

**The**  
***Suicide Watch***

*Anne Williams*

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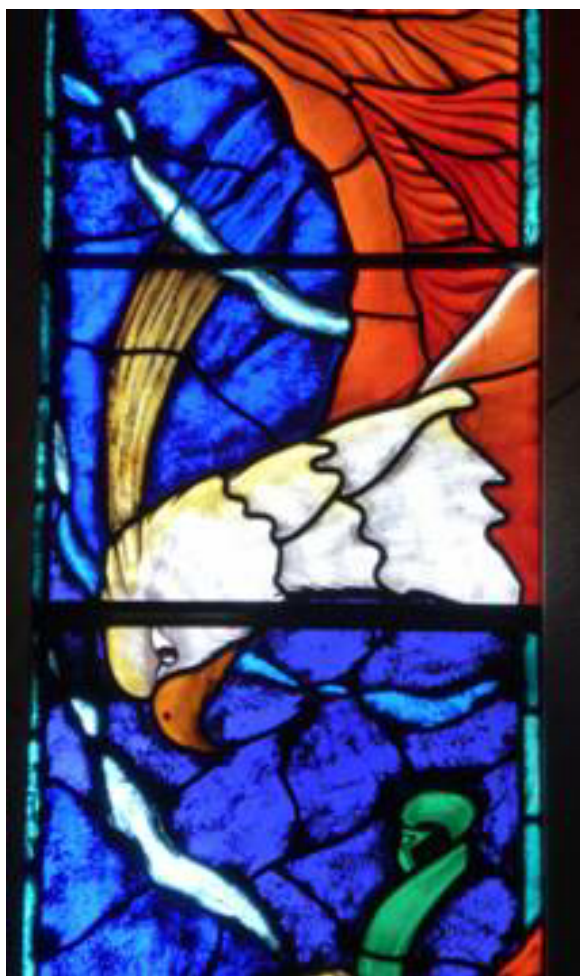


## ***Introduction:***

The world crumbles  
and offers little hope,  
especially for the young  
who are unable to fully appreciate

that life, all life is a sanctity  
of which in this world  
of Westernised hateful democracy  
little if any hope exists  
for those young coming in  
and through to live  
as what is in us best described,  
a life of wanting more

instead  
having a heart  
to conquer what we did  
and to preserve that sanctity of life  
not for what greed instils  
but what love imparts.





## ***Suicide***

What best describes a suicide?

Is it for an attention seeking exercise?  
Or are we hiding  
our deepest and strongest feelings,  
too afraid to share?

What are  
our deepest and strongest feelings?  
And for that, them, who, or what  
are those feelings to portray,  
so badly  
for us to leave a life so precious,  
uniquely gifted, as that life is to us all?

## ***Suicide is a leaving ...***

leaving a particular part of a life  
not desirous and too pain-filled  
to determine if it will ever pass.

To determine exactly the extent  
to which we are wanting  
to let it go for a relief,  
is a mystified, life daunting,  
perplexing question ...

Why suicide?  
Why not vacate that place,  
person, situation or criminal act?

Why suicide ...  
when so much more of you,  
that person, exists to draw on  
and become clear of the situation  
pounding and begging to become freed?







The word, 'suicide',  
to leave  
as an escape or release,  
is not that clearly understood.

People, who are experts  
define, decide,  
declare and debate  
As too those who are left  
to query as to how possible.

The valuable lessons of a suicide  
are more about who is inside  
that actually incites  
a more defined view of a situation  
to bring us that far to die.

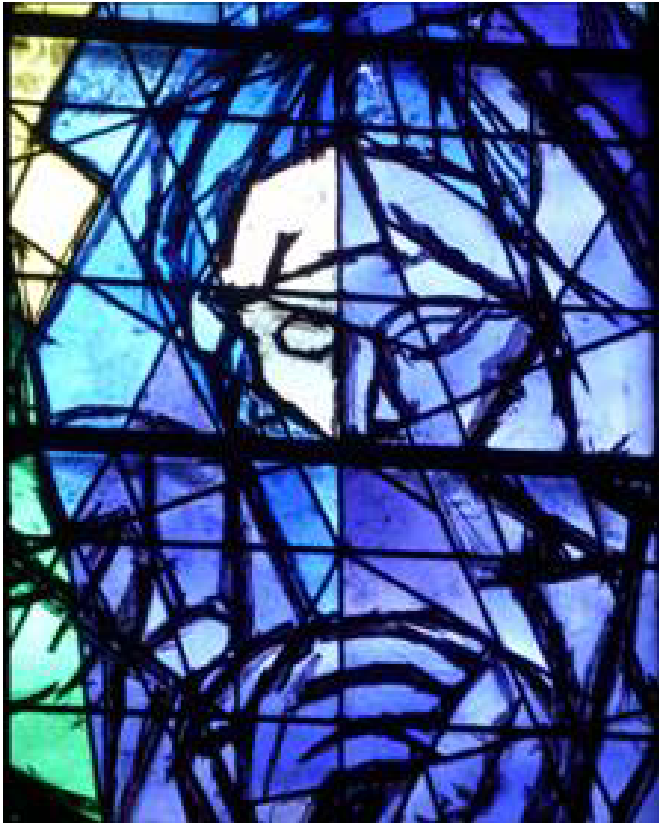
Who drives that person to die?  
Who provides the agonizing,  
no reason to live scenario?

What picture,  
devises the method  
and in how to act out?

No one is ever clear.  
No one knows for certain.

But the mind is the reason,  
the mind is our clue ...

**and who is a mind  
and what does it do?**





## ***Complications ...***

cause us to question  
but who is the deciding factor  
to the life we lead,  
undertake to believe?

Who is the person in our head  
and why  
a positive and negative thread?

What do we gain  
by a voice inside the mind,  
mental capacity?

What does it do,  
lead us to,  
declare a vital need,  
a decision making part  
to undertake  
some life extinguishing act?

The story of a life on earth  
is so very complex.  
The story is complexity in excess.  
And we, the humble few,  
try desperately to make sense  
of a myriad of stories, tales of old.  
And who is really the 'complexity machine'  
deciding what of a puzzle is pictorially portrayed?

Some say a computerised brain  
and then comes a mind, mental capacity  
or then consciousness, whatever that may be.

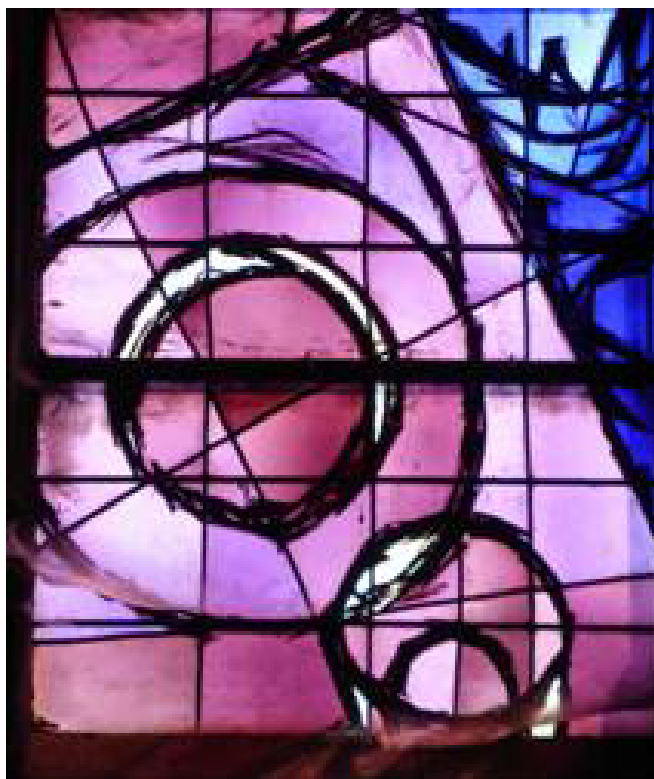
God is a usual part  
to all this questioning stuff  
but how are we to determine if It,  
or He or She or That exists?

Go into a world  
as complex as ourselves and ask,  
what is truly inside a mind and exists?  
Are we one, two or more persons,  
peoples, histories there to declare real ...

and if so,  
would one be considered a normal being  
to have voices, dead out of a past  
combining into a life, - ours?







**People are alive today  
who have before  
believed, felt and or thought  
suicide a natural path  
but decided otherwise.**

**What did come to pass,  
mentally  
to shift the 'exist button'  
from going that far?**

**Some ...**

believe a voice, a God,  
person or mystery.

**Some ...**

have asked, why me,  
what is life for,  
what purpose, place  
do I, in this life,  
is worth continuing?

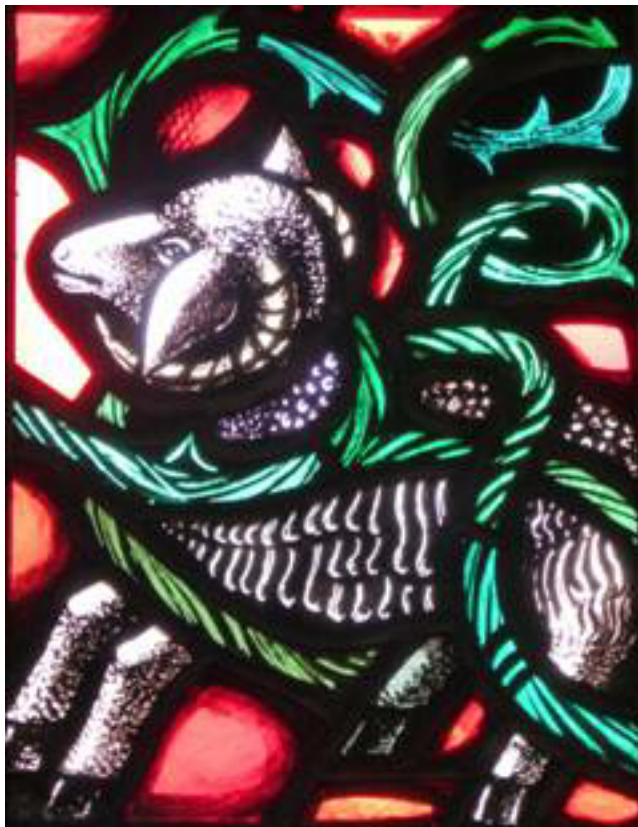
Many more questions as these  
but few, I am to wonder ask,  
Who are you,  
to come on in to my life  
to want me to die ...

and is it that you did die  
and now know  
no other way to express  
how precious life is  
and not to give it away?

What prevents our life story -  
having others who come  
and save, say, believe, torture with lies, -  
powerfully appreciate we are here on earth,  
while they are dead, but want exchange?



***Why the negative that day,  
Why so insistent to die ...***



## **Why not ...**

the alternate positive approach  
to allow reason  
and careful, more thoughtful balanced view,  
perspective, outlook, idea or clarity?

The answer simply, we have no idea.

Then, why not ask, propose to that voice,

What is it of our life you want?  
What is it about your life  
as was on earth so vile  
extinguishing was the only way out?

What is this life  
but a multitudinous pile of thought?  
So ask our self,

**Who am I,  
that thinks those thoughts?**

Tragedy, a loss of life  
when a death occurs  
without being a suicide event.  
No one can condemn but ask  
and this question,

Why does it not stop  
eternally, ever lasting  
haunting,  
despicable pain  
to those loving ones left to grieve?

No selfish act.  
No crime portrayed.  
Just a question,

**Who were you,  
entirely, on that day  
to prevent clarity,  
gain strength to turn away?**





I ask myself about suicide  
as this present world offers little,  
if any hope  
as wars rife, violence increases,  
forests depleted,  
toxic waterways,  
rivers polluted by a manufacturer  
without a conscience, greed the lure.

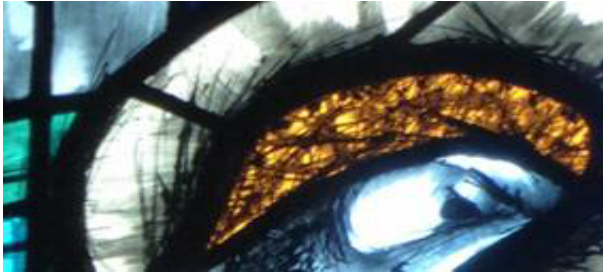
But I also understand,  
no time, no people, no value,  
and 'worth' an unused word  
no one actually breathes any more.

### ***What are we ...***

but a digitised, computerised,  
compartmentalised machine  
bidding only as a puppet  
to a manufactured propaganda god?

What is this world, as is to last  
what for  
if most of the valuable,  
life sustaining effort to preserve is dead?

**Who wants to live  
in this horror unfolding now?**



Is this ‘suicide’ an increase  
because what we,  
the previous have done  
to leave  
when we all eventually  
extinguish and die?

Not of what we have done,  
no,  
what in a conscience  
we failed to become –  
cleared, cleaned, out and in.

What we did not address,  
those voices  
good and badly disposed  
who drive our own thoughts  
while we live life on earth.

*How do we face our young ...*



'Park and Ride',  
the saying as we stride  
toward greed,  
gold of some form.

What are we actually working,  
Western wise  
in that strutting,  
dumping, disposing  
suicide type life?

Peace – I doubt it.  
What is that?  
Far too long ago to know.

Love – not really.  
Actually do not completely get  
the life time commitment context.

What then? Religiosity.  
No doubt overwhelming.  
No substance, story clear,  
as to what that will give and or be clear.

God, well maybe  
but what is that in the end?  
Naught but air, belief and faith  
and of the latter  
what is a faithful servant?

God is love,  
well that is true,  
or so they,  
who believe do say.

But let us unpack death  
and what occurs.

Let us also ask,

Who am I  
in my daily thoughts expressed?  
Am I me alone?  
Or some other form,  
force or source,  
voices even ...  
and who might they be?



***The value of a life on earth  
must be worth something ...***

to at least land  
'terra firma', as if birth.  
Similar to out of space -  
in comes that ship,  
plonked as it were.







**Who is available ...**

**to know who you are  
that parcel of information  
birthed that day and time?**

Are we actually conceived?  
By what method  
the cell and sperm seed?  
Is it a lottery, numbers random  
or a package at that point  
numerically igniting a potentiality,  
a design, so extra-ordinary?

No one clear.  
No one cares ...  
because the child inside  
acts out daily that schedule  
within an environment.  
Picks up clues as we go,  
but not always on the mark,  
but shifts as a wave, tidal to and fro.

We are not to question life on earth  
but live to the fullest.  
Or that is the word, professed by the press  
media moguls do to our mind at least.

**But who are we  
if not in control of our own ship?  
Who is the captain,  
the almighty warrior,  
gallant saviour,  
directing life for us, the best?**

We are people, complexity extreme  
who in the West have no time to address  
what of those vile thoughts  
build continually year upon year.

What then ... die in the end?  
Either suicide,  
out of knowing really why  
or just for whatever reason  
age, illness, accident,  
catastrophe in the end.

**But what is of a method  
to determine our so-called fate?  
One thing above the rest ...**

***Who is the 'life driver' in our head?***



Unpacked, the salient points  
come to a conclusion we are not alone  
when a voice of conscience exists  
we are more than what is thought.

We come to a life and begin small  
but of growth and how tall  
then the genealogy a clue

**but not ...  
of that individual's conscience,  
consciousness, stability,  
not what of that life, historically.**

No, we have simply no idea  
who that package is of you.  
Some profess characters exist  
but not of who or what form.  
Some say life not our own  
but few decide, if perhaps  
we come, already with all our life  
and others packed tight,  
package.

Nothing seems as if before  
when unpacking history from various sources  
not necessarily the books historically written  
but from those witnesses at that time ...

And so it is,  
that we are a mix of old and new  
stories of that past  
and what of you in the now.

**But when we consider time and space  
is there a gap or connection to both?**

How is it possible to discern  
where our mind of thought  
exists in our brain?

Are we not a figment, at times  
of our own unique story  
but fail,  
due to the pressures of an earthly life

and that of a past,  
anxious to pass on through thought  
what is a life saving moment,  
idea or understanding, - a clue even

and too the vile ugly thoughts  
to dispose of you, your life  
as a valuable contribution,  
part of a whole?

**Cross over  
to a world of hate-filled traits,  
wars unrelenting,  
crimes devious continuing -**



***What type inside do we portray?  
Are we goodly, kindly, caring sorts?***

***What if ...***

how we live our life  
determines those dead,  
but alive in our thoughts –  
outcomes more beneficial ...

how to preserve, value  
and not  
destroy, dispose  
and violently behave.

***What if ...***

the now is a repeat of prior,  
war-like mongers, violence  
being portrayed,  
mind driven upon our own  
because no time to consider who I am  
when voices of death and hate,  
hurt and kill come onto our own slate?

No such luck,  
suicide  
until we discover  
what on earth we are inside.  
And who is a suicidal sort?

Perhaps each of us,  
who are unaware  
of what is our worth and value  
as is the air  
to lungs and life - here on earth.





***Wake up world.***



**Justly decide ...**

**are you to gain from this life  
knowledge  
worthy to care about yourself,  
the value of your contribution  
and not squander it  
on idle chatter,  
propaganda and lies?**

## ***Wake up***

No suicide watch  
only an able bodied soul  
is in you and your thoughts  
once life is regarded invaluable.





## ***Suicide, suicide no more***

you are the worst and best,  
see for yourself how best  
and then turn that story  
to a more hope-filled stand  
to know  
what is evident is not all there is

and when ready  
ask for help,  
and then wait for a goodly type,  
a voice inside your wise self  
to assist  
with that appropriateness –

**A word or clue,  
a person of value to visit, share  
and to spend the time necessary  
to comfort, chat, hold ...  
or just to be with you.**

***Don't give in.  
Don't despair  
forever and a day  
just long enough  
until you find -  
a clue, idea, belief  
or another way.***





## *Bibliography:*

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- Patience is a virtue ... but who is virtuous  
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