

The Gaining Of Wisdom



Peter Fogarty

AUTHOR'S COMMENT



I dedicate this book to my very own, created over my Time of life and naturally motivated by my love to and for my two adult children,

... *Kane and Atlanta*...

That which is intended to be gained from this book will be determined by whether or not the readers are ready to be just who they really are, and be content, just to be happy. It is also my hope that the reader, having read this book, will perhaps, re-feel his or her outlook and perspectives on their firstborn natural human value system and personal life, and perhaps, will be the better and happier for it.

The feelings, philosophies, and personal attitudes for this book were born over my own and my children's growing years, in the quiet dark of my cockpit while flying the evening skies of my country of birth by night, and gazing down from above the clouds, questioning ... *everything*.

The basis of my natural human nature value system's philosophy for this book is the significance, the natural relevance, and the importance of the One we call, "I," "Me," and "My Self," and the coming to *real* terms with their ***Sovereign Integral*** in any or all of the areas depicted on the following pages.

Spiritual Philosophy and natural Situational Awareness is the basis for provocative feeling, and *that* is the sole intention of this book - to promote *provocative* feeling about *who* the reader *really* is, irrespective of age, race, creed, or colour.

No One becomes popular by telling a feel-right natural truth. That has always been fine with me. It always will be.

I wish you all happiness, and I wish you all... very well.

... *your Father*...

The Gaining of Wisdom

By



Peter-Joseph-Earl: of the Fogarty family

Peter: of the Fogarty family.

*Australian Sovereign Freeman-on-the-Land,
living human being,
with all Indefeasible Rights reserved*

COPYRIGHT

This work is copyright. Apart from any use permitted under the Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced for materialism in any manner for any reason without the written permission of the author.

Copyright

**Peter Fogarty
(c)
2009**

FOREFEELING

Atlanta and *Kane*... of poems and prose for you to see
and contemplate spaces to you, from me

Whatever you find it's better by far
that you know your true integral self, is just *who* you are

And if you see nothing, I'm still pleased to say
You'll understand more than you did, yesterday.

I wish you happiness, always, and, in all ways
And I wish you both very well.

THIS GOSSAMER KISS

A feeling of a truth discovered about my heart's never-ending capacity for the giving of Universal family love. Truly, it is endless. Heart's love is self-perpetuating, requiring no additional ingredient other than to be given, for it to regenerate itself a hundred-fold. And in the innocence of my children's eyes did I always see Love's birthplace, and, *my* reason for being.

THIS GOSSAMER KISS

XIX

Atlanta, to sometimes just watch and marvel and wonder
at your moments of calm, then of storm and thunder
In your innocence, your natural beauty for me to see daily
When your smile gazed back, and your eyes twinkled gaily.

I wonder at my fortune to have you for my own
Yet feel so unworthy knowing past seeds I've sown
To thank heavens for miss Destiny, I saw your heart clearly.
With your birth, mine reborn, I still love you most dearly.

Your laughter, my medicine when you feel sadness I'm sending
And I'll always be there for you when your heart needs mending
You brighten my life by just being you, each day
I still love and adore you even now you've gone your own way.

In temper, in play, in your moments of stress
When you came wet and naked, in your arms a little dress
And your hair wet with ringlets, dripping puddles on the floor
Then wet me with a cuddle and open another love's door.

I *still* cry in my heart if you're sad or unwell,
With each little cough your discomfort you tell
I'll always treat you with love, fill your feelings full of me
To still let me do all your hurting... I'm your only Daddy... You see?

To kiss you and cuddle you, once, and then read you your lines,
While you never tired of saying, "*Just one more time?*"
Then tuck in your covers, promising you, "*Lash, no tigers will come.*"
As your eyelids grew heavy, I felt, '*My little girl, your day's about done.*'

Dream your own sweet dreams now, my beautiful young miss
Now feel all of your father's love... on *this* gossamer kiss.

I love you, Lash.

"*Goodnight, sweetheart.*" (x)

* * *

MY LITTLE BOY

The feeling of a truth discovered of the joy of my own and a father's firstborn child. And the very real truth... that I only have my children for such a little while. Because no matter the trials and tribulations of their growth to adulthood, when they go their own way, the essence of my child is what I truly remember with heart's love.

The times remembered is that time or times when, in every way to me, I really was their father. And during those times, to them, through *their* eyes, *I* was all who existed.

MY LITTLE BOY

XVIII

Kane, you were my first-born, a bundle of joy
That I'd been so lucky to birth and father a boy
is something I'd wished for then hoped for the best
And alone you came smiling. I knew I'd been blessed.

I've watched you grow and turn into my son
From baby to infant, to child then to adult, all in One
I've loved you fiercely right from the start
Now, you've made it to male-hood with a very good heart.

To see your creations, your drawings and dreams
Your imagination and vision know no boundaries, it seems
I'm filled with great pride when I see what you've done
And my heart loves unashamedly when I think, "You're my son."

You seem to love being with me, at times, even like me as well
And at times, my faults seem forgiven, as far as I can tell
Even when not thinking, lifting higher than man
And your cute little forehead glanced off the ceiling fan.

Crying inside and out for lack of foresight then used
Watching anxiously as you mended, left with only a bruise
Yet you never stopped loving me, sometimes I still weep
Even now, if I tried to lift you, you'd look up before you leap.

Once, you sang along with me, as I played my guitar
The next thing I knew you were driving my car
Going out with your girlfriend whenever you can
So soon, it seemed, goodbye to the boy, and I welcomed the man.

Yet, no matter your future, your dress, or your joy
In my heart I'll be holding always, *my little boy*

I love you, *Kane*.

(x)
* * *

FROM ABOVE THE CLOUDS

A natural *feeling* of all the knowledge, which is already there, asleep in our minds, just waiting to be discovered by its owners.

And a *natural* feeling of how our lives *could* be lived, moment by moment, if we could let the rest of the world live as it liked, and we allowed us to live, as *who* we *really* are, and... be content.

FROM ABOVE THE CLOUDS

I

From above the clouds the dark yields light
From above the clouds comes not wrong, but right
From above the clouds the food is thrown
From above the clouds receives each, his own.

A world of dark that lacks not light,
For right food of knowledge, some eyes burn bright
To light a candle to help show the way
is reason to be, just one more day.

Selfishness and greed need not reign supreme
if hearts were open and dared to dream
of real values, true goals of long-suppressed
showing truth, consideration, and compassion
standing open and naked, yet not undressed.

The food reigns down for all to eat,
but to dine privately for *real* self to meet
Then see the hungry, the tired, and forlorn
and feed them as they face yet another 'morn.

The rays of love *do* shine through the night
Everyone *can* see not wrong, but right
To then through selflessness stand humble, but proud
to have dined of the menu... from above the clouds.

* * *

THE SPACES IN BETWEEN

A feeling that maybe we teach best that which we most need to learn ourselves; and that if we are ready to find truth, we should realise that we are one of the same family of man, and show some love by sharing with those of our own family who are ready to look and listen to, what we, ourselves, have discovered through living our own life.

THE SPACES IN BETWEEN

II

The words and paper, the spaces in between
To sit and write, then wonder what it means
To put feelings naked for all to see
and hope the receiver is not only me.

So much yet to learn, so much yet to teach
The intended recipient to hope to reach
A blank page or a mirror will find the one
who is destined to read and a victory be won.

The help is there from within your mind
to come out as strong as two of a kind
and then help others as was destined you would
whilst putting aside Self, for the doing of good.

So much can come from a train of feeling
when actions are nurtured, and fertile minds sought
To plant and care for the seeds then sown
and help them grow as if your own.

Then see your harvest feed mankind
from the train of feeling you sought to find
And wonder why you take the time
to find heart's feelings, then try to rhyme
for someone to read and discover the mean'
of the words and paper, and the *spaces* in between.

* * *

THE MUSICIAN

A feeling from reflection and discovering some truths from which the obvious is now realised for both past and future, bringing with their discovery the serenity to be happy with the present, and to look forward, without fear, to what is yet to come, being only a variation of the main theme.

THE MUSICIAN

III

I am gone, but I have been-touched by the moonlight of the sun
But the heat I have enjoyed too much to remain as new as the first yesterday.

Dark nights ahead, brightened by the truth of what is yet to come
Bringing the known warmth of all moments past.

To see beyond this moment with the eyes of youth
from this side of my birth
is a blessing of calm and joy...
... an inheritance now known.

To have seen always with gentle vision
sometimes hardened by situations of hurt and merit
Trying always to reclaim the heart's perspective with time,
of what shall be, will be.
and of what has been, was that which was meant to be.

In acceptance of what has been and what will be
comes joy in the lifetimes of moments next
For calm and tranquility only are the conquerors of mortal illusion.

Yes, I am gone, but I have been, yet to return to take up where I'll leave off
and relearn lessons lost and missed
Sadness is not an issue, but is an eagerness
to inhale fully of what is remaining ahead
But to try to get it right, next time ...
So, play it again, *Sam*, one more time, from the top.

* * *

NO SHADES OF GREY

A feeling that every moment's truth can be so easily seen if we look past the illusions which we, ourselves, use to conceal that which we know in our hearts is really there, in plain view, to be seen and accepted as true, without distortion and discontent.

NO SHADES OF GREY

IV

The in-between colours seen within and without,
in times of dark and in moments of doubt
Perception not jaded, a valued friend,
Shows then true colours for future's end.

The scenes are opaque from behind tinted glasses;
Reality's rays bright, the distortion soon passes
Remove the obstruction with eyes open wide
And see the *real* futures are all in your stride.

Illusions of here-say and rumours and lies;
Sometimes in their wake, the truth often dies
But only lies dormant, then arise with glee;
With glasses removed, there's reality to see.

Emotions run wild in moments of stress;
Eyes deep within tunnels, truth just stands in jest
But realise illusions and gone is the haze;
No blinkers exist for all of Earth's days.

Black or white, red or yellow, come from the same bed
Choose your favourite colour, but all men bleed red
See not just the make-up, but colours of heart;
Go back to your future, as it was at the start.

Shades of all colours, rainbow's depth is your choice;
From within and without, truth has only one voice
And look forward to one thing at birth of each day
Look as hard as you like...
... there are no shades of grey.

FEATHERS OF QUILT

A feeling from discovery of Self as part of the whole of us, that the *We* are more important, and are deserving of discovering that which is already known, but lies dormant and is now ready to be seen by some who are searching blindly, along with those who already now know the searcher's real findings-that upon discovery of Self, our end is chosen *by* us, not *for* us.

FEATHERS OF QUILT

V

On feathers of quilt floating high up above;
as slow as one heartbeat on currents of love.
Then soar ever higher and never change course;
no shortage of love from the eternal source.
Glancing down at his troubles of worries and woes;
in his heart, the Captain steers,
“Steady as she goes!”

Smiling quietly at his sadness, concern and sorrow,
With the wisdom of the Ancients, knowing always tomorrow.
On the back of love’s currents, drawing strength night and day;
From the voices of all hearts, love has the last say
All illusions ignored, standing naked in the flame of truth’s golden halo;
No remorse, and no shame.

He sees with love’s vision, the night brings not blindness;
Transparent are the shells when looked at with kindness
Not sad to encounter the some who can’t see;
Still remembering;
“Suffer the little children to come unto me.”

Now in sight his real birthplace, the outer resides;
Where currents of love rise and fall with his tides
Yet knowing he’s needed, ‘though not openly said,
Once again journey downwards to awaken hearts dead.

Maybe one other lost may be searching for a star,
And may only need guidance of a feeling from afar
The time is not yet to soar into the night;
So, on feathers of quilt, one more time,
delay final flight.

* * *

CREATED TO LOVE

A feeling that we are seeking the wrong goals and values, and searching with the wrong motivations.

The unique feeling that conceived us all is the right motivation in searching for the correct unity of our real family, mankind, and to help and support our real kindred is a reward that cannot be valued.

We came into existence from the exchange of a feeling between two hearts, sharing a common bond-the priceless tie of love. We share that common bond with *all* mankind, and it was destined to be regenerated, through each of us.

CREATED TO LOVE

VI

Are we all human beings of flesh and bone;
not computers and dollars with hearts of stone?
All cuts flow freely, colour red we all bleed.
Is it so hard to rise above the want and the need?

The haves and the have-nots, some see it that way,
But for everyone's morning, same sun starts each day
And sunshine costs nothing, shines on rich and poor;
Substitute love for sunshine, obsolete would be war.

Our hearts are our sun with plenty to give
to rich, poor and hopeless, each one of them live
They all are deserving as human beings too,
who eat and who sleep, just like me and you.

It's not hard to give, just ignore self-gain
You'll win in the end, and it causes no pain
Then receive in return for your selfless deed,
a mountain of prayers from that person in need.

Then you'll have gained, and without even asking
By way of the truth in whose light you'll be basking
We *all* need heart's love, and at times without saying
The giver will receive when the needy are praying.

There's no rich or poor, or we, us, or them
They don't really exist, from same heart we all stem
Are we not all humans, the brotherhood of man?
Not need segregation, in lieu, a race of tan?

All blessed with the same heart from eternity above
That heart with it's purpose, was created to *love*.

* * *

RAINCLOUDS

A feeling that truths are discovered in the least obvious ways, by those who are searching and have finally realised that all or some truths have been on offer for some time, but have not been seen because of a waiting for what constitutes a revelation from a preconceived deliverer of light.

Look with your heart to see what truths are being offered to you.
See that the arms outstretched to you are not always garbed in black and white.

RAINCLOUDS

VII

Like a carpet of down, with all shades of gray,
yet bright with full colour, no matter how dark the day
Looking down from above, man's illusions so small.
Wish them know only truth, in so knowing, grow tall.

Our direction an impulse, not knowing the why.
Someone, someplace calling, somewhere in the sky
A moment is searching, crying out to the full;
Maybe just one emotion, but strong is its pull.

We look down on all countries, soaring high up above
Raining down on all colours the mist we call love
Only so much to give, then replaced by another
Our essence depleted, man is worth it-our brother.

Sending rain from our hearts, wet whoever we can,
With droplets of love for Woman and Man
But seen the illusion, not truths that we send
With hope for tomorrow before reaching the end.

Hope just one does wonder, "Why does it rain?"
Is the purpose for our existence, to save man his pain;
of doubts for his future, the past now is known
And learn from mistakes, they're the seeds we've sown.

Man sees the illusion, not existence of We
Yet the love will keep raining to help him to see
Look not at our shapes, only see what we are
What is offered is free, they're truths from afar

Given no charge from heart, from within our grey shrouds
Look with your awareness-are we *really* rainclouds?

* * *

THE LITTLE RAINDROP

A feeling of the life-cycle of the formation of a cloud, spurring on the discovery of a truth in existing, that brings with it contentment in being, and realising that you are not alone in your discoveries, but are joined by many of same heart, who, like you can be, will never lose faith in helping others to freedom from their self-imposed chains.

Because of their unity in strength and knowledge the not-so-obvious, through belief in truth, can continue their task born of love, of trying to share with their family of mankind the truths that will one-day be easily seen by all, irrespective of their bearers or origin.

THE LITTLE RAINDROP

VIII

A vapor from beneath lured up by sun's love,
takes shape in the heavens so high up above
And learns in its travels, it's not here to stay
once knowledge is learned, easily seen the next way.

To join up with others and share then the wealth
Then change state invisible, so quiet with stealth
So much still to learn, new lives be aware;
Of many to befriend, still others who care.

With all of same heart, their purpose then seen
Shapes and colour so pure, soft as down and sheen
To learn from each other, then gather to fold,
All of their knowledge from all of their old.

Size and shape show no limits, no molds can be set
But to grow through more learning, understanding is met
Reaching out for the stars with knowledge they seek
To share with the searchers, the lonely and meek.

In sight of their beginnings, ignored is their task
But to rise up and join them you only need ask
Yet they patiently wait, loving feelings do they send
In the hope of discovery, illusions then end.

Out of love born of knowledge no longer can wait
For blind to see true and knock at their gate
Now to send down a sign to help them along
Then be joined by others with message so strong

“Put aside self-gain; wrongdoing to stop.”

This message to you, from the little Raindrop.

* * *

EXPECTATIONS

A feeling about the so-called events that shape our frame of mind for any given situation or period of time, and the discovery of two real truths -
Reality, and Perception.

Situations or events do not conspire against you. That is the truth of Reality, and, you do not have to be affected by their occurrence. That is the truth of Perception.

Everything that is, exists, for no other reason than to simply just exist. That is Reality.
Your interpretation of everything, that is simply just existing, is your Perception.

How you use your Perception of Reality will determine your inner peace and tranquility.

Perception...It's yours. Use it, or lose it.

EXPECTATIONS

IX

A sharp tongue delivers and often cuts deep.
The owner, a friend, can bring reason to weep
But hear the reality, sweet voice, singing bird.
Nobody has really been hurt by a word.

The deeds done to you seem often unfair.
Brought about by someone who was to care
No need to get even, no need to flee.
The acts in question are not reality, you see?

A good deed done for all the wrong reasons
Is planting right crops in all the wrong seasons
All actions transparent, the receiver will know
Illusions easily seen, to heart truth will go.

You expect to get hurt, you expect the illusion
Reality you get causing pain and confusion
Perceive what you will, it's always the same
Nothing really hurts, it's just part of your game.

You're not truly perceiving, not seeing as so
The shows you create and the endings you know
They're not what is real, yet you see them that way
So they're destined to hurt you at least once a day.

Reality just is, and has always been.
Not caring or worrying as to how it is seen
Through eyes of the beholder the scenery is set.
The curtain goes up, what you see is what you get.

True perception is yours, given to you from afar
It's not what's said, it's not what's done.
It's not what you say, it's not what you do
The true reality is...
... just *who* you are.

* * *

THE WATCHER

A feeling through discovery born of self-realisation that you are really not alone-it only seems that way at times when true perspective is lost or misplaced.

Through the truth of perfection being an illusion, and that to make a mistake is not a sin, is born the realisation of self, as not as important as was at first feeling, and that others, too, think the same way.

Knowing your real needs you need to discover that the only thing you truly don't know is that you really do know more than you think.

You have lots to discover within yourself as who you really are, not what you are, and in moments of doubt and anxiety, remember, you are not alone, and a quiet strength will fill your being as you breathe, helping you to cope.

You are never given any more than you can bear. It only seems that way, remember? Someone who has been where you are now, cares, and wants you to know that if you believe that truth, then you are definitely not alone.

THE WATCHER

X

He watches from afar, his home low above,
looking not with his eyes, but with visions of love
Seeing all of your sadness, your joys, and your sorrows
Unseen in your feelings, he'll be with you tomorrow.

You are not on your own, and he sees not you only
With all men in his feelings, no time to be lonely
As he frequents your life, guiding all that he can
with help from his heart for his brother, man.

His task is to free you while he, himself learns
With his feelings for your guidance, his own freedom earns
This mission of love, chosen by him alone.
Then wrongs from his past, with his love does atone.

Your vision is cloudy, but needs to be clear
Look through now horizons, your life he holds dear
You know more than you think, *that* he wants you to know
So interpret his feelings, he has more seeds to sow.

He is not what he seems, but neither are you
His heart lives within-your heart beats for two
Your world is illusion, though real through your eyes
False barriers all over, the truth often dies.

Your answers are waiting for you to discover
They're all yours alone and belong to none other
But you have to be looking then illusions aren't there
His feelings for your dreamtime to show he does care.

So try to find *truth*, see *above* where you are.
In your *dreams* see the *Watcher*, who *loves* from afar.

* * *

YOU ARE WHO YOU ARE

A feeling that deep within you, deep down, the real you that nobody else knows is not such a bad person.

You are not alone in your troubles, but you really do create, through your own perception of reality, the events and situations that surround you.

Discovery of *who* you know you really are will bring the reality that things are not as bad as they seem, and, there really is something you can do about your lot.

The real truth you will discover is that all things are not always as they seem, and that you, if you want to, can really make a difference to your life and happiness.

You will see the truth in all things as they really are and as it really is, and, you will cope. But first, the essential truth needs to be discovered - that you'll do. You always did. You just didn't know it, and you're worth every bit of the journey of discovery.

Look closely at reflections and introduce yourself to your *Self*, who has been waiting to meet you for a very long time.

YOU ARE WHO YOU ARE

XI

Life isn't so easy, the statement seems true,
when you're down and out, but a message from who?
In your darkest hour it just doesn't seem fair,
and the voice of *Self* says, "Who really cares?"

Your troubles and traumas are deservedly yours
Does someone or something need blame for their cause?
They exist and just are, not another's, your own
An inheritance to you from the seeds you've sown.

Insurmountable they're not, when viewed from afar.
Step out of illusion and see *who* you are
An essence so perfect and pure in a binding
of knowledge in truth, *real* Self is worth finding.

Not really encompassed, but seen that way
So seen then the troubles at start of each day
Real Self reigns supreme when given the lead
Then rises above the want and the need.

As tall as your shadow, late day to mid-morning
when accepting reality in its gentle dawning
Disappointment in life appears victory not won
But when thrown from a horse, you simply get back on.

Be your real heart and truth seems quite clear
Illusions fade, all things become dear
The confidence abounds, serenity resides
You rise above emotions, strength grows on your tide.

Calm waters you are, just perfect and supreme
Not meant to be bound, but created to dream,
of all things worthwhile from within and afar
Look closely at reflections, you are *who* you are.

* * *

TIME TO SURRENDER

A feeling about a truth now realised of accepting that change is constant, inevitable, but not total, in that some things will forever remain unchanged, and to look back on times past, but not with any emotion, except that which is meaningful to your present happiness.

You cannot change the past, nor would you want to, for to do so would affect your happiness in the present.

To visit with serenity is the truth waiting to be discovered, and to realise that you live in your present because of your dreams of yesteryear.

You cannot remain there, for those dreams no longer exist for you. In reality, they are responsible for who and what you are today. But to remember, the heart that dreamed those dreams then can dream again, but of the future, your future, where you are truly destined to be.

TIME TO SURRENDER

XII

Some sadness remembering your era past.
No travelling back, the die is cast
With memories strong of youth and dreams.
Then often feeling, the end justifies the means.

Follow the *now* dream, the feeling for each day
No matter the cost, just find the way
And live for each moment, forgetting tomorrow
No feeling for the future, accepting the sorrow.

To want to go back with knowledge of now
And do some things different, but not know how
without changing today, and some things you love
A risk worth taking, a feeling from above.

Change is constant as well you know
So on journey of time, down memory lane you go
But to never look, back, yet remember the way
These feelings as you wake and start each new day.

It's not wrong to remember the good times and bad
To look back and smile, to sometimes feel sad
And wish for a visit, but not want to stay
Just enjoy being back there so time's heart may sway.

To see where dreams started with futures in hand
With a heart-full of courage when your journey began
Letting all the old loves fill full that same heart
To make you *who* you were, right there at the start.

Then let go of the *then*, with a tear, but remember
Your young heart is *still* there, *now* it's time to surrender.

* * *

HOLD FAST TO THE CENTRE

A feeling that you really cannot, and should not lie to the one person in your world who should never be lied to-*who* you really are, where pure golden truth for you resides, in the heart of that person so fine. Although it is encased, the truth you have to discover is that it *can* be reached, but only by you.

Then you'll see events and people for what and who they really are, including yourself-you're worth finding. You always were. Then you can change your existence and that of those around you.

There is much beauty to be found in silence, and *you*, are truly a beautiful person. You just don't know how to believe it-yet. But deep down you know it, and so do I.

The *real* you waiting to be discovered is truly worth knowing. Wouldn't you like to be *who* and *what* you know you really are?

Someone has to be the very best at who you are in your life and happiness-why not *you*?

Why *not* you?

HOLD FAST TO THE CENTRE

XIII

There exists a place where all can take hold;
where truth will flow forth for young and old
To take along with them in daily life,
and free them of worries and troubles and strife.

This place is your centre, the jewel of your Nile
To bring forth contentment with a creaseless smile
The *source* of true happiness from deep within
Free from lies and deceit and all forms of sin.

It needs you to find it and discover its presence
To know your real nature, it's truth is your essence
And live as just you, the way *you* really are...
a perfect, beautiful human being, on loan from a star.

When your centre you've found and discovered the mean'
The truths will shine clearly from within and between
No moments of doubt as obstacles in your way
To then confidently go forward throughout each day.

Not found on the surface your centre lies deep
You must journey inwards, as if in a sleep
While contemplating just being, its edges you'll find
As soft as a mother's love, deep within your mind.

Its radiance will hold you like magik, spellbound
Deep contentment you'll feel in the heart you've found
Never again be alone in moments of doubt
Knowing always self-knowledge is your only way out.

You'll discover your *real* Self, your guide and your mentor
Who'll say when you meet,
"*Hold fast to the centre.*"

* * *

IN FEAR OF

A feeling of a truth long in discovering, that the self-constructed barriers you put up around your being are to stop from being hurt-hurt coming in all the forms of illusion our furtive, creative imagination can visualize, through ignorance of the one, real, truth-that we all stem from the same heart, and, since heart understands heart we really have nothing to be afraid of. Nobody really wants to hurt you-not really, and if they do, then it's to protect themselves, in their eyes, from being hurt too, as they see it.

You were created in love, born out of love, and you want to be loved. The barriers are an illusion, not protecting, but in fact are responsible for hurting others as well as yourself.

Since we all really want to love and be loved, can you see that your self-protective barriers are not necessary at all?

And since we all want to love and be loved, then we are really not alone, are we.

IN FEAR OF

XIV

In fear of being hurt did I hurt did I hurt first.
Emotions sometimes dying and dry from thirst
In fear of being unloved did I love last.
Too late now, it's feeling, the die is cast.

In fear of aloneness, self-counsel did I keep
And in moments of doubt found cause to weep
In fear of disbelieved did I disbelieve
And of the one most important did I deceive.

In fear of weakness did I force strength
To accept my chosen lot, to any length
In fear of seen as same did I force pride
Until a lifetime of moments passed, to myself I lied.

In fear of being cold did I build fires
To warm moments of doubt, anxiety and desires
In fear of letting go did I stay chained
To attitudes and forms of feeling, my self-worth drained.

In fear of lifetime's end I felt to stay
And cheat the reaper's meeting from day to day
In a world of illusion I sought to find
the end of all my fears as one of a kind.

A world where seemed never a happy place,
To go anywhere, anytime, and only see one face
Then reality seen, illusion soon disappears,
Along with shaded vision went all of my fears.

And without these ghosts am no longer alone
But surrounded by love, and see clearly now,
I never really was on my own.

* * *

THE OTHER YOU

A feeling that on most occasions throughout our lives when a wrong decision was made, we knew it was wrong at the time because it just didn't *feel* right.

Inside of us lies the means to absorb, sort, collect, compare, reason, deduce, and then give us the result of all that information for the right decision to be made in the form of a *feeling*-not a hunch, or a guess, but a strong *feeling* of right or not-right for only us, with no injustice for another.

To do what that feelings *says* is right or not-right for us may not always be what we want, may not always make us happy, and may not be what we would like, but yet, it *feels* right for us.

And therein lies the truth of it.

The person responsible for these feelings is the real you-*who* you really are.
It's the *you* that you hardly ever get to meet.

Get to know that person. Get to know the *other* you. They are part of your master plan.
They are the *Master*, and they love you.

THE OTHER YOU
XV

There is another me, I believe with all my heart
He's been with me throughout my lives, right from the very start
I even know his name, and you know, it isn't mine
Yet I remember our beginnings, since origin in time.

This other me's not visible, through my eyes easily seen
Especially concerning want and need, and dilemma in between
I know why his existence, though I often ignore his words
Realising also the consequences for wanting to rejoin the herd.

He's the one who always says "No," when all I want is "Yes."
From where he gets his wisdom, I can only guess.
Advice is given freely, from him to me with love,
This guidance bringing me closer to origin above.

Not always do I listen, he shakes his head in wonder
His words keep ringing in my ears, sometimes as loud as thunder
I know he's right, he's never wrong, yet still I do the other
Ignoring what I *feel* is right, accepting the illusion of another.

Do I have to die? Is that what it'll take, to make me see the light?
How foolish so-called wants and needs, illusions only of right
He tells me all I'll need to know, with soft and gentle voice
But he can't help me do what I alone must do, to simply make the right choice.

It really doesn't matter what I want or think I need
To him I'm special and important, he only asks I heed
The choice, he says, is as easy as telling day from night
Just do what should come *naturally*, just simply do what *feels* right.

He's here for me as this life's guide and will always tell me true
Do you know what else he also says? He's *also* here for *you*.

* * *

LESS THEY SLIP AWAY

A feeling of undoing that which time has put together through a lifetime of highs and lows, trials and tribulations, joys and sorrows, happiness and ecstasy, but realising that all of those feelings were what made the foundation of the relationship so rock-solid in the first place.

And so, the rediscovery of the feelings that made the *we* what we are now, and to remember how precious those feelings have been in the past, and how easily they could be lost if you were not careful.

LESS THEY SLIP AWAY

XVI

The heavy heart if good-byes said
From memories sweet of love's own bed
Of tender words and feelings shared
In hopeful return of two lifetimes shared.

Give and take is love's stated answer
Why then be the lonely dancer?
Far from perfection, accepted true
But known since saying, "*Yes, I do.*"

Two hearts then now forged as one
Fused together by deep love's sun
To separate cleanly by surgeon's knife
No skills exist for two to life.

The surgeon time with scalpel dull
The only sure answer while moment's lull
For all to find happiness on separate path
Rather than continue accepting wrath.

How long love's well? Some cuts run deep
A bottomless chasm, like endless sleep
And draw again from this deep length
To keep joined two hearts in newfound strength.

Then share again the morning sun
Both warmed by happiness, love's potion done
Together, arm in arm, through this first new day
Strange new feelings, be careful, less they slip away.

* * *

LOVING HEART

A feeling of a truth discovered of disillusion-that of it not being reality, but rather a distorted misconception regarding an expected situation. Imperfections in us reign supreme, but we can be sorry for them and learn from them at the same time, giving us hope for future happiness.

True feelings of contentment between two people are not built overnight, but their existence can sometimes fade into obscurity with their subtle modification in the passage of time.

True love should not remain as it was in the beginning, or it will not endure. It must be modified by the behaviour of experienced sharing of life's road. Then hopefully it can be recognised for what it has developed into-a love that was meant to be, and meant to stay, if it's not too late.

**LOVING HEART
XVII**

For time unspent a tear is shed
For love that jades, a life is bled
Young family now, old parents then
The time needed, gone, I know not when.

Regrets like raindrops I would could change
As hurts I gave far and wide now range
But change required sometimes cannot
For all of love's petals, the strong ray's hot.

Some damage done seen deep from within
Can no longer hide, health's wall is thin
Reality looked at clean and stark
Admitted and accepted, the nights appear dark.

Maybe storms on horizon are forecast only
And time remaining need not be lonely
If love's rays shine, dark clouds may lift
Resentments fade and heal the rift.

Futures can arrive by will
Love's strange, strong magik visible still
If only recognition can come to pass
Before leaving behind Earth's soft, green grass.

Some love still showing can shine through yet
As tear ducts fill with no regret
Love yet to come from my cupid's dart
Still fills this unworthy, but *loving* heart.

* * *

I CAN'T SAY GOODBYE... JUST SO LONG

A feeling that you truly never appreciate what you have until you lose it. But in realising that, then it doesn't have to be lost. Not really. So the loss you don't have to get used to- just the *missing*, until you find it again.

I CAN'T SAY GOODBYE... JUST SO LONG
XX

I remember well your guidance and love,
though you're resting now on the winds above
For those distant times of yesteryear,
the price of memory lane, I'll gladly spend a tear.

Not sad at the memories, just missing you so...
the handshakes and embraces of not so long ago
And the loneliness felt at not having you here
is eased by the memories that keep you so near.

I'm happy with life, a little proud you might be
Often searching my dreams for your faces to see
Then watch them smile with me when I often say
"G'day, Mum and Dad, It's been a long day."

I thank you for bringing me into your life
Knowing now in gained knowledge with family and wife
I understand also the joy you'd have known
as you witnessed the growth of the seed you've sown.

Your understanding and love helped through many a day
when young, knowing nothing, going along my own way
And you let me run free when you decided you must
Having faith in your guidance, and in me, your trust.

But I'd try to come up smiling so you really could see
I could manage on my own as I tried to be me
Thinking I knew more than you as I headed for each fall
Now realising, *Mum and Dad*, you really *did* know something after all.

If it weren't for your love I would never have grown strong
I'll *always* love you both, but I *can't* say goodbye... just, *so long*.

Your son,
(xx)

* * *

THE TOUGH GET GOING

A feeling of discovering that you'll do, that you're enough, that you always were. And that maybe you just didn't realise it, until now.

Make a deal with the rest of the world. Let it allow you to be, just who you really are. And then maybe the rest of the world will be as you'd like it to be.

THE TOUGH GET GOING
XXI

You're on your own and friends are few,
Your back's to the wall and so are you
Impending disaster seems everywhere,
And no one but you who seems to care.

You believe you've tried, always done your best
Stood by your few principles and hang the rest
You know they work after all these years
of giving up feelings and holding back tears.

The one feeling you hold that's dear to your heart
To be honest with people right from the start
Not always appreciated, but you didn't care
yet some always did, and your gratitude they share.

You've always come through if it came to a fight
and never stopped trying, no matter how dark the night
One thing keeps you going, and peacefully to sleep
That all of your words are given to keep.

You don't have all the answers, you don't know it all
You don't always realise when you're riding for a fall
but of the little you do know you are very sure
So you'll do the right by everybody and more.

You didn't give up then, and you won't give in now
You're never alone, but you're never sure how
What shall be, will be, that principle's unchanged
To stand by them as long as time remains.

Some don't understand, but they will with the knowing
When the going gets *tough*, the tough get going.

* * *

ILLUSIONS

A feeling that what you see is what you get, if that's the way you want to look at it. The happenings of the world do not conspire against you. The rest of the world usually has better things to do, like you do.

There is only you who creates your world and everything in it, and when you realise this, truly realise this, then life really is wonderful.

ILLUSIONS

XXII

What is an *illusion*, the truth it is not.
You need true perspective to interpret your lot
Look all the way through it from front to back.
How you see it will determine how you'll act.

No need for depression, or for any emotion
that causes unnecessary pain or commotion
which sets in motion the wrong train of thought
with the end result being, you win is naught.

All of your actions are based on your feelings
They cannot be true if emotions are reeling
from something you *think* has happened to you
Reality just doesn't care-reality is true.

Illusions are everywhere just for you alone
Through eyes of *real* Self must you see on your own
No help from a friend, your sister, or brother
But with eyes of your heart which belongs to none other.

There's truly only *you* who cares for your life
who'll keep you above all your troubles and strife
and see the real truths lain baked and bare
Then act on the wisdom from those yet to care.

Illusions are not truths, but are easily seen
when you're tired and troubled, on no one to lean
But that's when you must look with visions of heart
and see each moment's truth from the very start.

How you perceive will determine your "*Why?*"
Look with your *understanding*, the truth does *not* lie.

* * *

A HAPPY ENDING

A feeling that we, as a species are travelling on the wrong road, but the builders are at work.

We are living for today and not for the future of our kind.

The wrong values are being taught and set, yet it need not be that way.

Your world is not a part of you-you are a part of it-a part of the whole-a part of the heart of this human race.

But the heart is not well. It needs attention-the medicine of unity of spirit.
And then all will be well tomorrow, where your children's children will live.

But they need their grandparent's guidance - now.

A HAPPY ENDING

XXIII

On the crest of a moonbeam on downward trend,
to enlighten mankind before reaching the end
For the few need help with the path they are paving,
as the many are weak and in need if saving.

Most values are wrong, the principles too weak
to have lasting effect on the mild and the meek
No discipline for children, the parents like ice
A *free-love* generation now paying the price.

The efforts of the few have not been in vain
But the time it is taking will cause unfelt pain
For the many are resentful of a single good deed
when there's nothing in it for them, unaware of its seed.

That seed has been planted, but growth is too slow
Fast growth is required for results soon to show
that man really can change of his own volition
is needed to be seen, that's the name of this mission.

The few are too scattered to be seen as strong
unless they join forces and prevent journey long
Show forth a strong leader with foresight, not pride
Then change will spread quickly with the rising tide.

Great minds of this race, all directions you pull
whilst not serving humanity a fraction of full
You walk on the moon, create new life from seed
But the children of your world have a love and a need

It *isn't* your minds, but your *hearts* that *need mending*
If your attitudes are right at the beginning,
there will *always* be a happy ending.

* * *

BACK TO THE FUTURE

A feeling that truth, consideration, compassion, and understanding can overcome a lot of shortfalls in this imperfect world. We don't have, and can't afford the time to sit back and judge. Our future generations need us to look past our shortcomings and help them when they really need it.

Always is the time to learn, and that time is always *now*.
You, the learner. You, the doer.
And you... the teacher.

BACK TO THE FUTURE
XXIV

Looking back on the past, on the eve of new year
Looking forward to the next with a smile and a tear
A smile of contentment to have completed another
season of trying to help your brother.

Not always appreciated, of that you're sure
But you don't mind, not expecting much more
Work done at times with, "*God give me strength.*"
But done whilst happy, at any length.

Some leaders of tomorrow always in your keeping
Their characters so lacking at times leaves you weeping
Education seems missing, the learning not there
But they need you to keep trying, because you care.

Some can't read or write, with arithmetic poor
From a system of education you would expect more
But teaching only works with a willingness to learn
but there just doesn't seem to be that need or yearn.

The attitude generally is one of self-gain
No consideration or compassion at hurt or pain
even when caused by them, with seeds they sow
It's hard to criticize when they simply just don't know.

Yet they're all you've got and you know they'll do
So the discipline of their childhood rests heavily with you
for the job to be done as you know it should
by changing their attitudes and instilling some good

So it's back to the future with a *happy heart*
For the young wait patiently, to be *loved* from the *start*.

* * *

FOREVER SEARCHING

A feeling of a truth in discovering where you came from, where you've been, and where you're going, by realising the obvious beauty of being just who you are - the perfect essence of a beautiful human being, capable of an endless supply of wonderful feelings.

Why search for the meaning of life, when that meaning you search for is your existence, through your every feeling.

FOREVER SEARCHING

XXVI

From the *starlight* of my yesteryear,
on the dawning of a morning tear
Gossamer love within the evening star
kiss the moonbeams from a world afar.

Beauty bathed in shining rainbow's glow,
touch the moment's only hearts will know
Sleepy eyes from stardust floating down
waiting patiently for next time around.

Silver sheen from sparkling morning dew,
caress the rays of evening love anew
Bathed in sunshine from a teardrop feeling
dry in moonglow from a heart now sought.

Angle's wings so white of purest snow,
feather's of quilt from moon's evening glow
touch the snowflake falls on heaven's lawn
kissed by stardust from the morning's dawn.

Gentle vision, eyes of tender heart,
softly vessels fill from ageless start
Beauty held aloft the world will see
glowing radiance of the children to me.

Purple red the roses bloom with time,
fragrance gentle wafts the nostrils fine
Words of beauty warm a feeling so colder,
searching always the eyes of the beholder.

*Senses flying on life's journey clear
from the starlight of my yesteryear.*

* * *

A QUILT OF WORDS

A feeling of a truth discovered that at one time, the knowledge of the world was deliberately destroyed, with the recording of it being a punishable offence. So, the wise men of old, believing that at any cost the truth must survive and surface when ready to be seen disguised their wisdom between the words of carefully constructed poems and prose.

This way they knew that the only ones who could understand the meaning of the lyrics were those whose love for mankind allowed the interpretation of the spaces in between to happen as was intended. While those who were not interested in anything other than Self would see only a poem or a meaningless collection of pretty words.

A QUILT OF WORDS

XXVII

The describers of everything from beginning to end,
sometimes holding visions of messages to send
with wisdom implanted with love to be found,
when the eyes are ready to hear truth's sound.

Used as a trigger for awareness to create,
not meant as a force to engender a hate
when born of caring the wisdom is seen,
in between the spaces of love and sheen.

Wrongly used for a means of war,
only widening the gap to the distant shore
Designed to teach by the ancients of old,
with different shapes and letters so bold.

The truths were not seen as intended they would,
compassion, consideration, and instilling of good
So as not to be lost when the ready will see,
hidden shallow and waiting for you and for me.

It was all they could do for generations to come,
the good to be taught, evil forces undone
Intended to move and separate from the herds,
by planting carefully between chosen words.

By inheritance of birth the memories live,
the reason not known, but the willingness to give
Several are they who are chosen to conceal,
the wisdom of the ancients, with love and zeal

Not known why the choice, but with messages clear
within a quilt of words lay the *truths* of yesteryear.

* * *

HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH?

A feeling that the very best we can do is only a limit we place upon ourselves, and, as a result of accepting that statement our results become just that-the very best we can do.

Why put a limit on our performance in the first place? Who says that is the very best you can do? Who says that enough is too much?

Someone has to be the absolute very best at who you are and what you can do - *why* not you?

Why *not* you?

HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH?

XXVIII

*"It's more than I can bear, I just can't cope
in over my head without a hope
Too much to expect of just me, I'm swear
I can only do so much, I haven't a prayer.*

*I'm not all that smart, just average is me
I've done my best, why can't you see?
I've tried all I can with not much rest
To tell you the truth I've done my best.*

*Only so much effort that I can put in
still results from performance end up in the bin
Just what does it take, 'til what time at night?
I make all the sacrifices, with no end in sight."*

* *

'Not more than you can bear, and you really can cope
It's *not* over your head, and you *do* have a hope
Not *too* much to expect from someone who cares
You can do a lot more without help from your prayers.

You don't *have* to be smart, just *wise*, you see?
To do your best for the one you call *me*
Don't *try*, just *do* - you don't need *that* much rest
Not worry about outcome, just personal best.

You really don't know how much you *can* do
All results from your efforts a reflection of you
Do whatever it takes to *get* the job done
There's something truly beautiful in the rising sun

The end justifies the means is a saying as such
So, if it means *that* much to you - how much is *too* much?'

* * *

IT'S ALL OKAY

A feeling that we should perceive the troubles of the world from a certain caring distance, and see clearly that we are not alone and are really a part of an entire species. All the trauma of the world is a happening reality, moment by moment, and we are a part of each of those moments.

Perceive that there *could* be a reason for every moment, and just be content with your *own* moments of future, using only the choices that affect only you, knowing in your heart that whatever happens, anywhere, anytime, anyplace, if it feels right, that's exactly the way it was supposed to be, and be content.

IT'S ALL OKAY

XXIX

It always was, but not to know,
Back from the light the journey slow
Eyes opened wide, all senses clear,
Back from the future to yesteryear.

Now reasons known for nature's choices
Heart's silent, yet loud, the truth in voices
All lives are learning, all death is life
No pain or heartbreak, woe or strife.

Each one is all and all are one
Seen clearly now in shade of sun
A single heartbeat for one and all
Our species breathes, united and tall.

The feeling now a name not known
But visible clearly through eyes of own
Radiance surrounds, all things now clear
Our family of man is worthy of a tear.

All will be well no matter the end
Truth painted in destiny by master's send
Roads could have been smooth, directions clear
Yet progress not from yesterday's fear.

Every ending there to patiently wait
Each helping hand unties a gate
Must live for all and all as only
Each spirit free, and never lonely

No fears for futures in each new day
You, are written in the stars...
So it's all okay.

* * *

MOMENT BY MOMENT

A feeling that we waste so much of our precious little time available letting our *possible* futures rest in the hands of others.

You have control over your destiny and the serenity that *could* be yours if you would only embrace every living, breathing moment of your life and love it like hell.

There's never enough time. It started running out the day you were born, remember? Start *living* the future you want for yourself, *now*, and be happy.

MOMENT BY MOMENT
XXX

This moment now gone to become the past.
The next one is here and the die is cast
How quickly they come, more quickly they go.
The future, now present, then past you know.

With lightning speed they approach where you are
Not stopping for anything, en-route from a star
bringing your destiny to lay at your feet
Stark, real and naked, your future to meet.

Like fairies of the night, so hard to hold
Your moments won't wait for you to grow old
They go right on through you and change as you blink
Future becomes past a lot quicker than you think.

You must choose them now, don't wait for too long
Or history will sing you your own swan song
Don't wait for your future, always asking, how
The next moment is in front of you - your future is now.

Choose your moments carefully, make every one count
Then you're part of your future as your past dismounts
You have the control, so keep making the choice
of your moments of future with heart as your voice.

Don't wait for it to happen, then look back in sadness
Live moment by moment in constant gladness
Choose and embrace them with all of your heart
Come back to your future, always here at the start

Your future loves you and will show you how
Chosen moment by moment... *your* future is always, *NOW*.

* * *

IT'S NICE TO BELIEVE

A feeling about whether or not it really matters whether there is a heaven or a hell - whether or not there is really a master plan for all of us. What good would it do us if we really knew?

If there is a God, don't you think He would want you to be happy in your life?
Why not believe in the things that are only going to make you happy?

We all want to love and be loved. It feels so great, so right. Why would we want to believe in something that would result in hurting someone, or ourselves?

Believe you have the choices in what you believe in and go ahead and live those choices to the fullest, and *be happy*.

IT'S NICE TO BELIEVE

XXXI

It's nice to believe that it's all worthwhile
The effort and the tears, occasionally a smile
To believe there's a reason for all that you do
To believe things can change, all because of you.

It's nice to believe you're a part of a plan
To live your destiny for the good of man
To believe they care through your goals and dreams
To believe you are helping with ideas and dreams.

It's nice to believe that it doesn't stop here
Then it doesn't seem wasted, the time before yesteryear
To believe it goes onwards and upwards through time
To believe anniversaries are nothing but rhyme.

It's nice to believe somewhere, someone cares
for the courage it takes to be one who dares
if he thinks it will help some others in turn
by making them think, so encouraging to learn.

It's nice to believe you're sincere and true
No ulterior motives meant to help only you
Seen as not so by some yet to see
The intended recipient not meant to be me.

If they'll only care you'll continue to dream
for the benefit of all, or so it will seem
So all can teach love, not meant to deceive
And be loved in return, yes, it's nice to believe.

* * *

YOUR ONLY CHOICE

A feeling that you are really the only one stopping you from doing whatever feels right for you, with no injustice intended for another, by indirectly or directly choosing not to do it.

Every time you say that you've done enough, or, it's too hard, or, that will do, or, it's more than I can do, you are choosing to put a limit on what you can achieve.

There's really only one thing you don't know, and that is, you really don't know *what* you can do.

So, don't choose limits or ceilings on what you can and cannot do. Just do it, and keep on doing it until you *do it*, and *it's done*.

YOUR ONLY CHOICE

XXXII

Anything you want, the choices are there,
existing for you, but first you must care
enough to sacrifice illusions of need
Break the chains of your past, dedicate to the deed.

You can always give up when the going gets tough
meaning you simply didn't want it strongly enough
If it's really your choice it doesn't seem hard
You'll want it so much you'll win by a yard.

To always give more when there's no more to give
makes the world of difference for your choice to live
Too much not enough if really sincere
with the decision you've made from your heart to hear

A voice from within saying all will be well
if you do a little harder then truth will tell
of the effort you've laid on your path of desire
with steel in your veins and a heart of fire.

Who's to say you've done all you can?
Are you not your master, the destiny of man?
With courage of Self, brought forth by your dream
that you really can do it with just one on your team?

You can never stop doing, always more you can do
to bring life to the choice made only for you
You've more in reserve just awaiting a call
and, just like the sun's love, there's plenty for all

You, are a beautiful human being, told by your heart's voice
But you get *nothing* for nothing-that's really your *only* choice.

* * *

YOUR VERY BEST FRIEND

A feeling that inside of you resides the one person who really knows every secret about the real you.

That person is you, your Self - *who* you really are, because that's exactly who you are - your *Self*.

If you listen to your Self you will never be unhappy because what you hear *will* be right, for only you.

You'll know it's right because it will *feel* right.

Get to know your Self and listen, with your heart. You can be your own worst enemy, or, your very *best* friend.

YOUR VERY BEST FRIEND

XXXIII

Who's always there in times of trouble?
The same one who's there when life's all bubble
Who cares and lets you know quite clearly,
that no matter what, you're loved most dearly?

The one who stays hidden and rarely seen
Whose love is tender like gossamer sheen
Taken for granted, often lost in living
But as need arises, comes forth in giving.

The one who exists solely to love you
as much as the one residing above you
But rarely recognised in times of need
The only message, your *Self* you heed.

To always come through in stress or doubt
when all your support has finally stepped out
and reminds you that at least one other does care
and will be with you to climb that last high stair.

Doesn't want to be thanked, just admit existence
and can only be seen with your insistence
Tiring of being continually ignored
But ready with support in moments of discord.

Who wants you to know you're never alone
and you don't have your problems to solve on your own
You just have to see that this person is true
to never be lonely, your heart beats for two

When you've no more to give, a heart there to lend
to *you*, from your *Self-you* very best friend.

* * *

TO BE A WINNER!

A feeling - Welcome to the first day of the rest of your life. Do you want to be *in* it? You *can*! Just state *this* out loud; “This is *my* life, and I’ll *live* it for *me*!”

Nice name for a song? *Sing* your life away!
Win for only *you*!

TO BE A WINNER!

XXXIV

It all gets down to the size of your heart,
which determines how hard you try at the start
No matter your looks, your age, or your race,
with only one competitor,
you're bound for first place.

To try with all your heart is all you know,
and in any avenue of life you'll win as you go
Do whatever it takes to get the job done,
and look proudly in the mirror that says;
"You're *done!*"

The fans are not there, nor the T.V. or press
But you don't really care because you've done your best
to never give up, not care what they say
as you try with all your heart, and achieve another day.

The beginning is where you start with all of the rest
No feelings of victory, just your personal best
Then walk head held high to the dais of fame
and present to the losers, your heart's loving flame.

In everyday life competition is there
and to enter the contest you just have to care
You know that you'll win right from the start
But you'll still keep trying with all of your heart.

The students and parents, the rich and the poor
The workers and the clergy, the teacher's of much more
The way to your victories leaves me speechless and proud
Warm smiles on faces, hearts cheering silently, but loud

Your efforts an inspiration to this humble beginner
So, just for *me*, with *all* my heart, I'm *going* to be a *winner!*

* * *

HARMONY OF SOUND

A feeling that we are really not meant to be alone; that we are happiest most when we are one of a number-part of a team-part of a family.

Guess what? I believe we are!

We always are, no matter how alone we feel. We are one of the family of man who *should* show love and consideration for the rest of the *family*; who *could* show love and consideration for the rest of the *family*, if we *wanted* to; if it seemed *important* enough.

We really do work and live better as a team, and we *will*. Just wait and see.

A *guitar* can do it. *We* can, too.

You'll see.

Would *you* like to help tune up?

HARMONY OF SOUND

XXXV

Each string in its own place, an island alone,
but without its siblings can't perform on its own
Individually all different when viewed from the moon
But each needs the other to bring life to tune.

The need by harmonic, essential for blend,
for ears to hear symphony from beginning to end
Only one not quite there, the sound is all wrong
adding insult to injury by hurting the song.

By listening with *feel* can detect the dis-chord
It just doesn't seem right, different language, wrong word
But then to make right and attune to the others
A *family* once more in harmony with brothers.

All notes not alike, each different when found
but when working together they give complete sound
Unhappy alone or when just not quite right
Happiness in a teardrop for sound as true as sight.

Now lend wings to tune and melody soars,
to be part of the whole while happiness roars
to waiting ears that smile with that sound,
making happy that instant on this time 'round.

Now remembering the time when all was not well
With wisdom now known, the result one could tell
Recognised as a flaw in a diamond so fine
Such beauty not deserving disharmony in time

To set all things right with tender, loving care
for harmonics to float away, become one with the air
Looking down on mankind with a loving frown
knowing everything *could* be made right, like *harmony of sound*.

* * *

ONE RAINY NIGHT

A feeling, that we hear what we wish to hear, see what we wish to see, feel what we wish to feel, and do what we wish to do. We can make believe *anything*.

Who is to say it isn't *really* true?

And they say *animals* are an inferior species? We can learn a lot from this inferior species.

We could even learn how to treat each *other*. Wouldn't *that* be nice?

Do *you* have a pet?

Maybe you would *like* one?

Maybe you *need* one?

Maybe *I* do?

ONE RAINY NIGHT

XXXVI

Voices from everywhere, a noisy melee,
but listen with heart and soon will see
the baritone frog with his promise of rain,
the soprano cricket sings aloud his claim.

From another place they seem at listening's start
But soon heard familiar through visions of heart
Then seem not so strange with voices so hurled
to realise with a smile we all share the same world.

But why do they talk and some of them sing?
To anyone who will listen, a message they bring
The joy of just *being*, sharing sounds with another.
Man, the only animal who despises his brother.

The plump little frog and cricket so fine
don't hate or slander with passage of time
but are glad to move over and share their room
with no cries of vengeance or threats of doom.

They don't preconceive, to all kinds sounds they give
All based on inner truth of, live and let live
And ask not one thing to help with their lot
But with all mankind they share what they've got.

Asking nothing in return except to just be,
and maybe live peacefully beside you and me
Not a lot to ask for their symphony of sound
to exist here with us on this time around,
and hope we hear melody and not just the voices
To realise we humans have so many choices

We *can* share existence with one another
The little cricket and the frog, in their essence, *our brother*.

* * *

THERE'S A REASON

A feeling that there really is a reason for everything that is - everything that was, and everything that happens. We have to accept that no matter what that reason is, we are going to be the better for it.

We cannot change the world, only *our* world, and we do that constantly because of life's *reasons*, only we don't know it.

Serenity is the name of the game. Learn from *life's* reasons and be happy.
That's the main reason.

THERE'S A REASON

XXXVII

There's a reason for the raindrop wetting the ground,
to help brothers and sisters on the next round
And with their growth strong help others in turn,
continuing existence, satisfying a yearn.

There's a reason for happiness and sadness as well
One could not know t'other for heart's love to swell
If needs keep outpouring whenever the need,
in all areas of emotion, the stabilizer, the seed.

There's a reason for the agony and ecstasy too
Two sides of the same coin, the value is you
By completing your balance, knowing all extremes,
and just living your life, while dreaming your dreams.

There's a reason for innocence and not so at times
for the verdict, you the jury in judgement will find
the crime not the seed for the sentence to be sought
For the deed to be judged is the deed of thought.

There's a reason for the start and the ending too
Wrongly seen as life and death, simply beginnings anew
The value so great at times not even seen
But in the heart of your future lies the time in between.

There's a reason for you and a reason for me,
Not known at times why, but perception will see
We're both a small part of that human called *Man*
Each part so special and loved, its own place, its brand.

Meaning there's really only one heart to cope with life's seasons
Our purpose is to realise this and discover,
There's a reason.

* * *

THE TIME BETWEEN

A feeling that we should trust and follow our natural emotionless feelings of right or not-right and be happy in doing so, while we still have the time.

THE TIME BETWEEN

XXXVIII

We start at our best with innocent hearts,
Looking back with regret from a series of starts
With wonderment we gaze at the world anew
With the same feeling looking back at mistakes not so few.

The vision of hindsight shows the way quite clear
But without that benefit in times of yesteryear
The mistakes come thick and fast for learning to take place
To finally realise we are just one part of this human race.

The hurts that occurred with the joys and the sorrows
and the hope with the learning's of some happier tomorrows
Time wasted in ignorance of not asking the *why*
between when we are born and when we die.

Fine sand began falling from the very first breath
and the last grain will fall in time with our death
The most valuable essence in between two ends
to find the right directions around life's many bends.

Things could have been learned and should have been done
to complete the time spent beneath the evening sun
Not soon enough, will be too late to right that wrong
of yesterday and tomorrow, and of future long.

The sands will keep falling from glass prison above
We have to start seriously on the teaching of love
so others can learn and have happier days
by enlightening the many and showing the way

If not the sands falling will never be seen
our journey will be wasted, in the time between.

* * *

TO SPLIT THE ZERO

A feeling that you could strive in your life to live the philosophy that your very best efforts will only just do, so anything less on your part is going to fall way short of the mark.

One day, and that day will come, it will be asked of you to better your personal best in order to survive, and unless you do, you will not.

There are no shades of grey for you. You are bettering your personal best at all times because you believe you can, or you aren't.

There really is no other way to be the unlimited idea of freedom that *Jonathon Livingston Seagull* always wanted you to be.

TO SPLIT THE ZERO
XXXIX

From the bed of apathy dissatisfaction is bred,
knowing all *must* be better, mediocrity to shred
Strive only for excellence, *nothing* less will do,
when the going gets tough, there's only you.

Not preoccupied with outcome, just personal best
Taking care of the present and hang the rest
A *hell* of a lot riding on how well you do,
for a hundred percent effort, and all from you.

Your best's *not* enough, you've not done *all* you can.
Use the *Will* of your ancestors and the heart of *Man*
There's *no* limits for *you* that your accuracy can reach
With no shades of grey, there's *more* in the breach.

Strive for *better* than best, then do better *again*,
on this midnight approach, thunder, lightning, and rain
Life's dependent on precision and accuracy supreme
Bite that bullet and try *harder*, then continue to dream.

Two hundred feet is as low as you come.
Not one ninety-nine, nor two hundred and one
Plus or minus five degrees a luxury now past.
To the closest degree now or the die is cast.

No matter the stress, just *have* to come through,
With pursuit of excellence, your best will only *just* do
Topography, the master, is *near*, rising *high*,
to be matched by your spirit smiling through the night sky.

Your life's on the clocks, in the needles you scan.
Keep steering your destiny as honestly as you can
Hold the indicators frozen at minima,
"You're clear!"
Runway lights now in sight, *feel* the warmth of that tear.
You've *bettered* your *best* whilst *not trying* the hero
Your *precision*, your *pursuit*,
to split the zero.

SPACES

A feeling of a truth discovered in realising that I alone might make a difference.

I cannot teach awareness, only attempt to *trigger* it by writing in a not-so-obvious style in the hope of just one person maybe thinking;

“What does he mean by that?”

And then maybe thinking about it, again and again.

If the motivation is there to discover the meaning of the spaces between the words, then the awareness I seek for you will slowly emerge. While those who don't question my meanings will at least *feel* good for having read the words between the spaces.

Everybody gains something. Nobody misses out completely.

Have a nice life, and keep me handy when you need a friend.

And remember, you are *not* alone.

So long for now and keep smiling.

SPACES

XXXX

That the message is found is all that I seek,
But with style so disguised reception is weak
Saying that which is obvious in the between spaces,
and hope for enlightenment, not puzzled, blank faces.

The messages I'm sending are already there,
for everyone to receive they need only care
Not with eyes must they look, but with visions of heart,
to see pictures of truth at each moment's start.

The real must be seen to leave this round behind
and move onwards and upwards on journey of time
To see they've a future far beyond time and space
and know only one heart for this human race.

Yet see seems cannot, too involved with self-gain
Although clearly visible, brings their own unfelt pain
But so obvious the truth it appears *Man* is blind
to self-chosen direction, his destiny still to find.

Wishing only to help and show that there's more
Slowly put pen to paper, sometimes quite a chore
to choose the right message between certain words
and arouse curiosity, separate from the herd.

Ridiculed for efforts with motives sincere
For the destiny of *Man & Woman*, I truly hold dear
My message for everyone, politician or cook
To interpret the spaces you must first *want* to look

Understand the illusions, just *open* the door
Look *deep* into spaces, they hold **much**, *much* more.

* * *

THE BEGINNING