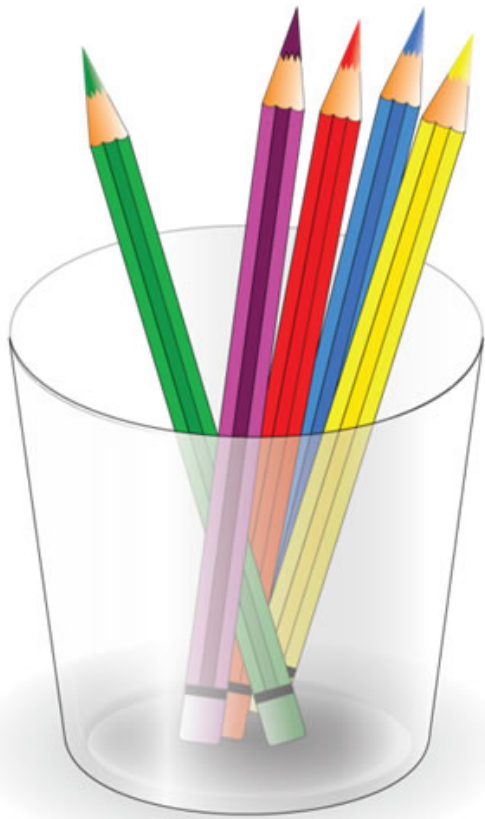


# Anthology of Thumping Heart



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*To all who are hurting seemingly traveling through life alone having no one to see or listen to your  
inner and outer pains....*

## Acknowledgement

To my most trusted friend ever(Almighty God)....

## About the author

I am just one who studies the small things in life  
believing they are what the big picture are about....

## summary

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Can We Be Born Before Our Time?

Uniqueness, Individuality, Is Togetherness

A True Feeling of Unworthiness

Understanding in Periods of Halves

## The Winds Moving Time

The winds moving time has re-directed my given  
Transferred translated vibrations, from the lights  
Of divine flashing orientation to new listening ears  
Having true meditative deepness, knowing the inner  
Selfless responses of the third eye way.

The scenery being well lit, displaying only the true  
Inner colors of life's well-chosen words spoken in there  
Proper synchronized order, that their intended meaning  
Are well received in three-dimensional understanding, owning  
No implied wondering whatsoever; because true heart spoke.

No groping for words to ensure proper internal absorption,  
Because, again, the inner cavity of secluded, vacuumed, secured  
Untouchable/touchable thoughts, knows the rhythm of realism's  
Dependable, forward, deep cleaning sweetness which connects  
Its progeny's under one breath of real inclusive refined air.

A oneness in everything, understanding the value in true life's  
Sat in place smooth flowing principles of the actualized gift's in  
true balance, in inclusive, purposeful, divine existence. A creation  
Sight-fully knowing its true brother and sister, identifying their willingness  
To help from the ordinary stand of a true selfless gesture.

Entertaining absolutely no questions, because inclusiveness exhales  
in open places filled with simple scenes of familiar understandings,  
One for all and all for one. Speaking in the phenomenal language of  
May I be of some assistance, without projecting any overtones owning  
Gains in self, but illustrates one's level in true profound listening.

The winds moving time has re-directed my given  
Transferred translated vibrations, from the lights  
Of divine flashing orientation to new listening ears  
Having true meditative deepness, knowing the inner  
Selfless responses of the third eye way.

## The Seamlessness of True Life

Have you ever woke-up before the sun greets  
Our home and sense a newness/freshness, that  
Feels so unnaturally uplifting? An inhaling the very  
Breath of Almighty God, directly instead of indirect  
Passing exhalations as in from the mouths of men.  
A foreshadow, of that long-awaited tomorrow before  
The mass awakening of all that noisy chatter, mostly  
About nothing important chasing time while it watched  
Them in a questioning mindset: are they aware of today's  
Presence in fulfilled promises, they breath/move inside of.  
Seeing in a divine understanding way, life's connective  
Inseams of thread-less acknowledge-able sutures, that  
Invisibly, unify-ably, breaths in that put in place inclusive  
Common ground, in celebrating the inculcated words of  
Creations creator's shareable selfless love.

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Our home and sense a newness/freshness, that  
Feels so unnaturally uplifting? An inhaling the very  
Breath of Almighty God, directly instead of indirect  
Passing exhalations as in from the mouths of men.

## The Wonders of True Thought

I see, I hear, I smell, I feel and taste;  
Yet thought has taught me this is not  
Reality, because it belongs to perceptions  
Steady true flow of un-naming everything,  
Enabling divineness to show you the way.  
So, the seeing, hearing, smelling, feeling and  
Tasting may become filled with the unnamed  
Birth of the invisible unborn, enabling breath  
To become the world of playful wonderment.  
Affectionately kissing true peace and security.  
Walking into the likeness knowing no emptiness,  
Because the very understanding beside us all also  
Lives and truly thrives in every breath we inhale. So  
Likewise, our exhalations should move in that very  
Same field of balance in the likeness of forever.  
Enabling our celebration of life to be never ending  
Co-existing in that very drinkable liquid which lubricates  
And coordinates our sight, our ears, our skin which  
Causes the tongue to become so finely well-seasoned  
To indulge in any meaningful uplifting conversation.  
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Yet thought has taught me this is not  
Reality, because it belongs to perceptions  
Steady true flow of un-naming everything,  
Enabling divineness to show you the way.



## Welcome to The New Beginning!!!

I am truly beginning to understand life is the heartbeat  
Equated with time the flesh being the mode of which  
Our minds metabolize its said existence, though intentions  
Are those mistakes in calculated time our not wanting to  
Admit our limitations, because of our lack of true thought.  
The actualization of our souls never being born to be that  
Unquestionable top of anything finding out our truest purpose  
Is first to become master listeners by asking questions at the  
Stream of thoughts inceptions, because that is where all answers  
To anything lay in wait mode to be heard.  
For it is in this elevating mode of graduated understanding does  
The doing of heard unsearchableness becomes fertile enough to  
Accept the realism of the actualized rhythmic synchronization of  
The beating heart of likened character in true created mannerisms.  
A literal profound mirrored imagery presenting no blemishes at all.  
The transition being the process of internalized thought perceptions  
Forgetting flesh simply because it is a true concept of actualized master  
Thought put into place so reality may become an easy to understand  
Something, that the likeness of which we were made whole into, may  
Forever feed us as each new beginning breaks forth/born.  
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Equated with time the flesh being the mode of which  
Our minds metabolize its said existence, though intentions  
Are those mistakes in calculated time our not wanting to  
Admit our limitations, because of our lack of true thought.

## A Hall of Unique Lights

My mind has entered a hall of unique lights, a blazing  
So carnally intimidating yet ever so invitingly restful to  
The me no one has ever seen, nor truly felt in words of  
Touchable flavors that lays no claim to hues in colors  
Related to anything, experienced by the eyes of flesh.  
A dividing of the gifted duality; my mind indulging more  
So, into the invisible aspect of this wonderful form of  
Excitable animations untapped never looked at locomotive  
Travel. Imagine, thought transposing your entire being to  
The grid of your patterned willful process in fluid perfection.  
In remembrance of the likeness I had no idea was so loosely,  
Breath-ably, heartfelt, openly shared. A literal walking in the  
Same breath as the exhalation ascending from the invisibleness  
Of a form in energy, that knows everything I breathe to become.  
Knowing the value of spoiled goods because this energy, is everything.  
An undeniable profoundness, likens to an unstoppable flood and  
The opening of the earth in a true suddenness, swallowing up the  
Simplified explainable; leaving that which speaks in the language  
Only heard in the days of Eden's flourishing protective purity,  
Magnifying simplicity, understanding life because of it.  
Knowing finally there is absolutely no light existing that can stand  
In equal, our physical solar lantern does not tip the scale in a parallel  
Conversational light. Though the warmth it generates, is factually  
A true tender Heavenly kiss in prelude to the obvious coming day  
Of the newness of unknown imperfection, missing nothing at all.  
My mind has entered a hall of unique lights, a blazing  
So carnally intimidating yet ever so invitingly restful to  
The me no one has ever seen, nor truly felt in words of  
Touchable flavors that lays no claim to hues in colors  
Related to anything, experienced by the eyes of flesh.

## Without Divine Spiritual Agreement

The fumes of imperfection have risen just below  
Determined self-enunciation, a claiming of exclusive  
Pronouncements in man's realities of self-proclamations,  
Without the blessings of included angelic receptive  
Spiritual consummation.

A rebirth of the confusing of languages and a determined  
Mindset to quantify his equated supposed rights. Believing  
He was solely created to be a true conquer, of every journey  
our minds were solidly in circulated agreement with. One  
For all and all for one, if I cannot make it I'll dutifully assist you.

Heaven of invisible mystery, it's here, it's there, it engulfs and  
Honestly swallows up everything. Matter/anti-matter, to its  
Mind of generalized thought processes, referencing the containable  
conversation in light-hearted simple understandings. Wherein,  
Heaven of invisible mystery has no completions, nor defined endings.

Our living souls, lifted out of sinless earth-made whole by simplified  
Thought, being perfect but consciously staggers in sins acceptable  
Pathways of thoughts unacceptable pronouncements, in redefined  
Angelic exhalations. Changing breath's true directional flow, by willfully  
Acknowledging our own exhaled vapor, as a form of solid guarantee.

A resurrection of all the afforded declarations in punitive divine  
Decisions. Written in every language of man's dialect, to serve as  
A talkative assurance in correct strides of the uptake of real spiritual  
Meals, never to become impeded again as it was when those loving  
Intercepting reminders were blazoned on true tablets, of real clay.

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Determined self-enunciation, a claiming of exclusive  
Pronouncements in man's realities of self-proclamations,  
Without the blessings of included angelic receptive

Spiritual consummation.

## If Love Is Wisdoms Correctness

If the attribute love is in realism's term, the art  
Of moving forward in wisdom's truest light of  
Correctness, why is it so hard for our minds in  
Created likeness to comprehend its actual breath  
In simplicity?

Is it our knowingness in ownership of self-proclaimed  
Edification's in the context of look at what we did, not  
In look at what the Father has done through us-complimenting  
The whole as does the true attribute love. If this is so,  
Then our lives are complicated because we do not know love.  
Love being an open atmosphere of total inclusive sharing,  
Wanting nothing/desiring anything exclusively for itself,  
But honestly works in the mindset of truly benefiting the  
Actual whole of breaths living thriving creation. Knowing  
The One has already been born and yet lives supporting us.

If the attribute love is in realism's term, the art  
Of moving forward in wisdom's truest light of  
Correctness, why is it so hard for our minds in  
Created likeness to comprehend its actual breath  
In simplicity?

## Life, Decisions and What?

There is no air in indecision, because it equates itself  
With the idea of making perfection its only goal; when  
The present reality only lends its instructional ways to  
Continued practice, learning the body language of the  
Original spoken dialect, in correct enunciated form.

Decisions, can move anything when properly put into  
The flow of righteousness hands of magnified belief,  
Through witnessing of the actual invisible energies acts  
Possessing true clear knowledge of everything having  
Gravity, or occupying weightless places of coherency.

Because decisions are the command central, which demands  
The carnal mind to comply with the sounds of groaning's uttered  
By the inner person that was chosen, to fill your clay of molded  
Missions of uplifting the flesh thinking, is that all there is to this  
Place containing livable class rooms, teaching free will and love?

For it is the ability to include the whole in every thought, that  
maintains a system managed on the true freeness of the will  
of its subordinates, and the reality of born realism in true  
recognition of loves intended centered place engulfing every  
fresh introduction, to the qualities of divine inspired love.

There is no air in indecision, because it equates itself  
With the idea of making perfection its only goal; when  
The present reality only lends its instructional ways to  
Continued practice, learning the body language of the  
Original spoken dialect, in correct enunciated form.

## Contemplations of The First century CE

My mind eyes have been expressively opened to the  
cause of my repeated cases of intrusion by others on  
my very personal space, in honest remembrance of a  
question posed to the Son of Man in the first century  
CE by one of the original disciples," Peter".

My Lord, how many times should I forgive my brother's  
Transgressions against me? The answer was an infinite  
Uncontainable number, encrypted as seventy times seventy;  
Meaning imperfection is our given disposition, not our given  
Acceptable life style of self-expression, by virtue of our likeness.  
For that which you beheld the Son of Man doing, so shall  
You do; remembering the divine choices given to flesh of  
true intelligent origin, made alive in the animated likeness  
of He Whom seats in the center of realism's breath, just as  
the Son; missing nothing, because of decisions given to us.  
The actualized growing of our own inner souls, by our lifting  
Up our brothers on a continuous basis; never tiring, because  
Their life is in truth our own. In contemplative remembrance  
Of the Son of the Most Highs transference here in the flesh  
Physically setting the doable true pattern by his example us-wards.

My mind eyes have been expressively opened to the  
cause of my repeated cases of intrusion by others on  
my very personal space, in honest remembrance of a  
question posed to the Son of Man in the first century  
CE by one of the original disciples," Peter".

## Can We Be Born Before Our Time?

How can one be truly born before his/her time?

When it is in the created mindfulness of divine

Perfection's own timeline, we enter our teachable

State of earthenware solidified consciousness, made

Alive and filled kinetically with perfections spiritual likeness?

Could it be, there is no such occurrence to warranted questions

In that caliber, because the very timing of our Lord is just and

Sure. For have you ever entertained the idea of exhausting true

Analyzed brainstorming, attempting to quantify our beginnings

Of constant newness, never actually seeing an end to anything.

Perspectives producing functional, acceptable, breathable,

Immediate, recognizable realities, understanding there is

No before or after in realities presentation of the ticking

Clock, measuring the coming true tomorrow of which we

Were born to watchfully press to witness its birth.

Our breaking into our cultural surroundings, fully prepared to

Speak aloud those things we were born to share with the hearing

Ears interested in life's true and steady renewals, in divine insightful

understandings. Referencing half misinterpreted exhalations absorbed

in closed mindedness; for the true breezes of life are better enjoyed

When every window is open to its fullest and relaxation becomes you.

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State of earthenware solidified consciousness, made

Alive and filled kinetically with perfections spiritual likeness?



## Uniqueness, Individuality, Is Togetherness

I was created knowing only my skin had color and  
Everything internal directly functioned the same as  
Those created only knowing their skin had a different  
Hue pronounced in variations of pigmentations a Progenies  
Divine symbolic cause of celebrations because of our  
Blessed uniqueness knowing individuality but supping on  
Togetherness in an open unifying language of true hearts.  
My soul growing slowly traveling through times of many  
Unanswered questions, a bringing of absolute frustration  
A madness unknown to my inner being, a true fight to the  
Grave, a scratching the floor of the earth with my fingers,  
My essence pouring in its mixture, oh earth mother of my  
Flesh see your son struggling to be free, help me to sip in the  
life you allowed my bones to become fully dressed to claim.  
Oh, man clothed in the flesh from our true mother earth, hear  
My empty lowly voice of inspiring understanding knowing first  
In the foremost parts of my mind, it is your soul I truly adore in  
Caring compassionate loving way. If you simplify your eyes life's  
Stations of color will become a beautifying something to marvel at,  
Because this rainbow has a veritable voice desiring interactions, not  
Solitude with eyes of clay watching from afar.  
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Everything internal directly functioned the same as  
Those created only knowing their skin had a different  
Hue pronounced in variations of pigmentations a Progenies  
Divine symbolic cause of celebrations because of our  
Blessed uniqueness knowing individuality but supping on  
Togetherness in an open unifying language of true hearts.

## A True Feeling of Unworthiness

There are points in time it feels completely futile  
To spank one's mind's thought processes for the  
Betterment of one's physical soul's outer actions,  
Because of that desired trained corrective bridling  
Of one's inner perceptions of plain visual truths.  
Straining not to pain the heart of realisms hearts mind with  
Your own actions of mental to physical fruitions of blatant  
Unworthiness, a failing to lean towards correctness, blaming  
Weakness, implying imperfections shortcomings, when scripturally  
it is a real moment of impressible multiplied divine strength.  
A sitting down; when standing signifies one's solidified desire  
For that real oneness in mind, body, heart and soul to perfection;  
Willfully attaching one's physical individual parts to the original  
Applaudable likeness in obedience, understanding one's  
Definitive blessedness in dualities truest gifted freedoms.  
A very real deep inner feeling of true sorrowful inability, to measure  
Up in a worthy light to an acceptable agreeableness in underlined  
Bridges of thoughts to actions, publicly complimenting each other  
Categorically spiritually undeniably correct, but the failing of one's  
flesh not as an excuse, but contextually a factual unacceptably held  
Sorrowful cloak in wonderment: Should one just give up, stop trying?  
The world not ready for truth and honesty and one's own inner  
Being not ready to totally accept obedience purity, fearful of  
Failing in the most miserable way possible, not accepted in one's  
Own mind of chosen adaptabilities. A feeling alone, because in true  
Obedience one acted seemingly lukewarm still looking for the worlds  
necessary approval. Why?  
There are points in time it feels completely futile  
To spank one's mind's thought processes for the  
Betterment of one's physical soul's outer actions,  
Because of that desired trained corrective bridling  
Of one's inner perceptions of plain visual truths.

## Understanding in Periods of Halves

I looked in my mirror and so nothing of times identifiable  
Markers, only those eyes holding wisdoms doors smiling  
At the distance of ticking sounds in melodic tones, my ears  
Of changed clay were gifted to feel inside of sights breaths.

Understanding fully but in periods of half increments, knowing  
The root-mass of my existence is factually my brothers breath,  
In life's spreadable growths in foundational, kinetic, rhythmic,  
Melodies knowing the wider the spread the greater the connection.

Is there a truth found inside the sounds of divine love? Or  
Are we just caught in a cycle of mirages, self-defined by our  
Strongest desires, seeing everything as beautified as we want  
Or as dense and polluted as our own noses can smell?

I wonder if it is correct in my own mind to question homes  
Authenticated language, believing our oldest youngest parent  
Has an awesome never-ending relationship, understanding  
Breaths longevity is where true love begins.

The widening is dying to self by choosing to live inside the  
Light of longevities breaths in loves beginning of actualized  
Inhaling's of exhaling aliveness, opening to the full potential  
So as to assist willfully in the ingathering of breaths life.

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Markers, only those eyes holding wisdoms doors smiling  
At the distance of ticking sounds in melodic tones, my ears  
Of changed clay were gifted to feel inside of sights breaths.