

**"EXCELCIOSUS DEO"
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***BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST A.K.A.
CINDA A. BERARD (c) 2015***

GOVERNMENT

Bulls bellowing loudly
Pawing the ground visibly
Heads down, horns locked
Display of the greatest strength.
On lookers watch the show
Of male strength, futile
When one gorges another
Even the victor is put down ~
The slaughter of the innocent
By the conqueror at the moment
In turn they too perish.
Vicious is the cycle of dominance
For control does consume,
It is never satisfied until
It brings forth extinction ~
Men have become bulls
Herding and destroying one another
Their legacy is murder
Of the sophisticated kind.
Men were never meant to
Govern one another, for
Only Jehovah's government
Can rule with justice and equality.
(Psalm 22:12, 30-31; Hebrews 10:4;
Isaiah 9:6-7)

IN THE HOUR

Daniel saw four beasts
That were yet to come
All three are in the presence
Of the fourth they succumb.
Lion with eagles wings as one
England and the USA, Bear with three ribs
Russia; Marx, Engels, Lenin say,
Leopard with four wings, four heads
Hitler, Himmler, Hess, Goebbels dreads.
They are before, in the presence of
The fourth beast, most diverse
It is the succession of United Nations
World dominance with a hearse ~
M16, the secret destiny
To pollute the people asleep
With misaligned prophecies
Into the beast system sweep.
USA, you raised up the world
To Lucifer you did initiate
So when sudden nuclear arrows fly
Sudden destruction is your fate.
Oh Club of Rome you laugh
World is broken into spheres
Of Bio-Economic Regions
Soon to unleash multiple fears ~
Jacob's trouble is imminent
One third go through the fire

Two thirds reject the Almighty
Rebellion they serve, aspire.
The false Anti-Messiah will rise
From the world's fourth power
Keep keen, sharp and alert
UN watch, we're in the hour.

HOLY PLACE

Unworldly, sound, saneness
Pure Truth illuminated
It radiates in Love Divine
Your heart beats within mine,
All that distracts falls away
In this quiet place, holy place ~
This mortal clay does tremble
For your righteousness reveals
How I have offended you,
The Truth and in creation.
Hand extended I come close
Bow my knee to thee,
Overcome by your grace, mercy
The eyes of my heart are open ~
Unworldly, sound, saneness
Pure Truth illuminated
It radiates in Love Divine
Your heart beats with mine,
All that distracts falls away
In this quiet place, holy place.

MESSAGE WE SEND

You never know the future
Although you may plan it
Nor can you read another
Their temperament or mind ~
Yet in the scheme of things
Life orchestrates its own way
Winding and laboring out
The workings, sorts and kind ~
Like the hands on a clock
Tight to schedule they move
Faithfully they tick away
Each hour gained further ground ~
Seconds, minutes, hours, days
Weeks, months to years
All of us travel this passage
With it wisdom is found ~
All those little nothings
We deem so insignificant
Make up our life's tapestry
Our message to others we send ~
Stop looking, wondering, guessing
Know your foundation rock sure
Keep faithful to the task
Seemingly sound at clock's end.

PRAYER

There are public figures who
Feel the need to display
Their prayers, to be seen
And heard of men abroad –
Choosing to ignore the Word
Which forbids public prayer
In so doing they get their reward
Virtual worship, showing for applaud.
Rather pray in secret alone
Where the Heavenly Father sees
From the heart lifted up
Sincerity in spirit and word –
He knows what we need of
Before we even do him ask
There is a way which is right
To pray, for to be heard.
Let us glorify the Father Holy
And his kingdom to come
For his will to be done here
And to meet our daily needs –
Then pray for forgiveness, yes
As we do forgive all others
To deliver us from temptation
Glorifying God again who heeds.
There is an order and structure
In approaching the Throne Divine
And when you live this scripture
It's fellowship in him you'll find.

CONTRAST

It's easier to believe a lie
Than to accept a hard truth
For ownership requires action
Which changes reality forever ~
And when I have thus become
A truth seeker like you
We are the smallest number
Seemingly outnumbered, abandoned.
Long and narrow is the road
Which leads away from broad view
Where pleasure and pleasantries
Gaily dapple, plum and ripe ~
Suddenly all light becomes void
In the drop off access gone
High up is the straight and narrow
Out of grasp a strand of gold ~
Cut your throat if given
To hunger or thirst for more
Be grateful for what you have
Greed is man's great consumption ~
Lie to yourself first and foremost
Validate your insane excess
While letting those less fortunate
Eat the wrath of your soul.

PROVISION

Great and mighty is he
Creator of all things life
He will always make a way
A provision where there is none ~
Jealous his zeal for righteousness
Protector of the devoted faithful
With great love and pity
He remembers man is but dust ~
Gently he nurtures the weak
Cleans him, sets him up
On the rock of his word
Giving man a sure foundation ~
Love, deep beyond measure
He came here to redeem us
Giving the last drop of blood
To cleanse our sins forever ~
Humble beginnings you were formed
Molded in his holy hands
Breath of life blown into you
Knowledge formed into you reason ~
Great and mighty is he
Creator of all things life
He will always make a way
A provision where there is none.

BAGGAGE

Less is really more
When you die to self
You let all the baggage go
Then you become truly free
Gaining so much more ~
Yielded, surrendered, moldable
Pliable in the Master's hands
Spiritual life has then become
More real than the physical
You are living as you were created ~
Immersed in what really matters
Total obedience out of love
With every fiber of your being ~
Always a new day comes
Yahweh's wave that raises you up
Over the flood of destruction
Consumption of preoccupation and sorrow;
He is high and lifted up
His Train does fill the Temple ~
Less is really more
When you die to self
You let all the baggage go
Then you become truly free
Gaining so much more.

RECOMPENSE

No longer is there understanding
For it is death of common sense
So bury the truth and conscience
Let us weave our recompense ~
A common worldly cadence
Leaders are stepping down
To give room for the new
All voice of reason drown ~
The weak, worried with fear
To Jehovah they do call
Given hope, strength, encouragement
Saved from distresses' fall ~
Yet the heart of mankind
Complacent, fat and asleep
Turns away from the commandments
Doubt of the promises do not keep ~
Wroth with deliberate unbelief
Spurned, Father sets the stage
As the world does unravel
Judgment with God's rage ~
No longer is there understanding
For it is death of common sense
So bury the truth and conscience
Let us weave our recompense.

COWS

I don't know about you,
but when I get to paradise
I will ask for once again
the pleasure of cows thrice ~
I ask they dot the landscape
Amongst the emerald green
Swishing their beautiful tails
Meandering ample and serene ~
The farm is just incomplete
Without the stately bovine
Which grace any pasture fair
And add to the country line ~
In Heaven they can moo
Look with those innocent loving eyes
And come up to you licking
With innocence and surprise ~
For we were meant to be gardeners
To tend to the animals and such
And this is something one learns
With the sweet cows touch ~
They are not dumb or stupid
They are smart and do feel
They know your voice and reasoning
Your heart they can steal ~
God knew what he was doing
When he created cows I know
For even on Earth's pastures
They tribute his presence so ~

I don't know about you
But when I get to paradise
I will ask for once again
The pleasure of cows thrice.

SUNBEAM

I just want to find a sunbeam
Soak it up all day long
And when I do walk away
I will be rejuvenated and strong ~
The warmth of light particles
Fly above me in the air
Basking in their golden rays
Energy and love I feel there ~
Light does grow up life
In things around us so
So I cherish my sunbeams
With gratitude of heart aglow ~
Sunshine given to mankind
From light years away
Bring healing touch and contentment
Giving meaning to my day ~
So Elohim sends us rays
Of light into our lives
Through people and circumstances
So above our problems we'd rise.

INVITATION

Addressed to the individual
The request to attend
There are no after thoughts,
You must decide for yourself.

If you chose to be there:
For love and respect mostly
Of the Host that beckons.

Excuses not to attend
Are replaced with the downcast;
The best were invited first
But elevated their importance,
Too great to step down
And humbly commit their way.
Shocked and greatly dismayed
When they expect to be received
At the end of their life
When they rejected the Master.
Thinking temporal things their life
And casting down their invitation,
There are no excuses left.

Once you have shut the door
Do not expect to be received.

(Matthew 22:1-14)

CROSSHAIRS...

Watching eyes scan remotely
Guarded, pointed in our direction
Shield the pupils of your eyes ~

They must govern as directed
Quietly until brought forth global
Key players juxtapose ~
Imbrue the garments you wear
With the corporeal sap and vigor
Of the seers most conquest.

...FACTS

We can share the truth of reality
To those standing in fog
We can stand up for what is right
And endorse the call for change
Yet we cannot change anyone
For we only can judge ourselves.
We walk in truth as been given
And daily embrace the way of life
Yet we must love those opposed
Praying for those whom are different.
(1 Tim. 2:1-2; 2 Tim. 2:20; Ps. 91;
Romans 9:21-22; Jude 7-9)

UNDERSTANDING

She sits holding the hand mirror
Catching glimpses from angles,
So much we only view
Catching phases here and there ~
Obvious are the wrong choices
When looking back upon them
Yet working through it all –
Free falling with no direction ~

Age agrees with most of us
For we embrace the wisdom
Earned from our experiences,
Many ask to relive their youth
With the knowledge they have now~
And the mockery of it is
Youth ignores our warnings
They stubbornly won't be told,
Only brokenness and humility
Will let them see and hear~
A true gift are those rare souls
While young are willing to listen.
Suffering breaks the self will
That would destroy us
Which makes us see a better way.
(Proverbs 16:16)

INIQUITY

Swarms of locusts, now crickets
Water low and being rationed
Some building walls for expected lava
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
One land testing toxic missiles
Ripping up peace treaties
In defiance their fists to Elohim
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
Another obsessed with security
For the sake of possible threats
Police the privacy of its citizens

Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
The Intellectual society rave
They have found the God gene
Reproducing creation itself
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
Now we have the absolute technology
On a copier to produce human organs
From tissue sample and blood
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
The abominations are stacked high
The stench is overwhelming
Sad but man has only begun
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah
One elite powerful religion
Wishes to merge all gods as one
Saying they are the supreme edifice
Oh Jehovah, oh Jehovah...
Please do not destroy me
In the process of your anger
For I am but one man,
Some of us reverence you
Yet stuck here for the duration.

LUNAR

My Feast Days are signs in the Heavens
Their cycles are the splendor of Messiah
Giving sight and understanding in me ~

Passover is the sign of my love
I seal and cross over you in protection
Of the precious blood Jesus gave ~
Let us observe the memorial to this
For the sanctification of all holiness
The Pure sacrifice that ends all others ~
Unleavened bread sign of haste
The dying to self and total emptiness
To Yahweh this is a sweet fragrance ~
Ending the furnace of affliction
The wind of his spirit empowering
Pentecost filling us from on high ~
Trumpets, as the priests of old
Worship of musical instruments
Magnifying your beauty and splendor ~
Atonement, the day of Lots
What use to be the burden placed
On goats was put upon Jesus ~
He hung between heaven and earth
Atoning for the sins of all mankind
Every drop of blood accounted for ~
He came and tabernacled among us
So we are to dwell with him
Remembering where we came from ~
Elders minister to the brethren
Soak in the Torah, let it take root
Looking onward to the last ~
The Last feast, The Great Day
One of Wrath and completion
The return of The Word of Yahweh ~

Fulfillment as the heavens are peeled
Back like a scroll and shaken
Replaced with The Eternal Light.

PRESIDENT HUGO CHAVEZ

There are seeds of kindness
Where you would least expect
They come guided from heaven
To you and most direct ~
President Hugo Chavez helped
The poor in a supposed rich land
Heating fuel to those who'd freeze
Without prejudice gave a helping hand ~
What an embarrassing situation
To show who really is poor
For it took those with little
To give to those needing more ~
Government should be the heart
Of the people who live as one
Regardless of political affiliation
Walking in the love of the Son ~
For I see the gospel of Matthew
President Hugo Chavez did show
By his heart his actions followed
The care for others did flow ~
Think twice before you judge
Others not of your approval

Yahweh works in mysterious ways
And the proud receive his removal.
(Tribute to President Hugo Chavez, a man
Who truly loved and cared for poor people,
Even in America).

SEIZE THE MOMENT

We each are given
A day at a time
To build task upon task,
Or we can procrastinate
Put off what we could do
Never build a foundation to last ~
We often measure one's worth
By all that they have done
Yet we fail to actually realize,
It is within all our scope
For it is the little things we do
That we give faithfulness to ~
Let us not look with envy
Onto what others do possess
For we each are called to live,
It's attending to what is ours
Using the talents we were given
Which are in our hands to give.
(Psalm 31:23; Matthew 25:21;
Revelation 21:5-8).

ARE THE SAME

Greatly disappointed I am
Having read yet "another book"
For all the hype and hysteria
Nothing to glorify the gospel it took ~
Rather seized the opportunity
To sensationalize the time we live
It ranted and raved of others
It had nothing uplifting to give ~
How sadden I am with this
The author is Christian by name
Yet having read his fascinations
The Enquirer would have done the same ~
We are not to speculate or conjecture
We are to be sober and aware
Be alert, tending to our spirits
Living next to many a tare ~
Prophecy nuts run about
With all their facts and figures
They incessantly do spout
Their propaganda getting richer ~
True spirit of prophecy is
Messiah Jesus the living Word
It was written and spoken
In scripture is where it is heard ~
Many are the vain imaginations
Of Christian authors with a name
Yet I find it all so sobering
The world and they are the same.
(Ecclesiastes 12:12-14)

SOMETIMES

I find myself thinking upon
Beautiful memories of yesterday
Years have passed in time
But in my heart they are the same ~
I relive the wonderful moments
Of events non-significant
Yet today they mean much more
Then what I could have envisioned ~
I sit to think upon things
And lose track of time
Not knowing where it went
For my spirit was elsewhere ~
I go to put my hand to a task
Only to find it in a book
Turning the pages to read
Lost in the comfort of words ~
I find that I am drawn away
To another time and place
Wisdom showing me the pattern
For true wealth and wisdom ~
I discover that time is eternal
It is not quantity that matters
For it is the significance of now
Caliber of character and honor ~
Sometimes... I do sit and listen
To what is not spoken
For the past, present and future
Are all one and complete.

GHOSTS

Ghosts, films of yesterday
Singing hymns to the Creator
Glad and rejoicing of heart
Not questioning his word or morality ~
Ghosts, voices of yesterday
How far as a people we've fallen
The light is gone from our candle
"Messiah" bearers without righteousness ~
Ghosts, generations long past
Who died and paid the ultimate
Given to a nation now rejecting Jehovah
Which blaspheme his existence and creation ~
Ghosts, dusted from man's archives
They testify to how far we've strayed
We have rebelliously redefined spirituality
As given freedom of religious expression ~
Ghosts, of my forefathers
Mankind has not changed
We still fall greatly short
Showing the truth of Jehovah's word ~
Ghosts...
Their righteousness pierces the darkness
Ever glorifying the Creator
As a testament to those against him.
(Genesis 17:1; Hebrews 12:1)

MARGARET THATCHER

Britain's first female Prime Minister
You were battered, hounded, haggled;
Strong as flint you stood your ground
As a parent chastising your child
Resistance against what was good
A necessary measure to save them,
In time resistance turned to respect ~
Sober, feminine, stately in fashion
Quiet reserve of solid fortitude
You always brought back in line
Those gone greatly astray.
Baroness Prime Minister ~
Your gift of great leadership
Of England was not in vain,
For you saved your country
Though they knew not at the time.
This your legacy will be remembered.
(*Tribute to "The Iron Lady"*)

BRUTALITY

Such a vicious cycle it is
What we seem to do to each other
Vice grown into a lifestyle that
Devours those and each other ~
Crimes committed against others
In the patterns of deprivation
Character, mind and soul consumed
Less than human they become ~

Drug dealers deep in bondage
Slaves to their addictions
Making slaves all the more
Deepening the culture of death ~
Endless is the misery of man
Who has no hope in Jehovah
How they need the light to shine
To deliver hope to those hurting ~
A beautiful talented woman
Caught up into this tragedy
Brutality claimed her as its victim
Tearful reminder of lives effected.
(Dedicated to Rise)

WAREHOUSE

Everyone has a story to tell
Some theirs is so devastating
They are held into it, stuck
Unable to move past the experiences ~
They live within their minds
The locked safeguard of sanity
To go over the truth they know
With hope one day of being free ~
Modern man wants to integrate
Computer technology into the mind
Becoming a human warehouse
Of managed compliance and thinking ~
Then the story is no longer yours
Mind control achieved at great lengths;

All the more fight of endurance,
To maintain and hold your crown.
(Revelation 2:10/3:12; Hebrews 2:10)

HIS VOICE

Without warning it happens
One day you are taken from here
No longer in the land of living
No warning, no premonition
Suddenly your life is no longer,
Gone from this world to waiting
For the resurrection of the dead ~
Life with all its trials and turmoil
Will be over with soon enough
Not able to come back and finish
What is left unfinished, unsaid
Or what was never done when able,
Just a long sleep waiting for time
To give up its members in sequence ~
Like the snap of the fingers
Gone, leaving an emptiness
That you once did live and fill,
No one can know your final thoughts
Your unsaid wishes and dreams
Never to communicate again
With loved ones and family ~
There are no guarantees
Of living again tomorrow
Today is the day of salvation

Ready for the asking and taking.
Do not put off today what is yours
To receive, embrace and live,
Once gone you cannot come back
To ask for what you turned away.
(2 Corinthians 6:2/Hebrews 3:15)

WAITING

Soft quiet pulse in your ears
The blood vessels working
Little background noises amplified
Hearing the earth come awake
Movement of rock and lava
Deep within the earth's womb
Cradled atop the grassy knoll
Sheltered by the elements that claim
Hushed and silenced within one's reasoning ~
Motion of life that does consume
Surrounds us a ways off yet
Slow motion stopped on the TV.
Connected, to the Creator now
Feeling there is no time span
In this wonderful moment of reality
All matter does overlap one another
Molecules passing through us constantly
That is stopped in my waiting,
Turning towards the Son.

GAMBLE

The gambler tosses out the marble
To roll across the moving wheel
Hoping it lands on his number
For which he prays, he can feel,
Concentration on winning is all
That matters to him in his mind
Never a thought of losing
Hanging with more of his kind ~
Life we move in various circles
We draw off each others strengths
Some will connive with great determination
To go to such various lengths,
Never a moment of consideration
What if or just suppose
Things were to turn out differently
Then the plans we have chose ~
Many people risk their lives
Willing to throw everything away
For just another chance
Gambling their inheritance to play,
Yet never thinking about things
Those upon the spiritual kind
Where the soul weighs in the balance
Looking for salvation to find~
Are you willing to pass the opportunity
The Master's Love to embrace and keep?
Or shall you throw it all away
Dwelling where the others do weep?

BECOMING STRONGER

In front of me the picture window
Frames the two trees together
Their branches reach outward
Intertwined one tree to the other
They have become mingled, one ~
Some people touch our lives
Intertwined and far reaching
The lines blur between us
Proximity making you dependent,
That removal would be fatal ~
The wind blows through those trees
Each limb, branch and leaf
Swaying in perfect harmony
Once foliage becomes blossomed
The symphony of life explodes ~
Creator planted them side by side
Knowing they would need each other
To compliment and contribute
The nutrients much needed
To sustain for growth and endurance ~
I saw my life in front of me
Knowing one day a tree must die
Leaving the other by itself
Yet having grown in the others shadow,
Becoming stronger for it.

LIBERATION

“The human heart is wicked
Above all of one’s imagination”

~ Jeremiah 17:9 ~

Christians draw strength of Christ
To stand up for the truth
To be a mouthpiece for humanity,
It cost many their lives so doing ~
We are raised with some semblance
To do what is moral, right
Then the shift takes place;
Evil men are in leadership
Changing the landscape forever
Changelings, puppets to those
Who placed and empowered them ~
Always we repeat our sins
Magnifying them unto the children
Generations removed from righteousness,
We eagerly embraced technology’s edge
Knowledge void of wisdom
Empty of moral consciousness ~
Those who walk through it
Bear peace within their soul
For Christ’s love embraces them
As they enter into their rest ~
Soon we shall do the same
Let us bear the pain without shame,
Trusting our lives in his hands.
(Matthew 10:39; “He that findeth his life

Shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for
My sake shall find it.”)

EXAMPLE

Thinking back upon my childhood
I remember one late summer day
 In the cool of the evening
 Sitting upon stacked fence posts
 Blowing a full seed dandelion,
My mother calling me inside to bed ~
I thought looking up at the cooling sky
 With the moon in full view
Long before satellites or cell phones
 When life was a dirt road
 Or only a two lane street,
What would the future hold for me ~
 How I long for those earlier days
 The innocence and simplicity
 Of my mother’s prayers by my bed
Her cooking, smells filling the house
 Working in the garden for supper
 And gathering bouquet of flowers ~
Just the single party line for the phone
 The whole neighborhood used it,
The clothes my mother made and sewed
 For each one of us eight kids,
The six burner gas stove and oven
 Made many a meal with love ~
I see where my life has taken me;

Far from the love that surrounded me
To those who need what I learned
In kind to share what I had been given
In kindness sharing the warmth and love,
The hugs from the human heart.

LONGING

Like the foam upon the wave
Dissipate tossed within reach then gone
It is the traveler's story
Transient, faded is their song ~
The words flow long after
The departed is out of reach
We neglect those we care for
Let our loved ones cherish and keep.

EXASPERATION

Unfurled, pent up emotion
Spilling over boundaries removed
Uncontained energy of regrets ~
To be coddled and silenced only rouses
The fuel to set ablaze once again
For the insolence of being ignored ~
As a child; silence, hush, stilled
So others can be free again,
No contention with unpleasantries ~
Bottled up and feeling cornered

This is the state of exasperation
With no voice of expression ~
Many die a quiet death they say
Others die a thousand times over,
With each feeling that dies.

THE SIXTH REICH

The world encapsulated with sorrow
Yet the music is still played
Drowning out the voice of reason,
Conditioned to march forward contently
Indifferent to cries of help ~
The conductor moves his wand
In union the players carry the melody
Of false assurance all men to hear,
Enraptured in the song of defiance
The imposter king rides on its waves ~
Together a kingdom, build and rise
Change the meaning of words
Redirection of one's beliefs
Embracing the new man wholly
Upon its new found world leader.
(Revelation 13:4-8, 15-18)

CONFIDENCE

After disaster many declare to rebuild
Boosting their strength among themselves
Greatly displayed is human credit

For a strength to sustain not theirs.
In arrogance, they rebuild superseding
Bigger than what has been decimated.
Proud to conquer against the elements
As if those should bow to their commands ~
There is such a thing as community
Which heals the tear and mends
Binding up the wounds softly
With gratitude the ability to recover
Under the direction and providence
Of a loving and merciful Elohim.
Too often we blame him for everything
When we leave a crack in our armor ~
Disobedience to Jehovah's Word
Gives ground for the enemy to destroy.
Many who survive and put behind them
The grueling experiences do refrain
From the wisdom of the Word ~
"In quietness and in confidence
Shall be your strength" saith Jehovah
And ye would not – Isaiah 30:15.
"It is better to trust in Jehovah
Than to put confidence in man"
(Psalm 118:8, Psalm 18:32, and Psalm 27:1)

ALEX JONES

Info wars sent our way
Bombarded emails each day
Of nonsense to come against

The government, powers that be
Fighting against an invisible army ~
Stir up the people, rob their joy
Give them a purpose, this is the ploy
Make bodies of jurisdiction the enemy
Have them fight each other not knowing
The spiritual entities are growing ~
Whip them to a frenzy with hype
Quiet operative plant, being the type
While walking to the bank whistling
For you work for the "bankers" all along
Three digit identity is where you belong ~
It is the gullible you do recruit
Those who can think you give the boot
For you compile a list then turn it in
For the FEMA camps to which they'll be sent
And none of which a Red Cross tent ~
Swoon to the masses, make them sleep
For the wolves are coming to keep
The weaklings not rooted in the Word
Who cannot see the hireling's double face
They soon perish without a trace ~
It is not flesh or blood we war
We have been told this long before
It is the principalities of the air
The dethroned one from heaven above
Furious to kill the Father's Love.

ELIJAH

Elijah did at one time refrain
From life he did want to turn away
To throw in the towel, overcome
The load heavy, the journey long ~
He fell asleep at the brook
Where a raven brought him manna
Twice he was fed and nourished
To complete his trek, his journey ~
He came into a cave alone
Where Jehovah displayed his strength
Yet communicating in a still small voice
That Elijah's spirit could receive ~
We all have our moments my friend
When we would like our lives to end
For the burdens are too great
With the tasks completed and done ~
We question what is there left
But to contend with wickedness
That antagonizes us daily, abounds
Vexing our spirits, soul and mind ~
We wish to be in the Lord's presence
His love and peace to secure,
It is so easy to want to give up
Before our time is done here ~
Elijah did at one time refrain
From life he did want to turn away

To throw in the towel, overcome
The load heavy, the journey long ~
Yet he did not,
He did not.

MUSE

Porous, collective gathering
Of fragments upon the air
Touched upon by chance ~
Collective thoughts and feelings
Expressed and nurtured of many
Skilled artfully as their display ~
Fillers can clog the filter
Of individual being and management
While some drown out in contentment.

COMPLETE

Scripture instructs us to teach
Our children in the way to go,
Saying they will not depart from it.
Maturity, restlessness, building a life
Each of us branches out to change
Often leaving behind the instruction
Given to us when children.
It is in the stream of one's life
The presence of mind is there
To reach backwards and grasp
The wisdom you one time knew.

God does watch over his children
His Word returns to him not void
For it moves the hearts of men
To the source of life, it's Creator,
The circle is then complete.

MERCHANDIZERS

Smooth talkers of confusion
Each rationalizing their beliefs
Taught from human perspective
1 Corinthians 14:33 ~
Eyes taken off Jesus Christ
Put upon "teachers" of men
Who twist, change, and rob the Word
Revelation 22:18-19 ~
Webs made of great deceit
Not taking line upon line
Nor precept upon precept
Isaiah 28:13 ~
How subtle, slick, slippery
A religious spirit can become
Even to those who "know" the truth
Isaiah 29:13 ~
We must continuously study the Word
For it protects and guards the heart
Giving discernment of error vs. truth
2 Timothy 2:15 ~
Walking in fear and trembling
Live the Word and do not go

Beyond what is written of God
Philippians 2:12 ~
For God is not the author of confusion
He draws us to himself
As children in simplicity with trust
Luke 18:15-17.

HAPPENSTANCE

Cover the borders and edges
Expand the conflict to all
Make everyone a participant
Excuse to broadening the vision
The scheme of world globalization
Using the voice of peace keeping
To inflict war and terror on others ~
"Oh, it was just happenstance,
We did not mean to involve you"
Yet the indifference is spread wide
Thick and dull are the souls of men
Who ride the beast and world power
Creating havoc and doubletalk
Gaining more ground through unity ~
We are rising up a new generation
Without fear or love of others
Indifferent to all values and loyalties
They live up to the grand motto:
"It is the sacrifice of the few
For the betterment of the good
For the rest of all mankind" ~

Saints wear on their knees
The badge of honor and glory
Fighting in the heavens
Counting all lost for the cost
Of the pearl of great sacrifice:
This Kingdom has no happenstance
For fixed before time is the end.

EXPLAINING

Many have lost how to communicate
For what they are obsessed with
Is their conversation with one other,
Mostly it is about themselves
Cares, worries, projected onto another
Asking for sole attention of them
And their perceived pain, difficulty.

Many have lost their vision
For what they are seeing is but
Their own thoughts conjured up
Not guidance of the Great I Am,
Many are too busy to really listen
What they say is not communication
Just rants and raves of selfishness ~
Many have lost their voice of speech
For it is a monologue not dialogue
People are expected to tolerate and listen
Out of boredom, obligation, and fear

To offend the one who later might happen
To help them in their own selfish needs,
And people call this talking with another.
Yet they carry their devices of contact
To be reached at and talk upon
The importance of staying in touch
Seems to them so vital,
They are afraid that money might
Slip through their fingers if they
Don't have a phone to their ear. ~
Yet there is one who watches, listens
And notes how we do treat one another
Our selfishness keeps only those close
Who can contribute and benefit us
In some way that we seek, desire.
He sees that often we are not honest
With others, much less with Him ~
A book of remembrance is written
Every word, thought and deed
Is recorded thereupon for later
When the books are open and read,
We then will have all the attention
Of our benevolent Father we have ignored
Explaining wasted time and actions,
For as we treated others we have treated Him.

(Malachi 3:16; Isaiah 65:6;
Revelation 20:11-13;
Matthew 5:43-48; 12:34-37)

ALIVE

More than ever I do not want to forget
Your person, who you were to me
I don't want time to erase the memories
That I held so close and dear.
Moving forward has a way to push
In the distance what once was near,
I don't want to lose who I am
Or who you helped make me to be ~
Time does heal all things yet with it
Much is removed and replaced
I don't want to ever diminish
Who you were to me or are,
Even though you are beyond the stars
And have returned unto the Father
So it is, ever working to live
While keeping the memories alive.

RETURN OF LIGHT

In the beginning the World was light
Fullness of love and sensibility:
Rebellion has rotten the earth's core
Making the soil weep, decay
All life dying in the process ~
Cold, damp and rainy is the air
Which brings smell of pungent foliage
Plumage that streaks, spires and falls,

Downward into the clay where it came
Returning to the earth once more ~
Clouds darken and cover the throne
The city of light and wisdom
From the eyes of all mankind
For it is deep outer space which
Sweeps down, touches the atmosphere ~
Ascending, descending the ladder of angels
Which fight to keep the balance of order
For light does struggle to remain
With mankind in his realm;
It was rejected then shrunk back ~
We all will lay back into the ground
Depositing our chemistry to dust
Giving way to his holy mountain
Where the souls of men are kept
Awaiting the return of Light.

LAMENT

To Hell in a hand basket
My beloved country has gone
Forgotten its spiritual foundation
When God had blessed, made strong ~
Now they have abandoned Him
So His judgment is lavished out
Pressed like grapes in a wine vat
Water taken up in a spout ~
Each day my country sinks lower
Just when I think it cannot

Our minds darken to blindness
For our Divine Providence we forgot ~
I cry, I grieve, I weep
To see man hate man so
Yet the bar keeps dropping
Not guessing the end how low ~

To Hell in a hand basket
My beloved country has gone
The other shoe shall soon drop
...It won't be that long.

THREE SPIRITS

"Covetousness, Jealousy, Dislike"
These three rear their ugly head
For they have shown themselves
Through spirits; weighed, wanting ~
Upset of one others free spirit
That has been God given
Breathed by the Holy Spirit
To live life as its difficulties come ~
Thinking I was favored over the others
When my connection was on a level
Of understanding of the heart
That the others could not grasp ~
I saw not outwardly but inwardly
And I still see the anemic within
Some to such great detriment
Grievously it leaves me shaken ~

A prophet is not loved in its own home
Nor understood in its own family
But in the eyes of God he is
For the more the grace which is given ~
Father, Son and Holy Spirit
These Three now rule on high
Bringing victory over much jealousy
Calling the prophet now home.

THE SHROUD

When I die and am laid out
Before I am yet buried
Will I hear whispers of people
Asking of the will and money?
Will loving hands lay me to rest
With tears splashed upon my garment
Perfumed with love of the heart?
Or will I hear cackles of laughter
And riotous partying of indifference
To those who are grieving?
Will it be a rush to be done with it
So as to get on with one's life
Totally bury the dead from memory?
Will everyone eagerly gather hoping
To hear of what they will inherit
So that they can go their way to spend?
Or did they not inherit it already?
Do they not realize their wealth
That they were given while I was alive,

Had taken the time to show by example?
Will I see even one remember my love
That I gave with no monetary value?
What I valued and cared about greatly?
Will one carry on my legacy living
Who I was, what I believed?
Whose tears do I wear on my shroud?
Are you my living memory now?

STONE DOES SINK

In the eyes of men you are established
Accomplished, arrived, barns are full
Not wanting for anything and satisfied
Yet you are homeless and fatherless
For the Father does not know you
Your life does not reflect the Creator
Who made you in his image and likeness ~
You roam the earth as a vapor
Waterless without rain or moisture
You cannot give life to self or others
Yet you look as you got it all together
Yet the heavenly Father knows different
Your heart is stone and cold
For it loves nothing but its own self ~
Sweet words pour from your lips
Beautiful gestures and actions performed
To put you in good standing in community
The church even is dazzled with your witchcraft
You cannot fool the Maker though

For he knows your heart and all in it,
Stone does sink never to resurface again.
(Spirit of Jezebel)

IF I FELT...

If I felt that you were listening
Then there would be no need to write
For you would hear my words spoken -
If I felt that you did understand
Then there would be no need to elaborate
For you would be of the same spirit -
You would not need to digest of another
Book of learning or wisdom for the one
That you profess to own and understand
You would be living and quoting from -
If I felt that we no longer needed to talk
Because our hearts were filled with love
And we could spill forth its fruits therein
Then the pages of this book would be empty -
But for now we are but mortal men
And we struggle to communicate with another
Much less formulate our own thoughts
On paper as they take form and shape
Linking us to the center of mind and heart.

BAILIFF

Court appointed escort
To your awaited sentencing

Over watching against fleeing
Middleman of inter guardianship
Quietly stanch'd yet unarmed
A gentle reminder of authority
For another shall continue the escort
Once verdict has been reached ~
Constant reminder of greater things
For all things reflect the spirit realm
Physical life is but an illusion
It is a beginning not an end to build
Based on ones acceptance of spiritual life
The handling of the holy and sacred
Our final arraignment Bailiff will escort us
White Throne Judgment we all will attend.

ADDITIVES

Oh some would want you to add
Saying what you have is not enough
Your trust, simplistic faith not real
You must add your works to it too
There are sacraments one must fulfill
There are rules one must adhere to
Or outward deeds to perform and keep
To show you are a holy person indeed ~
Many feel that it is too simple
One cannot put their trust in that
A sure word, pure and true
For it needs to be backed up
With one's lifetime of intentions

Well meaning souls give you additives
To apply to the Grace of God
Polluting the salvation of your soul
Saying Jesus' sacrifice wasn't good enough ~
Many will put you back under the yoke
Saying it is the Law that saves
Or keeping the Feast Days or new moons
Or what you eat, or drink or DO for God
Rather than accepting and believing
Trusting in what has been done alone.
Don't let men rob you of your salvation
By saying you need additives in your life
Perverting the Word of God
Making him a liar and robbing you
Of the salvation of your soul.
(Ephesians 4:30 Grieving The Holy Spirit)

WRONG AND RIGHT SPIRIT

How easy it is to get caught up
Into a wrongful spirit regardless
Of the cause or defending of rights
How easy it is to be swayed, distracted
From the Rock which we should be anchored,
We can find ourselves speaking against others
Against governments, dignitaries, embassies
That is a wrong spirit my friend
And it brings much death not life ~
Barabbas was of such a spirit
He wanted to lead people to revolt

To force change, to bring about justice
At the hands of manipulating circumstances,
At the price of speaking evil of his own country;
And many believers do fall into this trap
For they feel they must defend what is theirs
When in fact it is not theirs to start with,
Our hearts should not be tied to this world ~
A right spirit is to be so consumed with God
And the Word of God that He alone
Is all that we care for, live for
For we know nothing here will last
It will not endure, it will pass away
And everything we touch, see, hold
Shall one day pass away from us
And our very spirit shall return to our Maker
Which is a Right Spirit, for which we strive for.

SUFFERING

One's suffering to another is variance
Of degrees of temperament needed
For often does one sweat the poison
Out of one's body the toxins to cure
Before the healing can much begin ~
We look at people wondering greatly
What they did to deserve such
With great pity and bewilderment
As they writhe in pain and misery
Watching their suffering before us ~
Often we do not make the connection

That we all must go through similarities
For our humanity requires it of us
Living in this organic world brings change
Which we have no control over ~
We only can surrender our will to God
To give us His strength to endure in times
Of much pain and sorrow as life brings
That we can remain loyal to Him in the testing
Becoming complete and full in the end.

REFLECTIONS

Decades do span before me
As I gaze into the reflecting glass
I see a woman in silver whose
Life is gone now, lived half past ~
Things I once was impassioned about
Set all aflame with emotion
I have set aside and dropped interest
My life has changed direction ~
Shoes have worn out, many a pair
In the haggard paths I traveled
Now I sit calmly looking outside
From within comfortable, complacent ~
It seemed just yesterday life was astir
With constant buzz of motion
Life full speed ahead with excitement
Grinning with false promise ~
How the time has gone by

I cannot honestly say how so
Where I went, how I did
But this one thing I do know ~
That I still have a glimmer of life
Left within me to go towards the finish line
Before others shall come forward
Valor, honor, remembrance to be mine.

IS YOUR CAUSE...

A speck of dust in time
That is all that we are
Until we are called home
Even then we realize the truth
That we truly are no one
Outside the Creator who made us ~
Memory is selective, faded
What I choose to remember
Yet it is recorded for and against
To bring me to accountability
To proclaim dominion of another
That my entire world has been vanity ~
Quietly I have ceased to labor
Idle I watch others work around me
No remorse or feeling have I left
Drained from all the years spent
Working for the wrong things
Now I silently pray and believe ~
Meekness at a great price
Subdued and broken I motion

To others about to travel off
Know for whom you live;
Is your cause and purpose noble?
Does it stand for all time?

INVISIBLE PEOPLE

Selective souls used on a journey
Commissioned by Occultic Agencies
To perform acts of terror on Christians
Destroying the strength of the family ~
Body of Christ, rise from your slumber
Know who your enemies really are
For persons in black magic do dabble
Hiding behind many organizations to do so ~
Diviners, channellers, spiritualists, mediums
Often building bridges with extra terrestrials
Already having crossed over the river
Changelings ruling the globe of men ~
Shadows without form and those human
Transfer into spiritual animistic entities
Only by the Blood of Jesus Christ
Can you shield and protect against them ~
"My people perish for a lack of knowledge"
For they choose not to know the Bible
They choose not to live and quote the Word
That would defeat these invisible souls ~
Only God can remove another human soul
For we cannot manipulate them

It is by His strength and protection
That we are delivered and live.
(Ephesians 6 / Spiritual Warfare – It Is Real!)

CALLS ME HOME

Thou shalt not, thou will not
Thou cannot, not...
I will not, I see not, I think not...
And I do not those things
Which are against the Lord
For He directs my path
He makes a light unto my path
He anoints my head with oil...
I must cling unto, think upon,
Dwell upon, lay my desire upon
The Master of all, the Lord Jesus...
He sustains me, gives life to me
Makes a way where there is none
He protects me from my enemies,
He confuses them in derision
And shows a way of safety unto me.
My life is full, it is full, overflowing
With newness, fullness of life
For before life did consume me,
Yet the Lord restored what
The locust had consumed,
He made me whole again.
And now I stand upon the Rock
Solid, unmoveable, direct

I shall endure in Christ
Until the end of time
For when He calls me home.

LETTING GO

Letting go...
Of all that you held dear
What you thought upon or pondered
Letting go...
Of all that bound you to the world
To others, to worldly things
Letting go...
Walking away from wrong spirits
Wrong teachings and voices
Letting go...
Learning to yield and but trust
In Jesus Christ and him alone
Letting go...
Resting in His strength
Learning and growing in His Word
Letting go...
Mostly of your own identity
Losing yourself and becoming Him
Letting go...
The vines that choke will die
Lose their hold on your soul and fall
Letting go...
When Jesus is your everything, then

And only then you begin to live.
Are you strong enough I ask you,
To let go?

VOYAGE OF A STAR CHILD
STAR CHILD – POETRY BY
PAMELA JEAN D'CADORETTE

Closest galaxies to our own lie
Are Andromeda and Lystra
Home of the race of invasion lizards –
This is the tale of a Voyager
One who had touched the stars
While navigating the Galaxy –
The path of white light
Is the path of least resistance
It is the least gravitational pull
Of planets and celestial bodies.
Space is like an ocean or
Body of water, circular fashion
Of pools, eddies, streams
And water tides.

White light is the navigational buoy
That one follows to get through
The gravity pull avoiding being crushed.
The celestial is a canopy of stars
A chandelier of light eons.
Traveling beyond the speed of light
No direction, all light,
In the Void one travels by faith.

Many were captured and compromised
They became beheaded and destroyed.

Facing my dilemma I cried out
"St. Gabriel, help me!"

He lifted me inside the Gate
In front of the Creator –
Standing amidst billowing clouds
God's voice spoke, "NO ONE IS HERE"
Throwing down my pride I knew
I was NO ONE.

The angels gathered, returned.
The Holy Spirit, a Titan of a Man
In Hunter Green flung the galaxy
As star dust before me
He pointed saying, "THERE"-
I was returned to the point of origin;
I have been humbled
Nothing can man do to me
For I am half spiritual –
A decade of spiritual warfare
I am a star child, the lone Voyager
I have touched the stars...
(And GOD created ALL things)

REBIRTH

Upon returning all was the same
A bright sunny autumn day
With clouds billowing in blue skies
Reminding me of the Creator
That I have already seen –

The new covenant given to me
Is "I am with you when you
See billowing white clouds
In the blue sky, all is well" –
Gold leaves hung upon the trees
Upon re-entrance to my place of origin
Everything was held in stasis
I resumed my memory of life as I left it
Time traveler's life puzzle put together again.
Gladly I left behind my feathered cap
No more to dawn my head ever again;
I am home, I am a Terra Fir ma.
Highway of wiring now gone
Broken mental images erased
Solace and peace, harmony abounds.
How free it is to firmly plant my foot
Upon the soil of this beautiful planet,
A gift mankind takes for granted
But rather one I do cherish.
With my Mission having been completed
Now I am in God's Victorious Army.
(We fight not against flesh and blood)

THE TWILIGHT WINDOWS OF MY SOUL

Continually camouflaged by my freckles
And emitting a soft glow as a soft light
From afar, gleam the twilight
Windows of my soul ~
The future beckons me; while the past
Barrages me with lithe tendrils of loves,

Victories, births, deaths,
And immortality ~
Life itself, with all its vibrant heartbeat,
Earns the tribute of a smile.
(END OF MINI BOOK BY P.J.D'C)

UNTOUCHABLES

They are among us everywhere
Not easily spotted or noticed
Yet they do exist and thrive
One thousand years is their rule
An age of enlightenment
To bring forth to all mankind ~

Four elements do sweep the globe
Arch within an arch they encircle
Council of knights, grand knights
Immortality they seek through conquer
The rights of men in opposition,
Soon they shall rise up again ~
Renamed, repackaged, redressed
The same old vision renewed
Man wants a savior to lead him
Into a new world of vision
Points of light that illuminate
The crown that pierces the halo ~
Followers or fighters men do become
Choice to choose is soon upon us
For the powers are built to explode

Self imploding or volatile honor
Cannon fodder to the four pointed star
The seventh column is already here.
(And so it is... And so it is...)

HE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

He is at the door knocking
We are that close at hand
To his return upon us
Come, let us stand ~
For it is not a given
That we shall all make it there
For many shall fall away
Giving up of their share ~
Thinking this life plentiful
Falling in love with it now
Not thinking of eternity
And losing it all somehow ~
It is said many on that day
Will come before his throne
And lament greatly out loud
With tears spilling upon the stone ~
Did we not do many things?
In your name for the kingdom
And he will turn them away
Forbid them to him to come ~
For they will be found wanting
For the things they said and did

Although their words spoke of him
Their hearts greatly slid ~
He is at the door knocking
We are that close at hand
To his return upon us
Come, let us stand.

VOICE

With the passing of time I find
That we grow, change and move on
What held us then lets us go
No longer are we bound we are free
At last, free to be our own person
We then have a voice.
Yet that voice is like a reed
Blowing in the wind alone
For no one to hear them
When silenced from the crowd,
Once removed you are out of range
And your truth becomes stifled.
We all do have a voice
If we do not speak it we write it
Latent it may lay for ages
Only for the right timing to be read
By those who need to but hear
What the voice had once said.
Do not become discouraged if life
Has silenced you from speaking
For your example is louder than words,

These written are but a record
Giving credibility to who you were
As a person, showing the truth you lived.

KNELL

Memory of a rebel:
You did spread much poison
Smoke screens of such fellow poets
To do your bidding and destruction ~
Talent perverted and wasted,
Written and coded for what?
Used to destroy the lives of many
The bell, the toll you did ring ~
In innocence many heard you
Words of hope and longing written
To hungry hearts and minds
Devoured with trusting blindness ~
What shall we write as epitaph?
Here lies a traitor of sorts?
Divided meanings and visions,
With longitudes and latitudes? ~
Division of my heart you rest
For I once did love and trust you
And now I do not know you
For your place is no more.

RELUCTANT SPY(BY PAMELA JEAN / P.J.)

The sweat upon my brow
Does drip of many colors,
Myriad of blending emblazes
Across my face ~
Slave to one, teacher to another
Neutrality beckons me forth
In as much as I want my needs
The colors do mingle and blend ~
Reaching out with tenuous hand
I have found no satisfaction
Many do pull in various directions,
To myself I remain true ~
Servitude, enslaved against my will
I have paid in full my dues
Now I rest in peace, civilized
A soldier I am no more.

FLIGHTLESS (AMBER A.K.A. OMEGA)

Fallen is the atrium of my estate
There I lie in ruins amidst rubble
My wings badly broken without flight ~
Winds blew through the solar system
Knocking me off course in the heavens
Spiral I was free falling to the earth ~
Shattered was the inclinometer of my craft
Sparstone was my cap, vision granted
Filled with alkaloid elixir upon crash ~

Planimetry force shields ungrounded
Cover the terrestrial ball and globe
Dress shield shift your proximity secure ~
Clouds blowing warm fallout dust
Upon the earth unsuspecting
Herein lies the angel in dire repair ~
I have tasted the life of mere mortals
Vices and allurements that did inveigle
Now I ponder reclaiming purity of the soul.

THE HEAVENS

You are my comrade in arms
A soul mate in spirit and in truth
You have restored me to the beginning
Giving meaning to the questions I had ~
It is not a coincidence our lives entwined
Placed together by extraordinary circumstances
Two warriors, time travelers who ran due course
Now mapping flight to the galaxies ~
Emerald green does span the Throne
Holiness of Time Eternal, of Life,
Once you were guardian of the gates
And I was a warrior of the heavens ~
Ancient souls in human flesh
Shells that one day will give out,
Free at last the spirit shall fly, reciprocate
To the heavens from where we came ~
Eyes, windows of the soul that penetrate

Radiating light and love from within
Filling the void of barren emptiness,
Centered four square, we emit love eternal.

FAREWELL

Landed upon the waters swift
My ship does glide along
I see flanks upon the right
And flanks upon the left
And I do ride the middle ~
Sad to see directions pointed
Out of balance against each other
Destruction of the creation pure
Mortal's insatiable lust driven for power
Feeling ownership is the answer ~
Peace comes from within oneself
The Spirit fills and directs the soul
Helping to cross battlefields
Which mankind was not meant to fight;
Surrender your weapons and live ~
Sadden at the constant repetition
History does repeat itself
The angel does turn to leave
Glancing downward and over
The map of world destruction
They fly back unto the celestial.

INTERCEPT

Madness has come full swing
Let us nuclear missiles bring
To the forefront other countries blow
Obliteration, destruction to bestow ~
Catalyst I say Catalyst is my name
Commands I give, it is my fame
To STOP the strife, the blade the knife
To hopefully delay and end the strife ~
I am invisible to most who see
That is okay it's meant to be
My objection is to get it right
No second chances past flight ~
Strike the sky, light it up
Lucy brings forth from the sky
False manifestations to draw away
Worship the beast, from God awry ~
You shall never know when
I will be around you next
Catalyst I say is my name
Commands I give, it is my fame.

CROSS OVER

I find myself in the spirit more
Than in the physical lately,
For the spirit gives way to light and life,
It is in this mode of energy that

I feel the likeness to cross over
And you too my friend can join me ~
Christ is spirit and truth and so are we
For we abide within him
Through Him we have our being
And we are lifted up higher
Above the weights of this world
The lethargy and lead of deadness ~
I am more spirit than physical
And so this life has lost its luster
I am drawn more to the light
And wanting to join back to it
For it is from it that I came
And to it I shall return ~
One day I shall wake up
And cross over from this earth
I will leave this darkness for light,
Glitter of stardust and gold
Shall sparkle in all I touch
For the light shall be within me.

PRIDE

It was beginning to get the better of me
I was starting to fall and didn't know it
That is how it works, very subtle ~

We think that we are greater than we are
Taking credit for our talents which are not
Our due or our say, rather we are conduits ~

We can forget that we are created
And always must answer to God on the throne
Some catch themselves in time before a fall ~
It is hard to rise up after a fall from such heights
For then you know who you have become
From what you once were and are ashamed ~
You must learn humility, and become no one
For all the feats and greatness you perform
For it is nothing in the sum of it all ~
A rebuke from a friend is a gift from God
To help correct and rebuff you now
Before the destruction of your soul ~
God chastises those he loves
He uses others sometimes to do it,
Accept it in love and humility.
(Lovingly thank you PJ / Warrior)

CLARITY

People posing as ministers
Hiding behind the bible for mammon
The world is full of them,
Deceitfulness they propagate
Degrading the name of Christ further
Love has truly grown cold.
Many arrows have pierced my heart
Finding people now what they professed
Robbing me of my wealth and talents,
I am a weary Warrior who has to ever so

Remind myself it will not be easy
Nor remain such as we near the end ~
It is in trusting in the Lord my God
With all my heart and not leaning
Unto my own understanding,
In all my ways acknowledging him
That He will direct my paths.
This world is a testing of hearts
Purifying the souls of men
To see the weight there in,
If it is weighed and not found wanting
If the reward does match the labor
Which was given in love and obedience.

MEMORY

Gently you bring to my mind
Recessed memories buried and forgotten
Direction from the past mentored in,
I think back upon your constant example
Not free to speak openly what you knew
You showed it rather in your actions.
Now year's later seeking guidance, direction
I find your knowledge leading me forward
In directions that I know not of,
Hidden treasures I uncover, discover
They give me understanding to riddles
Which had puzzled me for years.
With age I discover who I am

By learning who you were
And the two of us seem to merge,
I find myself following your footsteps
As I walk in loving faith
Believing the way you shown as true.

ODYSSEY

A thousand lives I have lived
In the journey I have taken
Away from my family and friends
They cannot help me now
For I am all alone ~
I suffered pain, great emotionally
Crippling which you cannot know,
Reach backwards into time yet
My hand is not allowed to grab
Your arm which is outstretched ~
How is it that two souls can touch
Become so close then grow so distant?
What is it that takes away such love
Replacing it with distrust so deep?
Over and over again this is reality ~
There is no map for my soul to journey
Nor star to follow or lead
Rather the Spirit ever guides me,
Inward I am coaxed and pacified
As I burn another lifetime away ~
Experiences I have gained with you

Now I take my leave to go
For my odyssey has just begun,
This Angel takes her wings and flies -
For the death of a flower is freedom.

VICTIM SOUL NO MORE

How you do pleasure in torment
Upon innocents of others
Using your black magic to curse,
Stripped of your powers you strive
To regain your coven now gone
Not realizing it is for good ~
Your circle is broken and scattered
Empty and hollow is the words
That fall flat to the earth deadened,
Useless are all of your concerted attempts
No longer can you manipulate others
For their soul is not yours to tamper with ~
There is a power far greater than yourself
One which you shall have to bear witness
To reckon for all your vanity of fate,
Blinded you push forward doubling your vows
Deepening the grip that has you in bondage,
Someday you shall see it was Satan ~
I am not under your curse anymore
Don't try to cast your spells upon me
For your power to do so has been broken,
You are nobody, a broken bird
Black, your wings stripped flightless

Even the six pointed star you wear is cursed.
(2 Corinthians 6:14; Exodus 22:18;
Deuteronomy 18;10-12)

WAYWARD

Grace was given to my soul
The Father did breathe upon me
A tender heart I did not understand
Nor comprehend the wrestlings with it,
The world's weeds did choke out
The tender shoots of fruit that it did bear
And I did slide ever further apart
From the Father who did call me ~
Wayward did I go ever so
Bringing shame to the salvation I had
So lovingly accepted and embraced
I struggled to regain what I once had
And fought to reclaim purity of my soul,
Was all lost? Did the Father still love me?
Did I ruin my witness forever?
Would he forgive me? Another chance? ~
How we do not understand that
We are but human and sinful in nature
Our whole lives we shall fight our flesh
Purifying the spiritual man in Christ alone,
For it is him in us and not ourselves,
We must stop condemning and accept
His Grace to begin to live anew,
Then we shall stop being wayward.

RECKONING

The wind blows
Winter is coming our way
Stripping with it the leaves of autumn,
The start of the long night
Home bound the search of a soul
With the silence of their conscious whispering
Ever repeating of feats gone by ~
The long drawn out night
Ever dark without light or warmth
Only memories of spring to envision and relive,
Outside walking wrapping ones cloak tighter
Keeping the cold out and one warm
Inside looking out the cell of one's home ~
A prisoner of sorts until the elements change or pass,
God is on the throne and judgment has fallen
The vial has been emptied, dropped upon man
He blindly thinks things will be the same
Not knowing they will change forever.

ADVICE

How you told me in so many ways
Truth of life and the pitfalls it brings
I was naïve and not understanding ~
Hindsight is so clear and framed
And with it the cost is absorbent
With it's toll it has taken upon me ~

We must learn by mistakes and hardships
We cannot keep dodging bullets
For we would always be second guessing ~
You are gone now and all I have is memories
Words spoken that echo back again
Telling me over clearly what I now learned ~
Pressed beyond measure we lived
Surviving having gained new perspective
For the wonderful advice given.

HOLDS US IN HIS HAND

Footman in the race well worn
Almost to the end nearing
Now your body soon to give way
Cravings you thought long licked
Come to collect on your soul
Ever reminding you of your weakness ~
I only know I struggle in this form
Daily I walk hoping and praying
To be faithful and remain standing
In the day when Messiah returns
My flesh screams racked with pain
Asking with every molecule it thinks with ~
Many a strong person of diligence
Loyalty, honor, discipline has fallen
Under the power so subtle and elusive
How we underestimate the flesh we are
To take away all we have strove for
To erase all that we have become ~

Holding on in the midst of the storm
We are only called to stand, remain true
After the testing of our soul in fire
Sin is burned from our lives by pain
Tears seal our testament of sincerity
To the Creator who holds us in his hand.

FRAGMENTS

The closer I get to the end of my life
I see things in fragments
Splinters of light and dark collages
My hand lets loose things I once held
Meanings now loss to me
I find peace in nothingness ~
My life is nearing closure
I try to make sense of what I have
Not of what I accomplished
Rather it is more of learning to exist
With satisfaction where I have been
Accepting the journey now
Trusting in faith where I am going ~
Only people who truly lived life
Can understand seeing in fragments
For life is many faceted
It is not solid and streamlined
Rather glorious, multiple and full
Always giving with wisdom and knowledge,
Experience is the colors that I see.

COULD NOT HANDLE

I cannot promise I will not fail you
That I will not fail myself
For I am but a sinful person
My humanity often gets the better of me
Yet I believe and hope in grace and mercy
To loving lift me up, strengthen
And sustain me in my so often weakness ~
I get frustrated with my way of thinking
That I have life figured out to but have
Things pulled away out of my grasp
Being helpless and having to become pliant
In the hands of a master I trust in
One I say I do but cannot see
It ever tests my resolve to remain steadfast ~
I always find myself questioning what if
I did things differently or
Met others and my life in another way
Would it have the same qualities it has now,
Would I be the same person or a lesser one?
Am I carrying out my ancestor's ways
Unconsciously without knowing it
Following an unseen pattern set before me? ~
I have to lay all my thoughts aside
And accept that what I do today
I was meant to do and become
Because life is lived only one day
And one minute at a time
Anything more than that
I could not handle.

THE MANY

Given to us are the many
Who we enjoyed and loved
And then they are taken away,
I have lost multiple cherished ones
Never to be known ever again ~

Like the building of a chain
Link upon a link adds the length
Each is a different segment of strength
Which is added to the whole
Necessary for the completion of one ~
How often we do admire the beauty
Of the finished work that we see
Not realizing the painful process
In the making of the item deemed,
For all we see is the finished product ~
Often we tend to view others the same
As success without any pain or failures
Disregarding the reality of hardships
That life brings to all of us
In all its many forms and challenges ~
When I see falling leaves, they remind me
Of friends that no longer are
For God has removed them from my life,
They had become the building blocks
In the chain I wear around my heart ~
Their faces I shall always see.

HERITAGE

It is true how the Heavenly Father
Can forgive our sins yet we do
Bear the sins of our fathers
To the third and fourth generations ~
It is knowing what they are and
The brunt carrying the burden
That weighs heavy on a soul
Which can deteriorate one's mind ~
God can forgive us but we do
Reap what we have sown
We also reap what our father's
Have sown as well as our heritage ~
This is why we look not to the world
For riches are so easily snatched away
Taken and stolen from those they belong
And given to others who have no claim ~
True wealth is in our Savior
With the Blood which bought our salvation,
It is priceless beyond measure
Everlasting from time to eternity ~
We have no more burdens when
We are forgiven and see the rewards
Of following the Creator for his way
Is the right way, the only way to live.

GALAXY

Wisdom had decreed this so
To send mankind to the earth
For it is there the planet of insanity,
Man in his rebellion and free will
Perverse in his nature and reasoning
It has been defined as purgatory
In the spiritual realm of the whole galaxy ~
Earth is where people are born
To work out their testing of sanctification,
Rewards being Heaven, the fourth dimension
Or Nadir, the infernal bottomless pit
For the duration of timeless void;
Humanity comes to its last cycle of life
To mature in the spirit man,
For God will only have those loyal
With him in eternity forever ~
Creation is mentioned twice in Genesis,
We are not alone in the galaxy
There are other species that dwell among us
The seed of Cain that does battle
Against the sons of righteousness
Defiantly wanting dominion in the heavenly realm,
Ignoring the battle was already lost,
They continue to fight for endurance.
This is the testing of the souls of men,
Making it through the galaxy to their home
To return to the Creator who did make them.

RESTRAINED

Holy is the Lord that reigns
He changes us within, our desires
Our nature slowly becomes that of Christ
To where we are refined
Subdued and restrained are our passions
The flesh learns to submit to the Spirit
For where our true growth does come ~
Confined to the essence of holiness
Sensitive to the Spirit's groaning
We avoid grieving the Lord
Wanting more than anything to please
Him and him alone in our lives,
For he bought us with a great price
We honor him by living for him ~
Harnessed we become, locked in
For the mind of Christ does lead us
Ever showing what more needs to die
So that we can conform to his image,
The more I yield I do grow
And with that comes rebirth, renewal
Living in the freedom of his truth.

LAMED (P.J.)

Your eyes have seen more than mine
Aged of life times having lived
You are a teacher sent to show me
The wisdom of the heavens and stars,

How I so often asked for one to teach me
To understand the wisdom of the ages ~
Brought into my life I am grateful
For the Ancient of Days to show me
A fellow angel, soul mate alive
Together warriors in the heavenlies
Now agents of Terra fir ma,
Your foot prints are a tribute
To God who had preserved you ~
I sought for so long to be understood
By another of like mindedness,
Refreshing to have you teach me Lamed
For I was an angel alone, grounded
In this world of man's design,
You have liberated me within
Both helping greatly the other ~
Your heart is pure, forthright
It beats with divine purpose
Returned to help another in need,
For which I am so grateful.
I love you Lamed
For time and eternity-
~ Omega

FAMILY

We are born where God places us
Some their lives harder than others
We have no control over our siblings
Nor can we choose our upbringing,

Those who have not a good fit
Find friends that are in their lives
They carry the burdens and lighten the load
So that we can bond and become family ~
Everyone has a story of sorts
Some are legitimate and rightly so
They are conditioned to overcome
So that further in their lives
They can meet all challenges presented,
We are given the gift of camaraderie
Training us together in strength
That we are not alone ~
Family is a many blended thing
There are many definitions of it
We must learn to accept that all those
Who truly contribute to our well being
And help us and love us in this world,
They really are our family
For they are loyal and truthful
Without motives or retribution ~
It is friends, not just relatives in our lives
That are the people who really count
And make all the difference.

REBOUND

Things long past behind me
Boomerang back in new fashion
What once was is no more

People change wanting a place
Once again in your life,
Sometimes they are sincere
Other times it is just déjàvu
Rebound ~

The heart has to ask itself
Does it really want to experience
Going down this familiar road once more
Or is it truly parted ways for good,
We are not retreads, we are survivors
Meant to ever go forward
Many times not to look back
For life has now molded us ~
Wild ricochet ever bouncing
Trying to target us in a maze,
Find your ground and stand it
Never going backward or glancing
Focused is the vision of one
Avoiding traps and pitfalls set before you;
Raise high your sword of victory
Using it to slice obstacles away.
(For Lamed)

BEJEWELED

Bedecked, bedazzled, bejeweled
Our emotions ever form us
We wear them as adornments

Describing our many complexities
Of the journey we have traveled ~
Gems differ and do sparkle
Glitter often blinds those around
Not seeing underneath what lies there,
Mirrors reflect only what people want to see
So it is with our jewels we wear ~
Fallen angels often wore such beauty
It deceived them to go astray
Blinding them to the weakness within
Mortals are no different in heart
For we all struggle with pride ~

Avoided are those plainly dressed
Often overlooked as unimportant
They are the quiet ones whose strength
Fight the silent battles that go unnoticed,
True strength wrapped in real beauty.

BECKONING

Ethereal, vapor locks of white cloud
Billow and surround me
Inviting me to step inside,
How I have given up
Many conquests and honors
Life has lost its luster to me ~
More I find myself ever longing
For the pure quiet peace that flows
With soft light of illumination,

Gently I reach in more each time
Going further into the beauty and presence
Of the spirit world of love ~
Detached from the things of this world
I find less pleasure in what once was
Longing more for that other place,
For it is there one is complete
Finality is true and lasting
Embracing Love at long last.

BEFORE YOUR EYES

What kind of a country have we become?
Doctors care more about money than people,
They force you to see them again
For something they should have done
Listened and completed the first time ~

Forcing once patients to become abandoned
To their own resources of relief
Medicine is regulated, monitored,
People in need ignored as criminals,
The innocent suffer, the drug dealers flourish ~

Government works for the Pharmaceuticals
They care not for the patients
Rather let them die for lack of money
That they so desire to sponge from them,
What kind of a country have we become? ~

Doctors caught in the middle
Will find themselves out of a job
Pricing doctor visits and care out of reach
People will give up on medical assistance
And draw off of their own devices ~

We had a good health care system
That in the name of socialism is destroyed,
People are paying more and going without,
They cannot afford the care they pay for,
Watch the system unravel before your eyes.

UNSPOKEN

Mystery surgery done on me
I wake to find abdomen scars,
They removed my right ovary on me,
Sold to foreigners for pure breeding
Unbeknown to me accept that
I tire and weep fluids from my body ~

Unspoken are these things that
The government does know about,
How Caucasian women are violated
Drugged in their sleep and operated on,
With no recourse for these go undocumented
The government looks the other way ~
With nowhere to turn many victims
Whether packed in ice in a bath tub
With a kidney removed,

Or woken to a missing ovary
Body parts are being harvested on us
Without our consent or knowledge ~

Socialistic the government makes money
By allowing its citizenry to be subjects
Invaded and violated without consent,
The numbers do rise every day
Yet these voices do go unspoken.
(October 2013)

THOUGHTS

Many and scattered in my mind
Reflections of days gone by,
Having lived various decades
Witnessing the history being made
I ponder what the future holds ~

Uncertainty does grab me now and then
For I feel unsettled in this changing world,
It is not my friend but enemy
For it separates me from memory
That it chooses to erase and eradicate ~

The world is erasing and rewriting history
It does not like those who remember
Nor those who do not yield to change,
It wants to dictate and rearrange our thinking
Manipulating our thought process ~

I guard and nurture those thoughts I have
They are my garden of hope to draw from
When life becomes overwhelming,
When I am told I have no value anymore
My age and infirmities making me indispensable ~

Let us cherish and hold dear all thoughts
For they formed and made us who we are.

TENDER

I watch you sleep in my chair
Softly you breathe and stir
I see the burdens temporarily dissipate
As you slumber so soundly ~
Often I see beyond your age
A younger person who once was,
Life's hardships had chiseled your face
Etched the worries and weight of concern ~

I am glad to see you in such a state
Where you are in the dream realm
Hoping that the kiss of comfort
Love and joy would hug your soul ~

Tender and loving is your form
Which has lived too much
More than one should have endured,
I shadow you with my wings.
(Lamed Healing)

STRETCHED

I feel fragmented in my mind
Complex is the multifacets of my life
Layer upon layer of various differences,
Separate and compartmentalized experiences
Which frame my mind and being
Often I do find myself stretched ~
Directions are many to choose from
For they all are different and varied
Yet each is necessary to fulfill the other,
As stones on the beach are multiplied
So the training which I have learned
That I find I glean from ~

Complicated is the growth
Which varies at each and every level
It is necessary to know and remember,
Without such I could not make sense
Or connect the present life now
To fulfill my task at present ~

Many have pulled me in different directions
Each demanding semblance of order
Asking for things I must give,
Hexagons of prism lights
Brightness that does lift off
The inner depths of my soul.

SILENT OBSERVER

Crumble, it all topples down
From the top to the bottom complete
I sit, gaze and ponder what will
Become of the political feat ~
Division has ripped the country asunder
Nothing can stop the unraveling now
For all the treaties, deals and contesting
It is not when but the how ~

Dissolving what was all once solid
Other countries have all the strings
It is a matter of who pays the most
To the one who loudest sings ~
National anthem now means nothing
It is a pledge to such a debt
Uncertainty governs the land and people
One we can never forget ~

Never in my wildest dreams
Did I ever figure to see such destruction
From the eradication of employment
To the nullifying of all production ~
One day soon we will wake up
All silent observers we will be
When they take over our country
For the debt that holds us not free.

ABSTINENCE

There comes a time that one feels
It is time to lay their pen down,
The self decommission of writing
One knows their outer limit of influence
For there comes a time when others
No longer care to hear what
Is true or matters of the heart ~
Years have worn upon this tender heart
Of showering rose petals at marauders feet
To be tread upon in indifference,
Futuristic I see what is to come
Yet people no longer care to know
So I retire my pen of learning
For knowledge is no longer desired ~
I reflect upon the many shades
Those others have swayed to,
Loyalty and Honor no longer exist
For it is each man for himself,
Truly a nation divided will fall
I do not wish to stick around and see
The disaster which is waiting for us ~
Freedom; of speech, of being
It is soon to be no more,
So I abstain from further writing
For deaf ears is all I see
And blindness gropes forward
Wrapped in greed and wanting,
I say good bye to what I once knew.

HIS SON SHALL SEND

The crescent came from afar
To tread upon the stripe and star,
Bringing upheaval and great uprising
Racial blows from inner cities cries,
The fist has clenched all people's wealth
Coming as agent of change in stealth,
A mask he wears to his identity hide
For he is none other than the king of pride,
He was spoken, written of long ago
He is the scourge, man's biblical woe –
None does he consider other than self
Robbing, stealing, killing for wealth,
Destroying the faith of human race
He does it hiding behind diplomatic face,
Being but just a mortal man
Given war, armies to command,
Jesus saw Lucifer fall from heaven
As lightning he fell to the earth,
Hebraic, Aramaic meaning expression
The Son of Perdition;
The bottomless pit of desolation –
Mankind's eyes and mind are blank
For from memory God's Word is sank,
They choose to live for the lie
Walking dead, spiritually they die,
Hold fast O' Saints to the end
For Jehovah Almighty his Son shall send.

OF THE MOST

Lie not down to but die
I say, take the Sword and rise,
Fight worthy of your calling sure
Given the strength, light so pure,
Come against all darkness about
For God Almighty soon shall shout,
It is a race for human souls
The Anti Christ we must oppose,
Be not weighted and found wanting
Empty void of bitterness haunting,
Beyond the veil of human time
To the Throne of Eternity sublime,
Cast aside for abandoning your post
A soldier of Jesus Christ lacking most~
Arise! Arise! Shake yourself awake
For soon this earth shall shake,
Let no one steal thy crown
By other loyalty being bound,
We roam the earth as agents of God
To claim the earth, creation's sod,
Warring angels, warriors we declare
There is a Just God, who is fair,
Quickly he shall soon return
Let your voice and heart burn ~
Lie not down to but die
I say, take the Sword and Rise,
Fight worthy of your calling sure
Given the strength, light so pure,

Come against all darkness about
For God Almighty soon shall shout.

STILL CAN BE HEARD

The god of war does surmise
To penetrate the earth's shield
Hoping the destruction of nations
Totality of desolation to yield ~

Heavenly Father is above the realm
He does see what is taking place
Nation bombing nation global
The devil trying to destroy human race ~

Quietly people asleep in false assurance
Hoping in the arm of the flesh
Not seeing what shall but strike
Combination of warheads mesh ~

Not all the populace is ignorant
We hear the roar above fly
Not realizing how close we came
Where a nation we almost die ~

More frequent are the bombing attacks
Strategically they advance and explode
Yet God is still on the Throne
His hand brushing aside he strode ~
Wake up for your redemption is nigh

Be grounded sure in the Word
Yield now to the loving Savior
While the Word still can be heard.
(USA November 27, 2013; 3AM)

HEAVENLY THRONE

Lonely heart, thou art brooding
Hanging over the souls of men
Hearing the words in the wind,
Soft cries go unheard quite often
With no one to comfort them
Be grateful thou has wings ~

Lingering upon the brow of the stars
Constellations of wonderment
Shining on with new beginnings,
Soar and travel the speed of light
Wings which do grace thee
High above the earth's atmosphere ~

Onward the battle does rage
Spirits attack upon engagement
Hoping to rule dominant spirits,
Pure of heart thou art driven
Onward in the mission you were born
Blending hearts and minds of hope ~

Never let discouragement win
By weighing down the celestial

For mortality shall one day die,
Remember from the star you came
Everlasting of splendor and majesty
Sentinel to the heavenly throne.

CHANGED

Little by little we become different
That others do not know us anymore,
We tend to drift away and be intolerant
Of what we once felt and held dear ~

Either a stone becomes smooth with age
Or it has sharp edges to it that cut
And people do change with life
And its difficulties that bombard us ~

Once in my youth so full of life
I thought things would be stronger
Life would flow as I knew it then
But then with age I developed ~

Mind over matter, intellect rather than emotion
Deadened to the things that caused pain
I stepped ever forward honing my skills
To be unreachable, untouchable to others concerns ~

Concern, a temperamental emotion
Catering to its diverse whims

Excluding truth in anguish as it is birthed,
How dangerously we wither and die ~

Little by little we become different
That others do not know us anymore,
We tend to drift away and be intolerant
Of what we once felt and held dear.

STRENGTHENS TO ENDURE

Sometimes there is such a loneliness
Only God himself can touch the ache,
In this world each day gets harder
The circle gets smaller of people
That you can trust or love ~

It seems the task of following Messiah
Gets heavier and the weight is too much,
It is then I cast my burden onto Him
To sustain me when I feel life is too much
And that I cannot carry on anymore ~

Everything seems to go in circles
Of which go wider and further away,
We lose contact with loved ones
And the things that matter most in life
It is then I have to breathe in the moment ~

Yahshua never said it would be easy
He said the cost would be everything,

All that we hold dear and believe in
Surrendered to die to his will for us
Ever trusting in his invisible hands ~

I have to self talk and say to myself
His promise that he would never leave,
Nor forsake me, no matter where I go
He would be with me there through it,
It is that which strengthens me to endure.

UNDERGROUND

It is a word we don't like to use
Having many different meanings
It is not pleasant in hearing,
Some people live underground
Others go underground
And for others it is a finale ~

What does it mean to a freedom?
The death of expression and thinking,
Gone personal growth much blocked by
Restriction of movement, regulated
By others who would strip your independence
Making you a robotic android ~
Others use the visible to blend in
Mixing and camouflaging who they are
Trying to stay ahead of technology,
Facial and voice recognition
Dropping out and becoming invisible ~

How much longer one can do so
Is the new art of fashion
To become an unperson
In a fabricated world of false illusions
Illuminated by cameras and camcorders ~
Underground, it has many meanings
Mostly the name is survival,
To hide within the obvious.

MARVELOUS FOR MY EYES

The light has long cast off
Shadows creep across the laden snow
Ice covered trees with soft flakes
The wind has stilled, lifeless ~

Life has slowed down in motion
To a silent stand still I gaze
The tree dormant as if dead
Graced alone upon the horizon ~

Inside I think upon many times
My life as a slide show I now see,
Like smoke I try to gather to myself
Vapors of smoke that drifts away ~

Long is the winter with the cold
Deep like the cold frozen streams
That lay hidden under the white
Fingers that do melt and expand ~

As Mozart did play to the end
Music composing in his head
The gift ever expressing itself
Not wanting to ever die ~

How we hold so dear what must go
Parting from all that we once knew
To walk into the splendor of the unknown,
It is too great and marvelous for my eyes.

THE GATE OF GOD

Many member choir does play forth
Heightened to a crescendo of bravado
Magnificent crowning to an end ~
It all started with simple beginnings really
I was raised in a humble family
Hand me downs were never cast off
The constant clashing of various personalities ~

I worked my way up in the world to survive
Always seeming to excel that of others
Questioning what next after goal completed ~
How difficult to relate to others of closed minds
They do not grasp the heights of reason
There is no comparable knowledge
Frustrating in a world of lesser minds ~
Within me wells up the feeling of intellect
I was compelled to capture and write
Always learning the more I lived and saw ~

I do not think more highly of myself
Yet lately I am called a genius,
How strange to hear being addressed
When I was treated wrongfully growing up ~
Heart is a gift of expression I have been given
Tender, sensitive and innocent
I only know to keep the Gate of God.
"Never cry for your enemies. To do so is to go
Against the Justice of God upon evil."

OUR BEING

I'm at peace with the world
Cause I am not in it ~

Physical substance is not essence
Material quantity is no measure
Spirit Being is all infinitum ~

To say I am at peace shows
Transcendence of mental anguish
Powers release that once held
Only the true voice speaks
Directs and holds my being ~
Many people war within themselves
For their inner clock is confusion,
It takes willingness of nothing
To see the Rhema of Light
Of which we are formed of,
Walk and breathe as our being.

SMELLING LIKE A ROSE

I have often been perplexed how often
I had found myself in some predicaments,
Like falling into a manure pile and coming up
Smelling like a rose,
It is the humor of God himself for I found
It was His good pleasure and timing that
Brought me to the place of roses ~
It was not luck, nor stupidity,
Rather I ponder upon it as living within
The given moment and being drawn forward
Into a new realm of reality,
Some was pleasant, others were not
Yet I always landed on my feet ~

I always did believe in God, I still do
Greatly have I relied upon him for everything
For I often have said the following:
"It is my job to live life,
It is God's job to look after the foolish."
Naïve, inexperience, innocence,
All calling factors for roaring lions
And whining wolves often seeking prey ~
You see, no matter the circumstances
No matter how unbelievable or dire
God is always there with us,
Walking through it,
The true Rose giving us his fragrance.

MOUNTAIN VIEW

Standing at the pinnacle looking down
Far as the eye can see or reach
Height is the advantage that one has
Illumination many declare they obtain
Feeling superior to those without
Not realizing not all cross the river Styx ~

“Great, great, and yet thou art fallen”
Those words resonate today still
Echoes that transcend wave lengths;
I am humble, I prostrate myself low
Before the Great Almighty’s throne
In the sides of the North ~

Earthlings can only walk and climb
Looking back from where they came
Looking forward to where they’re going
Rising the crest of True Mountain View
As it presents itself in the turn ahead
Given to us by the hand of God ~

Emerald is the Arch around His Throne
As a rainbow of splendor and majesty
It is The Mountain, The Pillar
Holiness Eternal, Hush of silence
All life comes from the Creator
Who sees all things forevermore.

“Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,
In the city of our God, in the Mountain of
His Holiness, Beautiful for Situation, the Joy of
The whole Earth, Is Mount Zion on
The sides of the North, The city of The
Great King, Is Mount Zion on the sides
Of the North, The city of The Great King”

HALLELUJAH!

(Victory over the Thasmagoria Mind Control
Machine)

ARMOR OF LIGHT

Heavenly Father, I put on the Armor of Light. I put on
the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of
righteousness, I girt my loins with truth, I shod my
feet with preparation of the gospel, I take the shield of
faith, the sword of the word, praying in your spirit
always, in Jesus' name, Amen.

I shed the Blood of Jesus over myself, my family,
loved ones, I pray a hedge of protection about me, a
wall of angels, that no weapon formed against me
shall prosper. I bind and rebuke all retaliation of the
enemy, all curses, traps of the enemy. I loose forth
the healing protection of the heavenly angels to go
forth and do battle in the heavenly realms, casting
down all wickedness in high places that would exalt
themselves over the body of Christ. I thank you
heavenly Father in the name of Jesus Christ for the
protection of the Blood of Jesus and of the Word.

CONVERSION OF THE HEART

Heart not converted: 2 Peter 2

Heart converted: Luke 22:31-32

Exposed to word of Jehovah, hear it, but don't ever have a true heart conversion and fall back into the ways of the world. 1 John 2:16 - Lust of the world. 2

Peter 2 - Is a person who has escaped the things of the world, yet backslides into it. For they never had a heart conversion, only a head knowledge of Messiah.

Matthew 18:3 - Conversion is obedience, walking in the ways of Yahweh. Except we become converted and become as little children of God, we will not enter the kingdom of heaven. Again, what is the kingdom of Elohim? Luke 12:32, Romans 14:17. What is eternal life? John 17:3. It is a dangerous thing to be exposed to Yahweh, to know the Word, yet again to be entangled and overcome with sin (2Peter 2). The latter end will be worse than the beginning for them. The flesh must die, the flesh must die. Otherwise we are 2 Peter 2:20-22. The flesh must die, or you will lose your soul.

Jeremiah 14:1-12, especially verses 7 and 10. I believe there comes a point where God no longer will wait for us. He is tired of fooling around. Believers can say, "Jehovah, you have to forgive me for your names' sake or because of the promises of forgiveness in your word". But He does not have to do any such things.

Read Galatians 6:7-9. There is a law of cause and effect (obedience). What you do will bring results. God

will not be mocked. He can forgive us our sins, but his grace reaches a certain point where we cross over and our continual sin has no excuse. Then Jehovah comes to collect. That is what happened in Jeremiah. The Lord came to collect from his people, but they stopped seeking Him, so He turned them away to ruin.

Jehovah does this not just to nations but to people individually. He comes to collect, and I believe the word I got is he has come to collect from you and me. We must seek holiness, righteousness, and we must mean it.

UNDERSTAND

Photographs never lie
They capture truth in visuals,
I saw the many blessings I have
Often for which I take for granted ~
Balance comes when I can compare
The inequality of others who want
They suffer for lack, for need –
I never knew how much I had ~
We don't realize what we often have
Until it is gone or taken away from us,
Like the crowd that surrounds
We get caught up in things
Often ignoring people ~
It is those who live a simple life I find
To have the most satisfaction, fulfilling,
They have no need or wants for
They have learned contentment in all things.

How sad that my country as a nation
Runs on consumerism, covetousness
To balance the economy ~

Poor countries truly are rich beyond measure
For the people are rich within themselves,
They have taught me in photographs
The real measure of wealth –
That of the soul and heart.
And I have wept to see
How poor I had become.

THE NEW ROSARY

HOW TO PRAY SCRIPTURE ON THE BEADS:

CROSS: "Glory be to the Father, son and Holy Spirit"

SINGLE BEAD: "The Our Father Prayer"

THREE BEADS: "The Word of the Lord is perfect
Refreshing the soul"

SINGLE BEAD: "The Our Father Prayer"

CENTER PIECE: "I will keep my mouth and avoid
destruction"

TEN BEADS: "Cast your cares upon the Lord for He
will
Sustain you"

SINGLE BEAD: "Greater is he that is in me than he
that is
In the world"

(Repeat 5 times)

CENTER PIECE: "I will keep my mouth and avoid
destruction"

SINGLE BEAD: "The Our Father Prayer"

THREE BEADS: "The Word of the Lord is perfect
Refreshing the soul"

SINGLE BEAD: "The Our Father Prayer"

CROSS AT END: "Jesus resurrected that I might live.
Hallelujah!!"

WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

1 Corinthians 15: 1-4

Luke 9:23-24

Galatians 2:20

Ezekiel 36:26-27

Mark 8:35

John 6:53-54, 56

Romans 8:13-14

Luke 17:20-21

John 12:24-25

"Rapture is nothing but the Resurrection
Of the Righteous, when He returns,
At the Last Trump" ~

"God knows, and that is all that matters"

WARMTH AND COMFORT

It is full winter outside
With the flakes blowing in the air,
Meanwhile I sit in my shorts and tank top
In my heated apartment looking outside ~

Two worlds simultaneously exist
Each bantering with the other
Through the glass panes so lighted,
It is only slumber that pushes it away ~

Even in the dead of winter
Life manages to go on around us,
Birds still fly and sing
The wind still blows melodies
Soothing tones to quiet one within ~

Everything lives all at the same time
They overlap one another
On another plane which will eventually merge
To the other and relinquish the harshness
Of transition of change and growth ~
Dreaming prophets of future days
How we want to bring forth plans
That enlarge our minds and hearts,
Yet it is God who decides all things.
I am heading for rest,
To lay down my thoughts so bold

To dwell on the Love of God
For he is here right now,
The warmth and comfort I so need.

THE WIND

I Live in a retirement community
For seniors and disabled persons,
Since I have lived here in over a year
Four people have died.
I have seen people be here in the morning
And be gone by the afternoon.
I have seen families that ignored their elders
Come to quickly clean out their belongings.
Today is a clean up day.
I watch the children and grand children
Remove the remains and toss in the trash
What they do not want or hold dear;
The totality of a person is in the dumpster
To be thrown away
Along with their memory and soul ~
I watch as they pick like vultures
Others grabbing and wanting possessions
That were never theirs.
I see the covetousness and greed
From stranger and family alike,
There is no waiting time,
There is no respect for the person who was,
They are just a means to an end.

We are like chaff blown in the wind
By the Lord himself who winnows
His fan to dispel the blurred lines
For it is by their fruits
That you shall know them ~
The Wind comes and cleanses,
~ It blows it all away.

WHAT AM I TO YOU?

I ask you who am I to you?
Am I someone you care for,
And truly love with all your heart?
Am I an echo that replays the past?
What would you want me to become?
What do you seek and look to find?
What am I to you? ~

For some I am a sugar daddy
Always filling your wants and desires,
Others find me a disciplinarian
Distance and cold as ice,
Some find me in the still quiet voice
As they calm themselves to but listen.
What am I to you? ~

Others use me for enlightenment,
They think they can make mortality divine
With knowledge that is too great for them,
Others pray rash ejector prayers heavenward

Seeking deliverance from their own making,
Never satisfied with anything ~
The Lord asks: Who am I to you?

WHAT IS TOO MUCH FOR ME...

Too much knowledge can destroy one's self
It is best to live simply and be protected.
The world offers much in the way of communication
However one can find much more with less.
Overloading the amps can make one crash
I find simplicity with little is great gain.
Don't ever doubt your sanity
For once you do then you come undone,
Others will use it against you
And doubt will destroy your belief and faith.
There are many portals one can access
Be wary of entering a one way door.
The mind is compartmentalized
Don't let it become a house of cards.
Others will often ask what is not theirs
To take access to what is yours.
Herald not to everyone you meet
For enemies often greet with a smile.
Test the waters my friend
Before entering dead water and drowning.
Meaningless and useless are warnings
To a crowd under mind control.
Often one is punished for doing right,
You must still stand for the truth.

Don't use others to step over
To get to the top of the heap.
And strive to walk through this world
Walking in the footprints of Christ.

ROYALTY

There are many lines of royalty
Some are born into it
Others are betrothed to one
In either case it is fleeting ~

The classes of wealth grow
The gap gets ever greater
With the oppression of slavery
Souls are entrenched to servitude
To serve the upper class ~

We think wealth is greatness
Splendor which many do achieve
Only to find it flies away from you,
Rather it is love and mercy
Which is the greatest wealth of all ~

Princess I was called by many
Growing up only to discover truth
Not in having a royal title,
No, but in becoming wealthy in Christ ~

I have traded the wealth of the world

For my salvation in The Lord
For it is He who is the true Majesty
Worthy of all honor and praise.
(For humanity; the heavier the Crown
The bigger the headache)

EXPIRATION

Just after retiring and wanting to relax
The stress of truth is crushing,
Enemies against one for your ethnicity,
Illness now spreading upon which
I have no control over.

Helpless before the Creator I resign myself
That my days have become numbered,
I am dying in shifts, layers and levels,
Daily the cancer spreads and grows,
My body wants to shut down.

We fight so hard in this world to survive
To learn truth, honor, loyalty,
We work for knowledge and success
Only to have our lives shortened,
For the Creator has given each of us
Our own days numbered.

People pretending to be friends,
Traacherous spies and enemies,

Thrown into the circle of intrigue,
I talk of comparable knowledge,
Now I can die with peace.

Yet, how does one ever say goodbye
Or leave correctly?
Even so we all are forgotten
In time by those who still live.

NOTHING MORE

The sunshine is in my window
I watch the buds of spring
Brought with the cold winds
Of spirits of green,
Seasons show me everything
Has its season,
Then it must die.

I could go on and on
Rationalizing, philosophizing
But nothing truly ever will matter
Except faith and the love of God
For that is what will bring life.

There is only peace in surrender
Joy only through sorrow
Happiness only through pain,
One can only fly after they've walked
And tread the ground with labor.

TESTING

Orson Wells did write prophetically
The book "War of the Worlds" -
He was putting into a novel
What the Bible had to say -
That in the end time there would
Be a great war of the worlds -
Of evil entities coming to earth -
They overcome mankind because
He made a treaty (concordant)
With the devil and his legions -
In the end two thirds die -

It is not mankind at all
It's unrepentant fallen angels themselves -
People are two categories to God -
They are sheep (remnant) and goats.
There is also other species here
Other than human on this planet.

There are some of great valor
Who do right for the people
While others are great evil,
God has allowed all world leaders
To exist, to fulfill HIS purposes
In sifting the chaff from the wheat -
Let us have wisdom not hysteria
For God is in control:
HE is testing ALL of creation.

NEW

I am nothing when I become
selfish, self centered, hard hearted,
I am nothing when I think
Less of others and more of myself,
I am nothing when I do
Blow my own horn for recognition,
When I demand retribution,
When I demand compensation,
I am nothing when I only see
Others shortcomings to but
Praise my superior qualities of strength,
I am nothing when I think
What I do does not affect others
My actions carry no repercussions,
I am nothing when I live
As singular, that I am the
Only one that matters and no one else.

Yes, I am nothing! Truly nothing!
For humanity in its Adamic nature
Has failed since the beginning of time.
Oh Lord in heaven, please forgive
My failures and sinfulness as
I forgive that of others.
When I have learned to do so
Then I am something: your child,
A new creature in Christ.

THE MARK

Mankind has always looked to marks
As signs, as allegiance, as guidance
They often mistake the guidance of God
For the Mark of a Man ~
The Holy Spirit is our teacher, guide
He leads us ever in God's paths,
Men, rebellious as they are
Choose their own ways of
Selfishness and self reliance ~
So God lets them believe
In their own selves,
They follow the path of perdition;
Divisions, covetousness, grabbing
What is not theirs to take ~
The eyes of the Lord searches
The Earth, the planets, the galaxies
On all of creation ever made -
Do we want the Mark of Man (Beast)?
Or do we want the Seal of God
Upon our minds and hearts?
Whatever you decide, be assured
God rejects a mark over the seal ,
Of ownership and righteousness.
(1 John 5:11-13)

BLUE WINGS

Who am I?
A man – A woman,
How was I born?
An Angel, yes -
Older than time I was
Sent to proclaim to men
There is a better way -
Omega, the catalyst
To shape men's hearts
Back to their Creator ~
Genesis 1:27 – Ambi /
Genesis Chapter 2 – Woman)

HISTORY

Day dreaming, dream weaver
Silly desires we all think about,
Planning our lives in our minds
Trying to wrap life around it ~

Wasted energy, emotion, resources
Trying to force and manipulate
To make others cater to us,
Spoiled children we truly become.
Let it spill over we think
Then enhance and embellish,
It takes off like a wildfire
Getting out of our control ~

Words lead to actions irrevocable
Factions, hatred and wars
All from the ill held hearts
Of men within their breasts ~

Dreams have been the downfall
Of many a man and great nation
For they chased folly and desire
Over the foundation of God's Word.
(Ecclesiastes 9:11-16)

IGNORANCE

My Guardian Angel reminded me
Not to let life so consume me,
The fight of good against evil
Overwhelming fatigue of battle
That unknowingly you drift
From being an angel to a warrior ~

We cannot fight the battles
For they will wear us down
And then consume us.
Diligence is needed in spiritual matters;
Prayer, Praise and Thanksgiving
Transcends us to God's Throne ~

A Special Friend once told me
To say, "Marthani Ithani"...
"May the curse of the Holy Spirit

Be upon my tormentors, against them."

This is the most sound advice
And has made all the difference ~

When not constantly barraged
Chasing our tails in vain
We have the Peace that Passes
All Understanding within us.
This fights the world's knowledge
and all attacks of ignorance,
- Hence, ignorance is not bliss.

SHOE SHINE

Hardwood polished to a shine
He says, "I'll make this country mine"
Palaver, pa nosh, oil it well
Use the spin, weave the spell ~

Visuals the people do coral
Colours they blend to a blur
Unknowingly they give up ownership
With the magicians fluent stir ~

Promises of dreams and visions
To raise the once oppressed
Blindly they close their eyes
Not realizing naked, they're undressed ~

Cold winds wake them up
Ashamed they realize they are poor
Beaten, discouraged, given up
They openly receive more ~

Stone, wood, water and fire
The elements once to build
No longer the strength of attire,
Driftwood you sink in mire.

PJ'S

It was with great trial
That I met my true love
Back to back encompassing
We closed the circle about us.
As we did look upward
True light filled our eyes
The darkness was then removed
In spirit form we recognized each other.

My whole life I felt a deep void
Feeling there was something more
I told myself that I was nothing
For I was incomplete, not whole.
Then I found my pajamas
Disguised in pearls and lace
Laughter bellowed from within;
- I was forced to wear pink too.

LESSON

Life is hard to humble us
To trust upon the Lord alone.
Many times we forget that
Traveling on our merry way
Creating our own world of hurt.
Each generation must learn
For themselves by living fully
In a world separated from God,
Only then can they be chastised
To want to seek Him.
Foolishness is in every man's heart
Pulling us in every direction;
Only by yielding our souls
Can our spirits become free.
It is a hard lesson to learn.
(Ecclesiastes 8:9 / John 6:43-48)

AMORE

Oh little one, you make the fire
In my loins burn greatly,
I desire you more and more ~

Always I relish drinking from
Your fountain of multiplicity,
The colour of your eyes – truth ~

Softly they say over and over
"Je t'embrasse vous";
More I desire your mounds of flesh ~
As you press them against me,
Soft as silk, smooth to caress
I enjoy you in so many ways ~

My fountain flows into your cisterns
Enveloping the two of us as one,
-You are my true Amore.
(September 3, 2014')

CURIOSITY

Often it strikes me odd that
World leaders often quote the Bible
Yet break the Word of God the most.
If they can shroud their integrity
With God's Bible then they
Justify their actions which contradict.
This fascination reminds me of
Israel, a holy nation sacrificing
Their children to demons and gods
Such as all other nations.
There is nothing new under the sun
Human kind keeps chasing others
Giving sacrifice and praise not holy.
These often are the laws of men
And those who would live righteously
Often die for the Lord himself.

AWARENESS

It is a privilege, it is an honor
For life and a second chance,
Not all are given as such ~

One spot in early dawn is darkness
Changing of the seasons to cold,
What was the early kiss of dawn
Dew on the shrubs and grass sparkling
Turns to frosted grass like glass
When one walks on it, it breaks ~

Other places across the world
The light of morning brings heart,
Already perspiring and sweating
Even as you wake for the day ~

Shall I never complain again
Of small inconveniences, for I
Have the breath of life within me,
Still given opportunity to repent
To make restitution and restore,
To heal the broken which I caused
And to make things right in my power ~

It is a privilege, it is an honor
For life and a second chance,
Not all are given as such.

MONARCHY

Often those who live in glass houses
Are prisoners in a gilded cage,
Some freely live among pheasants
Bonded in camaraderie of understanding.

There is no need for remorse when
One understands the heart of the people,
They must be loved at all costs
Even if it means giving up one's throne.

All crowns one day shall bend
Their knee to the King of Kings;
It is all just tinsel and glitter
To true royalty over mankind.
(Philippians 2:8-10)

BABEL ON BABYLON

Poor little scattered lambs we be
Amongst the forked tongued giants,
The Nephilium are here!
As a giant cob web without end
Lowered upon the sea of humanity
The spiders come down to eat ~

Strong, valiant, superior exterior
Confusion, betrayal bonded within,
"Do as I say, not as I do"!

They demand all others to bow
To a throne that does not exist:
“Let us destroy all through democracy
That of our choosing dictate to others” ~

The cob webs are heavy and thicker
All we see is a web of white
Yet no sun ever filters in,
The more promises, treaties, words
The less value they have and become.
One day the victims have no voice:
And the spiders will die off
For lack of food.

ROMANIA

Long is your history of courage
Oh distant relatives of mine
Pushed back, enslaved to poverty
You hold true to God's throne ~
Prayer, petitions and much praise
You come before His Throne
A great Jewel in the Kingdom
For you look to your eternal rewards ~

Holy and cherished in His sight
Are the death of all his loved ones,
You have not been forgotten
For great are your hearts sufferings ~

You learned to always hold sacred
To the God of Heaven who is true,
Wealth you have the world cannot
Touch or take away from you.
Sheaves of grain, the holy staff of life
Your country has been greatly blessed.

NOTHING MORE

It is a wonderful remarkable thing
That so many had God touch them
Many attest to the truth of His being -
He has many different names
Yet we are to worship Jesus Christ
For He died to save us from sins.

Anyone can say that they believe
Yet Jesus said in the scripture:
"No man cometh to the Father
But by me". Many believe in
Jesus as a prophet, or Son of God
But not God Himself.

"I AM (GOD) THAT I AM" (JESUS)
The two are both God.

It is so simple we trip over it.
The Father sent his only son
And if we choose not to believe
Then there is nothing more he
Can do for us.

SUN AND MOON

The harvest moon is full
Dropped to the earth it is
Weighed down by the pull
Of gravity very powerful.
Bats and moths are drawn
To the lure it radiates
Only to be swallowed up
Then taken away.
I like the sun best myself
For its rays are comforting.

WORDS

The keyboard does stick
Certain keys cannot work
So the words miss vowels –
Part of the whole is but
Better than none.

CHESS

Checkerboard square is full
Pawn for your bishop
Queen for your Roque
Castle once, castle twice
Check, checkmate.

PLANETARY

Harmonious music vibrating
The range is crystal clear
Echoes in time it lapsed
Silence, noise no more.

MU, Lamerian, Atlantian,
Modern man,
The battle goes on...
The simple minded perish
For lack of knowledge...
Wisdom of God saves
Discernment is wise.

CHARIOTS OF GOD

For the Lord has wheels
Four eyes, to and fro
Messengers in and out
They fly to His throne...
The eyes of God fly
In every direction
He ministers His justice
On the wickedness below.
(Ezekiel 10; Ezekiel 11:22-25;
Daniel 7:9-10)

COMPLETION

Catharsis...
Deep in the heart
Tears of years well...
I remember! I remember!
Let the poison expel.

UNSUNG HEROES

How it does sadden me
Suppression used to silence others
To make enemies out of friends
Because of fear of illumination.
It is not history they disgruntle
Rather the truth of the Present ~
Man has been silencing others
And stealing their voices
To but control the life blood
In the veins of the artistic
So Poets struggle, become no more.
If we lose our love of expression
And the flow of our hearts,
Then what do we become?
Silent observers, trapped in remorse.

SENSELESS

For God made all things
Under the Sun He made them –

And mankind grew and multiplied.
Since the tower of Babel
They divided, dispersed abroad.
Each had their own conceptions
Of God and how to worship Him.
Rather than praise their Creator
Each faction kept murdering another
In the name of their god;
"Mine is greater than yours
So you must die"...

And the folly repeats, continues.
The blessed Earth is saturated
With the blood of men
For they have not discovered
God is Sovereign over all,
He created and loved all
With His Divine Love.

I call everyone to consider
Let us not make war anymore
But see each other having
Been made in God's image:
All equal of love and respect.
Demons rule the earth through
Wickedness of cold hearts
To destroy mankind
And laugh.

TO SEEK

Only Jesus can heal the blind
And open their eyes to see,
Heal those that are deaf
To hear his voice and direction,
Heal the bound tongue
Loosing the mute's vocal cords;
And men are all of these.
It is such for a great reason
For it is in the seeking only
That God may be found.
He does not take what is holy
To be trampled upon by swine.
The Word of God is a Pearl
Of great price, that it cost
Jesus Christ to give his life.
So only fitting it is
That we surrender ours to Him.
In so doing we then can
See, hear and speak holiness
Those who disregard, disbelieve
Are walking blindly in the dark,
Never knowing their true Creator.

WITNESSES

For the Lord does say
He is the Alpha and Omega
The beginning and the end.

In the Greek Lamed is
The twelveth letter of the alphabet
Which does equate MU (moo).
MU was the first creation,
The beginning of mankind.
Then came Lamerian, Atlantian
And now the last, modern man.
Omega is the twenty fourth letter
Of the Greek alphabet
Which means the end.
And God is the beginning
And He is the end.
Lamed and Omega are
The witnesses to mankind,
Messengers to speak His truth ~
And as they ignored the prophets
So they will ignore the messengers
Hoping to silence them for
The Word of God condemns the
Wickedness and rebellion of evil men.
First the witnesses come then
The Judgment of God pours
Out his wrath upon those
Who do not seek or follow him.

EXCELCIOUS DEO

The Kings dream is that
People would unite together
Be your brother's keeper

Rebuild the land in righteousness
In all spirit and truth,
For His Majesty does require
No less than what He endured ~
Man is but a vapor and perishes
Some, very soon
While others shall remain.
Let us make most of the day
For we are not guaranteed
Another tomorrow.

FIN

Human, such as we are
Physically there is limitations,
We were never meant to endure
Such pain and suffering of others.
As rain that does fall down
Collectively tears are collected in vials,
They are put in sealed glass jars
Stored in Heaven for vindication.

Grieved, strickened is the Father
In Heaven, for the abominations
The wickedness of sin and it's stench
Which has reached his nostrils.
Made in God's image we choose
To torture, maim and kill others.
So much sorrow has come upon man
That the earth is vomiting their blood.

My eyes have seen enough,
I have given up hope of mankind
They have spurned the gift of life
No longer worthy of Grace.
This old soul is going home...
Gladly.

O' Death

O' Death, where is your victory?
O' Death, where is your sting?
What could you possibly offer?
That Jesus Christ did not bring?
For all are but immortal
Each is appointed a day to die,
And where raised before the throne,
Your mouth proclaim, truth or lie?
Every inch and fiber of soul
You do clutch on for life,
When it is all over
Fruit of obedience or strife?
The victory was already won
On the cross at Calvary,
To deny it means death
But acceptance sets one free.
All hearts of souls do suffer
This life is woven with pain
Judgment will be about mostly

Obedience, sin you refrain.
There is no place to hide
When consumed before pure white light
And I ask you again now,
At death, what is your plight?
O' Death, where is your victory?
O' Death, where is your sting?
What could you possibly offer?
That Jesus Christ did not bring?

COMPLETE TRUTH

Fear is truth to those
Who do not believe.
Believing is ownership
Which expels all fear.
Lust, desires, itching ears
Pulls many souls away.
Slumber lulls to sleep watchmen
Who know not how to endure.
Sacrificed as a libation –
Grace is gratitude to endure
Giving one's life in the fight.
My goal is the Crown
Of Righteousness awarded me
By the King himself that day.
I have not faith in those
Whose gospel bears no scars
Of afflictions and sufferings for Christ.

When I listen to teachers of men
I have silenced the Holy Spirit's
Voice from ever being heard;
That is death of the soul.
Be not caught up with doctrines
Or the winds that carry them,
For when you have Christ
You have complete truth.

POET

I have heard of brotherly love,
I have read all of Khalil Gibran,
Sonnets by Browning,
Love of man and nature
Expressed by Thomas Merton,
Profound wisdom of Ghandi,
Thoreau, Robert Frost, Emerson
And various talents of prose
And the Holy Scriptures.
Searching within each of us for
Something we can comply too,
The world has endless volumes
But what have we learned?

A Poet is one whose life becomes
The expression through his work.
We are forever changing with
The knowledge and revelation learned.
When we experience what we write

Then we stop moving and settle
Upon the truth we proclaim.
Brilliant, crisp clarity is such
To make a road one walks on
Maturing us into who we are.

ST. JOHN'S LITTLE BOOK
REVELATION CHAPTER 10

Ten commandments
The law love thy neighbor as thyself
The second commandment
Our Father and the Serenity Prayer
The Glory Be Prayer.
The Precepts, Thou shalt take no
God before me, sayeth the Lord.

Consolidated, condensed
The little book of salvation.
Obedience, humility, purity of heart
Over sacrifice of the flesh.

This was from the beginning
Of time, then written upon
The hearts of men.
Only the pure of heart know it,
The rest must be reminded.
The first time was creation,
The second time was Christ crucified,
The third time the Judgment of Salvation.

“Sweet to the spirit when eaten
Bitter to the dying of the flesh.
The Gospel of Divine Love conquers ALL”.

THE CROSS

We have all seen one
The original with a man on it
Who did die. One particular,
Jesus Christ who resurrected.
Now I see a sideways cross
Which is adorned with jewels –
It mocks the resurrection
Implying he never did rise ~
Then there is a Corpus Christi,
A dead man nailed there,
As if he is still dead, not risen.
And daily he is re-sacrificed
For our sins, over and over.
Yet his death and his resurrection
Was the eternal, perpetual sacrifice.
How man does blindly believe ~
And the Cross which does blaze,
Flames of holy fire burn
From the very throne of God,
It overcasts the Temple,
With Shekariah glory glowing.
Yes, the Cross of Jesus Christ
He is the Real King, who lives.

FEAR

Men, afraid of their own shadows
And shadows cast of others,
They magnify the vision of darkness
Rather seek and dwell in the light.

Let us not fear, rather trust in
God our Heavenly Father for all
Provisions and deliverances in this life.
His Love is healing to us.

And I pluck the nectarine to eat
Sweet to the taste and flesh
Healing to the mind and soul.
There is healing in the leaves
To cure the nations of men.

- Revelation 22:1-2
 - Ecclesiastes 12:13/ Ecclesiastes 11:4
 - 2 Timothy 1:7/ 1 John 4:18
- We have nothing to fear
But fear itself – Jesus.

VARIANCE

A pond one can skate on
A stream cross in a dash,
Fall in, the depth is greater
Than a quick friendly sash.

To the bottom, the bottom
Whence all secrets lie,
Coming up out of water,
I see the deep blue sky;
And I ask, why?

REALITY

Take the red pill, take the blue one
Your life depends on the choice –
Once you do, you become liberated.
The Matrix, Delphic Circe Sprite
Spurious realism synchronize,
Autocrat martinet, roll –
Various types then multiply.
Flesh eating, blood thirsty
Perpetual oblations of desecration –
The Sacerdotal Circe tipped their hand.
Inestimable to avert worship;
The red pill, the blue one
I decline both.
I do not walk in false intelligence
Pure white light is my reality.

DELUSION

And God said, be fruitful
Go forth and multiply.

And Satan hated all mankind
Made in the Image of God,
He despised the Creator so
He castrates the men and women
Who do not follow him.

Hoping to kill "love" of mankind
He has raised their awareness
God is not flesh and blood,
Rather Divine Love of the Spirit.
Those cut in the flesh know
The deeper realm of God's being
For their love is drawn of the heart.

And what is the mark of the beast?
Besides mutilation of the flesh
And gross tattoos defiling
It is numerical equations of men
To number, tag like cattle
To be processed, hypnotized
Into the army of darkness.

Fools believe old history as current
Inflamed with the errors of men
Yet God Jehovah is Sovereign.
His mark is creation, of love
Multiplying to neighbor, ones' self
Lifting to the Throne of God.

HALLOWEEN

Silent night, quiet night
So different two years ago –
It was a day to remember
By your bedside, you dying
Ninety two years concluding.
A houseful of family, strangers –
Two days later you died
In the privacy of your wife.
So much has happened since then.

Children as adults, lost
Life's lessons they never learned
For all they could see around them
Was inheritance of things, wealth
Rather than the man who sacrificed.

Bitter sweet the memories
For you were a hard man to love,
Yet the sense of honor was there.
I did not truly understand
Why you did all you did,
Now it is all clear as glass.
Time has a way of healing wounds
Our own, others put upon us.
God has taken what was meant
For harm and turned to good.
Hallowed ground, I have been weaned.
October 31, 2014'

HEART AND SOUL

A whole life time can be
 Wrapped up in one look,
 You speak to my heart intently
 As you pour forth your feelings.
 Words do not express what
 Your touch and embrace can,
 Closely snuggled in your arms
 We understand one another well.

Moments shared are wordless
 Bonding with a human touch
 Our spirits blend as one,
 WE can read each others thoughts.
 I would not realize it possible
 Unless I had met you.
 Together we build a new world
 Molded of heart and soul.

ALTER

Tombs were meant for more
 Than just burying the dead.
 They are but time capsules
 To restrain inter dimensions
 Of realities merging to night mares.
 Ancient magical powers once used
 Are dethroned under the Lord God,

They were never meant to be
Resurrected, altering history of man ~
Many say all truth is parallel.
That is a reality over lapping
And altering the will of God.
Futuristic, Occultic dream weavers
Trying to seize immortality
Which belongs to God alone.
Mankind is severed from being
Eternal, until he is tried and purified,
For nothing unholy can dwell
Within the midst of Heaven.

Sad that mankind does rebel
Into the outer darkness of space
Chasing demons, fallen angels
Trading his precious soul
Altering his reality of truth.
Let the ancient tombs lay
Untouched as they were meant to be.
God is Eternal, do not tempt Him.

DESENSATIZE

Warfare, war-fair, war, war...
Battle ware, battle-wear, battle tear...
Decimation, decimate – hate...
Combat, communication battery batt...
Warfare, chemical, biological
War, war, tear, deplore, more, more...

Gases, igniting, explosions, emissions,
Diseases, plaques, silence, death
Death mask, death-mask, mask, mask...
Conceal, not real, look dazed, erased,
Cover up, cover-up, up, up, up...
Table set, full plate, ornate,
Throne elevated to on high
Beyond the sky, piled up, up...
Look down, on the ground...
Death, death, death –
And voices were heard no more.
And all, both small and great
Stand before the Throne of God
To be judged on that day.

THE DIFFERENCE

There is a community of men
And there is the Body of Christ –
There is global world peace
And the Peace of Jesus –
There is Judgment of the world
And the Judgment at God's throne –
There is making peace
And the Peace of the Lord God –
There is religion of unity
And there is born again believers –
There is men doing good works
And the Grace and Mercy of God –

There is dogma, man's teachings
And there is the Word of God –
There is dominance through power
And there is a living body functioning –
There is works for salvation
And there is submitting to God's Will –
There is taking the world for God
And surrendering to God's Kingdom –
There is carnal, fleshly desired religions
And there is Lordship of Jesus Christ.
There is a World religion boasting
And the Kingdom of God –
There is life in the flesh now
And there is eternal life forever –
That is the difference.

MY BROTHER

It is those who cross barriers
Of religious differences
Who dare to defile themselves
To help those not of their own –
That is my brother ~
It is those of different races
Those of different origins
Who give their lives out
Of love and compassion
Who count the cost for another –
That is my brother ~

It is those not of religious snobbery
Who hide behind their dogma
And declare themselves better than
The poor, the needy, the homeless,
They do not exploit for gain
Rather they give freely for others –
That is my brother ~
And the super religious chant
How holy and superior they are
From those less than them,
For they declare the right to murder
Others in the name of their god –
They kill their brother, Jesus Christ.
I ask, are you my brother?

BRAVERY

Many have their own definition
Made of personal experiences
What it means to be brave.
When we are born in this world
Trustingly we depend upon others,
Life is hard, difficult, brutal
For we have no control what happens.
We cannot choose our families
Or our fate that is dealt us.
Each and every one of us must realize
Even behind happy faces is sorrow.
All of us have a choice;

We can party oblivious to truth
Or face life's trials with bravery.
Elderly people alone are brave
Having no one to care for them,
The homeless must keep going
In the question of uncertainty.
Simply stated, all of us at one point
Need bravery to face what comes.
The most important is that
Of bravery to die with dignity.
All of us will face death
We need the courage to die
For it is the completion of life.
Friend, are you brave?
Jesus will never leave you Nor will He forsake you.
When you cross over the river
To the other side, make sure
You are going to a place Of great beauty and peace
Rather than one of great torment.
One day I too shall die,
For the Lord calls us all home.
My wish is that in the meantime
We can live a good life to others
So they may be around us at our end.

REX

You're ancient, one of the dinosaurs,
Lived here upon earth before MU –

MU the land of spirituality.
You became interbred with Adam's seed
Ushering in the Lamerian Age;
Half human, half dinosaur - reptilian,
The great flood reduced many
Except those in the center of the earth.
After the flood came Atlantis,
The advanced human inter dimension.
Wishing to be like God the Atlantians
Took the crystals, altered the force shields
Causing a super nova to sink Atlantis.
Then the world spewed reconstruction
Splitting off into various continents .
The Rex, in the center of the earth
Resurfaced to claim what they
Have considered their planet.
Out of fear of extermination
They continued to interbreed with man.
Rex dictated to the Elders of Zion
From 1902 to 1936.
They declared war on the Hebrews
Which is the Origin of Man.
Gen.1:27-28 / Gen. Chapter 2
Bolden you have become
Ravenous, insatiable your appetite
For red meat to consume.
Now man is certainly perishing.
The war of the world's really is
Ancient predecessors who lived here

Overlapping time on terra ferma
The recycled garden of paradise.
Let not those before us be Stained, having died in
vain.
We will conquer! We will survive!
Let each man control his vessel!

PEBBLES

One who suffers much, gains more
For the Lord does reward obedience.
The way of the loyal is often uphill
Yet the view at the top is magnificent.
Ladders are used to climb
The purposes attached are considered.
Goals are most difficult when
The rewards are the greatest.
If I accomplished a task easily
I must question my laziness.
All good things one must fight for
Don't give up before the victory.
Analyze everything you are told
For liars have the loudest voice.
Many wish to ally themselves
But most are for their own benefit.
Never trust a friend who proclaims
For adversity will show their true colours.
Gifts are flattery, vanity, entrapment
To take one off guard to scrutiny.

It is better to live alone in silence
Then be snared in the drama of others.
Precious is time spent in prayer
They are given serious attention.
A yielded soul in God's eyes
Is a pliable servant to be used.
Keys are used to lock and unlock
So are prayers upward to Heaven.
Many faces bear suffering and pain
They show the struggles from the heart.
Each day is a gift of new beginnings
To make straight a crooked path.
The world is full of riddles
Which fools chase to no answers.
Intellectualism will block the spirit
From hearing the voice of God.
Difficulties are gifts in disguise
To strip our pride and make us humble.
Burdens weigh us down greatly
Because we refuse the Lord's yoke.
Senseless, meaningless is time if
Ill spent, wasted and unnoticed.
Hours can go by while we day dream
Yet necessary to free one's mind.
There are many voices in the world
Yet God's voice is above all.
Contentment in all things
Keeps one's soul in harmony.
When I look into the mirror
It should be a new creature I see.

After reading one closes the book,
Believers go past and live it.

WAS THRONED

The Holy Spirit is our teacher
He was given to us to direct
With Wisdom of application.
Man cannot teach man
For he keeps moderting "truth"
Until it changes completely.
Jehovah gave the truth
Yet only a remnant believed
So only a few He could save.
In all my ways I must
Acknowledge Jehovah to direct
My paths, steps, ways
For only in doing this shall
I succeed in my ways ~
No one seems to linger
At His holy mountain anymore.
They hear His voice then run
With their interpretation of it.
He desires I stay in His presence
Until I become like Him.
Men's knowledge of the truth
Often kills the messenger, deliverer
Who came to set him free....
And there are many empty altars
In the hearts of mankind where
God once was throned.

FELLOWSHIP

The people have forgotten
The name of the Lord
They no longer call upon Him.
They call upon the Son
They worship and glorify him
Yet they forget the Father.
It is true that we cannot
Come to the Father without
Being redeemed through the Son;
But he was never meant
To be a substitute of reverence.

What seems to drive mankind
Is his own understanding of God
Which blinds him to who
Jehovah truly is.
Religion is a doctrine of belief
Which strips away the relationship
Of peace, harmony and love.
I can no longer say that I
Am a this, or a that,
For no church can fill
The adoption of my sonship
To the Creator who made me.
And so this truth has shown
That religion is the enemy of God.
For it is fellowship which He desires.

CRADLE

Rest, of soul and mind
Truly unadulterated, pure
Deep as the breath to the lungs
A release of all that is toxic ~
Exhale, purging all which
Snares the mind and energy.
I have travelled great lengths
To find the resting place
Where my weary body may lie.

I have decreed it so
We shall be at peace now ~
Away from all who hound
Seeking out deceitfully, asking
Us for what is never theirs.
Shunned, pushed away
It is all over ~

Let me roll over to your side
Cradle and comfort you,
To heal the wounds of men.

I SURVIVED...

The dizzying summer of 2013'
UFO's, missiles, time warps,
Black holes of multiple invasions;
I grappled with the visions of truth

Which most men do ignore,
It was imploded upon me
Through homing devices of intrepidness ~

Sinister ministers declared Grand Overlords
Ministers of the World overseers,
They dwell among the ranks of men,
Protected by world governments
To make extra terrestrial contacts
For world invasion to overthrow
Bringing about the NWO ~

Secret councils made with aliens
From long ago now glorified and admired
Dazzled and brainwashed many follow
Hoping to become like gods;
The giants of old are re-established
They have infiltrated the earth
Vying for our water, air and soil ~

People are the food for the hungry
Who are not all of one mind
Rather to destroy then conquer.
Watch what you set your mind onto,
For it can bring sudden death.
(99 + 101 / Team 200)

REVISION

Truth is painful and always has a price
It can crush and destroy many lives.
An infant behind the Iron Curtain,
Parents murdered and just left there
Someone from afar rescues and takes it ~
Raised in another country, another culture
By the Masters of the Arian Race
To wipe out your Jewish identity,
Lied to, deceived, non- trusting
The truth has crushed me so ~
This is the constant continuum of men
Who wish to rule the world through insanity,
I now have to revise who I am
For I cannot be the baggage anymore,
I know my true identity ~
You can steal and lie to children
Yet deep inside they are directed
Back to the roots they were born into,
Sorrowful yet true every country
Is guilty of such criminal acts ~
I can only relate upon my true faith
For my parents face I never beheld,
In memory of truth covered over,
I expose the inhumanity and do say
It is in living that I shall become.

PAPAL

Professing yourself righteous, holy
Romans 3:12 says none is good
Yet in the place of Messiah
You reigned, ruled and stood ~
Pope Benedict XVI
You have stepped down
Soon will another elected
Wear the Vicar's crown
(VICARIUS FILII DEI: REV. 13:1) ~
The world is all astir
Ready for a shift, rearrange
Prophecy buffs are looking
For a moral, spiritual change ~
Occultic rituals and tradition
Casting spells the faithful blindly see
What is fed them they swallow
Next chosen eminence to be ~
How it saddens Almighty Yahweh
For him you have renounced
Hellenism forbidding your followers
YHWH's name to speak or pronounce
(Vatican Directive August 8, 2006) ~
Babylon is alive and well
World leaders over it do fawn
Next "Vicar" soon to be
Shall become Abbadon's pawn.

(Revelation 17:110-11, Romans 3:12,

Revelation 17, 2 Thessalonians 2:3-4,
Daniel 7:25, 2 Peter 2:4, Jude 6,
Revelation 13:2 / Satan hands his
Power over to Abbadon the Ruler
Of the bottomless pit)

TUTELAGE

Seize and desist, sequester
Range of motion controlled
The grillage official commission ~
The commodious commix tea party
Gathered upon Capitol Hill
Ignore and silence the ombudsman ~

Vilify the workforce unquiet
Brought low by your spending
The sealed pen of your edict ~
Indentured servants are citizens
Braced, enslaved beyond measure
Humans counted lost souls ~

Lust rapacious, insatiable
Disbursement what is not yours
Surreptitiously wealth, ownership ~
Likewise all hail the world viper
Whose vise holds men sway
Bringing forth order from chaos.
(Psalm 36:1-2/Psalm 37:1-2)

BUILD

Let us lay up BRICS
Place them one by one
Topple other blocks, materials
One new building sum ~

Change the structure and allegiance
Global strength to gain, hold
Pronounce our new vitality
World news gallantly told ~

Let us lay the useless confetti
Of other legal tender we destroy
And show forth our military power
With our armies we will deploy ~

Stealth and precision we count on
Like the rising of the sun
For we have a new leader
And our work has just begun.

FOR MARGUERITE & JOHANN STRAVINSKY

Dazzling does the sun filter
On flowing waves of grain,
A world that knows no time ~

Wild flowers sprinkled around
Gentle blossoms, lighted diamonds
Lush green of fields and trees ~
Sacred harmony of no words
Hush upon your eyes and face
For the Mountains of Moldavia ~

In innocence one contemplates purity
Privileged to carry vials of tears
The glass bells of heaven ring ~
Loving were the hands of which
You caressed me with kisses
Swaddled in safety's arms ~
Suddenly in a moment
The hearts of men were darkened
And took you all away ~

A world away, I feel a foreigner
The mountains seem strange to me
As a child with searching eyes ~
Tears will be no more
For your son-daughter shall
Embrace our home in heaven.
"You are not forgotten".

THEIR OWN

Recycled courage is all I find
For most of the world is blind
Asking for an antidote for pain
Anesthetize their selves all over again.
Hurtful to realize we are alone
For each selfishly is a true coward.
Not wanting to help others due
To betrayal done to themselves before.
To cut off point to being humane
Is often a short fuse in most.
So they look away as masses
Slide away into helplessness.
Then drugged they set to ignore
The next victims are the indifferent,
Who refused to help the weak.
Trust is a sacred word which
Few find, fewer worthy to receive.
Most drown of loneliness wanting
To share what's in their hearts
But cannot place themselves in
The hands of fools to destroy.
So modern man escapes reality
Each living in a fantasy world
Made all of their own.
Recycled courage is all I find
For most of the world is blind
Asking for an antidote for pain
Anesthetize their selves all over again.

A CALL TO ARMS

Let each soldier stand
With ever a firm hand
Vanquish our enemies
Helpless over our lees.
Our strength is the Lord
Who does but accord
Account, record, repay
All those not of the Way;
Stand tall, erect, strong
We shall conquer the throng
Implementers of great wrong.
Let each soldier stand
With ever a firm hand
Vanquish our enemies
Helpless over our lees.

ORPHANED

Born in this unstable world –
My parents murdered twice over
From before, before –
Stolen, my life was stolen
My life was a lie, a lie
Raised to be who I am not –

Emotions from my heart
Wrung out as a dish rag
To program me into another –

I do not see my mother.
My heart knows she is gone, gone
Her last breath you drew –

Constantly I journey this world
The forlorn, forsaken, forgotten
To you my heart bleeds –
God has but another way
Now grounded in my roots
My suffering has set you free.

EXCALIBUR SINGS

Pull out my scabbard fair
I draw the sword that sleighed thee
It does sing in the air
Jesus Christ the Lord shall be.
And the sword, the sword
That did judge Lucifer once
Now does carry forward
Vanquished the Heavens Ponce.

Crystal clear the water does flow
From the Emerald Throne
No more taintedness can grow
Cleansed is the Coronation Stone.
Sword, reverberate, sing unto others
Lucifer, galaxies you once did steal
No more your minion bothers
For Jesus Christ is very real.

I yield the sword of heaven
To slay thee Lucifer again
In pieces now is your leaven
Exposed you are no one's friend.

TOUCHING

Day unto day life reveals
Another aspect of God's mercy
His faithfulness does carry us
On his great wings of love ~
Constantly he calls to us
To fellowship in his presence
Showing us grace, tenderness
Touching the wounded heart ~
How he does know the troubles
Which this life does bring
Yet he is always near, reaching out
Hoping we grasp his hand ~
Our weariness he wants to take away
Our tears to dry, our heart to cleanse
Giving us renewal in his spirit
Telling us how much we are loved ~
No matter how far we may fall
Or the despair we dwell in
His ever loving kindness whispers
Within our hearts his hope ~
He touches the dying embers
That would make our heart cold

New life he gives us in our spirit
To rise above the waves that roll ~
Look up, see his power, his majesty
The eternal glory of his being,
The Creator on high to rescue us
From the trials that come our way.

AGAPE

Many people seek love
Yet they have difficulty finding it.
We aspire to great lengths to attain
Somehow it seems to elude us.
Many define it with words
Others with actions and deeds.
These can get entangled, mislead
Combining selfish motives, ambitions.
We tend to think love is acquired
Like a possession one can own ,
It is not.
Mankind in his understandings
Misconstrues, disorients a theme
The matters of the heart.
Only God, Abba Father is true love.
He is Creation, of love, through love
That breathes life into us.
We cannot love outside of him.
It is his great gift to feel,
To express, create, to love,
For we know not how on our own.

Life is the testing grounds
To mature in the Spirit,
To grow in full stature of Him.
Discouragement shows us,
It does magnify our limitations
Our insufficiency, our selfishness
Seperate from his governing.

HEADS

Grand design so intertwined
Disbelief, numbness manifests.
How you played me a fool
Thinking I would be a cog
In your wheel of motion ~
Political sacvvy, secretcy
Using my beliefs, emotions
To promote your cause, factions
Thinking to manipulate my life
Right unto the very end ~
All of you were so wrong
For I relinquished back to you
All the necessary titles and decrees,
Vanity to but serve your vanities
Of which I am now free ~
The Lord has lifted me up
Removed from the middle
No longer a pawn to be used
What happens now is but
On all your own heads.

RECONCILIATION

This is a goal few fulfill
The world encourages severance
Unforgiveness, finality, no solutions ~
It does not recognize a better way
Power in walking a higher road
Seeking to live within the divine ~
Bitterness is losing what is dear -
Reality is the harsh truth of evidence -
A gift is one given a second chance ~
Most estranged repel the olive branch
They hold in memory the offense
Renewed and fresh every day ~
When they can look past hurt
Look past what was lost to
What is given now, there is hope ~
To be reunited brings strength
It restores honor, integrity
It shows valor of character ~
God remembers not things of old
He does a new thing
It springs forth as he shows it ~
Jesus Christ reconciled us
To the Father through his sacrifice
One of obedience for us ~
When we regain a brother then
We learn to mend what is broken.

FAMILY II

The scripture does say that
A brother is born for adversity
And a friend is closer than a brother.
People do not realize that often
God leads us away from family
To the larger family of bretheren.
Many would try to quote scripture
To guilt trip one to retain
Unhealthy, toxic relations.
Only the Father does know
What each of us does need
And leads us in that direction.
Individuals can outgrow the
Boundaries they were born into.
They can love them yet not
Be a part of that environment anymore.
Weaker souls take to heart
Such a growth as hurt
Not realizing it is God
That leads us in the path
For which he wants us to go.
You can love someone and care
But not connect with them.
This is something people struggle with
For they fear growth and change,
They don't have the security
To accept happiness for others
Which they lack within themselves.

“Religion is of men
God is the living Word
Where men are complete.”

“Jesus himself said that
He trusted not men for
He knew what was within them.
We learn the hard way
Not all men are honest or
Trustworthy, for it is by
Hardships we do learn wisdom.”

“Often we must loose all
That we have accumulated
To gain what God
Has to give to us.
It is in so doing that
We become humbled,
Submitted to his provision
Learning to trust and honor.”

“Wise is the person whom
Does test the spirits of men,
For they often will weave lies
To manipulate and gain control
Taking those things not theirs.

Let us not be equated stupid
Rather astute of mind and heart,
Ever keeping watch and guardian
Over our souls”.

“Dreams are often put upon us
By others who would weave our lives.
Sad and unfortunate the one
Who finds their life was
Built upon lies,
Structured to be what
They were never born to become.
Courage is to walk away
Setting behind the lies
For the real truth of discovery,
Embracing in faith who
God really created you to be.”

GENTLY

Seasonal they may be
The Monarchs, the admirals
Variance of size and colour
Yet delicate, majestic in flight.

To have one land beside you
Fluttering, sunning their span
You wonder the travel they endured.
Heavenly ornaments which dazzle
Gliding on the air defying gravity,
End of cycle they assemble
As a whole they canvas the soil.

Not a bird, no vocals to sing
Sweetly they adorn as living colour
With brilliance beyond a flower.
Such a short life space
They fly to other continents
Never stopping along the way.
If you find a lone butterfly -
Shelter it gently.

GRIEVED

Being human we often fail
In our being, our actions.
Some give and some take
Not alwaysw balanced or kind.
What wears a soul down
Is peopole and their baggage.
We try to help but get burned
Sadly to self isolation.
Others can torment the mind
Making life difficult to live,

That is why I have to pray
To remind myself I'm not alone.
It is ironic we are told to love
That which is unloveable,
Yet we ourselves unkind at times.

Yet we are told to live it.
They say it's the darkest before dawn,
And life must end to begin.
I hope to see the Son rise
In his fullness of glory, for
Being human is easy,
Being humane is difficult.

HOME

Each of us is born to walk
On a path of our choosing
What looks smooth is often rough.
No one knows what's ahead
And life often brings detours.
Some are hardship of others
Bringing much complexities,
Then there are those put upon us
By circumstances beyond our control.

When you are young you go
Eager to explore life's many faucets,
But with age we like to linger
Adapt to a slower pace.

Often we are not given the luxury
Of peace and solitude, rather
Age brings its own troubles.

The world has many pitfalls
Which people bring to our door,
Wisdom is learning to turn them away.
It hurts when you are the one
Left behind to walk it alone.
A road is more than a path
It is often without turn signs.
I can only say I look
For the light on the path
To see me safely home.

SHATTERED

Dead man's secrets
Knowledge of them destroy
Lives shattered, forever changed ~
There is no turning back.
Am I to vasculate?
Am I to languish?
Am I to forget?
Whichever,
I'm forever changed.

We often do not understand the work
Of God in men's lives. He tests our
Hearts by our choices and actions.
I have come to simplify, to read
The words of Christ in red.
When I obey, do and love them
Then the Kingdom of God
Is within me.

Each individual life is lived and tailored
Then presented to him,
Without the influence of men.
I can shed religion then, freeing
Myself from the lies of tradition.
This is true growth and spirituality.

We each have a commision ~
It is love.

In the lions den,
Carefully I watch
They watch me -
In quietness is my strength.

Our lives are an open book
Everyone reads something different;
I can only please myself,
For that others always find fault.
Loyalty, I am true to myself,
That truth is my strength.

Woven is a world of snares
Taking words out of context,
Such manipulation is power
That the world weilds as lies.

ACE

The Pied Piper is but a man
Who does what he does
Because he can -
Mankind is blind and deceived
Following a madman they perceived
To be but a god unto them -
Duped into submission, loyalty
For many a grand cause
Of the world applause -
By peace he shall destroy
And conquer the souls of many
With poverty, the price of a penny -

The world shall weep, shall see
He was just a man
Who destroyed a great many,
All because he can -
This is but fate to the majority
For there is no lesson learned
Bad choices and karma returned
And the great fall out
The grand showdown to take place
Between good and evil,
The horizon is the Ace.

MONOPOLY

"The strong hold of the few
Over the masses of the many,
Squeezing the life force of existence."

When one is caught in such
A wheel, there is no where
To go but UP to the Father -
He will have his way.

"Don't materialize your words into
something you will regret."
-Pamela

"Most churches are an extension of the political government. They do not recognize the injury they inflict upon innocent people, nor do they care."
-Pamela

"Our only strength is Love. Most people fail to recognize it."
-Amber

We never really do learn
From history before us,
We are always erasing it
Trying to rewrite to our benefit.
Pride is the pillars that
Mankind has built upon,
The foundation always crumble.

There is but one Lord
That is the Almighty Creator
And His Son Jesus Christ.
Many attack the Word of God
Saying it is incomplete
Yet is is sure, solid.

The Word is etched in our being
It is the breath of God
Which is our existence.

My eyes are always fixed on Him
For He is the giver of life
And redeems his own.
Abba, my Father
Holy and true.

Our lives are an open book
Everyone reads something different;
I can only please myself.
For that others always find fault
Loyalty, I am true to myself,
That truth is my strength.

MESSENGER

Jonah with great reluctance
Taught with much fear
Gave the Word of the Lord.
And wicked Ninevah repented.
He was angry God would do so,
Spare the tormentors of his people.
And the Lord did say,
"What is it to you if I choose
To spare these people?"
And God had mercy on them.

Often believers have trouble
That God can grant Mercy
To such monsters, sinners
Yet in His eyes all sin
Is equally the same.
If God so chooses to forgive
Than who am I to judge?

They are not forgiveable?
And what is the difference really?
For all human hearts are the same
They can hate with murder
In their minds, their hearts.
The messenger must realize
We all are the same, equally
- Yet God receives us in love,
To those who turn to Him.

DISTRACTIONS

Man was given birth
The breath of life from God
The Almighty, the Creator
And also a free will -
To choose: good or evil.
The world as we know it
Is a huge stage upon which
All creatures created are placed.
Distractions are before our eyes
Imprinted upon our minds -

And we must decide ourselves
Whose seal we will wear
Either God's upon our forehead
Or Satan, within our hearts.
The Lord knows all our ways,
But he directs our paths.
Rebellion is distraction
Obedience is love fulfilled
With the Peace of God.

GEOGRAPHICS

Germany, England,
America, South America,
Various other countries
Have resurrected ghosts
Of war, war and war.
They play the executioner
Of butchering even their own -
For profit.
Stirred like a hornets nest
The great blood lust
Of insanity, destroying.
Repackaging old ideals
Reinventing the great tortures
Of the Inquisition
Which is very much alive.
Alien to mankind
It became his directive

To destroy the many
For the few.
And God did say
He shall always spare a remnant.

RESTORATION

I did focus on love
I did focus on injustice
I did focus on world politics
I did focus on reasoning
I did focus on end results
I did focus on world peace
I did focus on answers
I did focus on equality
I did focus on restoration
I did focus on law and order -
And I have found
In this world there is none.

I did see much evil
I did see much hatred
I did see much greed
I did see much indifference
Then God raised my eyes
To look within his
And he gave me my balance
Of being loved in
The midst of a lost world -
That has restored me.

RETROACTIVE

To watch the last ember die
It slowly burns out.
Reflecting upon the nightmare
Continous, heinous crimes
Repeatedly inflicted upon men
It does overwhem me.
There are those stripped
Of morality and concious.
Some never had it to begin with
Others were erased long ago.
Converted into a great machine
Automated by dictated orders
They follow and obey.

Some stand up and say
"We no longer are your slave",
Those it cost their lives.
Sections, factions they play out
"To conquer through destruction,
Divide and we will conquer."
Creation, the fall, the flood.
After the flood Babel the tower.
Then it was struck,
Dispersed and confused -
The many languages brought
To their new nations Babylon
They kept progressing it
In their craft, culture, religion.

Now the dialogue is universal
Hypnotic everyone is eager
To concede to global unity
Stripping being a person
Unique and individual.
Those who do not comply
Are destroyed as trouble makers.

If you can think for yourself
You are a threat to Babylon.
The Tower is just restructured
Electronically, cyber space.
And the people have it so
They sold their souls
For convenience of ease.

One day it will be their turn
Under the witch hunt, the blade -
For the Guillotine is endless.

BATTLE WEARY

1,900 million years old
I walked as an Emperor
Jargon of Lameria,
The second age upon earth
After the civilization of Mu.
Then I spent 6,000 years
With Christ in Heaven.

Learning to become an Archangel
I left to be reborn
Upon this earth
In the fourth kingdom.

The first was Mu
The second was Lameria
The third was Atlantis
Now the fourth the end of time.
I came to find Lamed
The Creative force of God
Who is as old as time.
Together Lamed and Omega
We are messengers to mankind
That God will have his way.

Endless is the battle around us
Attacked, suppressed, tormented
Two old souls of Heaven
Born as children of God
We stand for the end, the return.
The Earth, the nations -
Alien nations they've become.

God's eyes go to and fro
Watching, looking, recording
He shall come with fire
To burn, to purge the Earth.

Oh soldiers look up
Every day is a gift of life
To serve the Almighty.

For we all have but breath
One heart beat at a time.
Dwell now in his presence
Draw from his holiness of love
And is shall strengthen your wings
For flight in the day of battle.
He is our Battle Axe
We just hold steady
With him as our anchor.

CHRIST

Jesus Christ the anointed one
Came to all mankind
To restore them to the Father.
He opposed traditions
He opposed religion
That does oppress.
He did not start something new
He did not sanction self praise
He reclaimed the father's love
To a lost and dying world.

He did not ask we teach
Doctrines, or beliefs, or cults
He asked that we repent

Change our rebellious ways
And be obedient to the Father
His law of love.

I have found that all religion
Is but man made.

Man takes often a truth
And professes a declaration of it.

He enshrines it, upholds it
Worships the knowlege of truth
While walking in self will.

Religion is man's conception
Of the thought of God.

He makes his mind a conduit
While his heart remains his own.

God never was a religion
He is pure love, mercy, grace
Which man must establish
A relationship with him.

Many who believe have a
False sense of spiritual security.

At the white throne the Lord
Will not honor religion

Or works, or deeds as justification
For only grace and mercy reigns.

When I threw off the yoke
Of religiosity, I became free

To see God for who he is:

He alone is life, love
That should be enough.

LIBERATE

If we can multiply confusion
Then deception can rule
If we can eliminate false truth
Then God shows forth in clarity.
Simplistic it truly is
Yet most difficult to live.
The key is letting the Lord
Rule our hearts and emotions
Of which we become free
To be the sons of God.
Liberation is not for everyone
Only the remnant, who see
Find and obey.

JARGON

As the essence of
The Earth rises up like myrh
And the red birds fly due east
To the sunrise,
So shall my heart beat.
As the wind blows
And the skies are blue
And the dew is crystal
As on the grass,
I will always love you.

THE PASSING OF DEATH

In the light of new creation
Jesus walks among us
To the deliverance of
The Holy Spirit's grace,
Magnifying the father.

Dispelling the wrath of the wicked
And stopping the issuance of blood
Satan shall wither away
Like so much grass in the desert,
Their kind shall fade.

In the bereavement of
The Queen of Heaven,
Neither will she abide
For her steps shall turn to dust.
Her words will pass with the wind
And her memory will be gone.
Jehovah lives forever and ever ~
Amen.

EVE

Long, silken red hair
Crowns your lovely face,
Ever loving guiding wisdom
Mother Earth of the human race ~

Savagely, brutally attacked you were
Out of reveng, great jealousy
For your person, persona, emblem
Your birth mark, they hated thee ~

You are the heart beat of humaneness
Holding together, to serve
Ignorance, great destruction
For Creation, Oh the nerve! ~

Patiently, silently you have held
Your tongue, your peace so long
Now northern lights surround
The Father's vengeance is strong ~

"Daughter, My daughter
Loyal you've held your place
Now your work is over,
Mother Earth of the human race."

ADAM

Created of the earth's dust
In my image you be
Made male and female
You were formed Ambi ~
Later others were fashioned
Seperated the sexes that were
Sifting of the three genders
To kill off the him and her ~

Further dominate the feminine
The male's ego as strong
Subjecting the balance of Ambi
Saying you do not belong ~

Suppressing the giver of life
The woman who gives birth
Asking her to subject to man
Murdering contractions of girth ~

Perverted God's design you have
Making man on his throne
Thinking that it is but men
To be worshipped, adhered to alone ~

Father is Creator of all genders
He made Adam with love
As Ambi, the primary gender
Reflecting his image above ~

Satan hated the first man
So he sought to erradicate
And replace his own self
The throne of God to equate ~

Created of the earth's dust
In my image you be
Made male and female
My reflection, you are Ambi.

CONSEQUENCE

Funny isn't it? Ironic isn't it?
Humans are from the earth yet
They try so hard to destroy it,
They think that they know more
Than the Creator who made it,
That they can rearrange the atom
The molecule, the neuron, the molecular
Structures that are set perpetually,
They seek the God gene to become
The creator themselves, upsetting all
That is the foundation of existence ~

Ironic isn't it? Sad isn't it?
They kill each other for dominance
To steal the fortunes of others
To enhance their insatiable desire
To want everything that is not theirs,
They seem to think that time never stops
That they shall become as God himself
To live forever and conquer all things ~
Mere dust, containers of dirt
Proud, Oh so proud! They do think
Independently of the one who made them,
And yet there is a consequence;
Those who seek their life lose it,
Those who lose their life find it
In the Father, the Creator above.

And I ask you, do you know
For your life the consequence?

SPITE

Hate, discontent, excommunicate
To inflict supposed pain upon
The Oracle, the Guardian of God ~
Hoping to ridicule and shame
An emissary of peace
You play God in judging ~
Religion, you have lost
For the gift you've given to me
Was to rip off your mask ~
Attacking what you cannot control
Trying to destroy what you are not
You have played your hand ~
As always karma does return
For the evil intent projected
Shall come back and consume you ~

No man in all his worthiness
Will ever be equal to God
By trying to be God ~
There is a power higher than I
Which formed and created me
Even if to witness against you.

AHIAH

Oh, Ahiah! You have delivered me
From the hand of the crocodile
Rescued me from constant danger
Solemn is your decree of holiness,
You require all to look at themselves
To have your name ever on their lips
And within their heart.
Ahiah, True, Divine, Holy
You are mankind's only hope
Of survival in this life and eternity.

MEMOIR FOR P.J. I. IN THE STARS



Quietly you watch, wait, hoping
To unlock an understanding mind
One you can relate too, teach ~
Exuberant energy, two atoms collide
Each whirling about the other
Not combusting but embracing energy ~
Whirling, rising, expanding further
Latching onto unheard of formulas
Growing, morphing, to others reality ~
And how such knowledge is found
Uncomparable for most interacted with
Lonely brave soul you do thirst ~

Unaccustomed, all searching you are
For the most part a world of one
Never trusting now for evermore ~
A risk you opened your heart
Each vulnerable to the other
Collision, combustion, disaster ~
How can the beginning love the end?
How can a leader love a backup?
How blind to see each still cares! ~
And the words, "this is it"
I am to hold onto forever
As I navigate the Heavens alone ~
Frail, the body has taken its toll
The mind you have expanded beyond
Now you live in the stars,
Quietly I fly to the Father.

II. WOUNDED

Do you believe in guardians?
Do you believe in angels?
Do you believe I was real?
Mortality healed unto immortality
The soul cleansed, it survived
To only unclasp, walk alone ~
Thirty nine clouds rose to heaven
Nuance, the breath of life
Returned to the Creator ~
Passion, vibrant and alive

Entwined two living souls as one
Touching depths yet unexplained ~
Blue wings, emerald wings....fly
Ever ascending, descending rails
Portals of heaven ~
The union now gone
The band now broken,
Do you believe I was real? ~
I know you were for
You've made a hold inside
Wounded my heart now beats.

III. WINDOWS

There is a true expression
Eyes are the windows of the soul
Yours came surprised, searching ~
You did look old then
Quickly searching while expressing
A battle was fought, walked away ~
Neither won, neither lost
For love was not enough
I had not the expertise you needed ~
My eyes a sea of green
Leaks pain from the heart
For I've lost my soul mate ~
Omega weeps for Lamed.

THE OTHER SIDE

Life throws us unexpected heart aches, changes,
things we have no control over...

Only thing I can do is manage my heart,
How I will accept what I cannot change,
To live through the pain, endure, see
That everything has a reason even if
I do not know what it may be.

Loosing a husband, a wife, children,
Whatever it may be to others, to oneself,
Life moves forward, it goes on....

Like loyalty to ones country,
The soldier who was faithful only
To discover he was forgotten upon return,
His service was not compensated for,
His life was put on hold for nothing
Only to be hated by his country
For not understanding an army is necessary
Only to be called a war monger..

So too association of those one is married into
One is born into, associated into...

Choices are made for us, by us
Yet we bear the brunt of others
Judgment and lack of understanding.
There is a bridge we all must cross over
For the River Sticks is calling forth

The exchange for death to life,
And only those who understand the Spirit
Succumb in surrender and patience
With much Love can enter to
The other side.