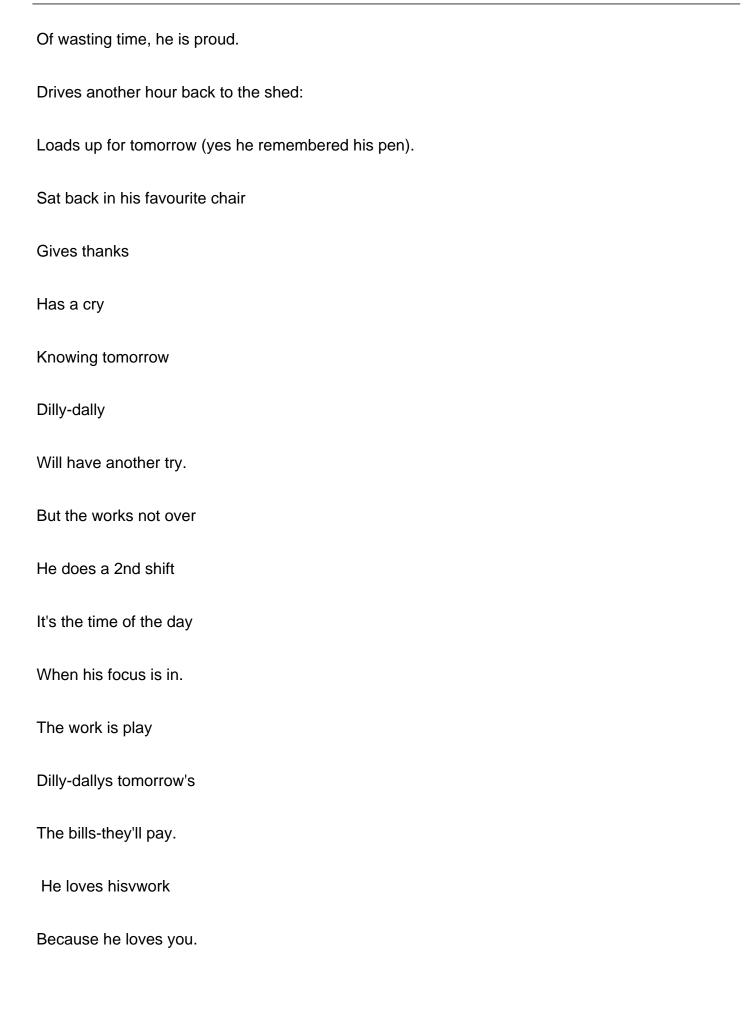
Scribble

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 ba gasa
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 food and look around
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
He has to say





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.
Dut that would be coathy just let there grow
But that would be costly, just let them grow.
When the reaper comes he will know.
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 read is wide
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

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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 forgive me Lord

Please

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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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 sh	adows	can the	ere be	light?
۱r	onder	the que	etion v	who is	riaht

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 to 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
Duck internite story may 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
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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

Ratios

The ratios have risen from days of old
Silver was16-1, in its buying power to gold
A home was 4 1/5 \times the average annual wage, now it's 14 x, not affordable at this range
The wage gap has widened
Averages are to 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

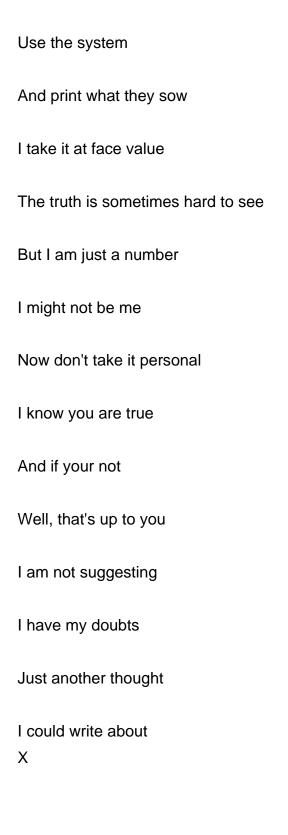
A highway has been pathed

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





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

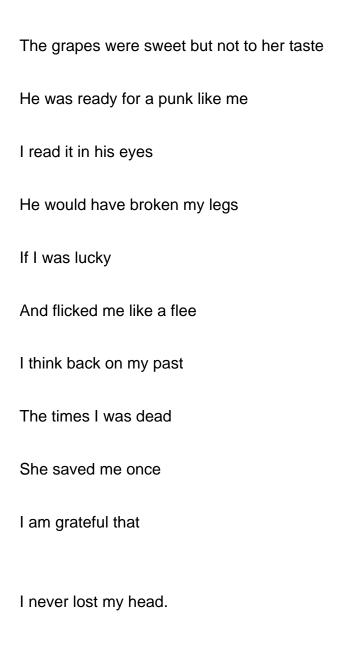
My Innocence was my might

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





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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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

Now see the slum	

The needy companion

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 poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

١٨/-	! 4 1	£	1.10
vve	waited	TOT	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

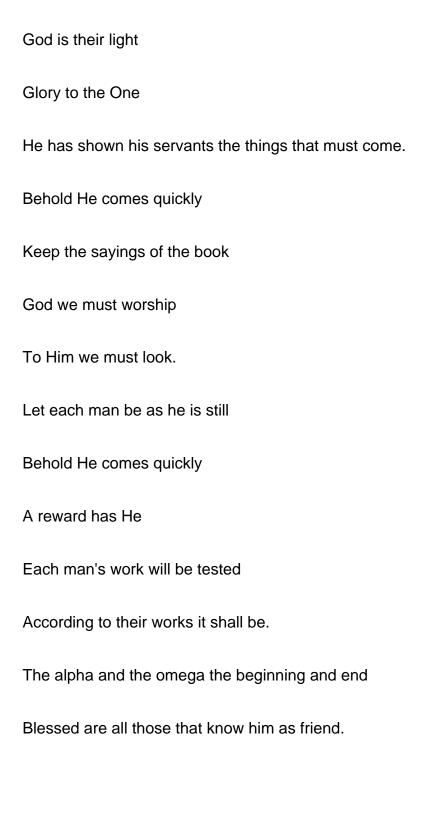
He's ridin on a donkey!
Who'd ride that honkey?
Ain't he comin with silver for gold?
Cast it to the potter
So I am told
I broke my staff
Beauty and bands
Your not gunna feed em?
My covenant was broken.
The poor that waited will understand
It was the hand of the Lord
Cleansing the land.
What was the offer?
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?

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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



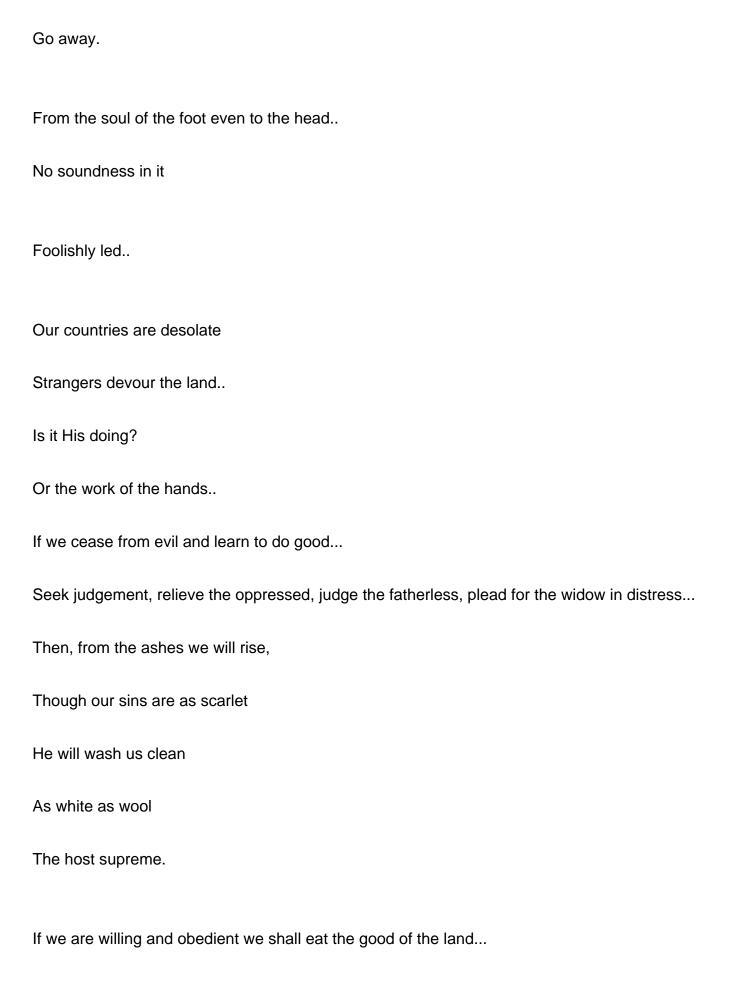
Hmm

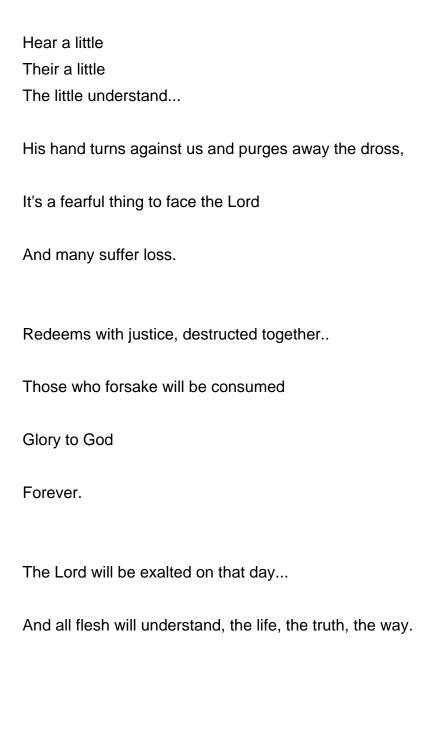
Watching a show with my wife
Called Bosch
The actor playing Doug Rooker had us tossed.
We independently looked him up to find out his name
But guy in the photo wasn't the same!
Wikipedia, across the net
The wrong face we only met.
Not a big deal in the scheme of things
But bells and whistles is seems 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.





My poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

The rains descend the floods come..

Reigns

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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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.

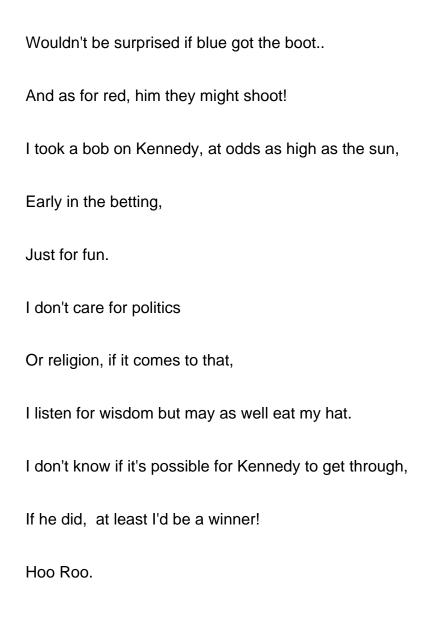


Lord God Almighty you sit on the throne.

Glory and honour to You are bestowed.

The derbate

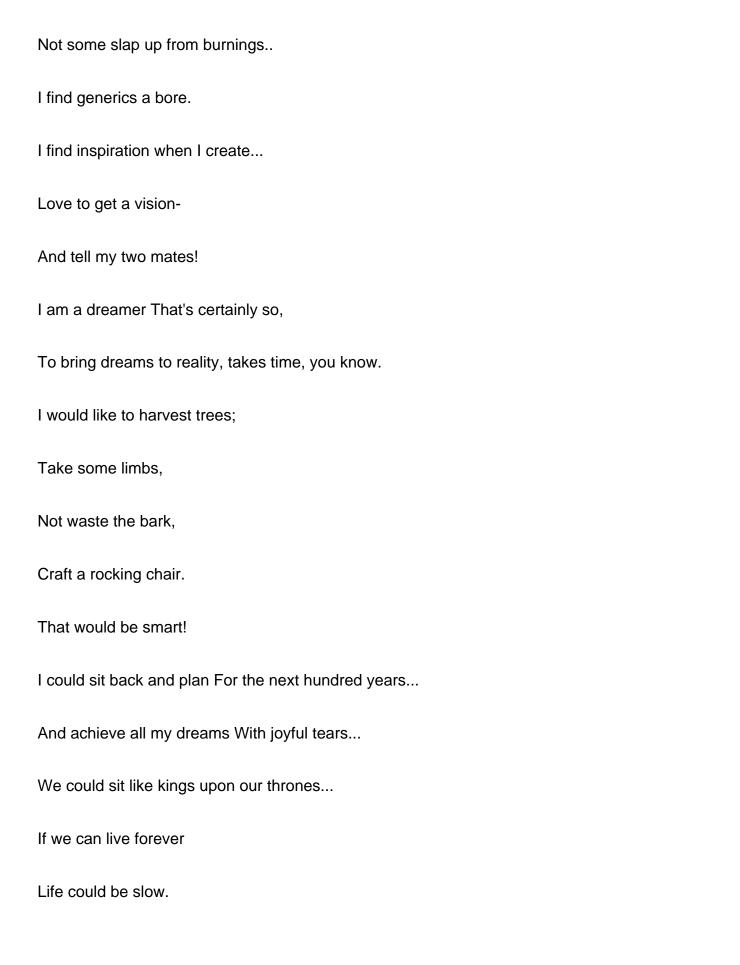
It all seems a little late
How was that "presidential" debate!
Who's the liar?
Both have a smell.
Each had "his" story
Welcome to hell.
No humility:
I am the One
What a tangled webbs been spun
Disunity is death,
Divided not a few,
Is there a way out?
What can the people do?
Is the solution
Who has the biggest clout!
Can politics fix the problems?
Well, I have my doubts.



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



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



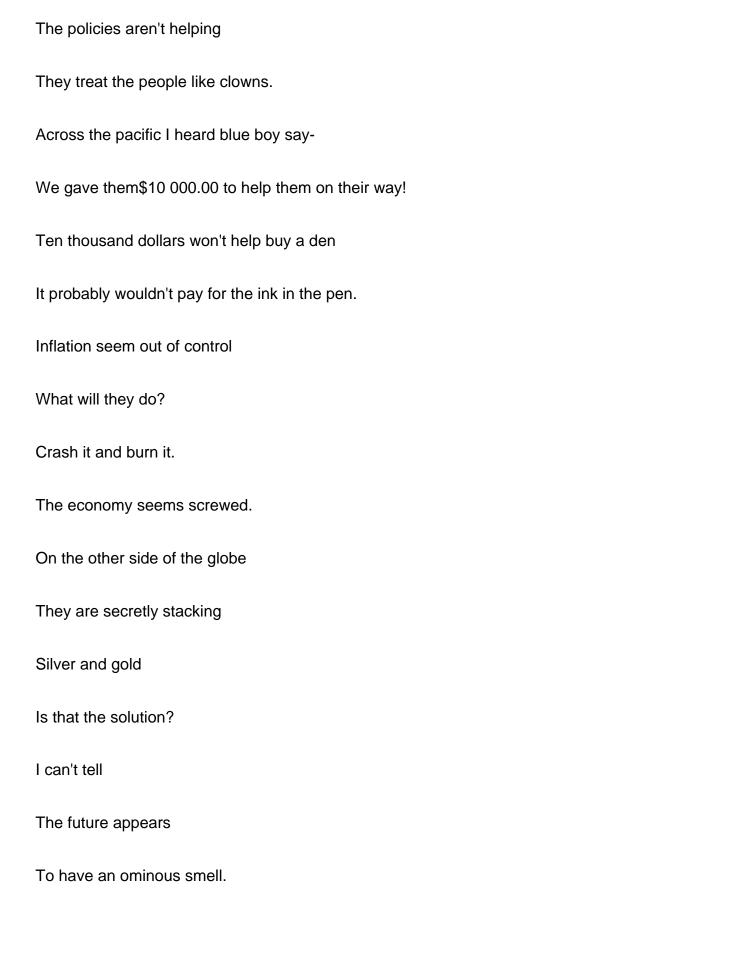
Whats in store no one knows

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





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.

Maninfestation

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
Maninfestation.

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

He knows what to do

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 nowthe 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.
Will Fill We made eap.
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



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
r
It's getting desperate that old fool can't stay
A stroke or heart attack will get him out of the way
Allowed to rice
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

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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.
The material section of the section
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
J
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.
All that is long 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.



It's yet to be found.

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-

Numbers

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.
Civo mo recean co I can truct
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 h	ave 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



Ceremony

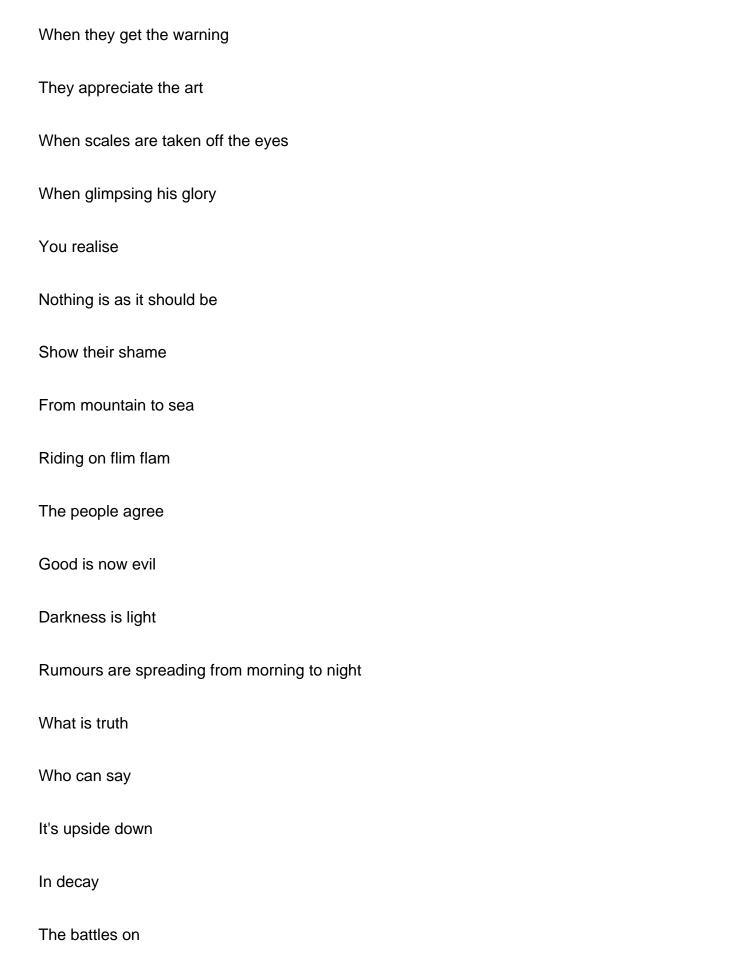
What did they say Harry?
Everything's in French!
Got the Aussie commentary-
Never on the fence.
Overloaded boats up the river Seine,
Waving like excited children,
Playing in the rain.
As I wonder what comes next
OBSURITE
I can only guess, not knowing any French.
SOLIDARITY
The reaper on a horse?
Dark 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





It ain't	no	ioke

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
Prophesy 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?

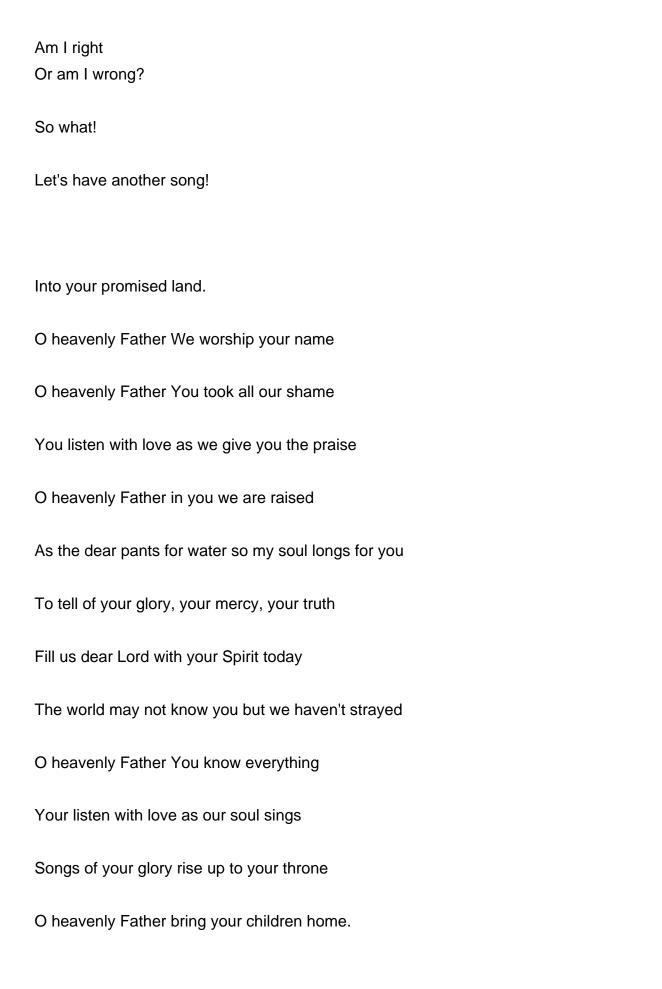
A babbling brook, a fool, a dope?

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.

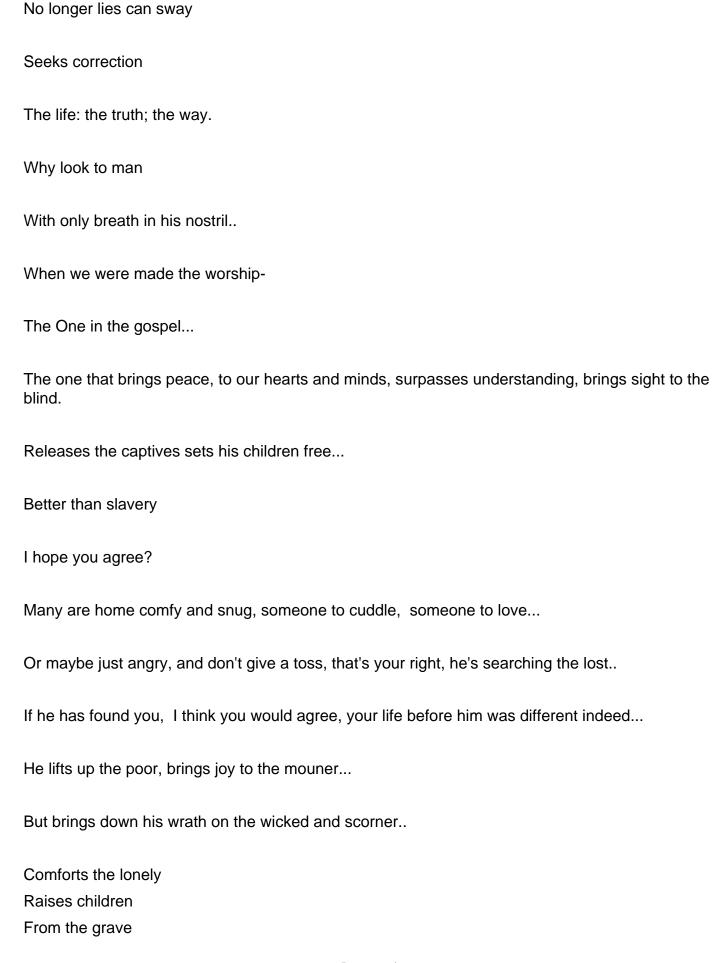
Bought me into the promised land: Where all is pleasant; Under your hand...

Where new wine follows
And honey drips
From your fingers
To the lips...



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



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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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

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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

Will left be left

Polarisation

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 Goo
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.
Waldi and 366.

Wilma!

Tha Arabs need some cheering up after all that they've been through..

Let's send them Fred and Barnie, 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

My poetic Side $m{R}$

Look at me Lord

Look

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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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

My poetic Side 🗣

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

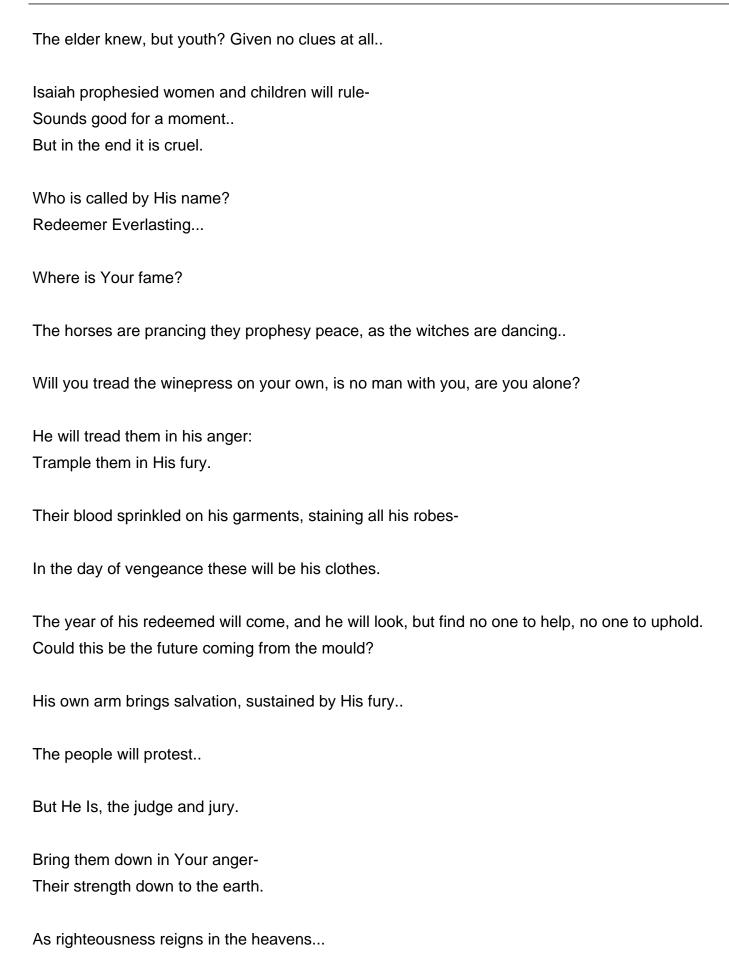
Is the time upon us no one really knows
But it's getting a bit smelly
Their shit gets up my nose.

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.





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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

Devoted

It could be said:why aren't you devoting your life?
Come back homeavoid 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

	know	nothing	but still	l 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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

Fish head

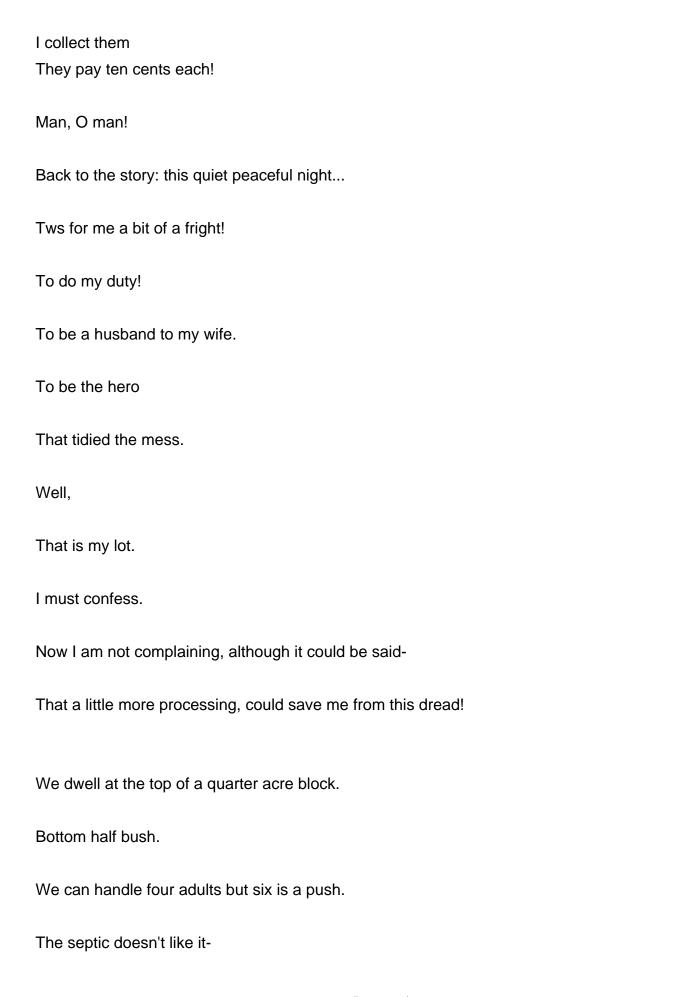
A fish rots from the head
So it is told.
Dagon is the fish god of the Philistines of old-
Arch enemy of the Israelites sitting on the throne?
"Put a fair mitre upon his head)
They mimic scripture as if there their own-
Symbols in the dark Mocking to the face
Alas that rotting fish head has led us to 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

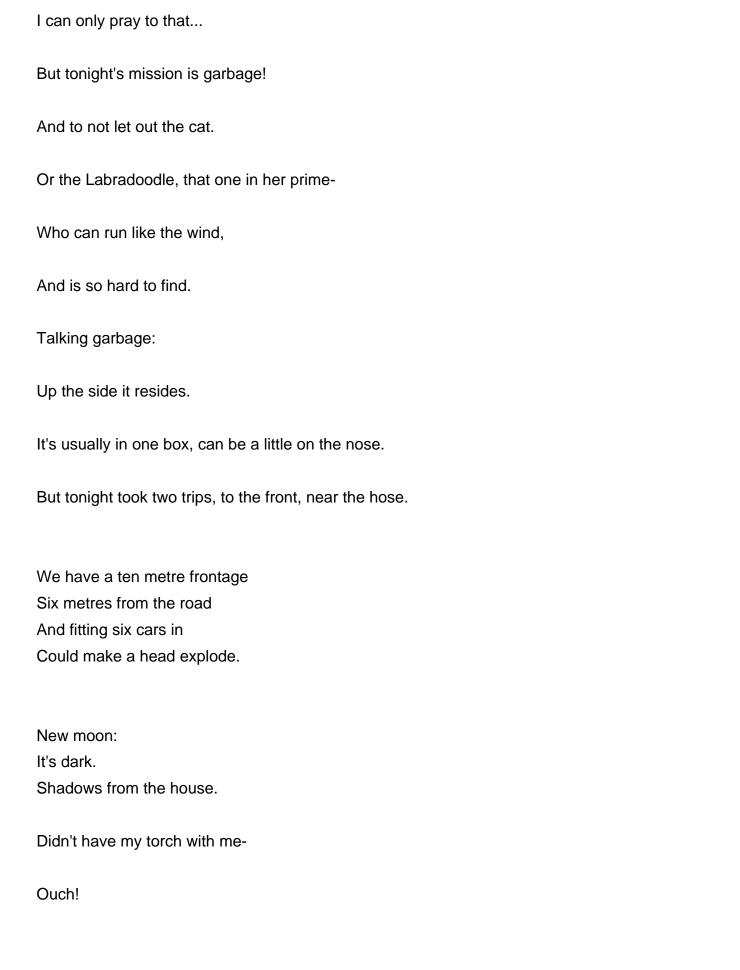
A rambling lunatic?
If it wasn't that serious it could be a joke!
But maybe the world could laugh it off
Or crush the foundation and throw out the cross
If he wills, the people will devour the whore, the smoke from her burning will be- Forever more.
When the beast gets the power to sit on the throne if you think it won't get better
Well,
Your not alone.

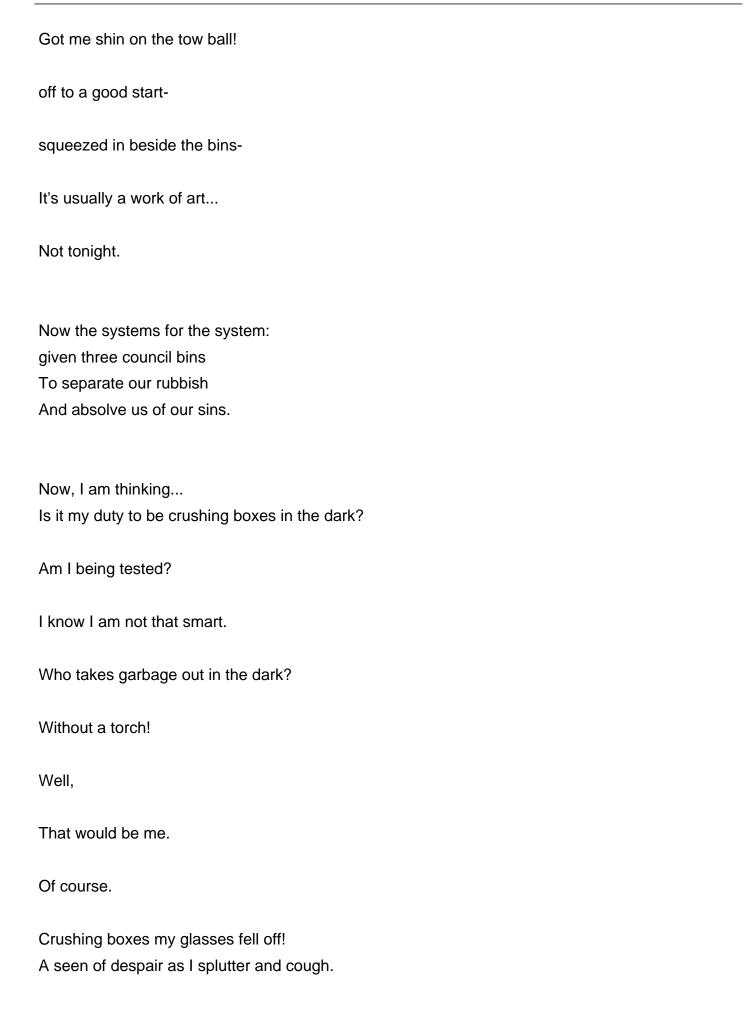
My poetic Side 🗣

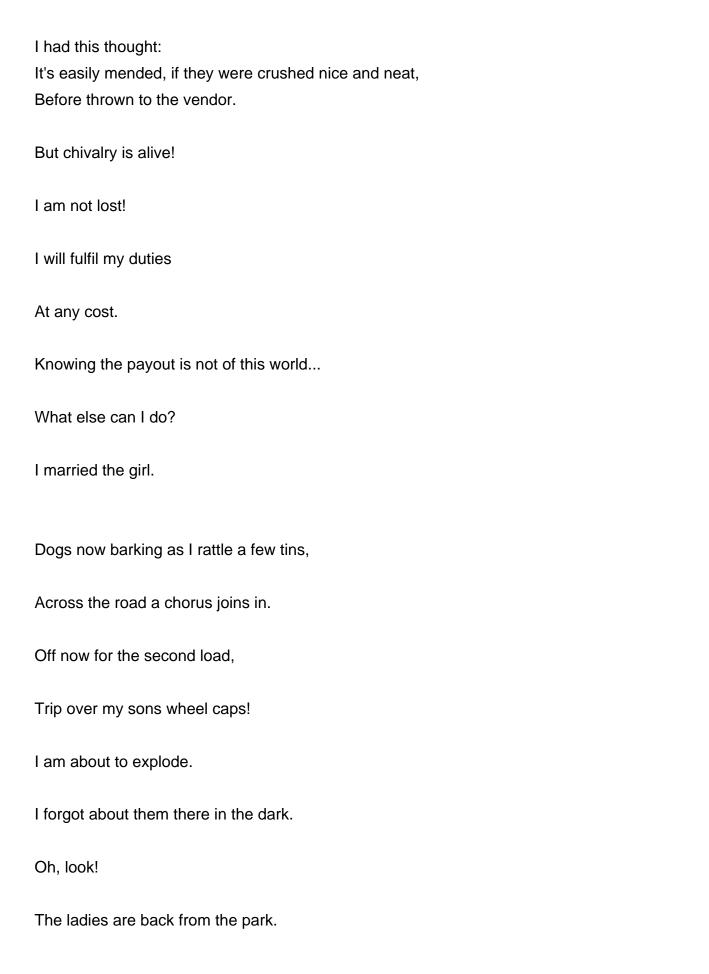
Garbage

Tis a peaceful night:
No one about;
An unexpected flood of joy!
The moon has just come out!
A deviantive and O
A day or two early?
What can I say
What ball I bay
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
An awesome display.
Outilities the search of the first of the fi
Settling in early; just after dusk
No murders or mayhem
The mandere of maynem
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.









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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."
Al will get that done.
"Ensuring our local infrastructurekeep up with development."

My poetic Side 🙎

Lets right

Lets write.
I don't know?
If I must - supply the flow
Tap it out have no doubt the messager 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

Hie	time	will	come
1112	une	WIII	COLLIE

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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

My poetic Side 🙎

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.
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

My poetic Side 🗣

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

Ш

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	CIVI	lisa	tion	sort	the	god	s c)t	Ol	d

Some made of silver others made of gold

Al 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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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-poohed 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

My poetic Side 🗣

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?

My poetic Side 🗣

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 us	sed 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...

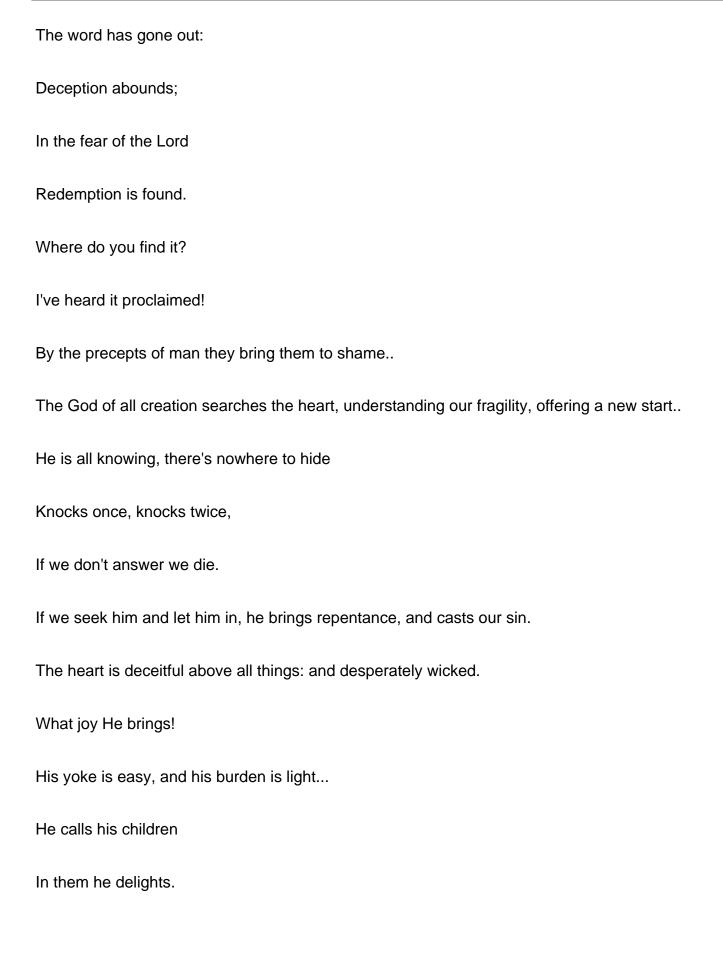
Sow in heirlooms: watch them breed...

Maybe it's not paradise but garden without weeds is certainly nice.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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.



My poetic Side 🙎

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 then 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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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.

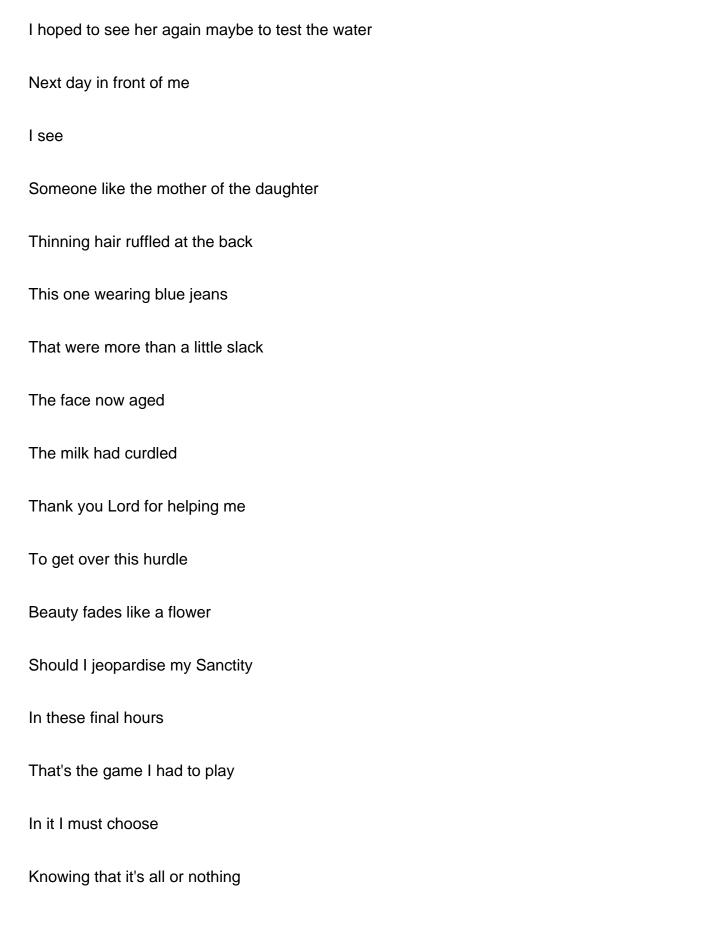
My poetic Side 🙎

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 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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

My poetic Side 🙎

Dippy slip

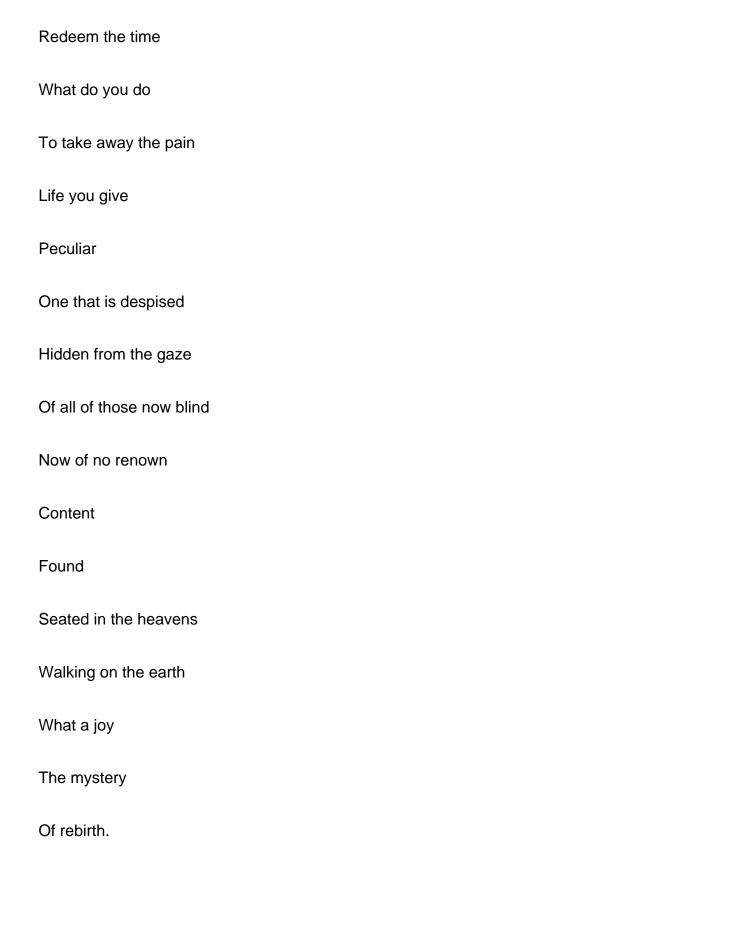
Don't let me slip Lord don't let me slip.

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.

My poetic Side 🙎

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



My poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

Hmm

Truth is truth
Fact is fact
Then of coarse, there is the crap
Some are grey
Other biege
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.
T don't know.
Could be that looney I meet on the track, the one that's all smiles and never looks back
Could be that reemy i meet en the track, the end that of an en meet and never reems 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
All is lovely, down flear, 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

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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 poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

But no.

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!

There's still the Christian wedding.
One more day to go:
Hot day
Suits and ties
Chiefy 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.

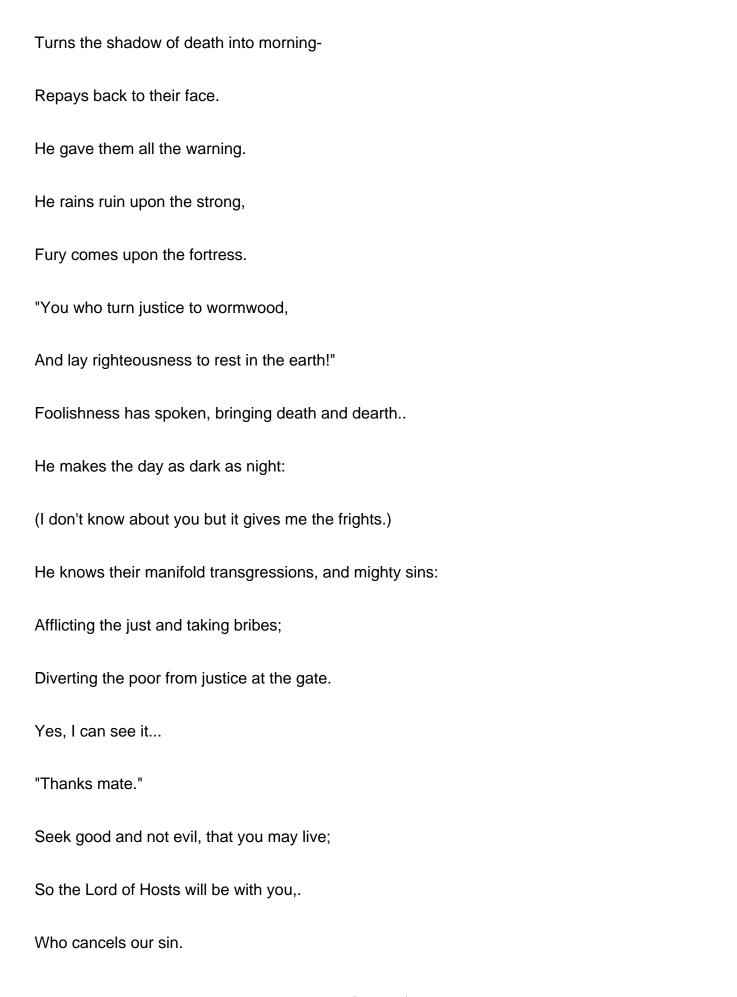
My poetic Side $m{Z}$

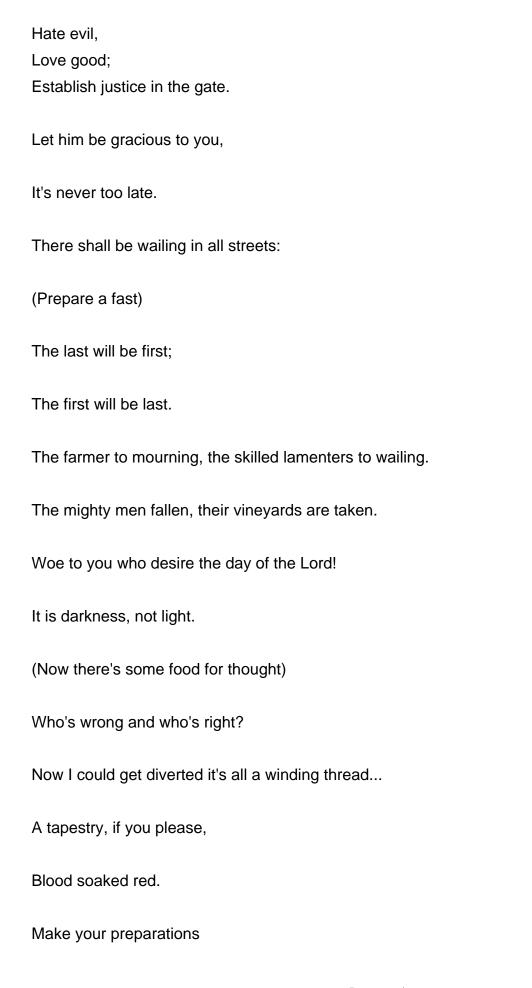
Now

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:





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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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!

My poetic Side 🙎

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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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

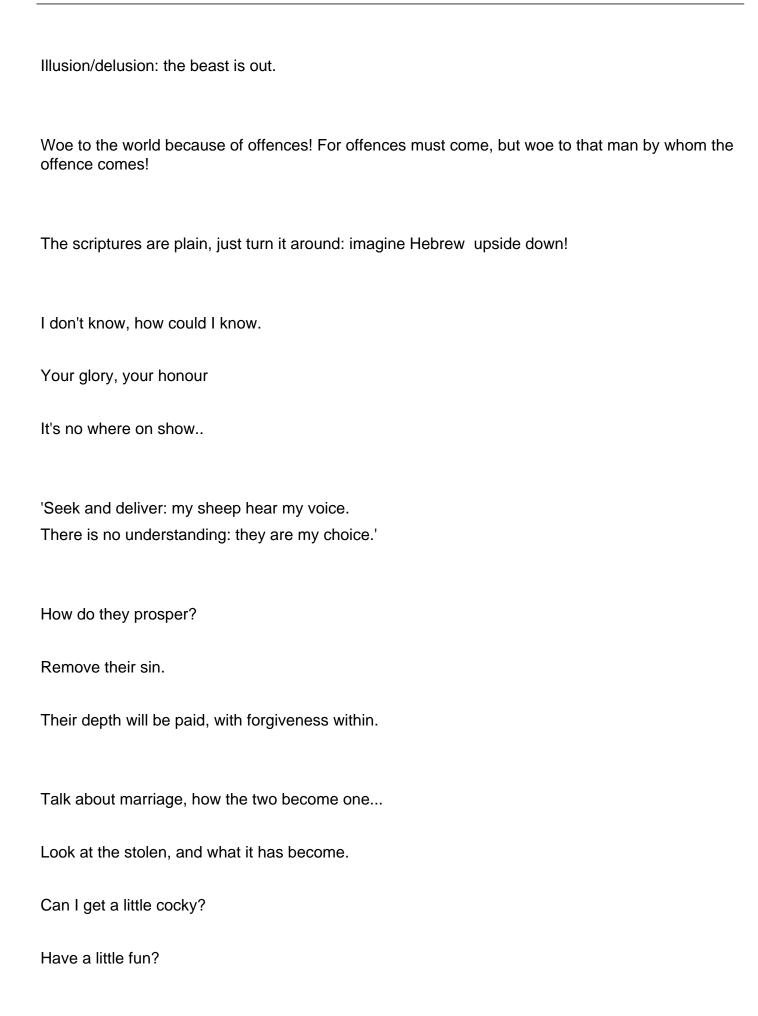
And beware

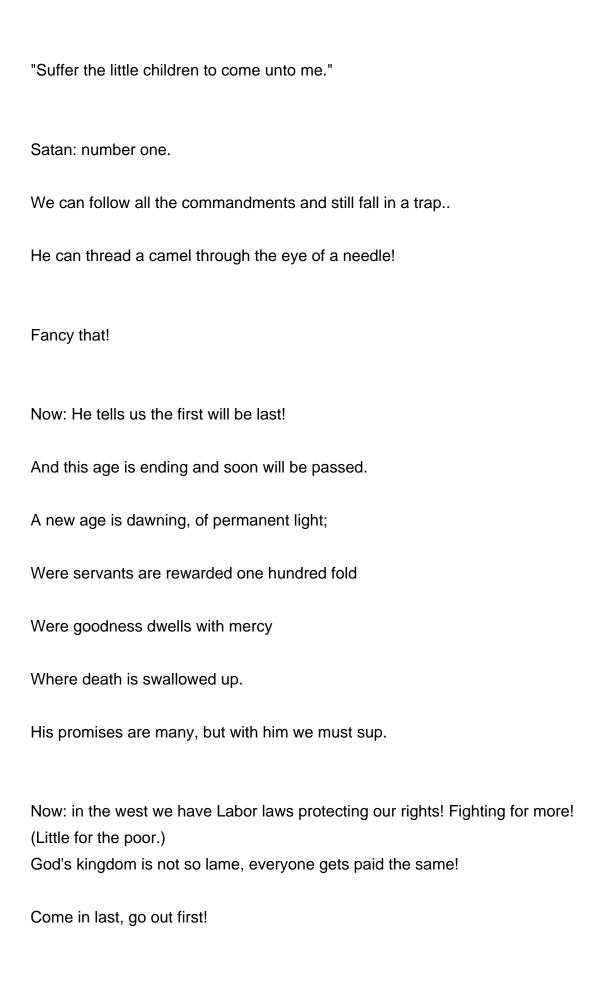
Of Hornsbys irate granny.

My poetic Side 🗣

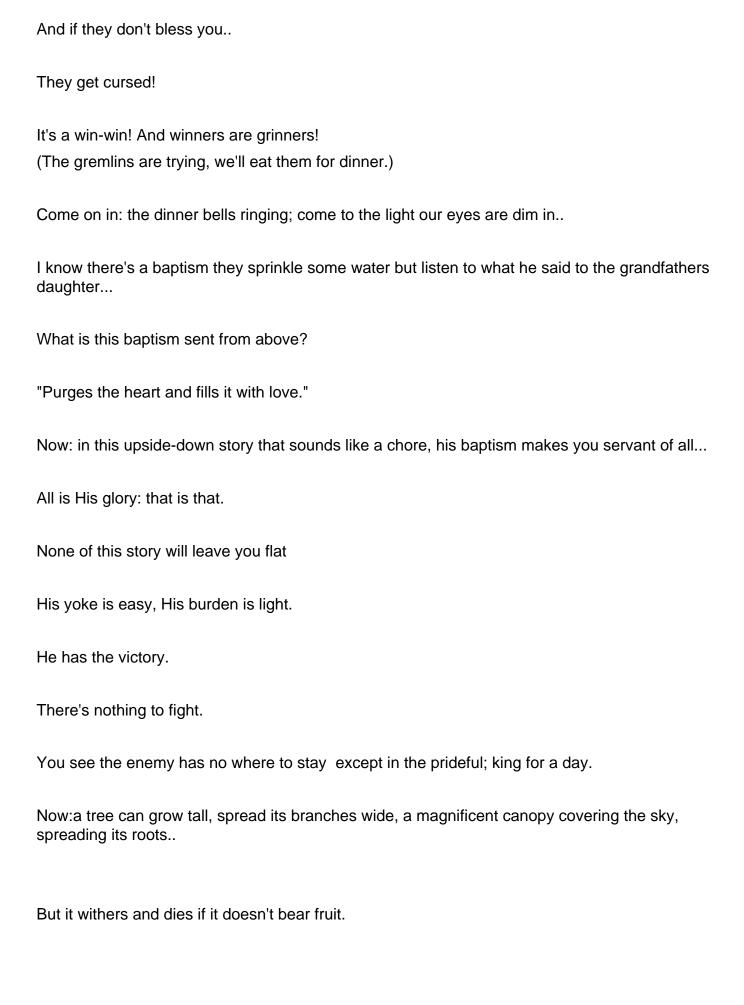
The rapture!

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:

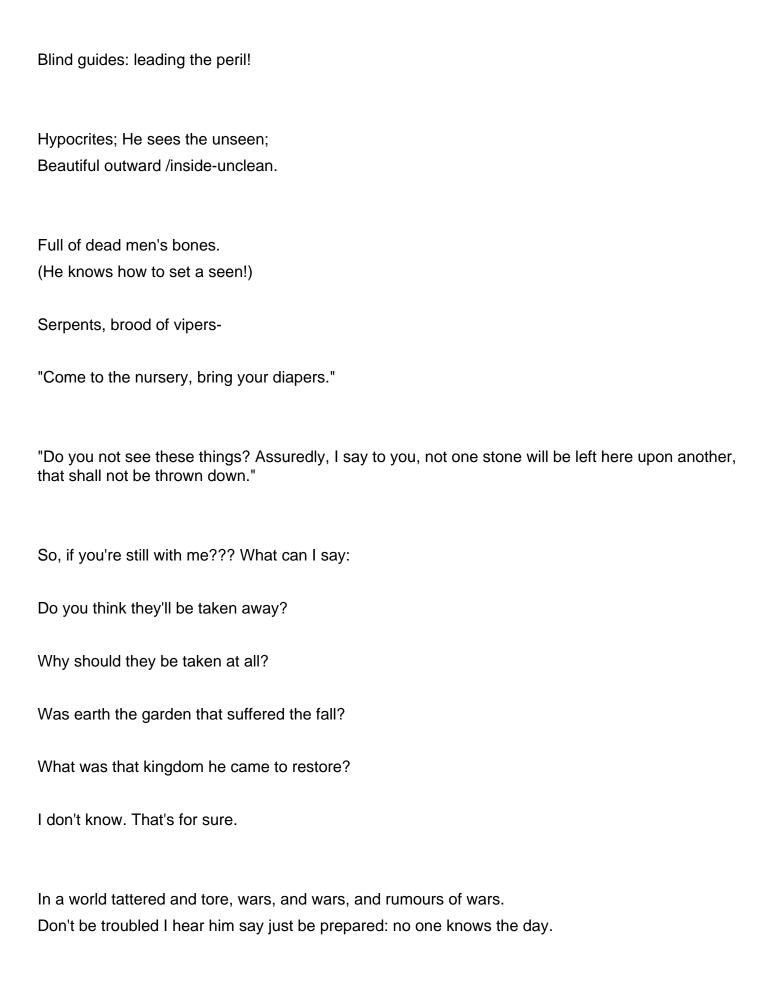








Cast out of the vineyard
What a strange array?
"Smells a little fishy"
Lets get on our way
Invited to the wedding: didn't want to come.
Go out to the highways!
Your sure to find some.
bring them in both bad and good make sure they have a wedding gown
The ròm will be inspected: no fools, no clowns-
That 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.



Anthology of 2781



, Landers Gy Cr. — Cr.
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

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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-

Where is this going?

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!

And all will know

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 versessongs 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



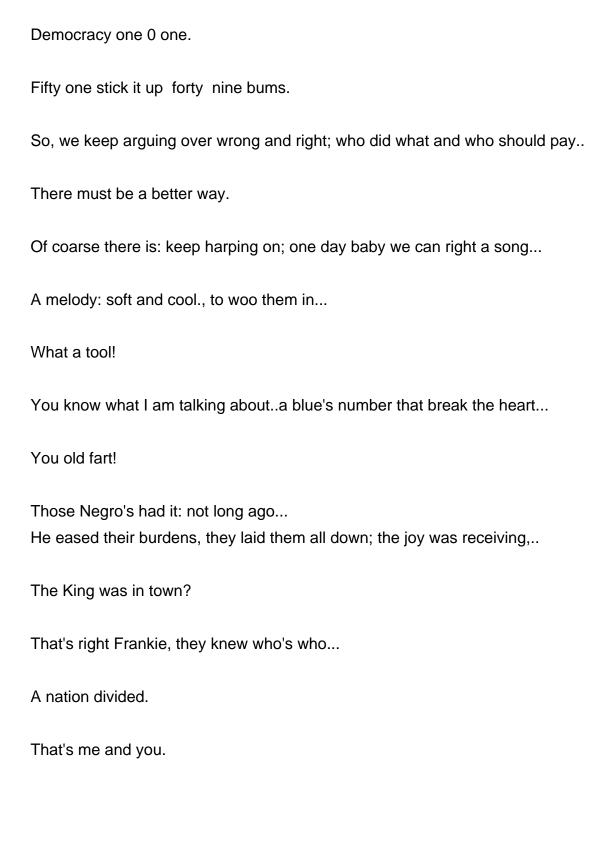
He is King of all.
Until that day, have one on me...
Open some eyes Lord
Let them see.

The beginning...

Blind

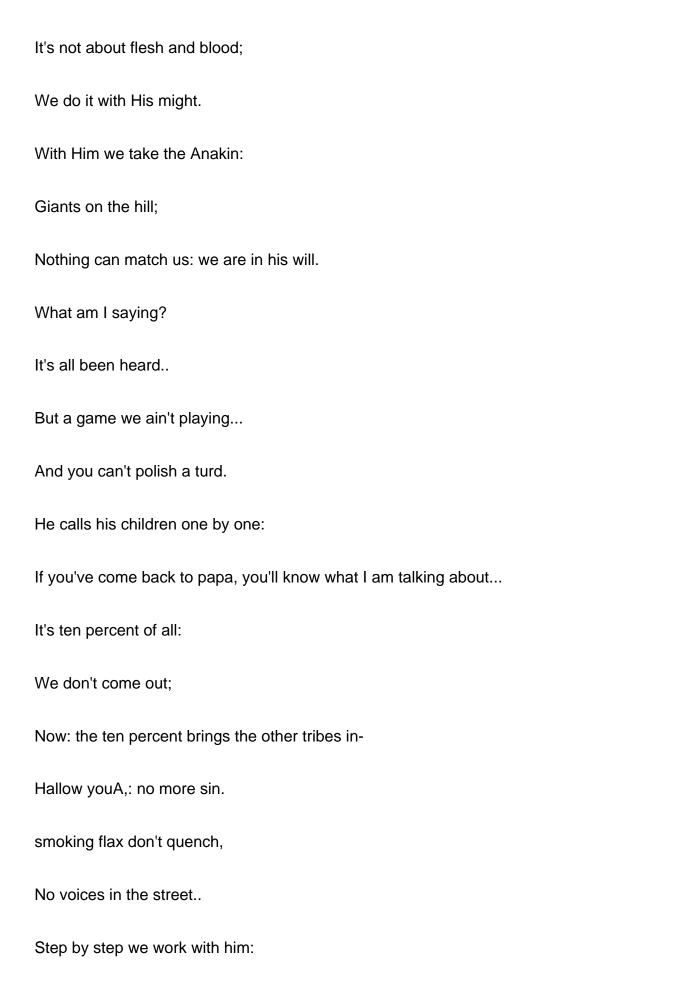
Well, I have a title!
Sounds about write
My eyes can get blurry this time of the night:
Well, now I remember what we were talking about-
The Atheist; their out and about
They have some good points, more than a few: well versed in knowledge; scripture and verse; Blasphemous outburst, not fearing the curse.
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 bestor 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?



Circumcision

When he brought them out or 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:



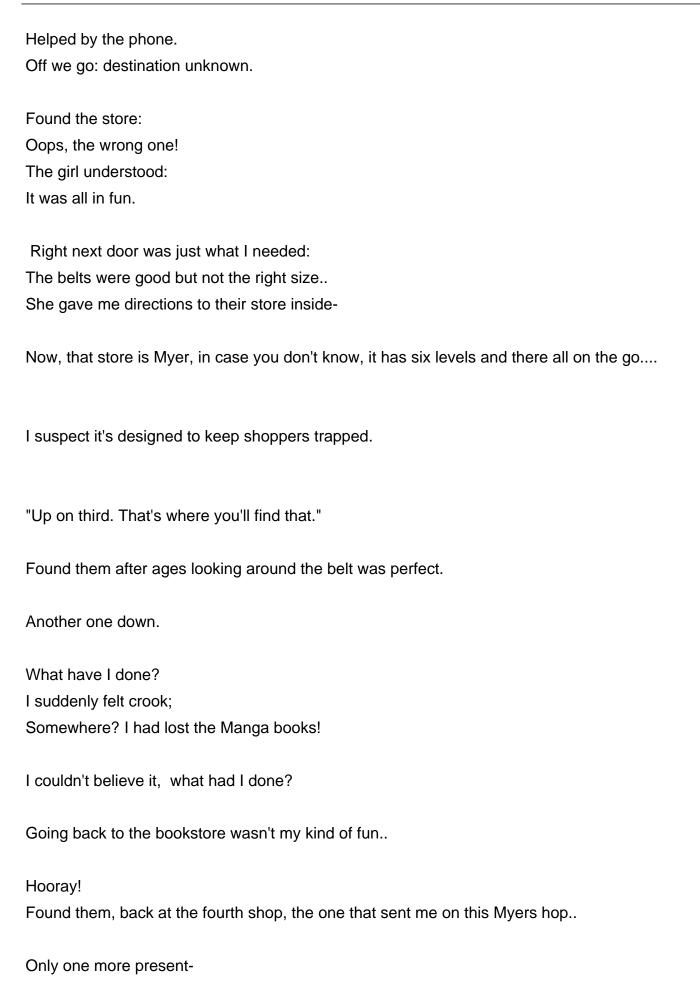
Giving out his meat
To hungry souls starved of affection:
His way is the only way;
In it is no rejection.
You follow me:
That's what he said;
It's all in there, if He shows you where to look!
It's a rich tapestry:
That book.

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.

Found a place:

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...





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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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?

My poetic Side 🗣

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

My poetic Side 🙎

You can

You can deck the prick with bells and holly
Far-far-far, far-far, far,far,far
I am not feeling very jolly
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
We the people eat their crap
Bla-bla-bka, bla-bla, bla, bla, bla
All caught in an evil trap
Ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-haha,ha,ha
How could we be so stupid
Da-da-da,da-da,da,da,da
Yes, up the bum we've all be rooted
Ar-ar-ar,ar-ar,are,ar,are

Do a few corols brings him glory

Na-na-na,na,na,na,na It's time for us to live the story Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya,ya Time to turn this mess around 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-now,now Join the living, not the dead How-how, how-how, how-how, how how Ask the Lord to be your Saviour Just you and Him He'll give you favour.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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 ir 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!

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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?
Fasier to take an overdose!

My poetic Side $m{Q}_{\!\!m{a}}$

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.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

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 next, 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 int 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!

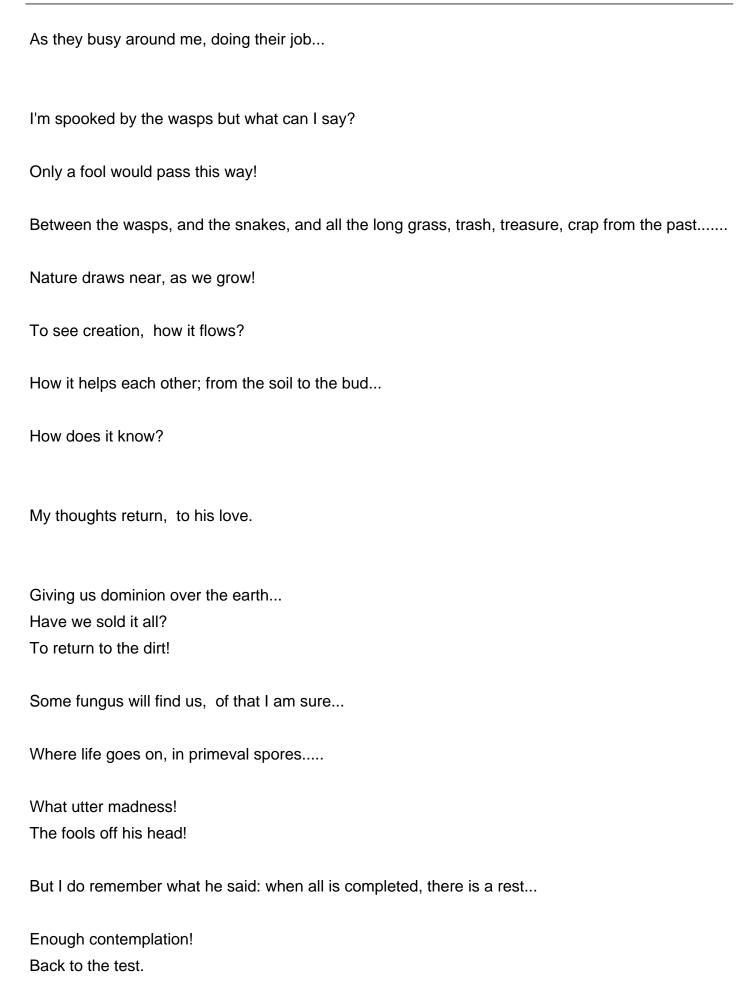
I can't see their nest, but presume it is close?

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 loose my cool..
I suspect they can sense danger?
I might be a fool?

Not perturbed, I hasten to my my job...



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.

My poetic Side 🙎

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!

My poetic Side 🗣

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 coarse and do what's right...

Not by power.

Not be 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'll!

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 gones 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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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, 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.



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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 trott, 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.

Call him light Call him day

Whatever his name is

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.

My poetic Side 🗣

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
_ord 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.

My poetic Side $m{R}$

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 fa	ith i	ın	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.

How'd we do

How'd we do
I hope all is well
Get your solar
Plenty to sell
Feed yourselves, now you're problem
All is well
No more coal: expensive gase.
Get with the program
That is that
It's serious you know, science says sowe have all the facts
The sun rises, then sets: the wind goes around its coarse
Then we have the horsemen: what is true is never false
Yes, get your solar batteries they may may save a life
The object so much bigger
Just staying out of sight
The ramblings of a mad man
Though truth may not be told
Solar to the nations left us in the cold.

Can I

I can speak of your wonders, to	say they are untold
---------------------------------	---------------------

More precious are they, than silver, and fine gold...

To praise you in the morning, then, when the sun goes down-

To glimpse at your glory, with no one else around...

Yes, it is you, and only you:

Nothing can compare;

You rode on wings of love, the elements responded...

Back now: a safe harbour; your wonders, on I ponder...

Thank you for the gift, it is to all who know...

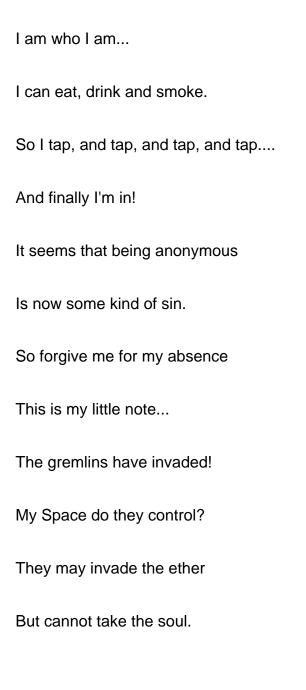
You summarise a story, so babblings can go.

It was a great afternoon...

My poetic Side 🗣

Gremlins

rne gremiins are nere!
Lend an ear
I must confess my rage
They want me to identify myself, if I am to access this page
Continue with Google, or Facebook, or even Microsoft
I don't subscribe to any of them.
Why should I give a toss?
Now there's CLOUDFAREWTF
It says I have success!
But still the page won't open
Suspicious, I must say
So I refuse to flex.
I really do love you, of that you can be sure
But the gremlins want me identified Is that now the law?
Please identify that you are human
Is that a freaking joke?





Fine tune

Hear I am

Time to fine tune

Is it the fourteenth day since the new moon?

It is shining bright tonight

Tell of his glory

The sacrificial right

What do we worship

Where to we feed

At the altar of submission

Or the place of pride and greed

To know him is to love him

That's all he needs to know

Enter into his rest

Trust

Enjoy the show...

Weeping

Our day

I've saved up for today, and you didn't let me down...

loaded up the goods, and took them into town...

The begger rejected; that was his loss..waved me away, said no thanks, couldn't give a toss.

So off I hopped, to the corner store; I like their cardamom tea...

I like these Nepalese very much, they are always good to me.

Told him what I was doing; this time I am not rejected...

I know when he gets to open it up, he'll get more than he expected!

One down-one to go:

I love this stuff, if the truth be known...

It's not that busy in the mall: I take a seat, and erect my sign:

Bibles Free? for only a short time.

An hour goes by; not a bite.

But there is this boy in my peripheral site- jumping around like he had some ADHD; puckered up his courage and hear what he said to me:

"Be still and know that I am God."

Psalm 46:10

My day was made: I said to him; would you like the last one? "Yes sir." with a grin.

You see inside the pages was my yearly tithe. Two worthy recipients, two more for his bride.

For things not done

Forgive me Lord, for the things I don't do

I am a coward at best, but my trust is in you

You know my frame, that I am but dust

So in you, I put my trust

To fill the gaps, from where I lay

To praise you, for another day

Your will Lord, is what I seek

So from my heart, your words can speak

I glimpsed your glory, your truth astounded me

You slew my demons, your love surrounded me

Gave me a new, and living way

My faces, my shame, you washed them away

Like every other generation, we root, bud, and flower Until the time

Each one at his hour

I can't fight it Lord, I can trust in your power

For thing's yet done, your will, will I do

That all my trust, can be in you

My poetic Side 🗣

While you are here, life will abound

And in that life, let your glory surround

To do those things, your will be done

To live by truth, as your son.

I don't want

Help me to fight
I don't want to fight
I don't want to be wrong
I want to be right
Scene so tragic
Don't despair
I know you have me
I know your there
Is this dread
Come over me
Where are the eyes
The eyes that see
The stories told
It's all be done
Just relax
It can be fun.

Rant

I think it's time I had a rant.

What's it all about?

The unholy trinity, is trying to lock me out!

I refuse to conform, I am what I am.

Verify your human..it seems to me, a scam.

Google, Facebook, Microsoft, any one will do..

I don't subscribe to any, what am I to you?

Cloudflare, go fuck yourself!

How dare you block myway.

Well there you have it, excuse my French, It's only just a game.

Evolution

The ancients had alchemy, with their processes, and potions. A better world they could see... Now what's all this commotion? It's been taken to a finer art; enslaving the masses... From cradle, now to grave, in varying degrees, healing all our ailments, while giving us disease. Obesity is rising! We have a solution for that..for another four fifty a month, we can burn off all your fat! You get what I mean, the whole shows a joke. And the laughs are on us, the common folk. O yeah, you might have your comforts, enjoy them if you can, but when the time comes, Your back in their hands. I doubt our forefathers could see us as slaves, the corporate greed, and the way we behave.. For covetous, we get our desert: it's alright baby, no one gets hurt.. We flirt with temptation, and she takes us down: the threshing floors open, and we still hang around.. It isn't that we weren't given the solution... It's the way of the world: and it's evolution.



Rain

The rain has stopped

The stars are out

IT'S Been a wet week

If you know what I am talking about

With my punt on a job, up a creek, well, the Lord's been good to me, this week.

Last night as I drove down into the valley, in the rain, large drops exploded, on the road, frogs were dancing, or maybe the toads?

Whatever it was, it was hard to see, a not so familiar road glory be!

Got to the boat (prepared for a swim), but the tide was just right, I could just step in.

Pumped and bailed, for about an hour, home by midnight, had a hot shower.

Up at six, still raining: wheelbarrow is full of water; not time for debate; rain is easy up, no time to wait.

Down to the boat: she's half full, bailing her out, I am feeling quite grateful.

It's a half hour trip, upriver in the boat. I put on my board shorts, expecting to get soaked.

But I stayed dry! No rain to mention. Got the other two boat dry, well, that was my intention!

The creek was running out hard, and all the gullies flowing.

With the new moon approaching,

Big tides are near.

I guess when this is over, I might enjoy a beer.

Dementia or demented?

Sometimes up, sometimes down

I love all your songs, though sometimes hard to catch!
On the old grey matter, some colour sometimes splashed.
To brighten up the day, although like birds upon the wing, they up and fly away
But it doesn't matter, like a river and its flow, sometimes the tide is high, other times it's low.
Every day is new to me, I don't think much on the old
Now, I am as happy as can be, doing what I am told
A new and living way, not dwelling in the past, but walking forward, hand in hand
To me life is a blast!
The important thing I remember, the simplicity of the way
And in my moments of clarity, give thanks for each new day
Dementia or demented?
Both! some may say.
But every pray is answered, all that you say is true
Dementia or demented, I put my trust in you know who
Backwards and forwards there I go
Sometimes fast, sometimes slow

Often feeling like a clown

No one knows how we go

No one sees, I am not on show

Out the back, then out the front

Laying bricks, and mixing mud

Building walls, and digging ditches

Visiting angels, and spotting witches

I guess that's just the way I go

Till the work is done

And I get back home.

The beast of revelation

That beast of revelation, the one who must unfold... Is certainty a mystery, that some may say they've solved: Seven heads, ten horns, rising out of the sea; Question is, who is it? Could it be you, and me? The battle lines are drawn: is it time to fight? Loonies on the left; and who's who, on the right? Ideology, religion; they all want their way... Does the one, who has the truth, have nothing much to say? Money took centre stage; come, worship trinkets: Or give yourself indignant rage; scream it out, like witches. Come the nations, jockey for the power... Keep them all, like tinder: waiting for the hour. (At the point I should say, or at least let me ramble: if you understand the counterfeit, you shouldn't take the gamble.) So, battle lines are drawn: each one has their support...

I ponder on the seven heads, and all that has been taught.



I know there's an answer, of that we are assured... Do I need to prove myself? You know that I am true. The building must be tested, so before we start... It's only in obedience, that I control the heart... Six days we will labour, then when we pass the test... The beast has nothing in us. We enter into rest. Seven heads, ten horns, on each one a crown.. Now: Lord of lords, and King of kings, will come and throw them down. The fall will be great: a warning it may be. The beast of revelation: who is it? I don't want it to be me.

I am god

I wonder, can we see?

Is God a physical being?
If we ascend to heaven, he is there.
If me make our bed in hell, he's there.
This God, does he have a face?
How can he be all over the place!
Could be a mystery?
May be it's clear.
He's everywhere, in everything, in anyone he chooses
They can have a name
What's all the confusion?
Man he created, fearfully and wonderfully made
Given breath to have dominion
The head, not the tail.
Here I am, once again, I rant and ramble on
When all I really want to do
Is sing, for Him, another song

About the joy that's His, when He brings His children home...

And puts a crown upon their heads, and sits them on His throne...

Bring us back Lord from the darkness, where shadows flee..

To the glory of the One

The mystery...

To share in all your richness, where the lion lays with the lamb...

Can this generation, learn to understand.

My poetic Side 🗣

maga

Now, there might be a way
What a sales pitch!
Bombs away.
Two percent now five percent
War must be heaven sent
Watch the booty come flowing in
maga
With us we can win
knock them down
Build them up
We are here for you, your in luck
Thank you, thank you
Mr Trump
How can we ever repay?
I am certain we can find a way.
Now, to the nay sayers
What was first is now last



What's in a name!

He holds all the cards.

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

Nauseous and funny

Nauseous and funny:
Who's this bloke?
The one at who we all can joke.
Laughing at himself:
Do we see?
The works;
Glory be.
Jokermam dance by the nightingale tune:
Some will curse;
Others, they swoon.



Dales tales

If he doesn't tell them straight away...

They go stale.

My poetic Side 🗣

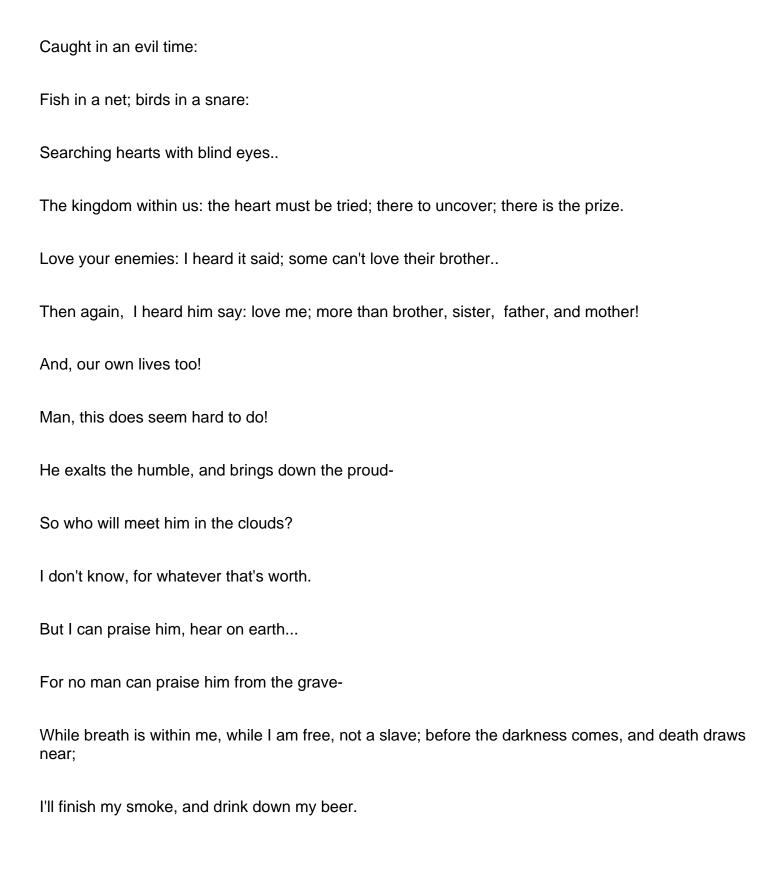
A nuisent

There's a new scent
Or is it a smell?
Is it from heaven?
Or is it from hell?
forty-five/forty-seven:
What are those numbers?
It's nine-eleven!

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

Free

Walk the earth, understand the glory:
Don't be deceived, by another story
When we die and go into the grave; how can our soul be redeemed?
With no one to save.
There we stay: consciousness gone;
But if we understand, and he is our song
When his loving kindness is found on the earth
The earth yields her fruit; and the soul finds rebirth
Ashes to ashes: we came from dust.
Created in the image, of whom we must trust.
The righteous shall see it; give the dew of their praise
Heavens rejoice: when man comes of age; and gives glory for what they have found
A hope of deliverance, from the pit under ground
Where the fires not quenched; and their worm never dies.
Yes, little children, he doesn't tell lies.
But where is the truth?
Where do we stand?



Doctor Doctor

A doctor is nearing the end of his shift,

He must have walked more than a kilometre.

Gets to his last patient, and pulls out an anal thermometer..

The patient looks distressed and says: it that essential?

Doctor says: I can't believe it-

Some arsehole has my pencil!

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

Chilling out

Sky is clear
Stars soon out.
What have I got to complain about!
It may be cold
The wind is up.
I am chilling out!
Time to sup
You gave it all
What do I need?
Your provision gives nothing to greed.
Fingers go numb
Joints feel the strain.
You always come through!
I suffer no pain.
I heard you saying-
Your burden is light
I can't help but praise You



On this chilly night.