Poetry Series

Paul Cutting

- poems -

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Paul Cutting (11/26/58)

I was two years old when things cam in to focus, standing under my mom as she did the dishes, holding on to the door handles on the bottom cabinets in the kitchen, a women with a solid heart of gold, light skin portages and beautiful inside and out, Dad was some were doing something, a Proud man from the west indies, Island of Barbados, Loved and hated everyone at the same time,

Two Brother older then me, one 15 mouth one 12 years older then me, I was that baby, in 1960 in this majestic and magical would of this poor and proud Family in New Haven CT. Its was a beauty fulled life as I recall looking back to that day from this one, I know that the love that was poured out on me by my Mon and Dad still pours out onto the pages in my poetry, the closest neighbors to our house were all orthodontics Jews, there were days when me and my Brother would have to turn on and off Light, stoves TV's you name it, we flipped the switch on and off, on the very Holy days, I often wondered about my Soul but we did it anyway, so life was good, I had no clue to how poor we were till they foreclosed on our house, but my Dad was good friends with the Mafioso, so had them come to the auction and buy the house and sell it back to us, We had friends from all walks of life everyone loved us, I know there were bad parts but they are not what I dwell on, we all know heartache and pain that life sends our way, to this day I give way to the love I felt from Mon & Dad for my life and its good fortune, Mom and Dad are gone but the love from them cascades on in my words and there healing love I hope you can get a glimpse of in my joy, I have lost hundreds of poem, song, and saying over the years, so I do appreciate poem hunter.com, a place were I can store them for years to come.

Above the clouds

the moon is always smiling against It's darkened shroud the stars are always dancing to the abundance they bow the clouds are always laughing so elegant and proud

so if your heart is broken and you are feeling down and you can't find good reason not to scream to God aloud O'God why have you forsaken me underneath this darkened Cloud

then just Run out side right now, go now

Dance with the Stars! Smile with the moon! Laugh with the clouds!

and just remember this:

the sun is always shinning you need only rise above those clouds

Amen

Amen love with mama Kitty's Amon eyes, Mama kitty is who amen love with mama's Amon eye's, and mama kitty is In love with me

Bee or not the Bee

The way it came to me was very strange to explain it traveled to me through me on its way to my brain a quiet thought brought a loud proclaim of an energy many of you would say was insane however, nevertheless I confess that I did not protest the best that I could have or should have a lot

So I wondered and pondered and thought it quit odd as I sat on my lounge chair in my back yard with the Sun in my face and a slight crisp in the air what would happen to Earth if man was not here

Well lets see the bees would still buzz and the trees would still breathe through there leaves with the much needed oxygenate in the air that it leaves the dogs and the cats, the frogs, hogs and the squeals in the tree would all be just fine with out us in the world

the Jungles would prosper with no poachers the Animals would thrive then I thought of the hundreds of species that would still be alive clean rivers would run the Sun would still shine the Wales would fill the the oceans again in time

Now this thought really had yours and my Back to the wall cause I could not come up with a down side at all just then a bee buzzed by my head I went to swat the bee Being the human being that I been

Then I stopped and I thought wait one dam minute and within that minute I said to my self, you don't think, no no It could not possibly be, that buzzing little fellow was more important the me

Well what if the bees were all gone what would it be like on that following Dawn many things would be wrong many flowers and veggie would cease thousands of species would die, well at least world starvation may begin, that may even be the end of our self Man o man how can man be so full of himself

So who the hell do we think we are Driving around in our fancy smancy cars Polluting the Air spraying our hair as the layer of protected ozone diapers

Now wait just one minute there must be Some good that we do, Yes there is Religion No we screwed that up to

So I ask, a alas the Question Directed straight in your face

as almost Shakespeare asked in that famous Play who is more important to this Beautiful Place
The bee or not the bee that is the question of which we are Faced

Prop's to Dr, Seuss & William Shakespeare Paul Cutting

between you and I

between you and I,

All my words are plagiarized, but not from an earthly realm they travel through the ether and make my thoughts there Home a frequency that inspires me straight from the unknown

I must confess I have access to excess To be blessed as blessed as I the awesome wonder of Heaven & Earth bring tears to my Eyes

The possibility of possibilities that happen to have happen to be and from these quantum possibility there is you and there is me

breath that breathes

What is that sound, breath that breathes on you who is it that breathes on me, that is the breath of Her that breathes aloud on you, what is that warmth I feel that is the warmth of her who breathes on you, what is that ache I feel were her Arm and leg touches mine that is the Love you feel for her who's arm and leg holds you, it is the Arm and leg of her that holds your warmth and love, is the breath that breathes of her the one that makes the sound yes she is the one, who is she that I have found, she is the wife of you, wake her not, let her sleep Do not make a sound

Can you

Has not my hand left you
Have I not whispered mysteries of life in your ear
Have you lost what I have given you
Look in your spiritual pocket there
See what I have placed in your hand
Do you feel the power with in you
Can't you see your destiny before you
Will you not open up your hand

See door before you
Can you see the tree that grow
Can you reach the fruit that hangs
Can you taste the nectar passion
Can you feel the vital high
Eat the skin, seeds and the juices
Let nothing go to wast
Leave nothing on the tree
lick the juices of your face

New fruit will grow tomorrow
New trees will grow as well
your seeds of life eternal
That fall on fertile grown
I have never left you for a moment
I never will at all
You are my fathers children
I love you one and all

curiosity

I wrote a story But never wrote it down I picked up something that never touched the grown I lost something that know one ever found I spoke words with out making a sound I climb up a Tree and never left the ground I had my favorite meal air pudding and wind sauce I worked hard all week and then I paid the boss I picked a bunch of Oranges and then made apple sauce this to me is an atrocity I want to go crazy just out of curiosity

Dear Paul

You touch me so, telling me this, sharing what you feel of the Love shining through... and as Love would have it, DearOne, as you were writing this, I was telling another about my strange ways of often being very late in responding to emails, and in that, that person remains on my mind and in my heart, always there, always bringing happy recall and much love. As I continued in the conversation, I related that I knew the great necessity, the utter mustness of my Heart's desire to share that love with the friend, to tell them what they mean to me, to make certain that this life does not pass away without saying what they mean to me, saying out loud or in letters, what being friends with them has given me, taught me, helped me so completely in at last being able to believe that I was loveable, that people could Love me. That Love which you have extended so openly, so Beautifully to me, oh Paul! My Heart falls on its knees, humbled, and in gratitude, these sweet tears fall now, pierced to the soul that I know you. For your caring and your sharing of this Love which we are, this Love which wants nothing from us but to Love and to be Loved, I am filled with gratitude to be here now, alive and experiencing this Joy of knowing and Loving and being Loved by You, Dear Paul.

Did you ever

Did you ever actually sit and watch the sea give birth to the sun Or slide down a rainbow just for fun Or Look at the mountains and stick out your tongue And say you will be dust when I still having fun When I landed on this planet I did not ask why I said hey look at this its life going by I knew deep inside eternal was I And that I will live on forever and never die Its fun to be me in love with my self You should try it some time its good for your health Now I try all the time to give Joy to this place But every time I do I get slapped in the face But the sting makes me sing I just will not stand down You could not pay me enough Walk this earth with a frown I know I know this stuff gets intense But I'm not the kind to sit on the fence Its Good or its Bad, Its Black or it white its Hot or its cold its Day or its night so many walk with there head hanging down All I want to do is spread joy around To all the kings horses and all the kings men To there sister and brother and all of there friends

Evil ideologues

They are bad and we are good
I just don't want them in my neighborhood
cause we are this and they are that
why don't they see how wrong they are
and see how right is that
they are blind and we can see
don't they know, just ask me
we are on the side of God
and they are evil ideologues
my Color is this and there Color is that
and that's OK for followers and cats

They must die so we can live
We don't care what they have achieved
We killed that man for his beliefs
what have I to do with his family's grief
and look at the child with tears running down his face
don't show those pictures, its out of place
who are we and who are they
Oh yes we are all the human race

Face Reality

Face to face we face our fears were it ends I no not were
Tell me to face reality and I will tell you this
Now listen Clear
there once was none but now Nations stand
no thing was made with out its plan
we must first have an inclination
Reality is the raw material for our imagination

Flood of tears

Each word I felt was spirit fulled my eyes with tears
Each visual created in my mind followed everywhere
through the valley up the hills up to the mountain peek
I felt the love the hater the peacemaker and the meek
I cried with the sky as it fell throughout the land
I cried for all my brothers both beast and Native man
I cried for I could not help the reader never can
I died beside the flooded plains and then was borne again
I've lived through this with Spotted Bear safely in my chair
transfixed on every word I read the rains fell down like tears
feel the honor that I felt to hear this honed Man
God Bless My Native brothers and Bless there Native Land

Ghost rhyme I caught

Hear me now I speak to thee from mountain tops And mighty seas the earth may not spin before your Needs Be met by me.

I ride in on the winged wind around this world And back and then time may move, I'll let it then Be free to move ahead.

It will obey my command from distant worlds and Promised lands, different realms not seen nor dread Till each pearl of wisdom I have said.

I rest my feet upon the earth and sea, Lightning strikes To pronounce me to thee be free by truth I set for thee Of he who blends Sea.

gifts from above

Death dieing living love all the gifts from above jest crying heaving blood all the price you pay for love, the world is spinning demon are grinning I have a question for the Girls Stars are suns of other worlds Guys that don't respect the Girls and girls love them anyway Please explain that one to me God and I are having tea Please give Death my best when you see one lump or two the universe expands for thee whats the next best thing for me Death dieing living love all the gifts from above

GOD's Plan

God's Plan is too Complicated to comprehend because of its simplicity Paul Cutting

I sing to you

I sing ta u the song I sing is joy
If you were gone then part of me would die
I would go on and leave part of me behind
for you and I are one in twined

I sing ta u the song I sing is faith
But the thought of you would never fade
the thought of blue sky's would turn to haze
I would prefer to help you through this maze

I sing ta u the song I sing is love your very footsteps are notes to a song and many loved ones sing a long and of that chorus I belong

I curse the stone that blocks your way The worrier rides the wind with this mission To ask no question no answer need Upon the path with lightning speed

I curse the changes that bind you haven above and hell below you I'll take you home I'll take that chance To dance with you if the offer stands

I sing ta u the song I sing is Home I miss it bad as hell But if you leave this fairy tail Then I must leave this world as well

I'm Back in the fight again

I left my sword and shield in the closet there was a lot of dust build on it I cried when I saw it laying there But then thought I would try it on again It felt like an old friend so I'm Back in the fight again

I left my soul in the closet there was much pain laid upon it I cried when I saw it laying there But then thought I would try it on again I need to inhale joy again I need to raise my voice again

I left my past in the closet there was a lot of dust built up on it then I thought I will leave it there I am the Knight, though tarnished armor I raise my shield in my deference I raise my sword in honor and locked the closet door

if you ever read this

if you ever read this, just no I miss you, the you that know one knows but I, the you that I love and think of often, the you deep inside that the world may never meet, I have laid my heart before your feet, and I say and pray please let not the last time be the last time we meet

in my journal

We are a dream that God is having We are a stream that life is sailing We are a theme that is written dally We are a beam of lite that's aiming We are a scream that echoes eternal Theses are just notes in my journal

IT'S ALL ABOUT LOVE

It's healing but not yet
It's still an open wound
It spends the day with me
It stays with me from morning till noon night
It's never a sleep
It's always awake
Its not a giver Its hard to take Its tearing me up
Its wearing me down Its living with in me
Its living without you Its hard to resist it
It's not go-na win its dealing with lose
It's all about love
It's paying the cost
It's how you fall in
It's how you get out
It's all about how it can brake your heart
It's all about how it can all fall apart

Joy

there can be no grater joy then to give joy with something you enjoy Paul Cutting

Let there be love

And God said let there be love
And there was love
that came In waves of light
sprinkled on the stars
falling from great highs
for lovers moon light nights
when you are in the midst of love
It revealed to you its soul
Its physical appearance
prove Spiritual existence
and takes what was incomplete
and makes it hole
and the love did spade through the earth
through all creatures large and small
for if there be no love on earth
there would be nothing left at all

Life is

Life is crisp and filled with beautiful sadness and joy
And fear is but an interruption of the education that life is
Life is to live and breathe the air, to taste defeat and perceiver
to create that masterpiece, then die why leave any energy behind
give everything you have for you have nothing to fear and nothing to lose for you will
leave everything you do and don't do behind for others to shear

Like the Rose

Like the Rose so Beautiful and perfect in all it splendor, so was our love, soon It's Color would fade and the peddles fall, I will not think of the thorns that pocked my heart, But it you my friend that I will Remember.

listen

Just a thought for all of you who take the time to travel through the open mind, to let the dogma out to run to see the aloof illusions melt away, to drive your karma just for fun to ask reality to come out and play for in these day were trouble brews, were winds of change can reach cat 2, were every night catastrophe now the battle just to stay alive is more then you can bare, listen in your inner most that part of you that truly hears, love is the gift and not two fear you are safe and God is here.

Love is

Love, love is very pure, it has a light of its own that shines right through the darkness, it wants

to hold you kiss you and caress you, then confess to you that love is real and it is the most powerful weapon man has against extinction, it gives you hope, it wants to wipe away your tears, settle all your issues worries and fears, it wants to pray for your peace of mine, it wants to mother and father you, give birth to you and die for you, that's what love dose God is what love is, its in every one of us, we have it in our mist right now so we should use it or loose it, bring it out for the world to see, influence evolution and with that history, how simple can this be, it creates its own symphony music and melody, we should promote every note of it, love is the most perishes seed we can plant, for we reap what we so, so what do we do with it let it flow, love is blind and it see so deep inside us, love is everything and everywhere, a tear dropp from Gods eye into every ones heart is all love is, love is love.

lusting

With passion crashing into my spleen I make citrus my mistress and her juices are sweet I ma blowing hot air to my fingernails from my mouth who the hell told me I could be proud of my self

so I am spinning and spring into air for now I can fly no sure how high I am writing this shit don't ask me why

yes it true what the say about me Im a worries with words and they your dreams now I am soaring birds

lookout below as I roll over just missed that lake make a crash landings in fields of clover

OK hey now were is my new lover ya I see ya feel ya roll that bod over thirsting thrusting bursting lusting unrehearsed love is always the best thing

its starting to rain here comes the storm cloud cant call this game for rain crawl under my shroud wont let you go till were both screaming out loud!!

My children

thee so sound so sweet, lay down your heart and go to sleep, for your soul is mine alone to keep, for in my arms this night you sleep, for I Am of thee Creator Me, for in you I reside you see, I walk with you by your side, and you are in my heart this night, and hand in hand we've walked through hell, fear not the breath or depth as well, for you are all of me, my sheep, for the love I have for you I keep, as now I lay thee down to sleep, away from all your worries sweep, my child rest in my peace, I place this earth beneath your feet, so dream the dreams you dream this night, so co-create your dreamed flight, pierce the atmosphere with might, the wonder of the universe night, feel the colors taste the thunder, for you are all my most a w e s o m e w o n d e r s,

My Brothers plight

A sad state to be in on the spectrum of life, when a man is not king and his Queen lives in strife,

Why we do what we do to ourselves our Brothers who crime is only to want what we want out of life.

to live in his home and be king of his castle no matter how small yet sacred at night, so I care and my tears reflect off the light of the Day today I cry for my Brothers plight.

My reflection

What I look like from the out side

The gravity of my sole

The fragrance of my spirit

The juice from the apples core

The frosting on the cake

Inside out you see

Its got the best of me

Quadruple monotonicity

What I was meant see

In my reflection looking back at me

my weapon of chose

Love is my weapon of chose cutting through hate with GOD's voice bringing your opponent to his knees word in flesh sword in sheath carry it with you whereas thow go the best security will never know raise and army that hell will dread when hate rears its ugly head cut off its head with one blow then the roots so it can't grow stand and fight till its dead in full armor forge ahead for his body is are bread making sure the sheep are feed on hatred shoes I bring this fight for all he offers love and light

Need

They say its just chemistry the way that I feel the distance between me and the lover I desire the presents of her absences lives with me there is nothing else that can quench the burning fire

yes need is the word as I ponder of her smile my empty arms seem useless with out her to hold how are they strong and powerless by my side as the minutes turn to hours another day has died

yes the taste of her runs away now my favorite meal my eye see things dim from the void of her sight how could they not see the one vision that would heal as time drags the burden turning day into night

yes I groan and I curse the Gods to articulate my plight how long can I breathe breath without a glimpse of her silhouette her caressing my face so I can inhale again her fragrance as misery envelops me to an unknown distant end

beware cupids arrow is my warning to my friends

Need II

They say its just chemistry the way that I feel the distance between me and the desire that is real the presents of her absences lives in my empire there is nothing else but her that can quench this burning fire

yes need is the word as I ponder of her smile my empty arms seem useless with out her to hold how are they strong and powerless by my side as the minutes turn to hours another day has died

yes the scent of her runs away now my favorite smell the days spent with out her are days I live in hell my eye see things dim from the void of her smile

as time drags on turning day into night I groan and I curse the Gods to articulate my plight

how long can I breathe breath without a glimpse of her silhouette her caressing my face as her needs are being met

as misery envelops me to an unknown distant end, beware cupids arrow is my warning to my friends

no time

There is no time to wait as anticipation fades us, as we head into space and time cannot contain us, as we slip the surly bounds as we flip through the ages, we experience the all, as the universe awaits us, As we face the now, who we are is so outrageous.

As we pass through solar systems the planets huge for our delight, a million mile no hours

through this days endless night, all knowledge will invade us as we now can see the light as our memories all fade us like the dreams we had last night.

The power of this moment, the energy of flight, I know are destination is returning to the light

I know this information may be hard to comprehend, let the mystery be raveled there is no beginning or no end.

Old Friend

Well hello old friend I have never met on this time line until this time, pleasure to met you, yes i am fine as the fine line between this time and last,

Salutations and thank you for the positive vibrations for the for mentioned in the paragraph above, may the universe bless you with its most powerful weapon is Love

One mans

One mans friend is another mans food no mater how wrong unrighteous and rude Paul Cutting

One too many tears

The Night Blooming Jasmine Rides atop the breeze, that flows through a bedroom window breeze. Weather asleep or awake, my thoughts are aware...that there has not been enough laughter..... too many tears, to continue to keep this heart young from despair.

The dawn shines on eye lids that a new morrow has come to bear, it brings with it a gentle breeze that animates your hair, this new day is borne to us and wipes away our

tears, your warmth my cold will neutralize and settle all our fears,

The crispness of the morning breeze leaves me to wrap myself within the blanket that I have, Remains to be such comfort, In this Sacred place. A place of peace, of love and now I understand and the heart ache is now absent. It's very real, and time enough has passed bringing me to this Extraordinary Nirvana, One I refuse to release in which, one I have found myself to become totally complete.

The morning sun has arrived in its splendid style It warms me with its beams of light and brings with it a smile, on this day my tears and fears have all stayed in bed only joy and laughter has awakened in there stead, so on this day that God has made my mission is so clear to live my life with laughter and not one to many tears.

pontification

Information station what's your pontification let me listen to it and give my submission very interesting, sounds like the best thing I ever heard.

now the conversation is out for deliberation By the end of time we will have a summations let your voice be heard throughout the congregation with just one word of universal communication let there be no dogma in me its all hypothesis and what I must believe is we all must wait and see

Raccoon

He can't see that well, the masked fellows, as he climbs down from his perch, a fork in the tree, hand over hand, not sure if he can see, arch in his back low center of gravity, feeling his way across the grassy maze carefully, toward the cat food dish, Hello hello and move over my feline friends, let me get my noise in, as he touches his sustenance with soft caress excellence, dealing quite well with the backyard politics, trying to fit in with the at least 30 fury friends, to feed himself with meow mix deliciousness, using both hands, into the dish with a scoop and a flick of the wrist, crunchy hand fulls of wonderful munchyness,

He's a kind old Raccoon polite and so meek, when he done with his food he take a big drink and dip in an in ground hand made sink, and the cats look at him and say hey that's were we drink.

Its a beautiful place my Backyard full of love and old Cooney is now a welcome part of, then wattles a way with his wobbly walk, bids his good bye's in racoonish of course, clings to the trunk as he climbs back up the tree bark, must get to bed before it gets dark,

Raspy for disaster

We all have the potential For surviving and striving staying alive to thrive a pinch of incident is essential for a circumstantial divide from the coward inside add some honer and pride a dash of tragic surprise set the temperament high stir things faster an faster True Life no one can Master To create a true Hero is in a raspy for disaster

Snow Flakes

With moisture in the air snow flakes will appear on a cold winters night when the tempter is right

blanketing our lands created by Gods hands there mission is unclear as they travel through the air

complex is there design there journey is divine unique in each detail from heavens floor they hail

so fragile to the touch
I wonder just as much
as the dance in moon light
how they make it through the night

so why are they here why not the massage clear together there a forces there beautiful of course

But the tempter will rise and right before our eye without making a sound they all melt in to the ground is not life profound?

stumbling and fumbling

I been stumbling and fumbling tryin to come up with somethin, to get the adrenaline flowing, and the whole worlds heart pumpin, so I've been wheelin and dealin beg borrow no stealin, to spread this good feelin of love from above both sides and below, I can't just hold these emotions somethin is libel to blow, there is a change in the wind energy is statin to flow, bringing love to the earth is my mission there is no need to conditioning the heart is ready to go, for love has no obviation let Gods omnipotence roll, We have all seen were Hate takes us lets see were love goes.

The fire

For me its by the fire,
I can sit and be inspired,
watching it dance will take me a way,
to my own empire,
I just let it take me higher and higher,
all around the world and back,
right back to the fire,
where I sit and just admire,
the whole world just spinning around,
its sets my soul on fire, right next to the Fire,

The Global Village

The Global Village Has been Pillaged by the seeds of greed planted deep beneath the religious belief in Gods name this thief feeds the need to be believed as it deceives the sheep that follow the leader that blinds and binds

behind the seen and we believe what we see on screen yet muffles the screams of our brothers and sisters that don't believe what we believe I can't believe it any more this monster we have created is the whore that take our trashed for pleasure and we always want more and more with out faith and filled with fear you can't even hear your own voice say things you don't believe due to fear of what I don't know and I don't care to know this greed that pillaged our Global village and causes war for my only creed is to plant the seeds of love to feed my brothers and sisters needs

The King

The king is the Judge of all he rules
The Judge is the Slave to the law of the land
The Slave is the king of his own captivity
As is The King to his own Isolation

The song I sing

The song I sing

I sing ta u the song I sing is joy
If you were gone then part of me would die
I would go on and leave part of me behind
for you and I are one in twined

I sing ta u the song I sing is faith
But the thought of you would never fade
the thought of blue sky's would turn to haze
I would prefer to help you through this maze

I sing ta u the song I sing is love your very footsteps are notes to a song and many loved ones sing a long and of that chorus I belong

The words

As the words congeal in my mind its time for me to find some time to write these words of mine, and climb to heights divine, that brings forth the signs of our times, to bring sight to the blind of mind, not to shine light that would blind, but to bring straight to discourse the force of truth divorced of fear, to tear through doubt of life and death for they are mine to share, and peer over all that is and is to come, what fun it is to dance upon this spinning sphere, light years from anywhere suspended in thin air, in cased in ozone atmosphere.

Inspired by the wind, inspired by the sun, by my wins and my lose, magnificent of course are we that's all of us, everyone creators, all diamonds in the cold of night, from the birth of a child to the birth of a sun star that shine down on us its loving light, peer upon this sphere upon which we stand is were we landed known as man, woe to man his heavy hand, would not we stand to gain form love of this the earth on with I stand with you.

From the smallest part that man has known, from cell and atoms to living foam we must know the truth be told this whole universe on us bestowed this gift upon rammed earth were we have made our home, we will venture out to the Universe, we will go to worlds unknown, and find the jewels and pearls of wisdom to bring back to our home, to save our selves from our selves stealth it lye before our eyes the answer will we find, and so we're told of heresy, conspiracy, apathy there words mean nothing to me, for only truth will set us free these words burst forth from old.

So here we are and here we spin within the space black backdropp of starlight night, beautiful blue sphere spins on its flight path each night, the awesome answer from above lye's in wait, into its path we will converge were the truth will merge with fact, were we will find that the only weapon to save our lives is Love in fact is Love.

This day

O child of the stars Weep for the mustness of this moment, weep for your tears shall dry and crystallizes and add flavor to my soul this day,

Weep for the creator beckons you to your oun presents this day this day unlike any other day the stars shall rise before you, and your own brilliance will shine brighter then the very sun in the very sky this day.

Yes weep but not for sadness, no not this day, this day belongs to the you and the ages for the old is made new this day, this day in which death its self will breath new life in to life.

Please O God I beg you let everyone feel this beautiful energy that comes from with in us, let the beam of life burst forth out of us this day,

for today a friend has died and I celebrate his life this day.

Unread Poetry

It's like presents to unwrapped the anticipation is intense a star that can not be reached a mark that can't be benched a safe that can not be breached the thirst that can't be quenched

out of the mouths of babes it comes from kings and peasants mystery's wrapping of the truth history's wrapping of the present words that have not be mentioned from realm's of abstract dimensions

it speaks to war and peace of love beneath the sheets of honored heroic feats of horrifying defeats

and with all the worlds blank pages we will write poetry for ages through life's many stages with meanings so outrages

it brings you high into the heavens drags you to the depths of hell it slaps you across the face and kisses you as well

it pierces space and time the circumference of the mind brings you to the edge of life It Cuts you like a knife

from the spark of inspiration to the appearing on the pages I give commemoration to all poets throughout the ages

Waterfalls

As I sit by this stream of endless thoughts, passing by as I am taught to listen as they are brought to me then fade away for nougat, these waterfalls of thoughts.

O how I love to be in this Place, were words fall from hidden place, I can barely keep pace with the waterfall of thoughts,

Mysterious mystical yet creative waves, pushing through my thoughts and vanes, as I ride the rapids raging waves, as they spill out across the page.

Were words Collide with worlds divided it's wisdom's pearls that stir my observant soul,

And I am the only audience to write down these true fluid events, as stream of consciousness rush pass as fast as fast can comprehend,

Knowing if I don't catch these words and thoughts then non of them be heard and not this thought be told.

As I sit by this stream of endless thoughts, passing by as I am taught to listen as they are brought to me then fade away for nougat,

These waterfalls of thoughts.

who to Blame

OK its time for a sit down meeting with the U.S. of A.

We have let the dumbest among us have

there way.

The drumming down of USA is just about complete.

The country is on its knees and knocked off its feet.

So now it is ours to loose or to keep.

We can't blame our Great Grand parents they fought and die and left us a gem. So Who can we blame the Republicans or the Dem's

Who should we point the finger of blame, when all know the despicable name.

So what did we do when shove came to push, No that is to easy I can't even blame bush.

If you take a look from deep out in space, you can see there is no bridge on or off of

Yes I'm afraid we can all make our case, but it you and I who have egg on our face.

wisdom

Listen to the word's echo from swollen souls, word's stolen from the wisdom of the universal frequency that blows in the ether that disturbs not a leaf, it changes our world's history with new profound belief,

under the radar of what the masses can preserves, distant from no one but still just

beyond there reach.

Listen to the word's echo from were no one knows and tell not its wisdom save the thirstiest of souls that crave the knowledge

that open the worm holes that time has stolen from us and now we're growing old.

Listen to the word's of the young before the world has stolen there treasure and jaded there tongue, before the beast of hatred devours there belief.

Wisdom is ours at birth and then slowly it erodes, true wisdom is to know the thief that in sheep's close.