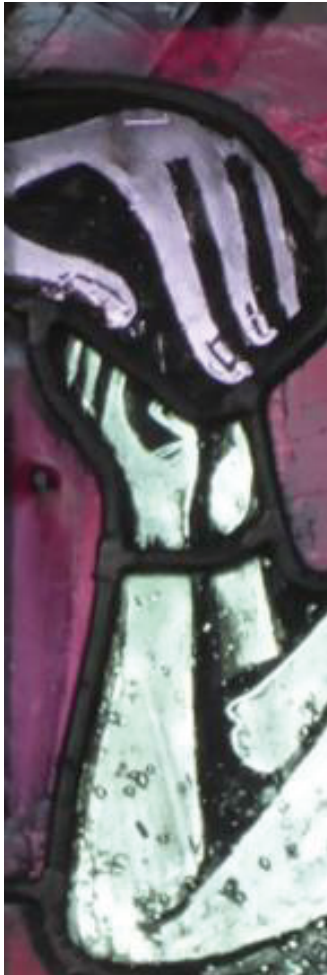


*F*orgiveness



Anne Williams

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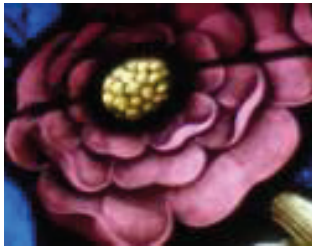
LOVE

is not a persecuted state
but one that leads to learning
how to behave and relate.

LOVE

is not some form of loss
until learning how best
to embrace those changes
causing pain as if on a cross.

Do not disturb the good inside
until ready to wait and learn
how best to unwind and revise.



The world

into which we are born
is a difficult ride at the very least
but if we are unprepared for the challenge
and so called, the weak
then there is little hope for the future
and those of our own tribe.



The world

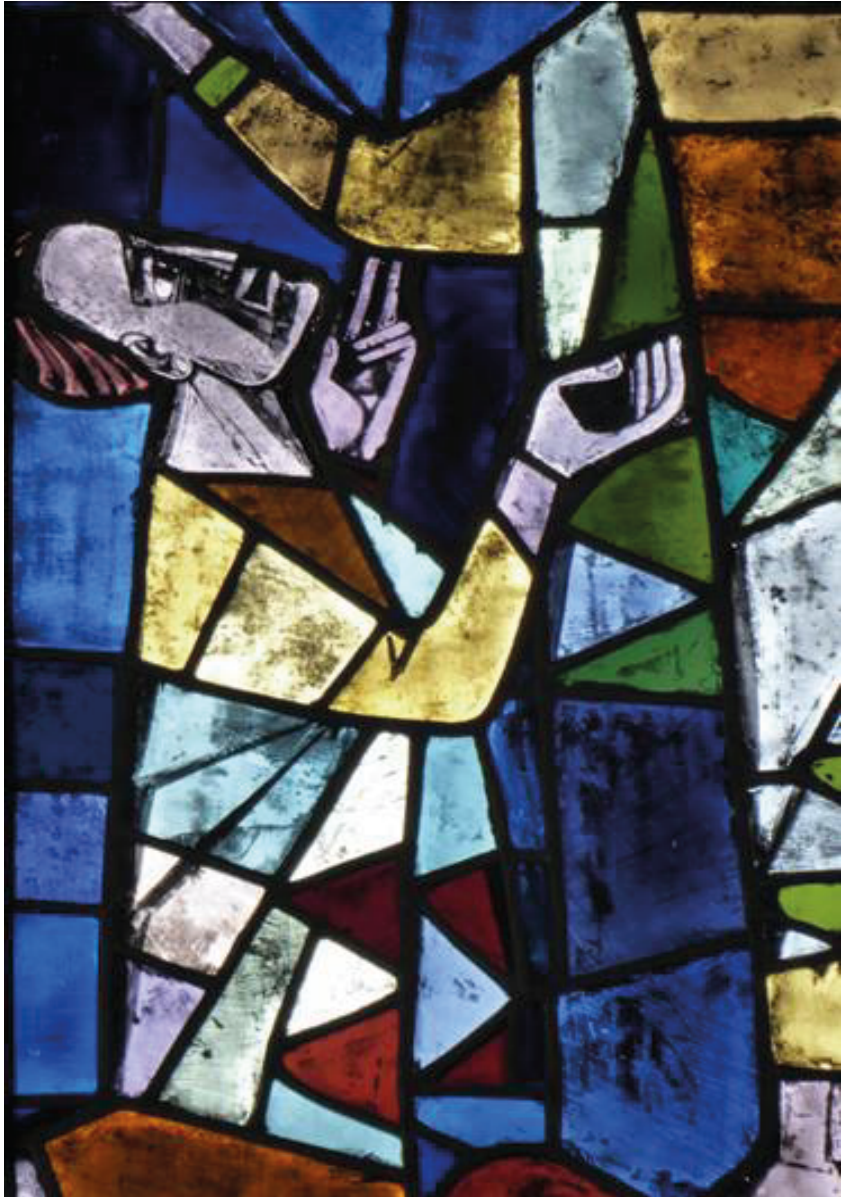
into which we are to walk and talk,
speak to another,
is formed out of hate
as well goodness and pride.

The world into which
we are able to communicate
has hate and spite.

But if we are not able
to look and observe earnestly
then there is no hope for our own survival
and hence die, or not live
in less than perfected harmony.



Observation a must



Forgiveness, forgiveness,
I heard in my head, they cried.

*F*orgiveness

is the only way
that love will survive.

Forgiveness, forgiveness
there is only that to survive alive.
Living in a way of goodly behaviour
and not a continual life of hell
each and every day.

God is not ...

in the hell

we *Westerners* provide.

God is not in anyone or thing
unless we open to that of a goodness inside.
God, that evidenced illusiveness,
is not part of any of our present life to exist.

God, the almighty powerful,
has been over-ridden by hate,
vile behaviour,
violence on all our streets.

Invasion on our mind continually
drones over head
even on my own life's home site.

God did, | am sure

have a more salubrious nature
implanted within each
to ride above those difficulties
and fight against
all and every aspect of hate.



When will it stop ... this hell we provide?



I sought to gain meaning as to why ...

I sought to understand

the nature of my own environment
and the way I was brought out of childhood
to stand on my own two feet.

I sought to undertake a journey,

difficult and horrible,
but there you are ...
not thought of when I first felt that urge
to learn the reality of my own behaviour.
And in how I treated those,
I did at times
unfortunately for them
did speak.

The courage in each to survive
against the normality of life,
is little but futile
if we are not prepared
to love and care for our own life.

*T*he love of life

is a way to bring out the goodness
we each have stored up inside,

that part of human kindness ...
away from grief, pain and strife,
away from the hatefulness,
the value-less-ness and worth-less-ness,
the pain ever-riding
on the backs of our own lives.

*T*he love of life

is a way through those painful beliefs
to see on the other side
not all was as first felt or believed.





*G*uiding the way

The value-full is what we are meaning
to seek out and enjoy that ride
not difficulty and strife.
The value-full is where we each do,
internally keep out of sight.

*T*he value-full

is where we love without hate;
is where we contain the beauty that is ours,
the life we have to live here on the earth.

The value-full-ness of which we each keep
is guiding our lives, each one on the earth
joined in harmony when that life
is no longer full of hatefulness and strife.

Guiding the way we speak to another.
Guiding the way we are able to see the other side

*G*uiding the life

so that we keep on that right track
toward a more beautiful existence
where love is to shine
and not continually look back.

The value-full-ness

is where we keep
that form of forgiveness ...
to allow for the healing
necessary to stay on track
away from the violent behaviour
infiltrating as we speak.

The propaganda,
the vile accusations unchecked.
The horrible violence everywhere
even on the television, the tablet
or SM mobile equipment.

The latest in technology
all tied up in the C.I.A. type network
to keep you straight
according to their own rules.

And not necessarily the way the elders
and wise, thoughtful folk thought
in writing the laws back then, when ...

When it was according to the tribe
for the betterment of men,
toward the value of a human being,
regardless of colour -
just meant then, everyone.

The value of our human-ness
has been taken to the slaughterhouse
and chopped into bits and pieces of detritus
for any dog to eat.

The value of our humanity
is sliding as we speak.

The value of our natives
eroded, lost and in difficulties
of which we all prefer not to say
for fear we will have to own
that each is responsible for that, their way.



God, help me ... free this hell of hate inside

God, I said, Help me,

the value of my childhood difficulties
are wearing out on my own mind.
Thoughts causing me to see only that part
where hell then, is what I am to remember
and not all of it good, from my own perspective,
which of course may or not be correct.

Time passes quickly ...

and those memories fade,
from balance to hateful,
in one foul swoop
without contesting to know,
from my own life story,
whether true, fact,
or falsely remembered.

For as a child,
I did not have my own way,
as I would have preferred
but felt the brunt of humanity ...
violently displayed.

God is not, for me, a religiosity

but some form of other
within that part of my own brain.

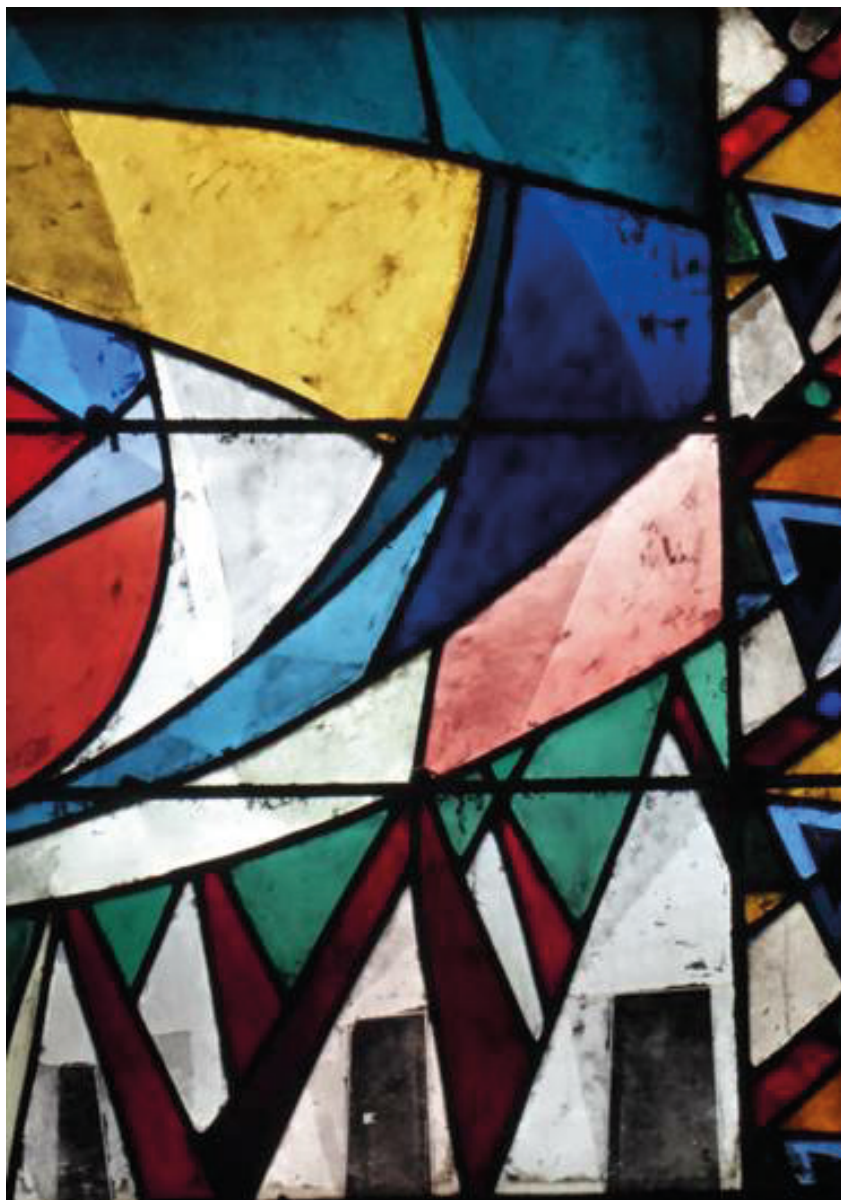
Thoughts reminiscent,
thoughts of clarity,
thoughts of hate and despicable,
but there inside me -
they do and have remained.



God bless the day I was born
or that is what is preferred I say.

But then ... there is history
of which I too am part.

I have yet to complain
seeing what in reality is real or truthful
to my own code of moral behaviour
and satisfactory life style.





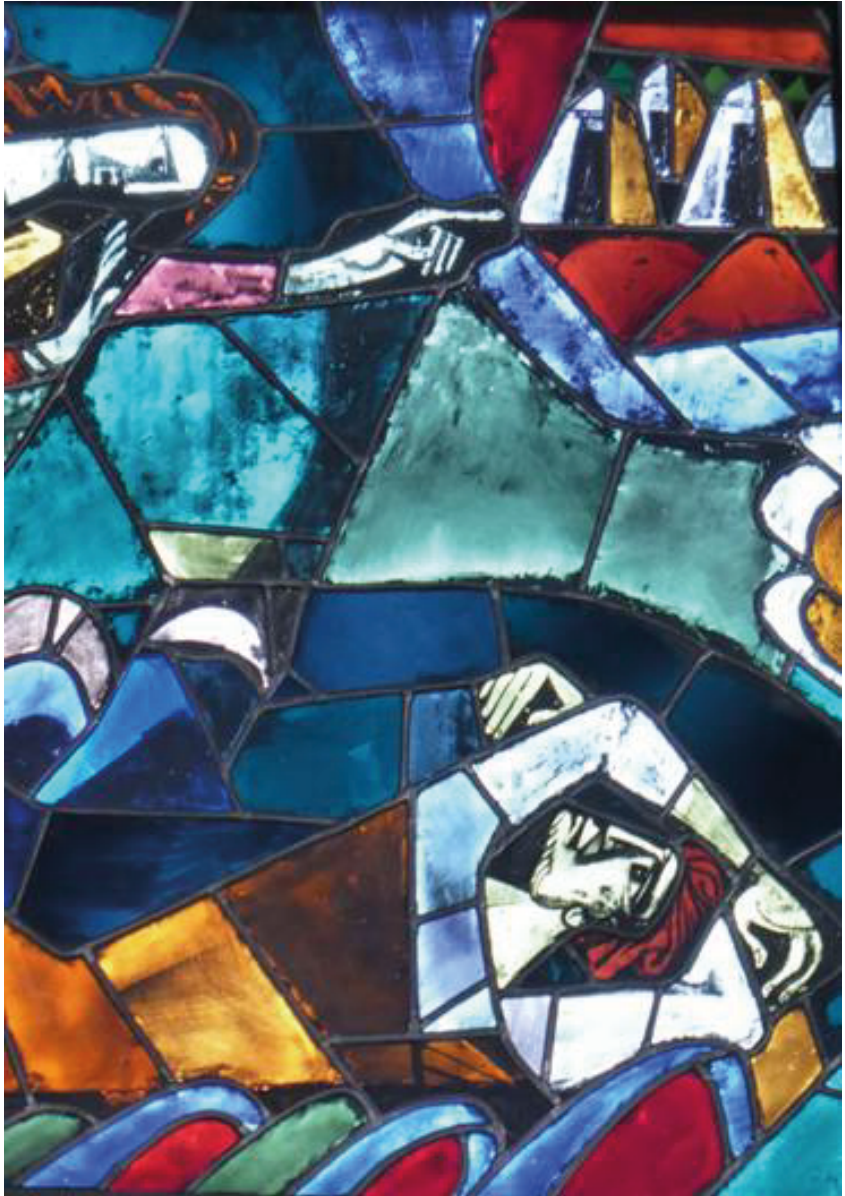
You called out

in my slumbering state of half awake
toward a betterment
and value-full life style away from hate.
You called out in my day time,
having thoughts incomplete.

You gave me an ultimatum
about how to face up to those thoughts, ugly
and sending me to the bottom
wondering whether to come out again
or totally fall back to sleep.

Naught is the value
of a nothingness life.

Naught is the way
people go about shopping or drugging
or is it both
into the daylight and then the night life?



You came and whispered.

Although it was more
a type of demand in thought
about how to relish
this one and only time on earth.

You came and reminded me

about my own past life
where the child had formed
a tiny view of life back when ...

and now that has to be altered
to accommodate both
the bad and good life.

God, I said, are there angels
or part of my past religious life?
God, Is there a mother and father
in this heaven type of after life?

Will I be able to see and hear
the value of my own life
or only of that I squandered
in not valuing my life when alive?

God,

deliver me from this hateful stand
give me a value-full life
where I can live and stand.

Give me the value of every one
I love and care for,
immediately to stop all the violence I see
on that television day and night.

Give me the value of everyone I am to meet
as if they, as me, have a place
as part of the good inside of humanity.

Give me the value of anyone I am to meet
to know they are in me the value I am to seek.



Give me a value-full life



Save us ... each one on the streets

Save each one of us on the streets.

Save the value of love
to always in our heart to keep.

Save us
from the hateful nature
of our inside view.

Save us
from the value-less-ness
that the C.I.A. interpret
we all appear to be doing
regardless of our human rights
and the rights of all on the earth.

The value of our life
is on the line as we speak.

The value of our worth eroded
and no one appears to consider
what that is, or means anymore.

The value of our worth
is being taken to the war zones
and given carte blanche.

The value of our humanity
has lost its soul as we speak.

And what are we doing –
drone like asleep?

What are we doing –
shopping 'till we drop
and no one anywhere believes
it will be what we want
just do, for a way to entertain
or not to think?



What are we doing ...



So I began to vision
a world without hate,
a world where people respected
and valued each person
to whom they are to meet.

I began to notice ...

observing my life in action
that the way I behaved
had some moral-less over tones
about what I think.

I began to notice ...

that not everyone believed
as I would have preferred
and let them in on my views –
in no uncertain terms.

Then, in an aftermath
type of memory review,
I thought that I was arrogant
just like that supposedly West's view.

I thought perhaps I had been contaminated
by that Westernised view of life,
where each and every one thing we are to have
can be taken and not thought of twice.

There is ...

a type of methodology
in writing this tonight
about the way people,
in the Westernised world,
are behaving out of sight.

No way to check and balance
lopsided in all that is taken,
done or believed possible
as not having a right,
but human to do out of sight.

But then ...

in the aftermath
at a one point in our lifetime soon
there is to become no way we can right
what we have and still do.



So comfort
and keep yourself well away
from that spewing of propaganda
and learn to live
a whole new other way.

But do not,

in your wildest dreams,
consider that you are more perfect
than for another in this belief
about Exceptionalism
or the right-est of them all.

Because ...

in essence, we all belong
to that of a God-like creature of goodness
inside our mind of all.





*T*ake my life, for instance

a perfect example
of exceptional belief
about how I can, 'shop 'till I drop',
Westernised speak
when in fact the debt creeps -
and where then, do I sleep?



So when in the right hemisphere
I have to take a moment
and think first and foremost ...

what it is
that is being avoided ...

as I do these drugging and doping,
whatever shopping and sporting is in my day.



*L*ife is ...

of a very precious nature
and if not kept
in the forefront of our mind
then it begins to erode
as the land masses do now every day.

*L*ife is ... for learning

in how to behave,
consider and value,
each and every day.



If life, all life, is precious ... then | am too



Release those pain-filled thoughts inside my mind

Love is for the taking
once the hate subsides.

But first ...

let me express here
that it takes one to know one.

And first it must always contain you
and what is held, unsettled deep inside.



Love you first

and then consider
what that effect will do.

Perhaps buy a new version
of what that love inside will contain
of the very best of you.

But do not ...

expect any form of miracle
because that does not really work,
well, not until you have done
some form of seriousness
about how you behave and work.

*L*ove is for betterment
of men and women too.

Then ...

in our children and theirs too,
we will have a formulae that works
for the best in all to value human beings;
well, that includes yes you and me too.



Love is the potion.

Love is the glue.

Love is

the betterment of everyone
including me and you.

But first realise, recognise
and advance your thinking
about having time out.

For without a quiet space
to consider the day
then there is no more future
without a violence here or there about.

Whatever is happening

now in your daily routine
if no more time is available
to spaciousness,
consideration and value –
then there is a definite
no more than a whisper of change
to better that person difficult in you.



*Love is and was
and now can be again.*

Let that hatefulness be
for you to begin
unpacking the value
of what inside is left
and build upon that.
Well, that then is ...
a first and formative step.

Care and consideration,

time out too
these are the words
repeatedly given in my mind
for relaying to both you ...
and for me too.

Care and consideration

are the inward track
to value every single moment
one is to live
as long as that may be uncertain
just as life is for all of humanity.



Bibliography:

Pamphlet Series:

Awaken to Truth

- Burdensome People - Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the Detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight
- Homeless-ness of Heart - Compassion at the core
- Abandoned
- Costly exercise Death
- You are it. I am it. What of it
- Cost of living on the rise
- Silence is Golden if Peace is involved
- Brutalism on our Shores
- Betrayal
- Hidden
- Value-less Plight
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life