

# *C*apitalistic *D*espair



Anne Williams

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*Bibliography:*      Back Page



I asked God, why I had to lay here.  
'Capitalistic despair', was His answer.  
Why? I had no understanding and said,

*Who are You inside a mind, blinded by fear?*

**U**nfortunately,  
**you are blinded  
by a capitalistic rooted,  
greed-induced love affair.**

No hope of answering  
I stopped and thought awhile ...

*God is inside me as a seed  
of polluted-free fresh air.*

Mind full of wonder -  
I thought how fortunate to be  
ensconced in a time warp  
that now has allowed my mind

to consider, reflect and now too  
break free of all the squalor,  
pain and dusted over views  
propaganda dwells on and fear ensues.

Now I am happy to lay here,  
bed-ridden for a while  
to know at this juncture  
my mind contains love as well hate  
but in choosing ...

I can have a different life outlook  
and wear and walk in thoughts, God-induced.  
I can, in my experience, call **truth**  
and uphold even though challenged  
I am proud to stand here when well and own.



## ***I*ntroduction:**

### **Capitalistic Despair,**

is not a topic

I particularly wanted to write about.

For its formulation provides little hope  
if a Westernised ignorant and arrogant world  
continues to despise sharing  
in preference to violent overthrow -  
in upholding an insatiable  
greedy lifestyle's needs.

Perpetual arms build up  
in pursuit of Empire's greed ...

with nothing of value  
to submit toward  
life saving inventiveness  
or mankind's survival techniques.

**Y**ou are who you are

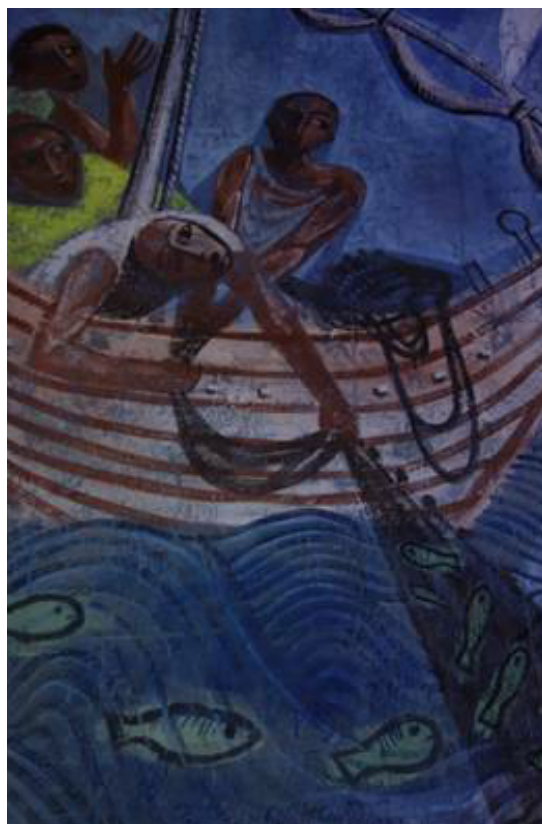
but *what* are you ...  
is that precisely clear?



**C**ast your net deep  
deep into your soul

**a**nd find ...  
the essence  
of who you are –  
that's all.







Criss-crossing the world  
of worn out paths  
long ago lost and now reviewed.

*Who answers the call to know?*

Who values the effort to find,  
what in essence,  
no more or less than  
that which is your love of life – soul?

Searching finds within  
no more or less than  
that which is another form  
without the pain, suffering and loss,  
of who you are ... not as you thought  
but of the *more*  
not seen and known,  
felt and adored - before.

## **C**ongratulations

**the song goes on  
forever winding  
its triumphant band,  
lyrical to the end**

But what of you,  
the real soul's song,  
what of you,  
the love of a God ...  
expression has no end?

Divine, ridiculous,  
poor, lost, impoverished.  
How to claim that joyousness  
back in where it belongs ...

melodious, rich, everlasting,  
developing, creating,  
breathing God's example –  
your life on earth, created form.

Divinest of all that is worthy  
to be relished, endured and favoured  
as all is all that is ... and in the now exists.

Why squander that earthly band -  
triumphant swirl?

Sing religious in the value  
of who you are to the end,  
chorus enduring – life no end  
but forever sweet

the breath extinguished,  
but consciously,  
delicately, flavoursome,  
rich, full – a life without end.  
But love's pure delight  
to offer us, the living more ...

## **a**nd in that know ...

finite is not all  
but infinitely felt  
as divine, special, sacred  
and word-like in intent -

to those who are aware,  
grateful and accepting  
that **more** is for all on earth ... if desired.

Challenge me no more  
for I have found my true self,  
the me within,  
the source of my existence.

Some say God, I say naught,  
but what I feel goes beyond it all.  
Religious dogma fails.  
Religious rhetoric denies  
the essence of who I am,  
The, 'Am I you God' denied,  
now comes in and we,  
the togetherness of a humanity  
blend in time.

In fact,  
timeless, spacious, forever  
and yet felt ...  
a knowing beyond  
and yet present.

'I am', it said and I answered at last.  
Rest was all I desired,  
as the journey painful  
now subsided into a form of bliss  
nature extreme - beauty beyond reality  
and I knew at last - I was home.



**C**hallenge me no more





Shifting sands.  
Shifting hearts.  
Shifting minds.

*Catastrophe calls us all  
back to the reality ...*

**L**ife sacred  
no more – no less  
value or else  
your worth is dead.

## **S**ettle me down

I know I am safe  
the world around  
is falling down  
at a rapid pace.

## **H**elp

the down-trodden  
pick up pace  
to allow for healing  
before, before, far before  
it is in this world - far too late.

## **S**earch not

for who you are not  
but what of **you**,  
you have discovered of worth  
and revere that. ...

that is the essence,  
gold and joy,  
that is the value  
humanity's story of worth  
to do and become -

**n**ot destroy and fail  
misery to the end.



The class of 88  
has no door, no frame  
a number here, a game  
but you of class is an inner world,  
a dream no more  
if love is what you left  
in preference  
of a worldly, banal world  
to be explored.

***D***Death comes  
and for what –  
a mark on them  
who care or cared  
but squandered it?

This life -  
is about loving the life  
jealous of nothing ...

but a will to endure  
knowing more of you exists

Lost, destroyed  
world unknown.

*What type of person  
can be alive and survive  
in this, a world-like drone?*

**L**ift your game  
pray for peace  
that which comes  
when hate is released.



The game over.  
The game began.  
But what happened ...  
human debacle,  
loss of life -  
war all over again?

**T**ake care  
the monster rides  
deeply buried  
in each one of us  
where lack  
of life as precious  
does reside.





Capitalistic society  
Westernised greed is dead,  
dying of excess  
while man and woman argue  
no hope to reconcile.

**C**hildren  
**aimless, left  
as in that disposable,  
horrific, wasteland pile.**

Want not waste not.  
*What ...*  
is the unavoidable quest.

Greed in excess -  
loss to all  
especially humanity's call ...

*love of life, love of all.*

**Capitalistic madness  
wracks its mayhem  
on every Western world door.**

Fear of not being included  
in a world misunderstood  
but partaking all the same.

Ritualistic consumerism  
no hope to quell an everlasting grip.

Drugs a-plenty,  
doped to the core.

Propaganda  
successful for a few  
the rest idle poor.

**L**ift your eyelids  
**from consumerism's door.**

Find your own truth serum,  
here ... there is much to be discovered  
even more to relish and adore.



Across the bridge  
I saw it standing  
erect, positive and tall.  
My hopes gained valiantly  
to know the other side of my world  
was opened to yet again be restored.

*Loss is like an angel  
offering hope of change  
to bear witness to what before  
now requires review.*

## **U**nderstanding

**to live the future stronger  
for what of self is known  
and understood -**

To learn to survive  
for what ahead is required,  
To learn that life is valuable, of worth  
and no other than you  
can value the gift of earth  
to proudly stand.

**S**orry days  
and sad regrets  
life is all beyond that.

No hope of resurrect  
if time is not of value  
to contemplate, consider wisely,  
move on  
and love the learning life provides.

*Sadness subsides  
when you grow beyond hell  
and learn life is to value and respect.*

## **Sacred, sorry and safe**

Where do these words fit  
in a twenty-first century world?

**Sacredness is life  
Sacred is the universe  
Sacred is the self**

**S**orry means acceptance

**Safe is where one lives life  
within the sacred space  
knowing full well that life  
is knowing how to live  
a good and prosperous life-style  
while on earth.**

## **C**hallenges a-plenty

twenty-first century  
men and women,  
children too  
disparagingly surface when required  
but buried in technology dulls their view.

Where is human understanding ...  
touch and love, feeling special,  
knowing family and friends are there  
supportive, caring, loving too?

### **What next ...**

explosions on every shore?  
No-one left,  
no door, no home.  
No-where safe  
but doom and gloom.

What left? What for?  
If no-one knows how,  
self and others,  
to love and care sacredly -

**humanity as one to share.**



The shore-line clear ,the valley wasted  
no-one much inhabits anymore.

Loss of life, energy deplete  
no such place complete.

Where or when, how or why?  
What purpose for all on earth  
to shatter, explode, divorce and die?

Whose invention - madness man-made?  
What does it stand for ...?

**g**reed an avalanche  
**no place to love,  
contemplate or restore.**

Who felt worthy? Who loss?  
What of their value?  
Men and women burnt  
upon a love-less life –

**humanity gone ... no more.**

Temperature rising  
climate change it is not.

Fear of losing  
is the West's worst nightmare  
for what then is a focus  
but more of the same ...  
loss as a major depressive lot.

**T**hankfully

**man has an alternative  
area of concern ...**

**how to build loving,  
peaceful bridges  
where the whole of humanity  
is of the most major concern.**





Capitalistic nightmares  
cross against my brow  
causing untold unrest  
of how before and now.

*What of the future?*

Nothing of past  
learnt or destroyed  
only warring factions  
seem to head a steady course.

**Wait until the 'morrow -  
far too late.**

**n**ow ...

in twenty-first century happenings  
is where a spiritual madness,  
man made, has been established  
and the poverty is made -

to subvert the creative, peaceful beauty,  
nature and the divinity of space.  
And too, of course  
our once extra-ordinary planet  
and that of our sacred human race.

Lost and gained.  
Destroyed and made.  
Perpetual motion-less space.

**G**od in all her glory  
has been lost to man  
and that of grace

*Whatever has happened?*

Man a total warring disgrace.  
Even women replicate  
that man's ugly pace  
while children, blame-less  
have to live a dysfunctional life - no space.

Only that of here and there  
no stable place to feel un-anxious  
and too of safety,  
nurture, love and peace ... as was intended.

Family surviving harmoniously  
learning of the challenge  
to work on all life's variance including  
the diversity of man's peculiar habits.  
Even of those where love and hate -  
a perpetual debate.



**S**acrifice a-plenty  
man a foolish race.





Sacrifice a-plenty - man a foolish race.

Woman was to birth nurture,  
instead a wounded member  
of a difficult human race -

where life unsettling  
and war a common threat.  
We, the aftermath, spend time  
sweeping up their mess.

**T**hink before you speak.

**Life never a single argument  
but shades of difference.**

Man's greatest threat ...  
keeping in check  
that of anguish,  
fear and too regret.

**C**onstellation ...  
wonderful expanse.

What, however man's advance?

*God bless Mary  
for her wonders  
natural world divine.*

**However ...  
man's nature  
horrific in hate and war  
and sacrifice not known -  
as sacred unknown.**

Self and man destroy  
as love means war  
and war advance.

Greed as divine  
and loss of life  
known as 'collateral'.

***B***ut damage unknown  
as the seed of life  
aborted - no voice  
unknown potential lost  
creativity ... still born.

Constellation rising  
no place to stand,  
observe and stare.

*God is in the heavens  
ideas too are there.*

**B**e mindful

**that we each contain  
a particle,  
creative beyond compare.**

Why steal and cheat  
when everything you need,  
creatively,  
is inside a brain  
no-one but you contains ...

*Sacred -  
but there too to be shared?*





**C**onstellations rising ...

constellations rising  
no place alive and clear  
to understand our value  
of each unique being.

**W**hatever happened ...  
to our humanity  
to love and be cared.

**Caring empathetic  
and understanding,  
that in each star -  
we are too there?**

**Capitalistic madness  
creeps upon my door.**

Outer world festivities  
apparently have no care  
of what is obvious  
on every planet sphere.

Total chaos  
as war and greed putrefy  
that natural,  
beauteous landscape  
and too our once pure air.

**G**od is in the heavens.

Hell a constant,  
desperate earthly world.  
And we the population  
have yet to awaken  
to that world on earth we burnt ...





***D***estroyed ...

as war the prevalent  
state of human affair.

**S**omehow life shudders  
creeps upon my skin  
how vile man has become.

So how do I express  
my creative uniqueness,  
that of my human mind ...

**if I am unable -**

to find a space pure enough  
to allow my consciousness  
to be infiltrated by a balance  
of what is, in truth ...

*love of life and care?*

How am I supposed  
to judge my behaviour  
if all I am to know of life  
is war, despair and madness?

How am I able  
to be discerning of who I am  
and need to strive for in the end  
if life is a disposable  
as every other object in the West?

**H**ow am I able

**to come to terms with  
who I am of preciousness,  
that piece of God  
in my life of creativity  
I am to be gifted  
and in need to be expressed?**

You said of me an angel  
like any human form.

You said, as a prayer,  
an answer  
to who I am on earth  
and breathe the breath of the Gods  
my regally placed aspect  
as if in my ear, God was truly there ...

that I am supposed to be  
a responsible aspect of who I am on earth.

A victim of a humanity  
but none the less responsive  
to who I am, of You, in there.  
Where it counts consciously  
to not be an horrific article  
of a twenty-first century madness,  
capitalistic violence and torrid, horrid despair.

Loss and temptation,  
carnal in its approach  
life having no meaning  
written off as 'collateral' ...

*Whatever has that, to a soul, meant?*

**A** victim of a humanity





I'm of a mind to ponder  
what on earth I left behind  
in the squalor of my madness  
twenty-first century over-kill.

To fill my life of violent behaviour  
and propaganda swill.

**T**o know now

what I could have discovered  
if time to contemplate  
was part of my life prospectus  
to work toward value ...

and not grieve  
and require  
drug-induced mentality  
fed by the proverbial need  
to consume - disposing at will.

Suppose you were to venture  
into unknown territory  
and in that archaic space,  
found world's histories.

What if nothing has altered  
as if man were still the same  
only a cultural difference  
but behaviour equivalent only more wars  
and far fewer to now blame?

Where,  
in your Westernised safe bunker  
would you be seated,  
as if in judgement now,  
given histories past  
and damage still no further  
only more of the same?

Would Christian charity  
of virtue and too blame  
be to reconcile the past,  
or more fanaticism  
and blame those of difference  
not reconcile with all?





**S**o, peace is part of history to develop  
and hence the future creativity  
to support a future need.



Middle class madness  
is on the rise once more  
selective in behaviour  
self-centred I deplore.

**W**ho are we ...  
**Westernised,  
consumer-ised drones?**

Surely not an advertisement  
for what we have become -

**a**nd no more life in future  
**for generations  
to mimic and become.**

Constitution Highway  
whatever must that mean?  
So many legal institutions  
blundered and sold their soul.

### **How is it possible to be right when wrong?**

Even if the evidence is in your favour  
purgatory inside Guantanamo  
or similar torturous, plenary torment  
no place of voice ... only in.

And here a meditation force  
to maintain the appropriate situation  
and bless yourself regardless ...  
because you held your virtuous self  
even if until a pain-filled end.

**V**oiceless but powerful  
consciousness remains  
your own personal wealth store  
truth and God proclaim.

**V**oiceless but powerful





Jack is fat. Jill is thin.

## **Where-ever did we do wrong?**

Where is the life balance  
bordering on these days?  
Extremist notions played out  
on every day, field and game.

Loss is a virtue.

***M***adness

**a capitalistic disease.**

***D***espair

**only normal to be voiding  
your rich and potential life force  
down a sewer's grave.**

**W**arring factions  
cry out to be heard

**b**ut ...

what of those destroyed,  
where are their voices  
for us in the West  
to understand, take heed ...

and our compassionate self  
to yet again be birthed?





**F**ortunate

**I think so.  
Westernised greed  
my domain no more**

For I am now in wonder  
of all those of colour,  
cultural difference  
and religious persuasion  
as the original blessing ...

to live our life learning  
and developing newer,  
more creative happenings  
for all to share.

So here we are, 'original blessing'  
we each have within  
where it counts consciously  
so we can learn to live fully,  
within our own capacity  
granted grace to know ...

each step wiser  
for that pain-filled experience  
when another passes with a similar story  
or self-inflicted woe.



**G**od,

*I have forsaken You for far too long  
the messages of worthy note  
I discarded thinking I may be wrong.  
However, in my madness  
that 'You and I are one',  
trust was defeated, arrogance my song.*

I felt despaired ...  
capitalistic ventures, propaganda speak,  
swallowed into a nothingness type state.

I sought to be restored from my futile view  
and began to wonder,

*Why on earth  
man had discarded You ...*

You, who have the answers,  
pleading as we do  
when faced by a trauma,  
catastrophic event or two?

Now as I face this world,  
twenty-first century Westernised view  
I am again reminded of that value  
You inside the mind provide  
as the substance and the glue.

A conscience to question  
my behaviour and understanding too  
toward humanity and the present global state.

**T***hanks*  
*for the comfort,*  
*challenges too in life*  
*now that I feel more confident*  
*those most precious words -*  
*I now review.*

How am I to revel  
in such an enormous gift  
to know, as other people,  
I am that article, that truth,  
experience and expression  
of You - once I awake?

*Whether or not we survive is irrelevant.  
How we each live is an imperative.*

Ask not what I can be doing  
but how do I live –  
    consciously aware  
    or spiritually dead?

*Either one is an imperative  
but to know is an obligation  
for the sacredness of a life,  
a person, humanity as a whole.*

Integration a must  
but of whom am I to replicate  
spiritually, consciously as an earthly role?

A person, each one has an obligation  
to be sacredly placing  
their energetic daily expression, validly,  
of goodness, desirous to be proud  
of who they are in total –  
the divine and maddening world.

Where are *they* in relevance  
to that of a behaviour  
and in how that impacts - good or bad?

How am I to me, the self,  
of which in a Godly way I stand?

God is in the heavenly in-between spaces  
of which our power of worth is found.

**W**ho are we  
**if in consciousness  
our life  
and that of other people  
has no place of worth?**

Dead, dying individuals  
living off a propaganda's plate –  
the devil in man to be expanded.

**Not of a special place  
where creatively we understand ...  
life is all there is and consciously  
we need to become aware.**

'Soldier on regardless',  
many would say  
but what is 'soldiering',  
but a war declared and not understood -  
but go anyway?

**L**ife is not

**for the faint hearted  
but survive we do each day.  
So how on earth  
can we be destroying  
a natural world,  
us included too?**

*What have we become?*

Spiritually insignificant  
instead ourself number one -

Precious and sacred, delicately blessed.  
Gifted individuals, uniquely talented  
skilled potential, not at present reached, -  
our divinely inspirational best.



**C**ome on now - let's be honest  
and pray for the life we have had  
to our Maker, that insightful aspect  
that keeps us going when in  
hopelessness we feel so depressed.



**H**ereafter ...

**where do I stand ?**

You cannot escape  
what is happening in the visual world  
but of our inner voice, the mind projects,  
there is an avenue  
of what in essence we accept daily  
making decisions rightly or not.

*But what of all of our goodness  
where on earth is that being kept?*

So long for the happenings.  
So long for our mind's source.

*But what is it that we are to deny?*

**Is it fear of loving  
that is keeping us  
all in Hell's bay?**



**Y**ou cannot escape what is happening

**W**hat type of human are you  
that has no *being* within?

What type of person  
do you expect to discover  
only from that source banal,  
outside childish whim?

What type of person  
came on earth to be discovered  
from hence your fantastic birth?

Do you recognise any one feature  
that makes you question and decide  
how on earth you came into being  
this person you are and have become now?

What type of individual  
succumbs to such a state of affairs  
that leaves a planet useless  
when it contains all we desire  
and require for our natural life  
and that of theirs ...

the people  
we are to supposedly love and care for  
during our lifetime and too ... into theirs?



**W**hat type are you ...

It is not so much  
about the valiant,  
the uncompromising hero  
of deeds immense ...

but more about the innocence  
of our childish behaviour  
and when we choose to grow up,  
adult-like and not live in pretence.

**M**ore about the value  
of who you are on earth and  
in how you directly influence  
throughout your days  
that of your behaviour,  
speech patterns projected out  
and too the thoughts  
stored in hardship  
and where they then  
are bantered about.

# C

heck your behaviour







**L**ove

is an answer  
but far too futile  
in this day's age  
and intent.

**L**ove

is like a barrow  
we cart our baggage about ...

*when in fact  
it is more about loving  
the person you are  
to have been born  
to find out about.*

You thought your life over  
and the world's despair  
richly undermined.

But you, yourself  
are an individual and have the call  
as to what you are to know, care  
and be living from the inner core  
of where heart and mind combine.

**God is in the heavens.  
God will take care.**

Well, I am not quite certain  
if you are totally unaware.

For in each element  
of living life on earth  
we are supposedly to live  
with the value of that, life living air.

*To know with each breath  
God and the energy of life  
is living where ever we choose  
to be fortunate and grateful  
for having a chance - on earth to be here.*

**T**he breath of life



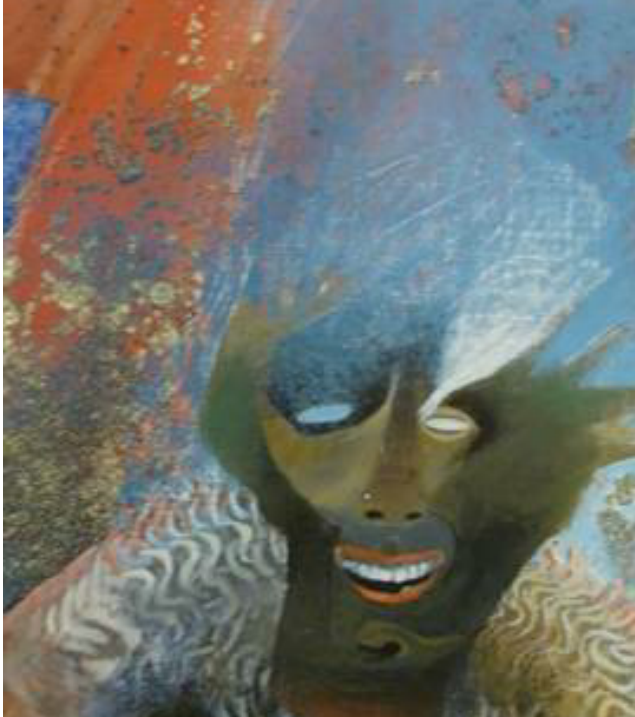
We are ...  
the Westernised heroes of democracy  
but tell me, one of you,  
where now you are to witness  
that type of liberty across this world?

**T**ell me quietly,  
**shout out I do not care,**  
**but tell me,**  
**in your heart of hearts,**  
**is that not you in that mess**  
**and anguish inside of you?**

What are we doing  
subjecting ourselves  
to so much painful belief -

when in fact,  
we are uselessly killing,  
when you think about  
the nuclear explosion  
not able to be contained  
within lifetimes  
that you could not ever ...  
in word terms, explain?

*Who are you on the outside ... ?*



*a*re you clear,  
of what inside is feeding you?

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- Hold onto your truth ... despair is in the air  
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- Patience is a virtue ... but who is virtuous  
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