

WALK ON
BY AMBER TIKVAH FORREST
A.K.A. CINDA A. BERARD (c) 2013



WALK ON

Softly spoken words reflect
The tenderness of the moment
Lay the flowers down with care
The wind blows ever slightly
Stirring the memory of what was,
With birds' flight on wing
Bringing forth recognition

Of a life well lived
I reach for the strength
To walk on.
No one can fill your shoes
Your name is but a declaration
Of the man who lived so fully
With conviction, courage
Strength to live for truth.
No one will ever know
The mark you made in me
Even in death you gave
A love so deep freely.
Softly I do speak to you
As you listen from beyond,
I lay down my cares
To your tender ear that hears.
You remind me I am not alone
That I have all the promises
To remember, recall and live.
The bird cries out and departs
Shaking me from my slumber
To a new awareness of time
As like never before;
And I, I walk on.

THE FATHER'S HEART

Eyes lock onto eyes
Words are never spoken
Speechless you succumb

Leaving the key departing,
Trust having been broken
For stretched truth and lies
Unreliable promises made.
Now without excuse, ashamed
Eyes show forth emptiness ~
And those reading them
Disappointed and sorrowful.
Hope having been displaced
Disregard for regard and respect.
I caught but a glimmer
Of how the Heavenly Father
Sees a rebellious child caught,
Spiritual death is all one sees ~
A pain so deep, beyond words
To see one just throw away
All opportunity to mend or repair
They walk in their own will
Alienated and alone they still rule
Not wanting to repair the breach ~
The Father's heart feels deeply
More than you can ever know
To see a child refuse him
Choose not the path of righteousness
Being a beacon of spiritual death ~
From such a one
He does remove his hand
Love with sorrow he watches
As that one slips away.

PRECIOUS

Thorny vines that do unwind
Stretching forth in the sun
Buds blossom green with life
Lush the promise of foliage
Warmth blown on the breeze
With seeds of great promise ~
Soon the outlined limbs
Shall weave together as one
A canopy blended of splendor;
Life does perch and anchor
Springing forth from the boughs ~
Light does cast forth and shimmer
Singing a song of creation.
Often from pain and torment
Comes the sweetest fruit,
Precious beyond measure.

THE AWAKENING

Baby steps you have taken
Now walked with a stride,
Milk gave way to meat
Solid truth of no compromise
Vision enhanced of clarity
Having come from the far land ~
It was a lifetime ago
Struggles, dilemma and quandary
Fizzled out and dissipated
A tangible peace of fortitude

The steps do reach up higher ~
No more a level path
Rather the ladder one ascends
From becoming to being,
I know from where I came
And the turns in the road ~
Now I see clearly the end
It is the longest stretch
For the shortest distance.
I now am much focused –
On my ending,
So clear and near.

I AM TO YOU

The tip, the scale, the slide
The cause to but divide
The E.O.'s do unravel
Strip the power and rights,
Foolish is the man who fights ~
Sight has been given
Only to those who will see
Hearing is truly magnified
To those who seek Me ~
Jacob's Trouble is now here
Nothing shall be the same
Do not lose heart, do not fear
Your mind must focus on the Word,
It is there I am heard ~
All is sifted and shaken
Much is broken and left,

Look not what man can do
Rather who I am to you.

I SEE IN LOVE

The walk from stone masons
Work of art and home
I enter into a world unknown
The voice of nature soothes me
As I ponder on many things
I know not what tomorrow brings ~
The air so cold yet sky so bright
Trees budding in cold none the less
Grass verdant with lushness
Overcome I feel so blessed
To walk into a painters dream
A pallet of its own ~
To revitalize my soul within
I wander ever further
In the mystery of wisdom
That speaks in pictography
Keenly aware that I am not
Able to grasp on my own
With understanding what I see ~
There is a truth here that is deep
I know of it already
Yet it is to be rediscovered
In time it will come clear
What I had all along ~
Things are just that

And can block our sight
Of what is real and living
In a world of senses
That surfeits our spirits
Wanting to linger to spoil
Bringing sorrow and pain ~
I see stones not chiseled with hands
Living pillars in a temple
With a canopy of birds and blue
Adorned with clouds above
These things I see in love.

CALL ON HIM

Sleep has overcome me
Dreams give way to slumber
Delayed the race to finish
Overcome by much
Unable to move or be
Silent and all alone
A somber moment it is
With time having stopped
And seeing all around
It is the death of busyness
That permeates mankind
It will be his undoing and demise ~
Love has grown cold
A truth so real it pains me
How can one walk on
In a world full of hate?
How can one call it all joy?

When selfishness, pride, greed rule
Choking out the heart of the word
What was planted, was heard ~
Wilted like a plant in the dark
With joy having left with love
The heavens do seem at times
Like A ringing brass dome above
And difficult to bypass my humanity
To see with the spirit itself
That He is still on the throne
And is in control and rules all men ~
How can one love those who hate?
And then I look at the torture stake
How Yahshua loved even then
All of us undeserving to the end
He was overcome yet gave his all
He did not give way to give in
To doubt, hatred, unforgiveness or sin
For he had the strength within -
And so do we when we call on him.

UNMERITED FAVOR

Blank I say, blank
Your slate has been washed clean
No more accusations
Your mind and soul serene ~
No more faults to see
Gone as far away
As east is to the west
In the ocean that is displayed ~

Fresh and clean again
The feeling as a child
With purity and innocence
Feeling so worthwhile ~
I hold no weights upon you
They have been lifted long ago
My yoke has replaced them
Easy and confidence I bestow ~
Of favor, unmerited favor
Given to you by my blood
With tears of repentance shed
With Loves' great flood.

HOW MUCH MORE SURE

Come little golden bird
Perch the tree so fair
Rest your weary wings
In the dogwood tree with care ~
You are a chosen one
To sing to me today
Of delight and marvels
You will soon convey ~
To be fed of the Master's hand
Trusting yourself to him
And as dusk does fall
With the light growing dim ~
You were provided for
The birds of the air not toil
For all that comes your way

Given from the earth and soil ~
Your beauty is exquisite
Design magnificent and true
Nothing can truly compare
What the Master has given you ~
Daily your life is to sing
To fill the earth with pleasure
For our ears to hear
Of the Fathers' great measure ~
Of creation that displays
His provision for you
And how much more sure
For his children it is true.

TRADED

Laughter does shroud
And mask the pain
That of which many refrain
For therein deep does lie
The hidden heart not known
Nor expressed in light of day
Much afraid of what others would say ~
Too sensitive for others touch
Carelessly cut and left to bleed
Yet desiring expression to be freed
A prisoner of ones heart within
Off limits and much guarded
Many times over access denied
As others before have tried ~

Unconquered and vaulted
Left in isolation but an echo
With no brotherhood to fellowship
Only the shaft from heaven
Looking upwards and within
Sorrow is traded for solace
In heavenly realms of Joy given.
(John 16:22)

SEED SOWN

Direction we do seek
You guide the meek
Instruction is but given
Tangible items to but use ~
My hand does touch the anointed
In faith I follow the command
Ever grateful for the harvest
The fruit of my faith's substance
I shall with anticipation savor ~
My measure given shall be received
Supplied by the Master's hand
Blessing shall be released
For as the Sower plants
The yield according to ones faith ~
Faith comes by hearing your word
Knowing you promised to deliver.
Great is your faithfulness
To those who prove reliable
In your set law and commands ~

We all shall reap our harvest
According to the seed we've sown.
(Galatians 6:7)

IN HIS PEACE

Fallen, fallen on the ground
Prostrate, face down and alone.
The vision of the long plain
Wavering in ones faith ~
There are many books that abound
With the sages and wisdom of men
Yet there is but one cover
That holds the truth within ~
It is shipwreck to ones soul
To doubt and question your belief
Know the person for whom
The Author of Life is expressed ~
The long dry spell will leave
In the dawn shall yield the burden
That would rob you of eternity ~
When we die to our reasoning
We become alive in Him
Who lifts us above confusion
Wrapped in His Mantle of Peace.
(Ecclesiastes 12:12-13)

THAT WHICH IS GENUINE

A believer is only human

Yet we represent the kingdom
We are called to become holy
And we will fail, it is given.
Yet holiness means set apart –
We strive to live the command ~
Our whole life we will error
It is not perfection we seek,
It is love and forgiveness
For these are living in holiness.
I can love you and perceive
The finished good within you ~
Perfection is but an illusion
A way to deceive myself to fail
To give up the grace I've been given
For the strength of my own efforts
Which will bring ruin every time ~
People can only respect
That which is genuine
Not what is projected as image.
Let us live truth not a lie
By walking in his true love.
(1 Peter 1:15; 2 Corinthians 12:9)

CONFUSION

How depression is wrought
On the wings of confusion
Losing one's grip of their foundation,
Voices of conflict speaking forth
Distraction from the solid truth ~

As the floods rise quickly
Know the Rock is solid and sure
For if you continually abide there
You have a shelter from all harm ~
Conquer your soul to submission
To the Master and His will.
Let the Word wash over you
Soaking into all cracks that compromise ~
Many times the Potter will re-kiln
Even the most perfect of vessels.
Learn that life is constant change
With our feet rested solid in Him ~
Confusion fights with the Word –
Take the Sword and slay it
Speaking forth the victorious promises
And who you are in Him.

I HAVE FOR YOU

Many cannot understand
A love that transcends boundaries;
Those of culture, ethnicity, religion
Of total oneness and acceptance
In the face of great opposition ~
Many cannot express loyalty
To those of their own kind
Never mind those totally opposite
For many love with reasoning.
They love those who love them
Or who embrace their beliefs ~

Few can stand for their own
Or those who fall short.
How many can love the unlovable?
Or the outcasts of society?
When we can love others such
In the same way Yahshua does us
Then we can love for Love's sake ~
Many cannot understand
A love that transcends boundaries –
That Love I have for you.
(John 3:16-17; Ephesians 3:14-19)

SOMETIMES

Sometimes the embrace of the world
Is more loving than the body of Yahshua
Sometimes Yahweh uses those outside
To minister to those within
Sometimes our joy is on the faces
Of those who do not know Him
Sometimes we as believers neglect
The love that is ours and to give
Sometimes the world has more love
Than those who profess love but lack it
Sometimes believers only see shallowly
Not within what is naked, poor and blind
Sometimes we think we are doing good
When all we're doing is self righteousness
Sometimes we think we are being the light
When we are only illuminating darkness

Sometimes a friend that is the closest
Is one that knows not Yahshua ~
Why?
Because we lack love blatantly
And expect to be blessed regardless.
Sometimes the embrace of the world
Is more loving than the body of Yahshua
~ To our shame.
(For Karla)

RAISE

The mind holds you captive
Saying you have no way out
Go beyond those thoughts
Hoping in freedom at hand ~
And the abuse of the tormentor
Falls on deaf ears
For one can only hear
The song of the Spirit ~
Lift up your heart on high
Rise above the flood waters
That would try to consume you
Raise up your voice ~
Grab the scepter and crown
Exalt the victor in victory
Jubilation of new songs within,
The way is shown to take:
Thou art suppressed no more
Let your mouth praise him.
(Psalm 150)

THROWN AWAY

People can believe in such a way
It is as normal as breathing
Yet different from all set tradition
No rules or obligations apply
It is the glow that comes from within
Inner light of peace and being ~
Even in this is great sorrow
For two hearts beat as one
Strong is the sense of loss
To those who choose differently
Throwing away such a gift
Grieving their only hope for life ~
Then comes the day one notices
No longer can they sense
The quiet presence of peace
All that fills the void
Is dullness in the pit
Of one's soul and being ~
Thrown away the invitation
Never to be able to change
Ones mind or hope of being
They drift as wood in water
Turbulent bobbing and tossed
Weathered dead wood on sand.
(John 14:17; Revelation 22:15)

WHAT DO YOU LIVE?

Easy believe-ism many do say
A prayer and they are "saved"
Cheap grace without repentance
Deceived to live in grace and sin,
Strip the scriptures of the law
That Yahweh gave perpetually.
"Bless me", "bless me" is all they pray
Selfishly, shamelessly bypassing the world,
Casting shadows of great illusion ~
Yahshua Messiah died for us
That we may take seriously the command
Work on your salvation
With great fear and trembling.
Yes, the traditions of men do portray
You are good fellows in the wake
Of things about to come,
Blind to emotion and desolation
Crumbling the lies of their truths ~
Perfect in structure and balance
Is the Word of Yahweh,
Adhere to it alone for
Man cannot rewrite the law
Which is instruction of Yahweh
And be saved by ceremony of tradition.
Obedience to the law is much desired
Over sacrifice of works in the flesh,
For works is but our will
To earn Yahweh's favor.
What do you live?

(1 John 5:1-3; Acts 5:29; Philippians 2:12;

Proverbs 21:3; Psalms 51:10-11; Hosea 6:6;
1 Samuel 15:22 Isaiah 55:6-9 Matthew 7:21-23

CONSUMED

Desolation does not happen
All at once
It is over a period of time.
Sin also comes in degrees
Masked as freedom and pleasure
Yet it erodes the foundation,
Rottenness and death at the core
From the inside working out ~
We look at the outside of the cup
Not realizing deceit is rampant
Masking much poison within.
All things, life or death
Comes from within first
Then comes to full maturity
For all to know and see ~
If given a pause, a moment,
Seize it in its entirety
Restoring what the locust consumed.
Make peace while it is in your hand
Before the Reaper puts in his sickle.
(Matthew 23:27; Joel 2:25; Galatians 6:7)

REAP THE WHIRLWIND

Prolonged no longer the judgment
That is due to the nations
For I bring my hammer to smash
Scattered shall mankind turn about
Loss of all withholding in their hand
My grace has been spurned and mocked
Long enough by indifferent souls
To which they will reap the whirlwind ~
Ruined their habitations
Ruined their crops and labors
To be lost forevermore
Enough of ignoring my generosity
My loving kindness for mankind
I come as a righteous Judge
To bring about in my proclamation
Only righteousness shall dwell with me ~
And people vainly ignore the warnings
Mocking the destruction to soon come
Scoffing with derision my holy nature
And balking at the seriousness of my Word
No longer shall I hold my hand back
It will bring forth what I have spoken
Let all men redeem their souls and tremble
Making right their paths for my desecration ~
Prolonged no longer the judgment
That is due to the nations
For I bring my hammer to smash
Scattered shall mankind turn about
Loss of all withholding in their hand
My grace has been spurned and mocked
Long enough by indifferent souls

To which they will reap the whirlwind.
(Hosea 4:6-9)

WITH MUCH JOY

It is horrible what hatred
Is quite capable of:
The coercion of the will of men
In the name of dictatorships,
Countries suppressing the people
Into surfs of opportunity,
To but exploit and extricate wealth from.
Being born in a certain country
Your spirituality and beliefs
Often are defined for you,
Opposition to express freedom forbidden.
The world has slaves many times over
Yet Yahshua came to set the captives free.
Regimes of party lines multiplied
Endless are the torments of men.
First to become truly free
The kingdom of heaven is within you
By receiving and making it so.
Men may take everything away
And may kill your body
Yet Yahshua lives in your soul
Wherein you become set free.
It is this spiritual life
That carries us over
To the other side
With much joy

To receive the martyrs crown.
(In the original Greek the word martyr means witness. Substitute martyr for witness in the following verses: Hebrews 12:1; Acts 1:8)

NUGGETS

Many can profess great beliefs
But will only die for what
They truly believe in.

We can have a public and private face
Displaying as needed accordingly.
Truth is consistency even in great silence,
For it is in being that one becomes.

If you hold fast to your loyalty
Your example will encourage others.
Few are such men who hold truth
In its full measure to the end.

Better to be rid of excessive distraction
To focus on simplicity in its purity.

A man of few words is admired
For he shows forth his true speech.

No longer divided from wants to needs
Just walking in the source of love
Which captivates the hearts of men,

Your light becomes a beacon.

QUIET

All that motivates and inspires
That mitigates normalcy
The definition for inner contentment
What does render self esteem, good will
Values that enhance well being
The golden rule and application
Fortitude and honor of men
Carrying forth the heritage of old
Relearning the knowledge passed down
Once lived that built foundations ~
Assemblage of crowds and riots
Voices raised to protest and declare
Expression and clarification for all
Fighting spilling over and over
Endless cycle of brutality
Senseless learning of power
Struggle against the law
Without number the dead still
Who lie as a testimony of unrest
Constant turmoil in agitated motion ~
Everything will one day stop
Time shall cease to exist
Man will be no more
The world and society obsolete
Only an audience with the Judge
As the books are opened
Every man owning his deeds

Reaping the eternal rewards of them
The day of Yahweh is at hand
Where all in quiet stand before the King.
(Revelation 22:12; Revelation 21:12-13)

DYING

Dying to be loved
Dying to be touched
Dying for the truth
Dying for a reason
Dying to be understood ~
Dying to be heard
Dying to be noticed
Dying, dying, dying,
Every day in more depths
Layers of nothingness ~
Asking to be heard
For the truth to be spoken
For a chance to accept it
To live it in all sincerity
Fruitful and multiplied over ~
One day you stop dying
And you start to live
Renewed and strengthened
Within your inner most being
You found the Love you looked for ~
Yahshua is Life itself
Eternal fountain of youth
Living waters that drown death

All the torments and pain gone,
To resurface no more.
(Death = Jeremiah 2:13
Life = John 6:35)

INDIFFERENCE

Sodom was guilty of it
Many times over also
The souls of men who were
Turning a deaf ear
To their bretheren in need,
Ignoring the command that
We are our brother's keeper
Having a blind eye to all
That would ask action of you ~
Selfishness is not helping
Or caring for those in great want
Ignoring the suffering of others
Happy to drown them out
Of your thoughts and mind ~
Indifference is a great madness
Thinking we are not responsible
For the welfare of humanity
Within our grasp and reach,
Rather building our pleasures
To the sky as castles
Paraded and displayed so that
Others would covet our lives ~
Then time does run out

Each is acquisitioned
As to what they did in life
To the worsening or betterment
Of the lives of all men.
Insanity is stepping into
The eternal flames of hell
Which are never quenched.
(Luke 16:19-25)

WITNESSES TO THE LIGHT

Hunted down we are
To bear witness to you
The one who is true
In distant lands not pleasant
Volatile, hostile, tumultuous
Risking our lives daily
To spread the good news ~
Like animals we are caged
Imprisoned and tortured
Our crime is that we loved
To share the truth with all men
Even those who are hateful
We care enough to die for them ~
Foolishly we are regarded
As infidels and less human
A scourge on the earth
Like a plague most deadly
When we bear the scars
Such as the Master

For carrying our Cross ~
Others do not even know
Our sufferings or prayers
For those not fortunate enough
To kiss the Master's hand
And embrace his love
In the midst of pain and sorrow
We pray for those lost ~
Lost in their comforts
Of worldly designs while blind
To what does rob from them
Confusing their citizenship
From heaven to the world.
Sleeping in the enemy's camp
While starving within.
(Tribute to the suffering Church)

3 1/2 Years

Come for a time
Times and a time
And know this is of me
And see the seasons are now
Ever unfolding living within them ~
Come for a time
Times and a time
And grasp the anchor tightly
Change and unfamiliarity
To all those in the span ~
Come for a time
Times and a time

This is most talked about
Afterwards comes the end
For which many scoff at ~
Come for a time
Times and a time
Bowls, seals, vials, horns
Established to be given
The decree upon all men ~
Come for a time
Times and a time
Visual entrance seen by all
At the end with the sword
Two edged from my mouth ~
Come for a time
Times and a time
Many prophets did wish
To see the day you live
Draw close while you can.

ALL I NEED

I use to be that one
Who always stepped up
To the plate for action,
Ready and able to help out.
No longer one to rescue
Rather accept only what is mine,
Letting others deal themselves
For themselves without intervention ~
I use to be that one

Who always believed in others
Accepted what I was told
Gave to a cause or action,
Now I sit back to myself
Not giving of myself anymore.
It is the time now of
Accountability for ones' own actions
Not those of others
No matter how 'worthy' ~
I use to be that one
Whose strength lied in others
As a group, a community
Now my strength is singular
As I yield to him
And through him I am strong,
To walk the road necessary
That is stretched out to me ~
And anxiety has slipped away
Along with the expectations
That others had put on me.
All I need is to live for messiah
In the realm of his being.

NO LONGER

No longer do I have room
To care about what surrounds,
No longer do I have regard
Or concern the affairs of others.
For it is constant drama,

Incessant turmoil to distract
And drain ones tranquility within ~
No longer do I have emotion
Or feeling to carry on
Entrenched in the pollution of noise
Which others drown one out with.
For it is solitude I crave
Thus making a world of my own,
To be in peace and well being ~
No longer do I carry weight
Or shoulder the burden of others,
Useless nonsense without meaning
Selfishly begging for ones attention.
Rather I tend to the Word
And the Spirit which he leads,
To be about the Father's business ~
No longer can I be compliant
To an angry mob that surrounds
Always demanding political correctness
Never satisfied and always changing,
Rather I answer to another voice
One not heard in the crowd
But in a soft still voice ~
No longer am I alive
Yet I live in the Spirit
Now in him a new man.

WATER BEARER

Another day has arrived

Wondering of its happenings
Timidly walking into it ~
Silently I am unnoticed
To the busyness that of others
A moment there then gone ~
Like an artist's sketch
A line here and there
Adding to the depth of beauty ~
Yet not abundant on its own
Lines curved and enhanced
Combination to create a view ~
Interfaced with opposites
A balance is achieved
To see life as it is ~
As the dew is on the roses
And waters the earth
In the wee hours of the morn ~
Fill up your vessel anew
Replenish the water within
Like that once overflowing ~
It is a thirsty world we live in
Always drinking from our cup,
The water bearers are we.

LEAVE THAT RUT

Leave that rut you once knew
Constant circular motion
Freed up by the Spirit fresh
Given vision of change ~

No longer boredom of familiarity
Rather trusting leading to
The Spirits unknown path
Of his glory and direction ~
Find your way to him
Giving him your all;
Emotions, feelings, decisions
Talents, wealth, value ~
Aware of the new strength
His within you and by it
Performing feats unknown
Confident in his deliverance ~
There is but one pathway
A long, narrow way
With the gate to enter by
Which few stop to find ~
Patterns of men that fail
Repeated over again by pride
Given way to the Light
That bridges the great darkness ~
Leave that rut you once knew
Constant circular motion
Freed up by the Spirit fresh
Given the vision of change.

THE BLADE

It was in the quiet of night
When everyone was sleeping
At last the hands were still

Little ones fast asleep under blankets
Quiet the neighborhood does resonate ~
When all are long last in rest
Hopes given way to dreams
Recounting the blessing have lived
The day enjoyed and counted
Happiness experienced with great joy ~
It is when the guard is down
And slumber has overshadowed
That the army walks right in
To declare their arrival
In the most startled of ways ~
Many a civilization has succumbed
Living at the edge of a cliff
Ignoring they must pay the piper
Addicted to the rush of the moment
With no forethought of tomorrow ~
History books are littered with
Stories of others who were as foolish
Gaiety, opulence, riotous living
Abandoning all reason and security
Of surefooted foundation ~
And the sandman did come
Throwing sand in all their eyes
Too blind to see the blade
The reaper thrust inward
Of stolen souls of men ~
It is in the quiet of night
That foolish ones do slumber
Never watching for the strongman
As he comes to steal

Kill and destroy your treasure ~
I ask of you,
“Can you yet feel the blade?”

TO ROOST

Two sides to a coin there is
And it can flip either way
Such a turn without reason
To decide the outcome of many ~
There is two ways of thinking
To reason or that of apathy
Blind are those pre-meditated
To one way that’s finalized ~
Dropped are much given thoughts
To the cause of ripple and effect
Reflection to acknowledge all
What we do comes back on us ~
Many are such greatly driven
Like a loose cannon armed
Throwing danger in every direction
By stirring up things unnecessary ~
There is a right and a wrong
To all things we think and do
Which effects who we become
Changing others in our wake ~
People and nations always do
Get what is coming to them
In ways gravely obvious
Except the rebellious ones ~

And the heat is turned up
Growing warmer by the day
Eventually all things shall boil
From a simmer to epic proportions ~
No one can ignore their Creator
Live savagely and murderous
Without such deeds coming
Back home to finally roost.

UPON THE BROW

Hot is the lanterns touch
As you burn the midnight oil
Reading well into the wee morn.
Sweet tiredness is calming
Refreshed and comforted you sleep
Relinquished to a new day ~
Many are the promises given
And the faithfulness to deliver
My heart is at peace in thee.
After a very long day
I am eager to sup with you
In the quiet words of wisdom ~
Softly my heart does hear
Your voice speaking the Word
Time gives way to clock less,
The face does not sweep
Nor give advance at all
For your rest is immortal
Upon the brow which labors for thee.

HOW OFTEN

How often we do anguish
Extend projected fears that may be
Which come to fruition
Rather goes by its way from thee ~
And years we compress together
Holding onto one view from afar
Neglecting what is so close
Not reaping what is par ~
Wasted years are those of perhaps
A thing here or a thing two
Like a lightning rod to defray
Asking not bad luck for you ~
Secular wisdom speaking lies
Penetrating all tasks one's done
Ignoring the Spirit's power
To chase all away from one ~
Often we are our worst enemy
Thinking all bad that can come our way
Rather than surrender and relinquish
All the promises the Father did say ~
How often we do anguish
Extend projected fears that may be
Which come to fruition
Rather goes by its way from thee.

EVEN THOUGH INVISIBLE

A tamed bird that is released
Will always return from the wild ~
A heart that has been circumcised
Its channels repel all weeds ~
A slave that has been freed
Does not know how to handle freedom ~
Those who are free cannot
Understand the yoke of slavery ~
Only true life brings balance
Love and understanding to all things;
Solitaire, the great loneliness
Matured, grown and seasoned
Is one as they do make
Their way into the world ~
Things do in time pass by
Often you are left standing alone,
By ones self doing singularly
Always a group of one ~
Invisible you are in the crowd
Seen only as one coming or going.
Wisdom has shown favor
Graced your life and ways ~
The world sees you as a failure
Yahweh values you as a success
People are so busy with their lives
They often cannot see one's value ~
Sadly it is in their passing
Kind words of reflecting do recall.
Yes, in this world we travel alone
With the Savior's hand upholding us ~
Singularly, a group of one

Wisdom has shaped your form
Gracing one with favor,
Even though invisible.

BATTLE AXE

The Seven thousand
Rise born and true,
You are my battle axe
Break spiritual strongholds
I shall fortify you ~
Acoustic songs to the heavens
Echoes transcend time and space,
To the third heavens you climb
Majestic worship to my heart
All the strong abide in this place ~
Quietly in submission
You ascend to my throne,
With the worship from your heart
Like David's harp that soothed the pain
A sweet smelling sacrifice to atone ~
One faithful soldier alone
In the midst is so true,
Worship in spirit and in might
Musician ministering to the throne
Raised up and blessed are you.
(Jeremiah 51:20 – For Shirah)

DO REST

Come away and do rest
For it is not your strength
To fight or contain
It is my Word in your heart
That establishes your part ~
There is a battle raging
In the spirit realm so real
Accompanied by messengers
From on high who do fight
Making the atmosphere's plight ~
All does hinge on rest
Even the Messiah did so
Get away from the crowd
Went secluded on the mountain
Tapped into the Spirit's fountain ~
We are not gods as we were taught
Rather mere mortals and vulnerable
Weak, easily lead astray
We must renew ourselves in Him
To conquer the flesh's every whim ~
Come away and do rest
For it is not your strength
To fight or contain
It is my Word in your heart
That establishes your part.
(Matthew 11:28-30)

ENTRANCE

Naively misplaced trust

Plucked as ripe fruit
The foolishness of men
Too lazy to study history
Too quick to accept answers
Not knowing their real enemies ~
No answers can they give
To defend the lack of compliance
Willful ignorance of Commandments
Which are testimony of truth
Giving right to the Tree of Life ~
Trust is not to be misplaced
Nor given without a testing
Nor abused once entrusted
And such many have done
To the Sovereign Almighty ~
Only the obedient enter in
For the Holy Commandments are
The entrance to the New Jerusalem.
(Revelation 22:14)

A SLICE OF HEAVEN

Beauty of trees of every variety
Canopy of light filters through
The birds and butterflies flit
Anchored in the umbrella of green ~
Tender the care and nurture
Of the secret garden so true
Benches and foot steps scattered
Solace to the much wearied soul ~

Color abundant sprinkled in flowers
Fruit and vegetables sewn about
With more shade from above
Trees caressing the sun's rays ~
Sweet the smell of the leaves
Nectar to those who live there
Nests perched with expert artfulness
Amongst so large a gathering ~
You rest on the lovely porch
Scanning your eyes about
On all the fruits of your labor
Satisfaction lived and warmed by ~
Yearly your boundaries grow
Ever reaching even higher
The neighborhood you have grown
To see and enjoy your beauty ~
It all started with a tree
Planted by hand with love
Much forethought and tenderness here
Such is my sister's garden ~
A slice of heaven.
(For Bonnie with Love)

MARKS OF MESSIAH

Think it not strange when
You are not received well
When family members do send
Enforcers, correctors to take you
Trying to coerce their truth ~

A prophet is not received
By those of family or community
Often they are ostracized for truth
And mocked with great exploits ~
There is nothing new under the sun
Mistreatment for the sons of Yah.
When the world does love you
Know you too then are of the world
For they only love those – their own ~
Light shines and exposes darkness
The world hates the light,
For this reason you are hated
Mistreated and unloved ~
Rejoice and be exceedingly glad
For then you do bear
The Marks of the Messiah.
(Matthew 5:11-12; 13:57; Luke 21:16-19;
Psalm 7:1; 31:15; Romans 12:14)

COVETOUSNESS

Family members do fight much
Over the value of money.
Disregarding human value and regard
Treating people often as nothing,
As a burden and expense
If they cannot contribute
In some valued way ~
Yahshua was betrayed for
Thirty pieces of silver coins:

People betray the humanity of others
By elevating their status of economics
Holding it over heads less fortunate.
Deplorable is the human condition
Which is degraded and held with contempt
By the dictates of society ~
Greed rules the lives and hearts
Of many who do in turn chase after it
In so doing destroying their very souls.
Covetous of others and dissatisfied
Eyes seeing, wanting, desiring
Never having enough nor appreciative ~
Sad that family members mistreat
One another over money that is
But useless pieces of paper,
Having no value at all.
And when it is said and done
See the destroyed family and friends
Affected by the process,
Consumed by others greed.

SO IT IS

Furtherance of vision is laborious
Few understand the weariness
Of constant watching and warning.
Many defile the time misappropriately
Using manipulation for control and orderliness
Which is really but witchcraft.
Usurping the power of the Ruach Kodesh

Which is given for peace and calm,
For endurance amongst much chaos ~
From every angle and side
Come arrows thrown at you
Let it not distract your vision.
Constant is one amending themselves
To the required actions requested
Explaining their every word and deed,
This is but a burdensome weight
Used to yoke distracted believers
Taking their focus off ones watching ~
One does not need to explain themselves
When they are walking in the Spirit
For the World will always reject us,
They will attack and misconstrue
Our words to use against us
So it was and so it is ~
In a timely fashion turmoil comes
Upon those who reject the wisdom
Of truth and forewarnings.
You are an enemy to the world
And those who live in it
Ensnared by its promises and lies ~
Mankind has always rebelled
Wanting his own way
Killing all those against them,
Keep your sight on the vision
Your heart pure and obedient
For great is the adversity against us.

HIS REFLECTION

Like an hour glass draining slowly
It picks up speed the less that remains
We can feel that with things around,
They accelerate with great momentum.
You grasp for an anchor to hold onto
But often after the shaking has started
We need to be solid on the foundation,
To withstand what is coming at us
For we cannot do anything
In our own power but in His.
It is so easy really;
Walk away from it all
And do not look back
But ever forward to the direction
In which He will lead you.
All distractions and lies
Will fall away and dissolve
And the people attached to them ~
Prepare for much confusion
Go into your shelter from the storm
For Messiah is taking care of you
Even when you don't feel like He is.
People are but a buffering process
To agitate you to the knowledge
Of those things that need to die,
And in doing so you start to bear
The image of your maker even more
In the midst of worldly suffering ~
Our reflection is but His
No longer ours should we see,

This is a painful process
To come to the end of ourselves.
When we do then we are removed
From the lesson we have learned,
So now we become of use to the Master
To do what He has called us to.

PRETTY POISON

As long as we are in motion
We cannot dwell on uncertainties.
Eventually they do capture us,
Hostage in the fears they bring ~
We were not made to live in the future,
The stress is too much for our endurance.
Our mental faculties connect only
To the present in which we live;
Then we use our energy wisely
Rather than waste it away
On things that may never happen ~
Those who sit do stagnate
People and things grow past them
No longer in their sphere or reach.
Substance can substitute for people,
Transfer ones affections to things ~
In the process they do become
Pretty poison, boredom of plenty
Taking your person,
- Loss, lack of luster.

THE LIGHT

How one pines for sincerity,
Rare and forgotten acts from the heart.

With age much is revealed
Recollections of generations pass.
With each new age comes more loss
Of what made the previous great,
Further from the light of truth ~

Darkness finds the way into
The hearts of all men removed.
It is no longer greener pastures
Rather golden rays of long ago
Does one long for from the heart.

Memory is all that keeps alive
Truth which is so easily forgotten ~

Each of us forms our character,
We build upon what we
Have embraced, chosen to believe.

In so doing we give credence
To the memory of tribute and honor,
Carrying forward the torch to others.

(Matthew 5:14-16)

STOLEN

Music soothes the savage beast
Diversity of beat and rhythm,
Men were created to worship

The Creator who rules on high.
Fallen in nature they have stolen
Worship due to the King
For celebration of humanity.
Ballads and lauds decorum
Declare exaltation to self of man
Praising his greatness in many forms ~
Perverted has become praise
That which we were made for
To worshipping but ourselves,
The idol of humans over Yahweh.
Tarnished and marked became our hearts
Burned the image of self idolatry
Alienating us from the Masters Throne.
Men were created to worship
The Creator who rules on high,
Fallen in nature they have stolen
Worship due to the King.
(1 Chronicles 16:29; Psalm 95:6)

BEING A FRIEND

How quickly one can turn around
When all they really need
Encouragement, a kind word
A warm hug, a good deed ~
Life has its many ups and downs
Excessive turns along the way
Special and the moment meaningful
When someone the right word does say ~

We have all at one time or another
Broke down under the pressures flow
It is the tender kindness of others
That lightens the load for us so ~
Daily many do become entangled
With the affairs of this life
Blessed and treasured are those souls
Who help lighten our load from strife ~
Think it not too trivial or silly
An idea of kindness to your mind
For it was put there at that moment
To someone in need, to be kind ~
So pass it on ever forward
Give to others what was for you
And find loves' great acceptance
For being a friend ever so true.
(For WenDee with Love)

REPAIRED AND TAILORED

Many would not take the trouble
Or invest all the energy
To transfer rags of fabric scraps
Into something of artistic value ~
We all are different shades
Sizes and shapes not matched
Yet someone took the trouble
To help us be where we are at ~
If all we ever did was cast aside
What we think undesirable

It would be a hollow echo sound
Without any exclamation at all ~
For lives are constantly patched
A tear here or a rip there
Yet others do mend us up
To make it good yet again ~
I like to think of a needle
As an instrument to repair
Whatever I can find altered
Setting it right once more ~
Often when we look we see a mess
No order or value noticed
It takes vision to see it done
As completed before one's started ~
So we are in the Master's Hands
Always being repaired and tailored
To a finished being of perfection
Made with patience and great love.

REQUITE

The sinking of the great divide
Centennial Colonies of long ago
Many warnings have your received
When it happens, I told you so ~
Numb and stupefied you wake
Daily you shuffle through another day
Ignorance is bliss you may think
What others to you did say ~
From you shall be rendered

For what you did demand
The division of the eternal city
To divide from Israel the land ~
It is not yours to take
Nor is it yours to give
So as the trouble you inflict
Your land will quake as a sieve ~
You touched the apple of His Eye
And all others who do command
Know that He exists and does reign
He shall requite with your land.
(Genesis 12:1-3; vs. 3: "And I will bless them
that bless thee, and curse him that curseth
thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth
be blessed.")

HE IS OUR GOAL

Many are the prayers of the righteous
They go up heavenward
To the Throne of Yahweh
Those sent with thanks and praise
Thanksgiving in their hearts
Are the ones that rise the fastest ~
Many are half hearted prayers said
Prayers that lack the zest of life
The urgency, regard and love
For others in need and want
Let not ours fall flat as such
But rise ever higher in the realm ~

Lives are living prayers that are read
They are heard from the cords
Of the hearts that beat so
Selfishness does kill the divine
Ever blocking the answer and
Mostly the deliverance so needed ~
When we can see who we truly are
And that our lives are but a moment
Lost in the span of all eternity
That nothing we may ever suffer
Could compare with the great rewards
For the saints who are loyal and true ~
For He suffered first for us
He died and rose again for us
And He saved all mankind
Rejoined with the Father in Heaven
It is this we must look upon
For He is our goal in all things.

DEPTH OF ONES HEART

Sleeping, my head on my pillow
Soft and pleasant are dreams.
How I have so forgotten
The joy of being loved
Memories cherished now faded
A different time, of long ago ~
Forgotten the feeling of human touch
Of a human bond of expression,
The ecstasy and delight given

And of all those received
Gone from my life forever ~
And it is here in my total rest
That you have become a stranger
Resurfacing with visions now dim.
I have changed and in so doing
I buried past happiness and life ~
Dreams are never constant
They have no direction or meaning.
Many a different time does visit
Coming as ghosts of yesteryear,
On waking I ask if it happened
Or was it ever real ~
And so those intimate moments
Still live within you,
In the depth of ones heart.

HE KNOWS

Those who were victims once
Always seem to remain one
Until their sacrifice is surrendered
To the Healer of all men ~
One can either constantly relive –
Block out of their memory –
Or heal the wounds with peace
By taking the Master's hand ~
He knows all too well
The hatred in the hearts of men
The savagery of a beast

And the bowels of sins hell ~
Grasp the nail scarred hand
For He forgave while He was dying
He prayed for his tormentors
Seeing the vicious cycle of cruelty ~
He can take the damaged core
Of our inner most beings,
Place within the Ruach Kodesh
Birthing love anew within us.

FACTIONS

Sad and factious is divisions
Rent and torn the growth
From the parents grasp
To flounder alone and helpless ~
How Ha Satan does divide
Then conquer through many
The chaos on the world globally
And within the body to kill:
Love, unity, devotion and loyalty ~
Guard, one must guard!
For a whole life's work
Can be destroyed by slander
Accusations once they are voiced
Even without truth do damage ~
We as believers must so nourish
Agree with the Head of Yahshua
And the teaching of the Ruach Kodesh
Guard, one must guard

Their spirit and soul in this world! ~
For Satan goes about roaring
As a lion seeking whom he may
Devour! And destroy indeed!
Let us not be used of him
To bring divisions within the body ~
For this is a great abomination
To Yahweh Elohim
For He entrusted us with the Word
To Live it, to teach it, to guard it,
We have no excuse if we become
A tool to destroy it in any way.
(Proverbs 6:16-19 / Sows discord)

IT IS THEN

Restlessness does rob thee
Of your solid footing
Pulling you loose to drift
In paths not of my own.
Your eyes do wander
Looking away with lust
Ungrateful for what you have,
The heart is choked with cares.
Many worldly promises infatuate
Giving way to much meditation
Adrift your mind has lost focus ~
Your Creator and Maker beckons
He desires homage and worship
For the grace and mercy

He has lavished upon you.
Do not forget mere mortal
Life is not a guarantee
Nor a fixed promise to mankind,
It is but a way of life
Based upon Obedience ~
Confess that you are weak
Ask for help to set aright
To regain what was yours.
Be not like the wearied children
Hearing and never learning,
I have set directions
Follow them onward to me.
Seek the old paths
Which lead to joy and happiness ~
All must seek me wholeheartedly:
It is then I will answer.
(Matthew 6:33-34; Jeremiah 6:16;
Proverbs 4:26)

FORSAKEN

There was this German Shepard
That was owned by a friend
He was abandoned as a puppy,
Found she took him in.
Upon looking at him with thought
He was named "Forsaken".
She would call out 'For'
And he would come running.
He was the most pitiful dog

For he always slinked around
As if very lonesome ~
The Master of the house
Had passed on with cancer
And eventually she succumbed
Herself to an ailment most dreadful.
The dog had long since passed
And I often think of him
With those sad eyes as if asking
Why he was ever tossed away,
A puppy abandoned, unloved.
Most gracious and tender
Ever thankful for any attention
And protective of his master ~
How people can treat an innocent
Animal, a baby of creation
With no heart or feeling,
I do wonder even more so.
How can people treat each other
Like that dog of long ago? To disregard,
Neglect, totally hate to abandon.
Can we even feel what they do?~
And then I remember Messiah's words:
"My Elohim, My Elohim;
Why have you forsaken me?"
Yes, someone knows what it is like,
Let us always remember that.
(Matthew 27:46)

ONCE DID TRAVEL

A tunnel so green, so fair
Not traveled on in a long time
Covered over all human traces
Barely shaped an arch of trees
Which was a gallant road ~
Thoroughfare, this a byway
One abandoned and reclaimed
Nature has covered up memories
Of those who walked with mediation
Spooning with courting and love ~
Today's world does no such thing
Lost is the art of courtship
Lost is the walking in nature
For the sake of its beauty
To captivate, touch ones heart ~
Green tunnels are now concrete
Traveling as fast as one can
Not lingering or pondering life
Along the way to getting there,
Despising having to travel at all ~
Lost but soon to be reclaimed
This dirt shall return once more
The earth will hold our bodies asleep
We will merge with the roads
That we once did travel.

DIALOGUE

When two people do converse

Successfully conveying communication –
Static, when connection is broken.
Some cannot commune for they
Are of a different space in time.
To absorb too much knowledge
Would overwhelm their sensitive soul,
To not be able to ascend to the Throne
In the gift of praise and worship ~
Many gifts, various talents
The body is fitted together,
One cannot mismatch the body
For it would not function properly.
Let us be sensitive in our wake
Upon interaction to those of others,
Ever conscious not all can receive
What we may have to give ~
True dialogue starts on ones knees
With the Heavenly Father on high,
Refreshed anew in the spirit
New life will then flow
Through us to many others.
It is not us, it is Him
Always in Him, true dialogue.

GIRLFRIEND – K.B.

It is a miracle really it is
That we are friends having never met
But thanks be to Yah we did
By invitation through the internet ~

For the love of Poetry, of verse
To express fully from ones heart
We have become interwoven
With participation from the start ~
It has been a couple years now
That you and I have serenity
Of the great volume of words
Wisdom and expressions plenty ~
Through life's ups and downs
Encouragement always does one greet
When opening up your email
A loving word your heart does meet ~
How ironic it all is truly
That we are closer much more
Than those most around us
Unrestricted our heart does pour ~
No judging or criticizing
We love each other for who we are
Even though our beliefs and culture
Are gapped a chasm so far ~
Girlfriend, you are a joy
One that is a gift to me so
That I always think upon you
Your family, country I do not know ~
However I feel I am there anyhow
Because of the words so clear in my mind
Of the beauty, love and dignity
Your expression to my heart does find ~
Thank you for being a girlfriend
One ever close to my heart
You are a valued treasure

Which others cannot part.

WE THEN CAN GIVE

We all ask of others constantly;
 "Include me in your life
 In one way or another it is so.
 Fear of rejection keeps us ever
 Aloof and guarded yet wanting
For trust betrayed spurns hesitation ~
We all ask of others constantly;
 "To love me, need me"
For we are empty and desirous,
 Of love and to be loved mostly.
 Yet hurt and wounded we fail
To see love in front of us when it is ~
We all ask of others constantly;
 "To be given a purpose of meaning"
 Asking others to give us respect,
 To be held in esteem and honor.
Yet we are tossed as leaves fallen dead
 From a tree, hardening the heart ~
We all ask of others constantly
 For the things they cannot give,
 For we must first fill ourselves
 With love so we can love them.
An empty vessel cannot pour out
 Anything but dead air ~
We live and see ourselves full
 Of truth, dignity and purpose
Fulfilling the desires we are given

In our hearts which radiate;
For others will ask of us
What we have within,
And then we can give.

FERVOR AND INTEGRITY

One day comes that you have clarity
To push away all that would distract,
The words of many speak so few ~
Truth is diluted and trampled upon
For those who reject hearing it,
And the rest ignore the importance
That it speaks on wings of urgency ~
So the day comes that you can see
Everything around you that is a lie
That had choked your perception.
And you push it all aside walking away
Pursing after that which really matters ~
And the ones who are rooted deep
Planted by the waste of noise
Polluted to density of utter confusion
Cannot understand the clarity you possess.
They ask you to bask and wallow
In the depth they are drowning ~
Free and light of all weight
That would easily beset you,
Somehow your footsteps have
New meaning and depth to them ~
Clarity is so highly despised

By the majority that compromised,
Sold their souls for comfort and
Contentment in the wallow about.
They refuse being rescued
For they love to have it so ~
And though few in number
You find other brave souls
Who have left the world behind,
To go about in truth and honor
Living life with fervor and integrity.

BALLANTYNE

Sweet slumber
I wrap myself lovely
Blankets of plush and warmth
I have worked hard today
And now I rest aside
From what pains ~
Sweet slumber
Strength to visions
Planned and dreamt fresh
To withdraw my hand
It cannot be so
Yet I still desire ~
Sweet slumber
Vicariously I inhabit
The realm of pleasure
The crowning of ones labor;
Gradually I shall wake

Sober, seeing it not there.

JUST THIS DAY

Chairs placed semi circle
Metal and cold yet solid
I place my being to listen.
The walls murmur, they breathe
Of voices that were heard,
And each silent gathering
Reflects the accumulated wisdom ~
Admonitions and warnings given
For the hungry to eat and digest
To hold onto, crumbs for the starving.
Each gathers the pieces offered
To their own bosom, ever close
Sensing the life blood in them ~
When they are done we look
For some similarities
That one can bond with
And own it as their own.
The cold, stale air is doable
Given I have learned something
For today, just this day
I can live what I've learned.

CAPACITY

Never gone, only changed

Married within, guidance
In solitude, I flourish ~
Labyrinth of design
Assemblage of tranquility
Green path of heart ~
Multi colored stones
Smooth to touch
Balance of transition.

BETTER AND STRONGER

Taking a break is good
For the soul and mind
Coming back one is refreshed
With new perspective and energy.
Some leave yet never return,
We wonder what ever happened
To those we knew and loved
And if they will ever reconnect ~
Life sometimes carries us
In directions we do not ask
In ways we cannot fight
We helplessly watch ourselves,
To be uprooted and transplanted
Often with nothing to start over.
The devastation is too much
It can crush you if you let it ~
It is strength and character
To be able to start over again
To put your hand to the task

And never look behind you.
Some breaks are desperately needed
To regroup ones focus and purpose,
To feel new life in their being
Nurturing to become strengthened ~
If you see a fellow friend leave
And not hear from them awhile
Don't lose hope for them
Pray for them where they are.
Think upon them lovingly
And desire success and happiness
Into their lives where they're at
And they will receive it true ~
All things do become recycled
Some we are privileged and reacquaint
With a better and stronger friend.

SHUSAN THE PALACE

King Ahasuerus in color
Your garden palace checkered square
Blue, silver, white, gold splash
Pearl and black marble solid fair ~
Vashti your Queen did shame you
Refusing your pleasure, appear to see
Having put her out from the throne
Esther of Mordecai did seek he ~
Fair and lovely became she his bride
Haman seeked revenge for he was wroth
Mordecai refused to bow to him

He even rent his garment cloth ~
In ashes and sackcloth he did mourn
The letters of the King to kill
Provoked out of envy by Haman
Hoping to hang the Jew on a hill ~
The edict to cleanse all Israelites
And the gallows for Mordecai to swing
Yet soon one was to learn
The great evil of heard the King ~
So another edict was proclaimed
For Jews to assemble and defend
Themselves, from all those bent
That Haman as assassins did send ~
And we know Haman turned pale
With fear and great fright
He grabbed a hold of the Queen
Enraged, King Ahasuerus did smight ~
So every year the Feast of Purim
Is celebrated, courage of a Queen
Esther, her great name who saved
A nation, when destruction was seen.
(485 – 464 B.C. – The Book of Esther)

CATFOOD

I stand, look in my dish
And what do I see?
Today whatever special is
Of the cheapest variety ~
Some rubbery, flavorless bland

Mess of puree I ever saw
Others soupy without form
Which sticketh to my paw ~
Keen sense of smell have I
No need to draw the flies
But some smell dead twice over
From the dish will I rise ~
Then every now and then
My Master is quite humane
For I have that savory pot –
I finally have them trained!!
(Finicky thoughts from a Feline)

CAT BOX

I have a box to scratch in
To deposit all my wealth
From the tasty morsels I do eat
I use it with great health ~
Some days I send the litter
Flying in such disarray
For it does not quite cover
The stench which I do spray ~
I dig to the bottom surface
To find a new found source
Replenish anew a fresh scent
Often clawing with great force ~
Every time is different
An episode of its own kind
But the best days are the nicest

When the cleanest litter I find.

LANCE ARMSTRONG

It is a wonderment to me
How an athlete strong and fair
Could be a victor on a pillar
Then on the ground square ~
I think it not right when
A conquered bicyclist many a time
Then based on no evidence
Titles stripped for some crime ~
You taught the world how
To conquer cancer and still go
You kept up the torch and battle
Courage and honor you did show ~
And now it seems that others
Out of jealousy I imagine perhaps
Cannot rest until you are destroyed
I find them most unhappy chaps ~
I know you were a hero then
You always will be to me
For you did what others could not
Lance Armstrong that is your victory ~
So hang your head high
And know that you did well
And keep bicycling for all of us
For your actions does truth tell.
(He has since been stripped of his
medals for cheating. I say, look at

the man and what ambition did to
destroy him)

ALS

I always shall remember you
As full of life my friend
And now I look upon you
With serenity towards the end ~
We never dreamed of getting this
Or such diseases you or I
And to have it hit so close to home
My inner voice wants to cry ~
Life is not fair, no it isn't
Nor shall I waste time in remorse
Let us talk of what matters
What time is left to its course ~
Your body has become strange
For it betrays you even now
Yet you are dignified, courageous
Every day carrying on somehow ~
I see the inner beauty my friend
A strength not all your own
It shines like a great beacon
Upon this heart of stone ~
You penetrated the crack
Touched upon the hushed word
And your life becomes even louder
For your presence is much heard ~
Let us work against the clock
Cement time with such essence

That when you are gone
We all shall feel your presence ~
(With Love for D.J.F.)

RELIGIOUS FAMILIARITY

Often many think they have left
The religions and churches behind
But they are still within the structure
A religious familiarity one does find ~
To be free from the system
The hierarchy and the organization
Yet still out dangled free
A string attached with frustration ~
One must be free of it all truly
No more definition of structure
For one will stifle the freedom
The Spirit it will soon rupture ~
Let us not be loyal to a man
Or a Nicolaitian value to entertain
For once we have become untangled
Let us worldly ways refrain ~
Let us drop the nice customs
The traditions that do bind
That grieves the Ruach Kodesh
That leaves His promptings behind ~
Let us see what we do value
If it is extra to the Word
Than it is a hindrance to us
An admonition we have heard ~
Let us not add to the Word

Traditions do such a thing
To ignore such a truth
Destruction to one it will bring ~
Often many think they have left
The religions and churches behind
But they are still within the structure
A religious familiarity one does find.

IT IS MY DUTY TO RESIST

No, I do not want to take this pill
Yet my body cannot contain
I have to yield to much medicine
To control and manage the pain ~
No, I do not want to be disabled
To give up my vigorous youth
Giving spoil to my freedom and will
To face up to the truth ~
I have a hard time letting go
From my work ethic which I was
And to live each day in limbo
Doing as I'm told "because" ~
I am not ready for old age
That is forced upon me so soon
To give up my own decisions
Provisions, directions and tune ~
I have lost my voice now
No longer am I heard or seen
Yet I am told it's for my good
Not meant any way to be mean ~

And each day a little more
Of me dies with the flow
More of me is taken I see
In many directions it does go ~
My assets are disappearing
My wealth is soon nil
My health is a close match
Yet I am here still ~
It is my duty to resist
As much of this "care" I can
To retain my independence, dignity
Till the finish line I land.

STORING LIGHT

Black as darkness
Night has not shifted shape
From black to gray
Yet to kiss the dawn ~
Awake while others sleep
Thinking on those who matter
The labors set ahead of me
I gather my mind and strength ~
As a time passes over us
Another year has lapsed
On a routine of remembrance
That of the mundane ~
We repeat things over
Thinking littleness as nothing
Yet is builds great heaps,

Sand dunes and snow drifts ~
Ants look small, wasteful
Organized they work endlessly
Gathering while it is too nice
To be working with toil ~
Soon darkness will fall
With cold and forgetfulness.
Let us be in the radiance
Storing light for tomorrow.

WATCH

Cycles do interlock
Rotate, change and release
Surrendering to new editions ~
Click and spring does rest
Wheel and pinion set balance,
Lead your coils most lever ~
Wheel upon wheel
Intricate fingers which hold
Crown wheel, time put in motion ~
Silver and gold gilded
Art work polished to perfection
Adulation, your geometry arrives.

THE ENORMITY OF IT ALL

The enormity of it all;
Energy it takes to make a dream

Become a reality of acquiescence.
Life is unpredictable and so is
The challenges life brings to face ~
It is a good thing my friend
That we cannot see the ending
From the very beginning for we
Would be overcome with discouragement,
Never getting off the ground
From the start ~
And so each day is full, rich
And it brings its own troubles,
That is why we have friends.
A network of humans, who care,
That share from experiences
To help steer and guide us
In the direction life is pulling ~
Hindsight shows how much
Really has changed and happened.
Yet going through it felt like
Nothing was happening fast enough.
And now I am overwhelmed
And in awe of the divine provisions
That have sustained me daily ~
It is wisdom that we were made
To only handle what we can today,
For we could not grasp or manage
Our whole lives at one scan.
I am grateful for all those who have
And are helping me live through
The enormity of it all.

I HAVE BECOME THAT PERSON...

There is a painting of two elder friends
Withered with age yet wisdom radiates.
Age is the thing we all try to deny
Yet with it comes knowledge of value,
The stuff that we learned from and lived ~
And I find as I do get older
I find a peaceful calm and acceptance
Yielding the energy and zest I had
For a more leisurely way of living.
What use to motivate me before
Has lost all interest and pizzazz ~
I have become the person that
I would laugh at in my youth.
I no longer care for current fashion
Nor do I care if I dawdle or wane,
Often I'm slow and become repetitive ~
I am a penny pincher as of late
And find myself becoming cheap,
Saving, tightening my belt for
What may come or befall me.
I think of those people that
Reuse aluminum foil and gift wrap,
Paper bags, string and rubber bands ~
I shop at the thrift store eyeing
All the splashes of colour I find.
The "old stuff" as a new found treasure
Being a kid again I can own it once more,
And the joy of reviewing and reliving

My childhood from others cast offs ~
I am proud to be a senior,
The changing of the guard.
I hope I can represent the wisdom
Which others had for me to those
Who would come and ask.

RECLAIMING

Rivaldy, the ball of blue
Hemisphere of creeds that clash
Groups set of high position ~
Uproot and thrown about footage
What was once sacred, strong
Trampled, profane, hatred solidified ~
Chain reaction does one propel
Combination for disaster global
I look down and gaze ~
Before time ever was
I saw my plan for you
Now unleashed to mortal wounds ~
Struggles and provision given
Hold onto the solid truth
I AM and have conquered all ~
Soon I shall atoms collect
To the Zenith, Sea of Glass
Reclaiming earth as my own.

OWNERSHIP

I cannot build my house
After your own pattern
For our individuality is different ~
You cannot read my mail
I cannot write your thoughts
Let us stop trying to be each other ~
My path is unique to my walk
The direction in which I choose
Shall decide the outcome on arrival ~
Hold only what is yours
Grasp what is in your hand
Labors of your sweat and toil ~
Thievery of riding another's accomplishments
Gleaning what others worked for
Speaks confusion as to ones life ~
Come out of the shadows
Stand and claim with determination
Ending speculation and doubt ~
Your hands have the power
To loose, retain or grasp
They speak daily of ownership.

WHITE

Dismiss with laughter, crackling
The wave of the hand –
Off with you ~
These gears have gotten tired
The track is in slow motion

Slack and aversion merge ~
Laid aside all defense
Wearied, embracing deep rest
I hear you no more ~
The explosion of quiet is bright
Basking music and rhythm
Pulsating sight, tender balance.

PONDER

Thumbs caress my eyebrows
Nervous gesture, posture of thought
Eyes closed with much self talk ~
I hear my own reasoning
The voice is loud and clear
All invitations are rescinded ~
Private, the nucleus of speech
I must listen to my inner guidance
Help carry me strong and forward.

UP AGAINST THE WALL

Proud One, always antagonizing
It makes you feel you have power
Glory in your control and deeds
Seen of others, to be noticed ~
Proud One, constantly dictating
Adrenaline rush being on top
Manipulate, ingratiate yourself to whomever

Sarcasm is your charm, personality ~
Condescending, talk down to your peers
Elevated within your own mind
You are the chosen one without fault.
How dare people question your actions;
Your behavior is "stellar", impeccable ~
Proud One, you are the circle
You are the only one, alone
For all others have withdrawn
From the poisonous mask you wear ~
In the mirror you only see
What you delegate and wish for.
Cinematic, tragic comes the ending –
Proud One has become broken.

NOT PURE

Humanity is a wide range
Of all that life can bring
Some sweet, some bitter ~
It is a balanced soul
Which can see truth expressed
Without personalizing it to themselves ~
The light must be shown
In all corners in the dark
Without withdrawing back to itself ~
Sad is one who does say
They cannot stand what others
Speak, which they find offensive ~
Pride really is saying that they

Are too holy and pure to
Pollute themselves with uncleanness ~
Humanity is people of all walks;
We cannot demand purity of them
To bend to our qualifications ~
Proud can be a speck of dust
Which in the light shows much
Rays of dirt, not pure.

A BETTER WAY

Reduced to boxes and cartons
Years of your life is now this,
The compass brings new direction ~
Toil of a lifetime with memories
Are taken away from you
Now you are left with questions ~
Dumped for being non-productive
Cast aside, discriminated against
Disabled you must redefine yourself ~
You are in no-mans land,
Unable to work, too young to die
Invisible, ignored and unwanted ~
Only voices you hear are selfish pleas
Yelling help from the very ones
Who had disbelieved you with ignorance ~
Grateful for our Heavenly Father
Who does see all things
He comforts, gives us guidance ~
My boxes are really a gift

Freedom wrapped in its contents
To make a better way.

P.C. (POLITICAL CORRECTNESS)

I think I mean what I say
Or try hard to convey
Yet you interpret it all wrong
Political Correctness is your song ~
What is clear, defined and spoken
Suddenly is all wrong, broken
You make me say what I did not
To change the meaning I don't want ~
Let us slant our opinion true
To impose ourselves on you
To make right read wrong
To make wrong to belong ~
How we must not offend
That our words we must amend,
To not be true to any meaning
Or give sway to any reasoning ~
I think I mean what I say
Or try hard to convey
Yet you interpret it all wrong
Political Correctness is your song.

(Double Speak 1984 / Political Correctness 2012)

NUGGETS II

Better is simplicity with little
Than confusion with too much.

Many voices give unwanted advice
Wise the soul who ignores them.

Humility is the ladder to success
Pride blinds one to his fall.

Isolation brings stunted growth
Community nurtures, fostering success.

Reflection is a road map of guidance
It illuminates detours and pitfalls.

Tactful criticism yields fruit
Brutal force compels resistance.

Life appears to be long, enduring
Death is ever present, a breath away.

One yielded in loyalty and love
Shall one day leave forever.

Take not for granted what is yours
One day it shall belong to another.

True treasure is living in the moment
Rather than a life on illusions.

We all have a voice

Shameful to let others silence it.

RICH EARTH ONCE MORE

I often think of flowers
When the cold sets in
Summer gone yet still vivid
The fragile beauty that blossoms
How strange to find a vibrant
Petal of color in the woods
Frozen in that moment
Soon to fall apart and decay ~
We often do wish for things
Longingly we pine time away
Not enjoying the given moments
Then when change has come
Disappointment rears itself
When we start to compare
What we did have and lost ~
Sometimes we cannot handle
The change that life dumps on us
It is too much that we only
Can watch helplessly in dismay
As if we were an onlooker seeing
Ourselves through different eyes
Yet we do experience life then
And it presents what it may ~
A flower is a fragile beauty
Different colors and styles
Regardless of their majesty

They one day are called to
Return to the earth from where
They came from
And so we all are flowers ~
A flower out of season is often
A person who has outlived
Family, friends and acquaintances
Just waiting for the rich earth
To embrace us once more.

PITY

Clutched, enclosed within the grasp
Of the insanity of the "bretheren"
Those who feel they do God's will
By working against you, turning
They are clueless to the Torah,
They know not the Sabbath Giver
Nor the new moons and feasts ~
They close their grip around your neck
Ever tighter they squeeze your life
From your being and soul,
Hoping to correct you, hold you
Back from speaking and living
The truth that you walk in;
They know not the Giver of Life ~
Soon the great divide will be visible
To see the religious wildly persecute
Those who live peaceably the law
In obedience, love and truth

For they are jealous you do not
Fall in line, in agreement with them,
You shine light on their self will ~
And as they turn you over
To the beast to be slain for truth
They feel they are doing God's will -
Beheading you for your transgressions
Of not being like the rest of them
Of not being teachable to their traditions
And their demands of their God ~
To leave this body is true freedom
For you return to Yahweh, Creator most high -
Pity those who are to be rejected by Him.

SHEEP AND GOATS

Sheep and goats are together
Until the separation at the end
It will be that others shall see
Which way the turn in the bend ~
Many bah and many butt
Noise steady onto each other
The deciding factor what shall be
Is when Yahshua says, "Dear Brother" ~
"You kept the commandments I gave
The Sabbaths and solemn Feasts Days
When sin was in the camp among you
Noted was then he who prays ~
Complacency, worldliness you discarded
To embrace fellowship at my right hand

Come unto my eternal presence
Into the Father's Promised Land" ~
With that the goats raise their voices
"But", But is all that is heard
Yet His rebuke strongly is spoken
For those who refused to head the Word ~
"Many a chance and blessing were given
To bring you in line to the Father and me
But you chose your own way, separate
So now I say "Away with thee" ~
"I never knew you, no not once
For you served religion, your intent
The opinions of men, your beliefs
Looking for the approval of men's consent" ~
With dumbfounded expression, blank
Removed from the light so bright
They now realized all they had opposed
Was the Truth, Messiah, the Light ~
Sheep and goats are together
Until the separation at the end
It will be that others shall see
Which way the turn in the bend.

PRINCE OF PEACE

There is nothing new under the sun
For life and events do repeat themselves
Mankind does lust as far as the eye
Can see, and even beyond the horizon.
He is never satisfied with what he has
Always wanting more and that of others.

The pride of life, as if we did create things
We take for granted the breath within us
As always being there, to remain.

Many rise and many fall in the name
Of an ideal, to defend one's belief, religion.
We have failed to coexist with one another
For to do so would admit we are all equal.

Strife brings war, torment and death
To all those entrenched in it.

We live what we are taught, learn
Carrying it forward to our children
To repeat the vicious cycle which
Never gets broken but repeats itself.

What drives mankind to hate one another?
Why do we feel others have not the right
To live without our deciding their mortality?

Lust of power drives one mad
Tightening the grip around the heart
Till the light is expelled in total darkness.

If we can walk in the Father's love
Then we live within the blessings,
If we walk within our rebellion of hatred
Then we reap the curses and death.

No, there is nothing new under the sun,
For we are proof of our ancestors

Who tried to take from Elohim
The worship that is rightly due Him alone.
Only in the New Jerusalem, not tainted
With the shed blood of mankind
Shall we live with the Prince of Peace.

LIVE IN HIM (HEBREWS 11)

The cold seeps deep in the bones
Bringing a chill that is not stoppable
Each breath brings a deep ache
A burning cold that penetrates
To the brain making it numb ~
Each moment and thought concentrates
On what next to stay warm
Where to go to seek shelter, food
What once was taken for granted.
Blind faith they walk in humbly ~
Things are so different now
All things having been stripped away
They trust on Divine Providence alone
To sustain them, guide them
To keep them from any further harm ~
Mankind may be able to kill the body
Yet they cannot kill the soul that lives
Which dreams, gives and moves
In the Love of our Saviour.
Life will never be the same again ~
We gather under the shelter of His Wings
Under the shadow of the Almighty
For He protects, shields and cares for us.
We can no longer care for ourselves
We must trust in His Protection ~
Make up your mind once and for all
That whatever man may do to you
That you will resist and not turn away
From the Messiah or His Word.

Our lives are not our own,
For we now live in Him.

TESTING

Many are the troubles of the righteous
For the world does reject the truth,
Your light shines into the darkness
Which chooses to remain in the dark.
Lawlessness is self will run riot
Which does rule the world we live in;
Living black holes which self consume
Upon themselves which others relegate ~
Our lives are living testimonies
Death in increments, by degrees;
Dying to self until you are dead
Which is total freedom of holiness.
Our footprints are not our own
For we walk in those of the Master
Ever following His direction
In the path of obedience ~
The Beast does raise its ugly head
Encapsulating the human race
Those it can mark with its number
An army to oppose the living Elohim.
We must be steadfast, strong in Yahweh
For soon the power will be given
For Satan to overcome the saints;
As we endure death so shall we live again ~
If this life to live were easy
Then there would be no sacrifice

Negating the sacrifice of Messiah
And total surrender of one's will.
It is hard so as to strip us of sin
To humble us, to learn to trust
To seek His face, to sustain us
To prove our loyalty to Him.

TRULY BLEST

Grass is not always greener
On the other side of the fence
Yet a visit to over yonder
Is good and makes sense ~
For when one sees up close
Not through rose coloured glasses
You can appreciate much more
What is yours over the masses ~
Gratitude is often overlooked
Tucked away in a corner
Until one does start to wander
Like the great sojourner ~
Then being lost with no bearings
One does yearn what they left
Soon you come to your senses
To see you truly are blest.

OCCUPY UNTIL I RETURN

What may seem like endless days
Is only my Grace enlarged

Yet people squander time senselessly
Soon much will be ripped away
All safety nets and comfort zones
You will have to rely upon me
To meet all of your needs
Wise is the man who heeds ~
What may seem like mundane tasks
Truly is a testing of your endurance
Even in the smallness of routine
Put your hand unto what is to do
And give your best unto me the King
For I do reward you for your obedience
It is not your efforts done for me
Obedience to my commands you see ~
Each of us is a part of the body
Many tasks you are given is elect
For none can share your burden
Nor shoulder the weight you can carry
Let us walk together united even now
Before the storms do rain upon all
Do not give up what I told you
It is endure till I return you must do.

CAPTURED MY HEART

Bright is the setting sun
After a thunderstorm that cast
Its dark clouds with rain splendor ~
Wet and cool is the grass
Green for a shade or two more

Eventually fade under a canopy of snow ~
This is the golden rays of time backwards
Shorter and darker the skies will loom
Bringing slumber to the tired earth ~
My eyes watch the birds flit
Mingled in aerial flight
All songbirds of one direction ~
A mixed day of summer and fall
Rain blending hues of colours
Sweet the foliage permeates ~
I am a small part of all this
As I feed my birds for but today
All storing up for the long tomorrow ~
Sunshine shall travel around the globe
Waking one from the deep sleep
To a day of new beginnings ~
Singularly I sit here alone
In the depth of my silence and being,
Time is held at bay endless ~
The sun lined clouds sing overhead
Flowing slowly by with the last rays,
Magnificent you have captured my heart.

I WAS MEANT TO BE

I have come to love my state
That I live in, with all its beauty
The granite and marble its crown ~
I have hiked your many mountains
Scaled and climbed your trails upward

To sit and contemplate where I left ~
The barren tree limbs against the sky
Of gray clouds that frame the tree line
You beckon me to climb but higher ~
 I understand the hiker who sits
 And looks downward at the trail
They just climbed and conquered
You have come from and gone to,
 It is all relative in many ways ~
Life is a completion of many things;
 I find that nature does call me
To nature, where I was meant to be.

TRUE, SOLID AND SURE

Oh how we are taught to believe the lie
To aspire to great wealth, to amass much
 To build big homes and lands
Naming them after ourselves for posterity.
How as children we are taught society
 Its values, its rights and wrongs
To live and die for in the name of freedom.
 The little innocent souls drink it in
 Believing all that they are taught
 Without question with such loyalty,
 Until as adults they see it fall apart.
The foundations crumble one by one
Leaving you with nothing but questions.
 How people you love hurt you
They turn and abandon you (un)intentionally,

Selfishly it is all about them but
At your expense and innocence.
Oh the children are taught much
Prejudice, unkindness in many names,
To mold and shape them in our beings.
We learn as a child then as an adult
We unravel all we were born into
Questioning for ourselves and thinking
Outside the box we were put in.
It is really about love and living it
Not believing it, preaching it,
It is about walking and being love
To a dying world that gave up
Long ago, and gave up on God.
We must regain our divinity to each other
Walk in the image we were created in
To help one another heal, grow.
Our real wealth, once we discover it
Then we can build on the Rock -
A foundation true, solid and sure.

THE FINISH LINE

There are moments that I need to remind myself that we are living in the end times. I hate to guard my heart for it is so easy to get overcome with the faults of others and &i.dihg fault when especially I am not looking for it. I can either keep it po myself and pray for the person or become a tool of Satan by repeating a matter, be#oMing a gossIp which the Father strictly

fopbids. It is one of the sins that keeps us out of the kingdom of heaven. I need to remind myself that I still live in the human nature that is sinful and carnal. It is easy for me to think bad of others when I should think of what is above; pure, lovely and holy. I should dwell on the fruits of the spirit and not the fruits of the flesh. My eyes need to look into the spirit realm where all things are attainable if I would just pursue them. I must limit my sitting at the gates of the wicked and letting their spirit infiltrate mine with wrong thoughts. These if not purged will bring forth wrong thoughts, words and eventually deeds which would grieve the Ruach Kodesh who has sealed me with His ownership.

I must remind myself that I must possess my soul with fear and trembling; with awe and respect to my creator Yahweh and Yahshua the redeemer. I must never forget that I was bought and paid for and I no longer am my own. We all are our brother's keeper. We must never forget that for when we do we are guilty of sentencing them to death by no longer caring or exhorting, encouraging or praying for them. These are perilous times where one's soul can give up, when one can not endure to the end. Our biggest job is ourselves, guarding our hearts and our spirits from all that would offend the Father and to look to His will not ours.

I ask of you, have you taken the moments needed to do this?

My prayer is that we all would seek His Face and press into His presence, renewing our mind and spirit for the race that is yet to be won. May we cross the finish line

and hear the words said to us; "Well done my good and faithful servant."

CHANGE

We are human beings which seek safety
Comfort in the familiar and soundness.
Change is a necessary thing for growth
For without it we would stagnate
Being of no use to ourselves or others.
All of life is about change
The good, the bad and indifferent.
Our hearts are always being tested
For what we hold onto, we cherish
Sometimes it is to our horror what is
Revealed, that we think more of things
Rather than people who are in His image.
It is not easy to always give away
A little more of ourselves each day.
To put others first, Yahweh first,
To put Messiah first and accept it.
It is painful to die to self daily,
And more so to put your hand to the plow
And not look back to what you gave up
Or what you have laid down, left behind.
Change, what a funny word it is
For we can rationalize what it should be
Or what we do for Elohim in our strength
Yet change is not us at all,
It is Him in us bringing life

Replacing death that once did rule.
We are taken out of our comfort zones
To walk in faith, believing and trusting
He will lead and guide us ahead
Into the unknown yet loving all the way.
Never let our life become routine
For then we will have stopped growing
And change will have been compromised.
Rest assured, He is most faithful
Who has started a work in us,
He will bring it to completion.
Rest in these things.

HIDDEN

You are my gem, my pearl
I have loved you greatly
Nothing can harm or touch you
For you are hidden in my hand ~
People fear what they do not know
Also what they see outwardly
They lack vision to know the Spirit
And to touch the heart of compassion ~
I am there for those who seek me
I can be seen by those who know me
For I am hidden to those not mine
Even in plain sight I am not there ~
Truth is hard, painful and lasting
Ignoring it will not send it away,
Indifference will not change it

For I am known by those who seek ~
You are my gem, my pearl
I have few that I have chosen
For they discarded my grace, mercy
For wisdom that passes away ~
I cherish the few who know me
In the midst of the storms
In the rage of the battles
I embrace you in oneness of love ~
Quit throwing your arrows
Against my shield which covers you
I am your protection in all things
Even through death you shall live ~
My wings shall shield you
Nothing can touch that I have covered
For you are hidden within my love
It covers deep the hearts of men.

I NEVER SHALL FORGET

There you always were
Such a rock, a stone
I looked up to you as my hero
Always strong and powerful.
I remember as a child your look
One of confidence and being okay
You set everything in order
Gave life meaning and purpose.
As I grew older I lost touch
With your values and standards

I reached out and discovered my own
Sometimes we would argue over such
 But deep down you knew that I
 Was a lot like you in many ways.
Now that I am much older and you
 Are failing in health and mind
 I see a shell of a man to what
Use to be, a strong man of courage.
You made a way in the world when
 To do such things was possible.
 Things are so different now
 Those old ways are long gone
 And mostly forgotten by others.
I long to hold onto them in my mind
In my life, my work ethic defining me.
 I struggle to let you go
 Even though I need to do so.
 It is so hard to say goodbye
 To the one who loved me so
 Taught me what was right and
 Valued all things with honor.
How can I say goodbye to you?
Yet I must for your time has come
 And I see it all now.
 Forgive me if my tears linger
 Your soul has touched my heart
 In a way I never shall forget.

DO LOVE ME

No matter where one lives
You will always have trouble.
One must learn to live in the midst
Of turmoil with the Peace I give.
If you cannot handle things now
How will you ever survive what comes?
Perilous times we are now entering
And it shall wax worse and worse.
Blessed are those who are fallen asleep
In Messiah, for they are spared
From what is to come upon the earth.
Nature groans for the wages of sin
Have scarred her deeply and continue.
Mankind's sin has turned the world
Upside down for lawlessness is rampant.
Judgment has begun at the House of Yah
First and foremost to the followers,
For you are being purged before the world
A testimony and example of apocalypse.
You've given lives are a testimony against
The world and those who love it.
I brought a sword not peace -
My ways are not your ways
And I will put my sickle in to reap
For the harvest soon will be full.
Maturity is peace no matter where
You live, for it is inside you
And controls your heart, mind, being.
Many will try to change the world
Will find fault with the people in it,
Futility, they are batting the air.

You fight not against flesh and blood
But principalities of the air.
Know that greater is He that is in you
Than He that is in the world.
You are just passing through it
To a much better place that is
Prepared for those who do love me.

WHEN....

When they come to take my life
Will I give it up willingly?
When I am falsely accused
Will I protest or quietly yield?
When the world falls apart around
Will I try to save my corner of it?
When others are unfairly trialed
Will I try to defend them or not?
When famine and pestilence rules
Will I steal to survive or trust you?
When all morals and decency are gone
Will I still hold onto righteousness?
When others fall away and deny you
Will I still walk in holiness?
When despair is all around me
Will I walk in the peace of your presence?
When I am stripped of all I own
Will I praise you regardless?
When I am persecuted for my faith
Will I endure to the end?
When they destroy all that I built

Will I praise you and glorify your name?
When it seems all hell breaks loose
Will you trust me to protect?
When others follow a leader of mankind
Will you seek me for your direction?
When in a flash all is dissolved
Will you trust me though I slay you?
When you are taken against your choice
Will you praise me in the midst of it?
When others treat you badly
Will you be my witness of truth?
When things are shaken and fall
Will you still stand in me?
When the family of Yahweh is tested
Will you remain faithful and steadfast?
When? Yes when ~ Will I?

THEY HAVE VISION

Some, when they close their eyes
Dream of a better place than now
Always desiring to escape the present
Unconscious, given way to vision.
Suppressed, weak, sullen
Hopeless having lost health
Their only solace is slumber
The private world of feeling ~
One can relive former glory
Revisit loved ones gone by
Become young again, alive
Reconnect the dreams they once had.

Restful is the picture of sleep
It puts calm on the face
Eyes no longer see what is forced
Instead they have vision ~
You can erase all pain of memory
Bring to life hope and truth
Seeing the way one meant to follow
Embraced by love with expression;
Like a bird flown away
Now you are gone,
Overcast rainy day greets me
With wildlife at my feeders.
Nature has come to soothe
The broken heart within me
I embrace the comfort they bring ~
Songbirds, notes from Heaven
They remind me of our hope
The joy of knowing you are there
With the one who made you.
The cycle of life is unbroken,
Honor and glory to Yahweh
For in His presence you have vision.

*****In loving memory of Dad*****

(1 Corinthians 13:12)

December 24, 1919 to November 2, 2012

NOT BOUND

They come on the currents of air
Dancing on the thermal wings
Alighting around where treasure is.

Variety of notes blended together
Dressed in majesty of delight
Engrossed in abundant findings.
It is sad when one does fall
To the earth given up its life
Accidents of unseen measure.
Fitting to pick up such a one
To caress it in the hand
Talking to it with soothing words.
Gently laid down on the ground
At the base of a huge tree
A tribute to the fallen ones.
Daily I look over them eagerly
To feed them with great care
Watching for another flock to return.
Artistic flight in motion
Each one different yet the same
These give me hours of joy.
Birds are special for they are
Given the privilege to fly between
Heaven and Earth, not bound.

WITNESS

Quietly being real
Instead of boldly being fake,
This is living the gospel.

WHISPERS

Bite and devour one another
Then profess to know Christ
The secret of the whispers ~
Your words shall follow you
They reveal who you are
The secret of the whispers ~
Spoken forth they create
Good, evil, death or life
The secret of the whispers ~
What you feel is good
Is only garbage which destroys
The secret of the whispers ~
You have shown your true colours
Doing so you air out the past
The secret of the whispers ~
You have uncovered others sins
Becoming accuser of the bretheren
The secret of the whispers ~
Words received as dainty morsels
Become bitter within ones soul
The secret of the whispers ~
A bird will reveal all
That is spoken in confidence
The secret of the whispers ~
Rise above the great floods
Waters that gush to consume
The secret of the whispers ~

All our sins are forgiven
Under the blood of the Lamb
Silence the whispers.
(Proverbs 16:28; Proverbs 17:9)

MAMMON

Sad but so true it is
That those leave their first love
Piercing their hearts through
With many sorrows for money...
The smell of an inheritance
Makes "believers" act like animals
Their vengeful hateful acts spew
Out poison for all to see...
Blinded by their greed of money
They disregard the man who left
A legacy of integrity and character
Mostly the wealth of great Godliness...
Hateful, spiteful and vile they are
To those who are family members
Never satisfied, always causing more
Hurt, harm, detriment with their words...
Many a family is torn asunder
With the greed that rears its ugly head
That possesses the souls of believers
Who believe "within themselves"...
Self gratification, how it does grieve
The Holy Spirit who retreats in silence

Leaving them to wallow in their filth
Of following the lusts of the world...
Nasty and accusing they have become
Weapons in Satan's hands to tear
Down the kingdom of heaven and
To destroy any witness of holiness...
Self righteous in their own eyes
They continue and spiral downwards
Until one day they look up too late
To see that they are in the pit...
Take heed that life is not money
It is the Holy Spirit and Righteousness
Of Godly character, Peace and integrity
Passing through this world unto the next.

ALWAYS HAVE HIS WAY

Yahweh will always have His way
In the lives of all men,
For His ways are a mystery to
Human reasoning and understanding ~
Man does build and rebuild
Which often is destroyed and torn
For all that is not right is removed
Even though given in His Name ~
You cannot condone your behavior
The works of the flesh and say
Bless Me lord, bless Me lord
For you make a mockery ~

Right standing is His ways aright
Not what we demand of Him
Nor what we try to justify by works
Saying what we did for God ~
Wise is the man who understands
That Yahweh is Righteous and Holy
He will do as He pleases and
Mankind cannot persuade nor contest ~
Yahweh will always have His way
In the lives of all men
For His ways are a mystery to
Human reasoning and understanding.

WE EACH SHALL CHOOSE

When the noise is stopped
Then you have clarity of sound ~
When the chaos no longer distracts
Then you can see great truth ~
When you have severed trouble
Then tranquility and peace dawns ~
When you stop listening to others
Than you can be true to yourself ~
We are first and foremost souls
With the power to create good ~
The balance is pruning away
All that robs and does hinder ~
And so we each shall choose.

DO NOT COMPROMISE

There are those who push our limits
They damage our emotions and wills
They are poison to our survival
These do not have boundaries
Nor do they respect that of others ~
It is in letting them go and moving
Forward, exclusion of their participation
In our lives that is healthy
For which they cannot understand
They feel the need to but control ~
It is in our perception and acceptance
Then our refusing permission
To allow others to torment us
To stand up for ourselves soundly
That defines our space and meaning ~
Only those who fight to remain
A part of your life are worthy
Not those who demand out of
A sense of guilt or authority
With no sincere humility to you ~
And draw the line dark and deep
That no one may cross over
For it is your definition of what
Is acceptable, honorable and right
Do not compromise for nothing.

THEY STOPPED TO LISTEN

It is the season for plastic
Sealed with tape covering windows
Of winterization and fuel efficiency ~
It is time for the weather to flip flop
Cold to warmth back to cold
Confusing the frost and fog's vapors ~
It is a season one does enter
To take out the summer fruits
Once toiled, packed away you enjoy ~
It was the summer of change
Spinning like a top non-stop
Catapulting you to a moment's reflection ~
It is the death dirge song
Reaping souls to the reaper
Waves of faces now memories ~
It is the journey of movement
Not of ones' own choice or making
Drifting to whatever comes next ~
It is the walking dreams
Of the deceased talking to you
Their memories and voices heard ~
It is the day of honor
Respect for the fallen and gone
Forever sealed with paper and pen ~
It is one person's tribute
To the world that is changing
And they stopped to listen.

A SWORD

Ironic was that double-sword
For the one they took
Was soon to be replaced ~
Taken wrongly, ungifted
After much time had passed
Shaming the names of the givers ~
Ignorant and mean spirited
Quick to cause harm and division
Left and not told, to be discovered ~
With wisdom's direction one does
Replace the sword that was taken
A gift given as an honor and memorial ~
Tragic humans like these do walk
The earth and tread on all around them
Hiding behind their religion as righteous ~
Never can they deed what is right
Always having their way as wrong
Not to honor, valor and integrity ~
The Spirit does laugh at such
Pious souls through and through
Their letter does kill the Spirit's life ~
He is a restorer of the breach
Restores what the locusts consumed
Re-establish the wronged with great honor ~
Pity the poor souls who don't get it
They keep adding to their own demise
They stand at His left hand.

MATTHEW 5 EYESIGHT

Shakespeare said it well
"Eyes are the windows to the soul",
Coined phrase I thought at biblical.
Sight is fixed attention which
Gives way to vision, devotion
And essentially action of choice.
Some souls are dark within
Others exuberantly bright light.
Look and some can see
Spiritual manifestation of ownership ~
We are a mingled people
Some are of reptilian race,
Serving the Serpent of Eden.
Vertical slits versus round pupils
They cannot deny who they are.
Television shows various ones
Their eyes reptilian and cold,
Many the servants for world change
Even some given political leaders.
Shakespeare knew something,
Yes he did...
For the Serpent has always been
And those who do serve him.
(Matthew 6:22-23)

DECEIT

It is very obvious now
Stand back and see it removed
Believers conjuring witchcraft
Using the bible for divination
Expounding blessings selfishly
And curses on all those they reject
Misusing the promises as their own
When they are but grafted in by grace
Only Messiah the promises given to
We share by faith and grace
They are not our own ~
Many go about using the name
Demanding that Elohim work for them
A "magic show" on demand
To cater to their every desire
Without the condition of ownership
Or humility of surrender and obedience ~
Many go around and do miracles
They render signs and wonders
Deceiving themselves and others
That a name can bring power
In their life and those of others,
A great misuse of spiritual matters
The Heavenly realm marginalized
For monetary gain and recognition ~
There is much "noise" in worship
Notes that fall flat in Yahweh's hearing

Repeatedly he has said as much
With the boastful arrogance of men.
Step back and see the fake hearts
Which are wrapped up in divinity,
Deliver yourself from self deceit
Yielding to the Spirit's direction.

EBB OR ETCH

Double mindedness
Ruins ones' witness
Uproots your steadfastness
Unsure in all your ways ~
Change color like a chameleon
Blend in to your surroundings
You have lost your light
The lamp stand is removed ~
If the world does love you
Then you have become
An enemy to the Cross
You think more of men ~
Compromise; agree to disagree
Round off your sharp edges
Smooth and warn down,
A living stone: A tombstone ~
Singleness of heart and mind
Hold true and fast
Don't waiver for anyone
Or in the end you are lost.

YOU KNEW

You knew it was coming
And now it is almost here
Where is your trust? Your resolve?
Will you lose faith to fear? ~
Do you cling to earthly treasures
Of all your worldly wealth
To but have it taken by
The unexpected thief of stealth? ~
Or shall you smile and praise him
Looking upward to the master
Expecting the fruits of your labor,
Ever anticipating, pressing in faster? ~
How shall you stand in that day
Of the choice of the mark
Or is there down deep within
The encouragement of divine spark? ~
Can you close the door gladly
On this world we pass through?
Only you can make the choice,
What shall it be with you?