

Visions Of The Future Past

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This is a work of fiction. All characters, names, places and events are the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously.

(Dedicated to Tim)

To Rhyme or Not to Rhyme?

At school, did you prefer learning the poems that Rhymed, or those that didn't?

Your answer should determine whether to even bother with this collection of Serendipitous Rhymes or not.

I hope you stay and enjoy the fantastical journey.

Please Enjoy Ven

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Please post your comments and conclusions at the website - www.venbunce.com

“Will you go deep into your soul where Very Few have ever even ‘dreamed’ about before?”

V.O. T. F. P.

Visions of the future past,
are written now for you at last.
You've suffered long on planet earth,
and now's the time for your re-birth.

A knowledge that's been secret
throughout this universe,
has now been put on paper,
and can be read in verse.

The twilight zone of fantasy,
a beauty to behold.
Is a world of hope and honesty,
as your life will unfold.

This age is of AQUARIUS ,
enlightenment to all.
So join the throngs of learning,
don't let the darkness fall.

To miss out on this journey,
through a mind that's crystal clear,
would be like seeing Disney World.
Then stand outside in fear.

Venture in, and you will see
the wonderful life of eternity.
Where wishes and dreams can all come true.
Where a brilliant light,
always shines through.

A THOUGHT OF THOUGHT.

I'm writing now, what have we here ?
Will this verse become more clear ?
I fumble through my mind for facts.
My mind is saying, just relax.

My pen is moving on its own
as I sit here all alone.
Did I say ALONE just then ?
My friends have started calling in.

I wonder why they always call
when I'm sat here all alone ?
I don't even know one name,
but they keep calling just the same.

They say they love to educate.
(You're thinking that they've come too late).
But a greater teacher you won't find,
than an uninvited, friendly mind.

When you find yourself alone,
with just a pen and paper.
Start a doodle, write some words,
it's an educating caper.

You'll find that friends will call on you
with educating wisdom.
You might not know them, this is true.
But your mind is of their KINGDOM.

S.C.A.M.

Sub Conscious Active Mind.
I look for you, what do I find ?
Nothing, for I cannot see
the supreme mind of eternity.

I know that if I clear my head
of thoughts of greed and hate.
The WHITE scam may come quietly,
and start to educate.

If I should start to cheat and lie,
my precious scam would surely fly.
The loneliness then that I'll feel,
will be so empty, and so real.

The Scam would fill my mind with joy.
Just like the time I was a boy.
The innocence in life I knew.
I learned 'despise' and my WHITE scam flew.

By chance I learned to really hate,
but the thought I couldn't contemplate.
So, I settled for despair,
and the WHITE scam came from everywhere.
It filled my mind with perfect joy,
just like the time I was a boy.

The WHITE Scam gives us perfect love,
which we then give back to the mind above.

The Vital S.C.A.M.

Hello Scam, welcome back.
I've missed your presence sorely.
Since you've been gone
I've been depressed,
infact, I've felt quite poorly.

It's O.K John, don't be afraid,
I'll never go forever.
But I have to see my brother scams
up in the never- never.

Now I'm back let's go to work,
We'll use the pen and paper.
Then while I tell you of our plans,
you'll start to feel much safer.

Please, sit on the music stool,
we'll forge a special tune,
that captures precious moments,
in your life on this Blue Moon.

But Scam, though you've returned now,
my mind is lacking still.
I have this awful void,
that only Paul can fill.

John listen, I'll try to make it clear.
Even though you can't see Paul,
his scam is also here.

I know you're only human,
and you don't understand.
How a scam like me can travel
in an instant through this land.

But be assured, that while I'm here,
I'm there, and visa-versa.
Though Pauls scam is here with you,
I'm also there, in person.

So play your tune, and sing your songs,
as only you know how.
Paul is here inside your mind.
This moment ? Yes, right now.

If one of you should fall to earth,
don't be afraid of your re-birth.
My mind is yours, as you are mine.
We cannot be destroyed by time.

We'll travel on in time as one,
and live off gamma from the sun.
We'll see the sound of spirit world.
We'll hear the smell of love untold.

If you like, we'll visit
a person of your choice.
We'll lend our mind and help him
to understand your voice.

Although he will not look like you,
he will become our mind.
We'll give to him the secret,
you had for all mankind.

We'll have to stay and suffer,
to help to see him through.
As others won't believe him,
their love for you was true.

But Scam, you talk as if I'm dead.
As if the story has been read.
Well John, you're learning, I'm so glad.
When it comes, it won't be bad.

So carry on as normal, and write the story line.

Remember; I am you, and also; you are mine.

Heaven Or Hell ?

When you see the sun in a blood-red sky,
do you feel a tingle in your own minds eye ?
Can you imagine what's happening out there ?
The signs of life are everywhere.

The blood-red sky is a thing of beauty.
But so is the tiger,
who is also quite deadly.

We're all given the signs so we might see,
just what we are doing to our own sanity.

Our mind is a heaven, or hell-on-earth.
It is pure and clean on the day of our birth.
We do have the choice,
is it heaven, or hell ?
If you live life for love,
you'll be able to tell.

Just look at the sun in the blood-red sky.
Feel the tingle in your own minds eye.
Can you tell what you see ?
Do you see God bleeding ?
Millions dying, for want of a seedling ?

Perhaps you see people dying in wars.
If you do, you're in HELL.

But the choice is yours.

Find The Reaper.

Who'll fear the Reaper? someone said.
Fear the Reaper. Or you'll be dead.

Who is this reaper, cruel and mean ?
Why is it that he's never seen ?

Mind games are fun, but deadly too.
Did you ever think the Reaper's YOU ?

He's your brother, sister, and your son.
Infact, the Reaper's everyone.

Your mind's your own, so you've been told.
But never have lies been told so bold.

Your mind is lent to see you through
the exam of life.
The test is YOU.

If you fail, don't be surprised
to find the Reaper in your own minds eye.
Pass the test of honesty,
and help all those around to see.
Don't preach, or tell them lies of man.
Just be as honest as you can.

If the test of honesty rings true,
you will see the Reaper in the sky so blue.
You'll know that your minds eye is right,
as you look at him in all his might.

Who could fear the Reaper ?

The Game Of Life.

What are we ? I hear you cry,
as you see another die.

Why do we fight ? Why do we hate ?
Do we have the answer ?
Is it all too late ?

If you recognise these thoughts as yours.
Do you run and hide behind closed doors ?
The truth is there as it should be.
As plain as day for all to see.

When you're hiding all alone,
you've got the time to ponder.
Play the noble game of chess,
allow your mind to wonder.

Black meets white and white must win.
Portray the black as every sin.
The game of life is just beginning.
The ultimate aim in life is winning.

You're just a pawn, small and weak,
but if you use your cunning.
You know that it is possible,
to start the black force running.

If you look down from above,
all forces must be equal.
But if the black is every sin,
it must not be successful.

The game of chess is just ideal
when finding peace of mind.
As every figure on the board,
is there for you to find.

The rook is all the higher ground,
beaurocracy and life.

It's jealousy and envy.
Life's trouble, and its strife.

The knight is all the armies,
the laws that are unjust.
Weave your way through all of these.
The knight is also lust.

Then we find the bishop.
A strong, protective man.
As every man is guilty,
you are no worse than he.
Guilty is now neutralised,
as he must surely see.

The queen in all her beauty,
a wonder to behold.
This mother nature we call earth.
Her secrets never told.

Call her heaven, or call her hell.
The choice is yours,
you can now tell.
Threaten her with violence.
Threaten her with sin.
If this is the black queen,
she will let you in.

But I beg you, look into the eye,
of the mushroom of the atom.
Oblivion is what you'll see.
The home of the Black King.
Dark, dark eternity.

Now call her 'Heaven'.
Call her 'Love'.
Thank her for the sky above.
Play the music she longs to hear.
Read the books that make life clear.

Live life for love, rich, or poor,
and she will open her secret door.

I can't describe what you will find.
Behind the door of the beautiful mind.
But if you can imagine a heaven-on-earth.
Then you have witnessed the worlds re-birth.

Next time you cry, Oh no, why me ?
think about lifes destiny.
You're playing chess, every day.
One false move, you're on your way.

It's easy to be lazy.
To think we needn't bother.
We're doing what the Black King wants.

Oblivion is for ever.

Clarity. Visions.

Visions come, and visions go.
Often I never know.
What to make of the signs of life
that stir my imagination,
then give me reasons for contemplation.

Sometimes, my mind is quite confused
as the Black Knight throws me dummies.
But the equation for life is (H.T.L).
I apply this, and my mind can tell.

The swirling mist of confusion
now parted in my mind.
(H.T.L) is far too strong,
and the Black Knight knows it's never wrong.

He has to leave, for he can't survive
with Honesty, Trust, and Loyalty.
I break the code and now I see
the dummies that are thrown to me.

Each time I throw these dummies back,
the White Knight compensates me.
I receive the precious truths of life,
that I can then share with trouble and strife.

Elation, is too dull a word
to explain the feeling
you get when you've heard.
The sound of the pure white energy,
that most of us will one day be.

We don't see the wood for the trees.
Even when we pray on our bended knees.
We're too busy trying to place the blame.
Too afraid to accept the shame.

The guilt that's placed as we start to learn.
Destroys the truth for which we yearn.

Guilt and truth cannot survive.
Guilt can't be seen by the White Kings eyes.

We colour ourselves a murky grey.
This helps to make the Black Bishop's day.
He knows the mist is confusing you,
and that if he is patient you'll walk right through,
to the Black Queen who waits there for you.

Once there, the visions come no more,
as the White Knight won't pass through THAT
DOOR.

The Black Knight's done his job so well.
Because of the mist, you couldn't tell.
Which way to turn or who to trust.
As he clouds your mind with lies and lust.

If you'd used the equation of (H.T.L),
your perfect mind would be able to tell.

It's never too late to turn the tide.
Cut through the mist.
See the Black Knight hide.

When you spot him, see him run.
Just like a bullet from a gun.

Folley Of Life.

The folley of life, I hear you say.
Is as plain as night, as clear as day.

We are just an accident
on an alien blue moon,
and the way that we are going,
we'll be gone too soon.

But the folley of life
is a mind in its own.
The name of the force
by which we are shown.

It's here in the form of imagination.
One mans folley - is another mans station.

We see the folleys all around.
Often standing on lonely ground.
Where brilliant men would sit and ponder.
Where White Scams come,
and make them wonder.

Wondering through this ageless time,
gave them visions, so sublime.

They could really see quite clearly,
that this blue moon
views us VERY dearly.

Some call it inspiration.
Others call it love.
Whatever you call it be assured.
It's brought down from above.

Why do the folley's look so strange ?
Their forms often defy us ?
They were built from plans in one mans mind,
to house the scams that guide mankind.
So he could sit and contemplate,

defenses of the White Kings gate.

His inspiration. Love of life.
Often caused him trouble.
Most would call him really strange,
but our futures he would re-arrange.

Genius - is often used,
to describe these men who were abused.
We couldn't understand their mind,
as they struggled on to save mankind.

People will now buy these folley's.
They know what will await them.
These scams of generations past
find peace in their to form the cast.
To play lifes game and make it last.

When you see a folley sing and cheer.
The fate of the world could be waiting there.
Know this, and appreciate.
They are the rooks of the great white gate.

Light Across The Universe.

It was a long, hot summers day,
when we all stood and shone the way.
We took our power from the sun,
and shared it out with everyone.

As we stood in awe through a veil of tears,
we gave light to the world for future years.
We showed that love was a power within.
If we use it right, we'll always win.

As we witnessed love with our own minds.
Did YOU feel a strong force rise ?
Through the shoulders, up the neck,
between the ears and eyes?

I know you've felt it many times.
It's the reason for our being.
We generate this energy,
and seeing is believing.

It only comes with true love,
and it can be mistaken,
for the love of lust,
and this my friend,
is the course that can't be taken.

To get back to that magic day,
when all the groups came out to play.
A light shone through this universe,
as we put our hands
into lifes purse.

The light so bright, we couldn't see.
But it helped to forge our destiny.
It showed the Black Queen we're not beat.
We won't accept her tasty treat.

All she could do was stand and stare.

She didn't have an answer there.
Our love of life she couldn't handle.
We have to keep alight that candle..

If John were here, you'd hear him say,
"We must relive that special day.
You have the chord.
You have the words.
You have the love of millions.
So go and show the Black Queen,
you won't settle for oblivion".

When all the world has witnessed
the power for themselves.
They can't deny this force of love,
that we first take
from heaven above.

They can't deny we give it back,
to help our love grow stronger.
The Black Queen now looks down on us,
beside herself with anger.

She cannot live on love you see,
and love will forge her destiny.
She'll starve herself to death, and then.
Fall into the world of her Black King.

Money, Money, Money.

Money, money, money.
This word I hear you say.
Is the root of all that's evil,
and that we'll buy judgement day.

It's true of course, it's been abused.
Just the way religion's used.
But just as there are holy men,
who only want what's right.
So, there are philanthropists
who wield financial might.

They don't ask for glamour.
They don't ask for fame.
But they are very happy,
to be bankers in life's game.

We all start as pawns,
but if we get right through.
We can become the White Kings' Knight,
and be life's bankers too.

If you see money as evil,
what I suggest you do.
Is look into the mirror,
and see who looks at you.

Do you see the Black Knight,
with eyes for lust and greed ?
Or the milk of human kindness,
of which mankind can feed ?

Don't be afraid of money.
It's life's eternal honey.
It puts the icing on the cake.
When the sacrifice for love you make.

Life pays us back with high rewards,

if we can strike the vital chords.

That's why the music world is strong.
They have the chord in every song.

When we buy the peaceful day.
The music world will pay the way.

The Chord.

A 'maniac depression' came over him one day.
As he sat down with his guitar,
and started then to play.

He played the notes.
A chord shone through.
The Angel rose above him,
and hovered in the blue.

It spoke to him profoundly.
"You've hit life's rhyme and reason".
The chord he hit by accident,
is found in every season.

This life on earth is simple,
but he couldn't make it clear.
As each one stood and laughed at him,
and said,
"Oh yeah,... there there".

But The Angel told a story,
too real to be untrue.
Then a maniac depression
set in this man so blue.

To clear his mind of guilt he felt,
when he couldn't make us listen.
He filled himself with drink and drugs.
Then walked those steps to heaven.

Before he left, to go away,
where he'd sit again and play.
He left us with a vital clue.
Electric Ladyland's for you.

Listen to the sound this time.
I think you'll find it blows your mind.
But be prepared to doubt the proof.
It's said the sound can raise the roof.

The chord of life you'll find in love.
The chord is all around.
When the chord is strong enough,
the feeling is profound.

This man was chosen from the start,
to suffer from a bleeding heart.

A life that wouldn't last too long,
remains immortal in his song.

~~

Years from now they'll look at us.
Tell me what they'll see ?
A race of high intelligence.
But blind as blind can be.

Loyalty.

What a day, fresh dew in may.
Cobweb on a stick add some pepper.
Out to play with my little brother.

The air is clear, the colours sharp.
The smell of lilac, strong and pure.
As I prepare to slip to school,
the thrush is hammering with a snail.
Never been known to fail.

The swifts are teasing me, and I fail to see,
how they always manage to avoid hitting me.

There's a skylark way up in the sky.
But as I follow its path,
the sun blinds my eye.

It's already hot now as I sit there dreaming.
I find myself, planning and scheming.
The cricket team will be without me,
as the cool sparkling river runs through my mind,
and I picture the spot that they won't find.

I'm splashing, swimming in ecstasy,
while my friends battle on bravely.
In the sweltering heat they lose.
The blame is placed.
I fit the shoes.

The weather is cooler now, and so,
It's back to the team I go.

But a momentary lapse of concentration,
has banished me to Coventry station.

Conflict Of Love.

Chugg chugg, chugg chugg,
puff puff, puff puff.
We know who's coming down the hill.
His balaclava and jumper in holes.
His trousers too short,
shoes with no soles.

He's the boy we all love to fool,
but he's also the nicest kid in school.

He's a quiet boy, straight and strong.
The type you know, won't go wrong.
Though he gets teased throughout the day,
he's our best friend, it's just his way.

We called him Chugger,
it's what he does.
He thinks he's a train,
that's fine by us.

He chuggs down in the morning,
and back at night.
He's a secretive lad,
but he burns a bright light.

When you're with him you give him respect.
It's something you really wouldn't expect,
as you look at him in his tattered clothes,
chugg chugging away in a world of his own.

As Chugg grew older he developed a dream.
When he left school he'd buy a machine.
A motor bike as fast as lightening.
The speed he would go would be quite frightening.

He left school at fifteen, got a good job.
Very mild-mannered, never a slob.
He held down his job, and saved really hard.
Stuck the stamps on his savings card.

Soon he'd buy his first machine.
An old A.J.S, reliable and clean.
But still he would dream his wonderful dream,
that one day he'd own a real dream machine.

His dream arrived, as often they do.
This sparkling machine looking like new.
A Tiger 100, racy and throbbing.
Light years away,
from Chugg's chugg- chugg- chugging.

But at eighteen years old,
his love now divided.
Chugger was tearing apart.
His mind was being confused
by the battle inside of his heart.

A girl who he's madly in love with,
feels jealousy over his dream.
It clouds his thoughts and his vision.
Now life's not as clear as it seemed.

What made a lad who was always so sure,
and never took risks with his life.
Make a fatal error of judgement
while riding home late one night ?

They say that the pure die young,
to spare them the hell that's for sure.
When you follow a conflict of love,
which to most, would seem just demure.

Love, is a power within us.
It should keep us sane and strong.
If YOU understand what I'm saying,
I'm sure that you won't go wrong.

Chugger now understands this.
But to those of you who don't see.
A conflict of love isn't all bad.
That one side is always a dream.

So if the time comes when you're tearing apart.
Divided by love or by hate.
Don't try to choose between them,
Or the cloud will push YOU through the gate.

It's true what's been said through the ages.
That true love always finds a way.
The dream will go of its own accord.
But for Chugger it came just too late.

~~

He now spends his time mind-hopping for fun.
Spreading this message - to everyone.

De' Ja' Vu

De' ja' vue, the feeling when
you've been somewhere before.
The time you can't remember,
but the memory is sure.

You will be told (by experts ?),
not to bother, that's a shame.
De' ja' vu's essential to the running of life's game.

Our scams can come and go at will.
It only takes an instant,
to pass in time in front of you.
It helps us pawns find our way through
To the higher ground of the Black Rook.
After all, it doesn't want us took.
A message will be flashed to you,
with coincidence called De' Ja' Vu.

To the scams we give our energy.
They then create all we can see.
We shouldn't shun our scams device,
for giving us the right advice.

In A Broken Dream.

“A broken dream ? - coincidence”.
I’m sure I hear you say.
But a mind that we can’t see or hear
has no other way.

A visit to our conscious mind,
can prove all too traumatic.
So they visit while we’re sleeping,
while our conscious mind is static.

But then they have to prove to us
that what we dreamed was true.
A broken dream will break the code.
Lifes warnings stare at you.

A helping hand is offered,
through music and the arts.
The world’s a stage.
We are the act.
The mind writes all the parts.

When you’re in the play of life,
you must learn all your lines.
Make too many errors,
and life imposes fines.

The play of life has a mind of its own.
Through broken dreams, you will be shown.

Discovery

He was ten years old, tough and strong.
He was big for his age, Knew right from wrong.
He'd fight and smoke, swear and spit.
If you didn't obey him, you'd get hit.

His friends were all older, fourteen to sixteen.
They had his respect.
He was going where they'd been.

He had no time for childish games,
like chess, toy cars, cricket, or tagg.
Life's for excitement and living.
He'd keep stealing, just for a bragg.

After all, his mates were all older.
He respected them, they must be right.
At age twelve, a hand fell on his shoulder.
A copper stepped out of the night.

His mates who were always behind him,
were still there with a smile on their face.
After all, he's the one who's in trouble.
Feeling the shame and disgrace.

They all walked away, and were laughing.
"The pratt will be put away.
But still, it was fun while it lasted,
we'll see him again one day".

The courtroom was quiet and lonely,
as they sat and decided his fate.
No, his Mum can't control him,
it's all just a little too late.

Five years seemed a harsh decision.
Now thirteen, a lifetime it seemed.
As he rode to the centre for sinners,
was it all something he had just dreamed ?

Because he was tough, hard, and callous.
He was never short of a friend.
They all seemed to want to know him.
But he just couldn't seem to bend.

How could he stoop so low,
as to play their childish games ?
He - was a teenage hero.
His portrait should be hung in frames.

One day as he looked around him
at these fools who were playing their games.
They were happy, lively, and laughing.
He wished he could feel the same.

A chair sat on its own in the corner,
quietly beckoning he.
He sat in that chair for over four years.
Alone.....with his misery.

He studied these people around him.
There must be a 'secret to life'.
You can't just grow older and older.
In transit acquire a wife.

These people were just like him.
But he seemed to have missed the point.
He's really so sad and unhappy.
Couldn't wait to get out of that joint.

At night, when no-one could see him.
He could cry and have wonderful dreams.
So happy alone in his fantasy world.
Was everything just as it seemed ?

Is it really a crime to be childish ?
To grow slowly and honestly ?
Why is there this rush to grow up too soon
and miss out on lifes fantasy ?

If a lesson is learned at each Christmas.
It really ought to be.

That like Peter Pan, we never grow old.
So let your imagination run free.

Play your childish games and remember,
the ones who have lost out on youth.
You can never re-capture those moments.
You can always live by the truth.

The Secret Of The Grotto.

The mind of man is secret.
A grotto world for sure.
Full of lifes great treasures.
But still we look for more.

If I had a grotto of my own,
I'd love to sit and wonder.
I'd slip across the mirrored wall.
Jump and sing.
Dance and fall.

My mind would be my time machine,
and I could keep it peachy clean.

I'd picture diamonds, picture pearls.
And see the atom as it swirls.

I'd build my world within my mind.
Fulfill my dreams of every kind.
Every beauty in my minds eye,
I'd capture in a bubble.
Then if I found them out of line,
I'd POP !! them at the double.

I could even think my mind was GOD.
I know you think this rather odd.

But look around - What do you see ?

Another world of FANTASY ??

WHY ?

`The Catcher In The Rye`
caught Mark Chapmans eye.
Pulled from death in '77.
Thought the plan was hatched in heaven.

He read the book and then could see,
the shape of his own destiny.
But he didn't read through the childs eye,
and he answered the call
of the Black Bishops cry.

He felt the guilt and felt the shame.
He was now a part of the Black Kings game.

He had the perfect cover.
He was every childs brother.
But a wiser child than he,
would read the book,
and surely see.

`The Catcher In The Rye`
is in our own minds eye.
The `catcher` is the White Kings man.
Try to be him if you can.
You catch a child with love and care.
You never harm a single hair.

As we are all children in the White Kings eyes,
we should never learn the word `despise`.
If we feel we have to fight and kill.
Then we're acting out the Black Kings' will.

I hope Mark will appreciate,
before he entered the Black Kings gate.
He learned to spell the word `despise`
and is glorified in the Black Kings' eyes.

All the time he's of our kind,
he has the chance to clear his mind.

Appreciate the word of love,
and help the man he sent above.

`The Catcher In The Rye`
was written for the child's eye.
It helps the child's mind to see
the glory of life's mystery.

Chapman saw the broken dream,
coincidence and fate.
But he didn't understand
how to interpret hate.

Honesty, trust, and loyalty,
are three main words that he should see.
They guide us to appreciate
the power of love in the White Kings gate.

If we all act in this way,
the `Phoney`s` will come out to play.
The game of `catch me if you can`
will be a part of the Black Kings plan.

Remember - lemmings play this game.
Your game could end up just the same.
Don't chase them, because you know,
It's over the cliff that they will go.

Instead, why not play `hide and seek`.
On their own they're very weak.
The power of love is on your side.
The `Phoney`s` ?
well they cannot hide.

They cannot feed on love you see.
So true love is our destiny.
Read the stories through child's eyes,
and never learn the word `despise`.

The Eye Of A Child.

The light of life shines brightly
through a child's eyes.
The virgin mind of children,
can't comprehend `despise`.

But as we loom from childhood,
into the land of plenty.
Our little world of fantasy
becomes a hard reality.

We're told to "grow up",
"don't be stupid".
To be aware of little Cupid.

We're told to learn the thoughts of man.
To take it all in if we can.
No wonder we get violent,
learn the word `despise`.
We're learning life's philosophy
through the Black Queens' eyes.

A child's love is plenty.
It's hard to keep it down.
Through pain and disappointment,
you'll seldom see them frown.

They set a fine example,
to us who've fallen foul,
of the Black Queens education.
Have you thrown in the towel ??

We know that education
is the key to modern living.
But so is love and charity.
Please don't stop the giving.

When we read our books of learning,
and we're trying to succeed.

It's easy to interpret
the words through alien greed.
We're told to be successful,
that's what life's about.

That if you don't get what you want,
that you should scream and shout.

But learning is much more than that.
Books are for enjoying.
Read all books through children's eyes,
the White Kings' light will shine right through,
then give the light of life to you.

When you take the `light of life`,
you'll suffer pain and grief.
But look at life through a child's eyes,
and love will bring relief.

When you push your children hard,
to be successful just like you.
Take a trip back in your mind.
Make a note of what you find.

I bet the things that you recall,
are having fun, playing ball.
All the birthday parties,
all the nursery rhymes.
They are life's education,
when you knew better times.

We all learn at our own speed.
It shouldn't be pushed along by greed.
The child's mind is hungry,
and it will find the truth.
They need that extra helping hand,
as they approach their youth.

Example, is the White Queens' tool.
So never call your child a fool.
Your child looks at you in awe.
Don't knock the child to the floor.

Instead, show you appreciate,
the love that you can't contemplate.
Ask how they are getting on.
You'll know then,
through love,
you've won.

Immunity.

When we think of our immunity
and the actions of society.
We can't always see them as one.
Let's see if it can be done.

We'll take all of this Universe
as being one Heavenly Body.
The Stars are all the Molecules,
that form the way we play the rules.

The Planets are the Organs,
that give out life's vibrations.
The Sun can be the beating Heart.
The Liver is Earth,
a vital part.

The Sun and Earth are now as one ,
The Heart and Liver are the Sun.
If one should fail, the other will die.
I'm sure you can see it in your own minds eye.

'The chord of life' sends out vibrations.
This music in our body.
It keeps our Universe pure and clean.
Through gamma rays it travels serene.

Just like our blood, it must stay pure,
or the Heavenly Body will not cure.
WE have poisoned our Universe.
Through our negative thoughts,
caused a curse.

We know through love we can stay pure,
That the Black King doesn't want a cure.
The Black Knight offers us lust of love,
to help us poison the heaven above.

He gives us money, gives us drugs.
Helps us contract the deadly bugs.

He gives us alcohol as well,
then uses LOVE ?
to make it sell.

Our mind now poisoned,
gets confused.
It's ready now to be abused.
Harder now to contemplate,
protecting the king of the Great White Gate.

Disguised as love, it feels the same.
So really, they are not to blame.
The Black Knight fooled them cleverly.
But now through aids, perhaps they'll see.

To love, is a natural thing to do.
But love and sex are not the same.
Especially when you play life's game.

The Black Kings Bishop took the guilt.
Now through Aids we all could wilt.
The Black Queen wrings her hands with glee.
Through her gate, we'll go for free.

The world of entertainment,
music, and the arts.
Are where the Chord is strongest,
they play life's leading parts.

They're on the front line don't you see.
Forging out our destiny.
Offering the Chord of Love,
to heal the poisoned Heaven above.

When we clean our Blood - (Society),
and can all act quite positively.
Live through our clearer minds once more.
Eternal peace will come for sure.

Immunity, in the Heaven above,
is fully dependent on our love.
Immunity in Society,

is in our minds.
Though we can't see.

It's called our personality.

Are we content to sit and wait
as the Black Queen pulls us through her Gate ?
Clear your mind, and you will find,
the antidote to save mankind.

The rest of us have learned `despise`,
as we look at Aids through the Black Knights' eyes.
We have to be strong, and stand our ground.
'The Chord of Love' is the healing sound.

It acts as our immunity,
if we back it up with loyalty.
If Aids we cannot tolerate,
we will ALL pass through the Black Kings gate.

The eye of the atom makes it clear.
As we look around at what we hold dear.
We have to love, and appreciate,
the eternal wonders of the 'Great White Gate'.

Jimi played while on this earth,
`The Gods Made Love`
then gave us birth.

The `Purple Haze` is Pure Love,
between the sounds of the Earth,
and the Sun above.

E.S.P.

The mystery of E.S.P.
We think we have, what we can't see.
But if we are all pure in mind
and the force of the mind creates mankind.

Mankind creates all we can see
and we think we forge our destiny.
If this is so, I can't see why,
we can't speak through our minds eye.

The power is there for all to see.
The positive mind's pure energy.
The mind of man – it nurtures hate.
Our negative thoughts all neutralise
the positive visions in our minds eyes.

On E.S.P we can depend.
We ought to trust this faithful friend.
When we all act honestly.
Friends and family will then see,
the pleasure that it gives to you,
as you Love Life on this Moon so Blue.

Your positive mind will radiate,
and neutralise our nurtured hate.

With the power of thought getting stronger.
Planet Earth will last much longer.

COMA?

The future's waiting
Golden thoughts flashing.
Crystal lights singing.
The misty blue humming of eternity.
Cymbals ringing through my mind.
The drums pushing me,
higher, lower, higher, lower.
I'm racing now, faster than light.
No fear or suspicion - absolute trust.
Electric blue now visible.
Sparks flying as I rush through.
They don't harm me, they warm me.
Voices calm, distorted, friendly.
I'm welcomed in their Heaven.
They are pure light.
Absolute energy.
Perfect mind.
GOD ??

KATE.

Lady Kate with the diamond eyes.
You entered my mind, what a lovely surprise.
Your perfect face and voice so pure.
You helped my mind to feel secure.

Through the misty blue your voice burst through.
I know it was the same for you.
Though we're strangers, our mind is one,
as we give our love up to the Sun.

Your voice I knew was special,
the first time I heard you cry.
"It's me ... Kathy" - then you'd sigh.
A special voice that couldn't lie.

I must admit that visually,
I saw you through a schoolboy's dream.
The red glow that surrounded you,
blinded me from the beautiful blue.

Though late to see the light of life.
It hit me hard at first.
But the chord of life runs through your voice,
and the words you write left me no choice.

I can see you through a child's eyes.
You'll never learn the word `despise`.
Your diamond eyes keep a friend I know.
Your perfect form has a heavenly glow.

The Bishop of the White Kings' Gate,
should look at you, and emulate.
The `Purple Haze` of love is there.
It's good to know how much you care.

When you sit and ponder,
please allow your mind to wander.
Out into the twilight zone.
We'll intermingle on our own.

Two minds, pure and clear.
We'll drift into the atmosphere.

We'll let the gamma rays above,
feed us with their perfect love.
The diamond eyes you have for sure,
will give out love forever more.

THE ETERNAL GOAL.

While walking from the river,
where I watched it swirl and flow.
I was planning out my future.
Thinking - which way should I go.

The field was black and muddy,
but the bright sun gave it light.
It looked just like the river,
with its power and its might.

Just then it started raining
and I couldn't trust my eyes.
A rainbow - just in front of me,
in the middle of that muddy sea.

Just fifty yards or so
I would find my pot of gold.
I'd have to run across that field
so muddy and so cold.

But to catch a rainbow ?
what a joy - for this ten year old boy.

Of course I'd go and catch it.
It's magic I would share.
I'd live 'the life of Riley'
with the gold I would find there.

I ran so hard that day.
I'm sure that mud was clay.
I'm sure that it was just a dream.
That I was turning into cream.
I couldn't seem to cover ground,
and my gold I never found.

The rainbow stood there teasing,
as it stood and watched me freezing.
Then just to rub the salt in,
it suddenly stopped raining.

The rainbow left me standing there.
It's magic didn't seem to care
that I was covered from head to toe
and back through the mud I had to go.

I eventually got home to see
my mother who was making tea.
I told her of the rainbow,
how it had let me down.
She said that was a lesson
and that I shouldn't frown.

She said that Mother Nature
shows us beauty to behold.
We shouldn't try to take what's hers.
We have to EARN our Gold.

The Rainbow?
It's like a dream.
You know it's there.
It can be seen.

Like a dream you cannot hold,
the rainbow holds your pot of gold.
Don't give in or you will be
Forever stuck in the muddy sea.

Chase the rainbow - but be aware.
The Black Knight may be hiding there.

A mother who appeared so wise,
saw life through the White Queens' eyes.
She never learned the word `despise`,
and never tried to tell us lies.

BLUE CHRISTMAS.

It's Christmas once again,
the family round the fire.
The film is gripping,
we're eating and sipping.
All of us are there.

The house is dark and quiet
as it slumbers on the hill.
Then suddenly - a loud BANG!
Gives us all a chill.

“What could that noise be”?
Charlie said to me.
“It came from in the kitchen,
we'd better go and see”.

Dark and creepy, down the stair,
we crept and took the utmost care.

Not knowing what we'd find,
as we were surely walking blind.
I fumbled for the switch,
afraid to look behind.

The lights went on.
We gasped aloud.
We're standing in a misty cloud.
Shattered glass all around,
we listened for another sound.

Nothing. No one there.
The silence began to scare.
We checked the door, the window too.
All were locked, the mist now blue.

Now sure that we were on our own,
half expecting to hear a moan.
We started to investigate.
We found the glass beneath every plate.

Under cups, and in the drawer.
It covered all the kitchen floor.

The icy mist now clearing
as we cleaned up the glass.
The mist slipped through the window,
and settled on the grass.

The room was getting warmer,
but we started then to shiver.
Was it shock, or fear?
(I know you think it was the beer).

The poltergeist is energy.
Something strong that we can't see.
The pure energy of the mind,
shows us what we're meant to find.

Not knowing then what I know now.
It slipped us by as we didn't know how,
to see the clues it left behind,
for the benefit of all mankind.

A poltergeist is scary
if you don't know its mind.
It could be of the Black Queen,
the worst that you could find.
It would make a friend of you,
keeping you warm in the misty blue.

The Black Queen fills your every dream.
Helps you plan, and helps you scheme.
She'll turn your head the other way.
Make your nights, eternal day.

You should find love in the misty blue.
But lust and greed she'll give to you.
To help you play her spiteful game,
she'll take the guilt that gives you shame.

When you keep your mind pure and clear.
Live life for love and she won't come near.

Keep the White King in your mind,
you'll see the clues that help mankind.

The broken glass - like diamonds,
were left to give a clue.
What we must surely look for,
in the eyes that we meet
in the misty blue.

The glass was shattered by energy.
So pure and strong that we couldn't see.
The gentle mist gave another clue.
The colour of love, is a beautiful blue.

Sensual healing.

Spiritual healing is often abused.
It leaves us mere mortals often confused.
Some have the power, some they do not.
Some just imagine the power they've got.

It's easy to see
the pound signs flashing £££.
A pot of gold
where you can cash in.

The old and the weak
will part with their treasures,
if you promise them
all of life's pleasures.

The wiser ones will walk away.
But if you're the healer,
there's plenty who'll pay.

We all have a dream
of the magical cure.
It can be obtained
from a mind that is pure.

You don't need to pay these mystical folk,
for the service they give on account.
The treatment is free,
if only you'd see.
Through the mystical chord of eternity.

The chord of love
from a mind that is pure,
will ease your pain
and help you endure.
While your body finds immunity
through the musical chord of eternity.

When 'You' believe you 'Are' the mind.
The mind of the pure White King.

When you see the beauty of life as it is.
Along with the Chord your heart will sing.

Though the spiritual healer may often abuse,
many are pure of thought.
They carry within them the chord of love,
and relay it to us from high above.

You'll feel the love as it goes right through.
You'll know then if your healer is true.
If a payment is due, it's for you to decide.
If a payment's requested
you've been for the ride.

Why not try out this power within.
Feel the energy rush right in.
Open your mind,
feel the stars glisten.
Hear the music that makes you listen.

The White Queen conducts her heavenly choir,
that gives you the love,
to quell that fire.
The fire that burns out your body and soul.
Stopping you from feeling whole.

Your mind is pure energy.
It creates the world that you can see.
Your love is what your mind desires.
Give her your love, she'll quell the fires.
She'll feed you with the energy,
that even helps the blind to see.

When you see the light of love.
You'll witness the White King high above.
The Queen will show you the mystery,
through the White Kings' gate of eternity.

Then she'll give you love for sure,
through your own mind,
now clear and pure.

The seventh fire.

The fire of life burns fiercely.
A wind of disappointment
fans the flames that will not die.

Every dream that came to light
in the clear minds eye,
suddenly are fueled with a fresh new energy.
The world WILL stand and notice
the visions that are seen.

A life that's given freely,
to do the will of light,
must repay this awesome debt,
and help to fight the Black Kings might.

However long we dwell on Earth,
each day's a bonus from our birth.
Why use our life for selfish greed?
We're here to serve the White Kings needs.

To keep our world a Heaven
take notice of the SEVEN.
"Superstitious rot" you say.
But SEVEN shows mankind the way.

A lucky number?
Coincidence?
Check out hard.
You'll see the sense.

The Gift of Love.

It's Christmas, and my presents
all fit inside a sock.
I'm thrilled to bits to find some nuts,
an apple and a pear.
But wait, what's this,
another present there?

A little plastic notebook,
real crocodile skin for sure.
I can write out special secrets now,
and post them through the door.

My friend and I are getting old,
we're eight now don't you know.
The sisters in the big house,
our love we can now show.

"Corrinne - Stanley loves you"
seemed to be just right.
We crept up to the door,
slipped it through and ran with fright.

We watched then from a distance,
behind the hawthorn tree.
Stanley tried to push me back.
The thorns all stuck in me.

It made me scream and shout,
as Stanley picked me out.
Then to my despair,
I saw Corrinne standing there.

With her sisters she was laughing
for all her worth at me.
But I didn't find it funny,
falling back into that tree.

The message from the notebook
served a purpose, that's for sure.

As after that, we were good friends.
No need to slip notes through the door.

The notebook?
“nothing special”,
I can hear you say.
But without that piece of paper,
we’d have missed a special day.

I might have had a bicycle,
toy cars, or books galore.
But the memory of ‘that little book’
will stay, forever more.

A gift of LOVE was given.
It was all could be afforded.
I took the gift of LOVE with pride,
and So....
I was rewarded.

Welcome stranger.

I saw you in that busy room.
My eyes met yours, we were in tune.
I didn't recognise you though,
and I walked away from your friendly glow.
Into the world I thought I knew,
and never gave a thought to you.

Determined now to make my mark.
Unaware of the deadly shark.
The killer of dreams and fantasy,
is now forever stalking me.

Forever building up the blocks
that lead me to the towering rocks.
Where happiness and wealth both rule.
I became the Black Rooks fool.
The Black Knight he then gave me lust
and riches that were so unjust.

By chance, I met with you again.
Your friendly glow remained the same.
But, to me you looked concerned.
You noticed wealth I hadn't earned.

The Bishop of the Black Kings gate,
told me the guilt was placed too late.
That I could go right through the door.
The Black Queen then would give me more.

I could become a banker
of the mighty strong Black King.
Whatever I desired,
The Black Queen she would bring.

What a choice I had to make.
I could have, all I could take.

As these thoughts ran through my mind,

I gazed at you and tried to find,
a reason why I shouldn't take
the riches for the riches sake.

Just then a friend I've known for years,
but couldn't show respect.
Welcomed me with open arms.
"You're one of us", he said.

Suddenly - my blood ran cold.
I couldn't say I'd not been told.
Was I really just like he?
Greed and lust had blinded me.

Frightened now by what I'd found,
I looked for you,
you weren't around.
It didn't matter any more.
I couldn't pass through the Black Bishops door.

I was left out in the cold.
My world now empty, growing old.
But I started to appreciate,
the stronger power of the White Kings mate.

Months passed by in the wilderness.
Then you touched me with your tenderness.
You showered me with sights and sound.
Feelings pure and so profound.
You gave me knowledge that I couldn't deny.
You showed me how it felt to fly.

If I die tomorrow,
I couldn't feel sorrow.
I know what I shall find.
You put the heaven in my mind.

Sink or swim.

The dream I've had a thousand times,
I'm running like a sponge.
The walls each side are closing in.
I feel I ought to lunge.

The road is getting wetter
and deeper now for sure.
But as I now accelerate,
the crowd calls out for more.

I'm skimming on the river now,
I can't believe it's true.
Then sure enough I start to sink
into the icy blue.

At peace now in the heavenly sea.
My dream has liberated me.
The crowd is screaming from the shore.
I won't go back there any more.

I hope that they will all soon see
the beauty of life in this bright blue sea.
It's hard for me to sympathise
with all that hatred in their eyes.

I can't condemn the baying crowd.
All I can do is think aloud,
and hope one day that they will see,
that the power of love,
is no mystery.

Brothers in mind.

The Whale, huge and roaming free,
can comprehend his destiny.
So gentle and so serene.
Will he vanish from the scene?

Our brothers hunt this beauty down
then slaughter him - for what?
If they knew what they were doing,
would they even care a jot.

This mammal, like the dolphin,
has a mind of pure thought.
It will not harm the likes of us.
Peace, is all that's sought.

Their sounds we have recorded,
and we cannot deny.
The more we listen to their tune,
the more we want to cry.

For they have found the chord of life,
and love is all they know.
They have no need for greed and lust.
Example's what they show.

Yes, we think we're clever,
but these mammals read our mind.
E.S.P is natural,
to these beauties and their kind.

If we can't see what's in front of us,
and cannot trust our dreams.
We'll end up falling off the cliff.
Fulfill the Black Queen's schemes.

Our mammal brothers in the ocean vast,
must be left in peace at last.
For if we fail to see the light,
the whale and dolphin can use their might.

They'll keep the chord of life alive,
and help this blue moon to survive.

Look at them.

What do you see?

A monster? - Or infinity?

Listen to their sounds of love.

Feel the energy rise above.

Out into our universe.

The White King they now re-imburse.

If you feel inside that this is true.

You - can save this moon so blue.

Don't hesitate to clear your mind

Then shine the light,

for all mankind.

Wrinklies rule.

When we were young and in our teens.
Feeling cool in our ice blue jeans.
We took for granted what felt good.
Our drink, our sex, our music.
We didn't really listen
to the words in the rock bands lyrics.

We shook our bodies to the beat.
We revelled in the sweaty heat.
Drink and sex were on our mind.
We couldn't be bothered to look and find,
the truth behind those words of rock.
We wasted the hours on our lives clock.

The year of '67 saw the peak of human hope.
The flower power made its mark.
It stared at us, bare and stark.

But we were young and blind.
We confused our perfect mind.
The power of love we thought was sex.
We let the White King down.
We took the Black Knights' apple,
and worshipped the Black Queens' crown.

1987, brought the old bands back.
Were we ready now to understand ?
These wrinklies are the wise men
who have been to hell and back.
Come through and seen the chord of life.
Their music is now truly rife.

They know they have the answer
and try to make it clear.
But will the young now listen
or confuse their minds with drugs and beer?

'87 behind us, the time has slipped away.

So we have to build those steps back up.
Get ready for that special day.

If the groups again come out to play.
Prepare yourself for judgement day.
Clear your mind, and you will see.
On that day infinity.

Cloud your mind with drink and drugs.
Be disloyal, abuse all trust.
You'll see the heaven fade away,
as the Black King gets to make his day.

The choice is ours, and ours alone.
The chord of life, we have been shown.

Ageless Rock.

Them heavy boys from the back of the moon,
passed this way twenty years too soon.
It's good to see them back today.
To see they haven't lost their way.

They're kicking down the milestones
as they rampage round the world.
Music is their weapon,
through which the truth is told.

They are the generals of this war
that we have to win for sure.
They smashed the wall around us,
and showed a brighter day.
We should listen to these heavy boys,
and what they have to say.

They may be in the pink,
but their messages are blue.
Written with a love for life,
especially for
YOU!

Blue formula.

Layla cries into my ears.
Winding back those special years.
Showing me mistakes I've made.
Trying hard to make the grade.

The voice is strong, so self assured.
The guitar screams "don't be absurd".
Follow me and you will find,
this is the blind - leading the blind.

The future of the old slow hand
was uphill all the way.
Pure genius had to be attacked,
for he would show a brighter day.

The blues inside a pure heart
kept alive this vital spark.
Supported by the love of all
who helped him stand
and then walk tall.

Read the words he sings so well.
Tales of love he will tell.
Break your heart and you will find,
inside it, is a pure mind.

Suicide solution ?

So you think you have the answer
in your troubled, cloudy mind ?
You think the truth is waiting there,
and peace is what you'll find.

You think you'll enter a real-life dream.
You'll float around on clouds serene.
That love will fill your every sound.
That you will never fall to ground.

You've heard that death is painless.
That you won't know you're dead.
This is the Black Rook talking.
He's there inside your head.

You've climbed up to the higher ground
in the game that we call life.
You find the rocks too steep to climb.
"suicide is easier".
These thoughts now running rife.

You think that you are on your own,
suffering inside.
How can anyone feel like you,
or help you turn the pride ?

Humility is stronger.
Pride is for the fools.
Pride is a gift just for you.
It helps you play the Black Kings' rules.

Remember how the Black King thrives,
as he destroys these human lives ?
He lets you through his gate for free.
Oblivion, is what you see.

Death, it may be painless,
but the mind lives on for sure.
You have the choice in front of you.

You can choose either door.

The Black Rook uses suicide,
and helps you feel secure.
The eye of the atom is the door.
Of this FACT you can be sure.

The White door you can walk through.
Friends will welcome you.
You'll find a world you never knew.
It's always been here in the blue.

The blue of love surrounding us.
Keeping us all warm.
So come inside and shelter
from the Black Rooks storm.

Humility will make you strong,
and help to clear your mind.
The crystal light of eternity,
is what you'll surely find.

Timothy's calling.

At the tender age of four
We were barely alive.
But adventure we were finding,
in your garden long and winding.

It seemed to go forever.
No fences of despair.
We forged a bond of friendship.
Took our fun out of the air.

Old saucepans,
now we're warriors,
hunting out our foe.
The old tin bath is now our boat.
Across the sea we'll go.

The woodshed is our castle,
defended with our lives.
Look out for 'Old Nick',
my dad says he's quick.
He hides in the long grass,
and he won't let us pass.

He'll chase us, and kill us,
for being a kid.
All innocent children,
'Old Nick' will get rid.

It's quiet this morning
in assembly at school.
The teachers look sad.
Have they heard something bad ?

"Listen now children,
you have to be brave.
Timothy's left us.
Ask Jesus to save,
all of you who are in this room.
The scarlet fever is hitting a boom".

Timothy's Dead. Timothy's Dead.
These words keep rushing through my head.
Now cut in half, how will I play
our special games, the natural way ?

An angel made of pure white marble
looked out for Timothy, all alone.
Just fifty yards from our noisy class,
I could hear him calling from the grass.

'Old Nick' had crept into Timothy's bed.
While Tim lay asleep, crept into his head.
'Old Nick' thought he'd struck young Timothy down.
In life, he did.
But Tim's still around.

He talks now about the power of gold.
The diamond eyes that can unfold,
to show 'Old Nick' residing there.
Tim shows me life, and lays it bare.

Into my mind, he comes each day.
He tells me how the 'chord' is played.
He keeps 'Old Nick' away from me.
He shows me secrets he can see.

Tim's grave has now been vandalised.
The angel broken down.
Those children didn't know young Tim.
They would have shown respect for him.

But Tim still says he loves them,
and will try to help them through.
But they have to open up their minds,
or there's nothing he can do.

'Old Nick' will climb inside instead,
and they'll wake up,
to find they're dead.

(Timothy Sumner – R.I.P 16/11/1955)

Double vision.

When the twins come out to play,
to revel in the summers day.
Watch them close and you will find,
them playing games with just one mind.

A freak of nature ? no harm done.
The twins still act as though they're one.
Miles apart, but you will see,
them acting out their destiny.

If one should die don't feel alarm.
The mind now one has an extra charm.
An insight into another zone,
where they will go to be alone.

Though one is left to suffer long.
He receives the words to life's own song.

Rapport with now and infinity.
Gives us hope, and ecstasy.
When the twins come out to play.
Be grateful they were born that way.

Fragile Flesh.

Are we water ? Are we air ?
Does it matter ?. Do we care?

If we are cut - do we bleed ?
The answer - we don't need.
What's obvious to us today,
we don't even have to say.

What is air ? What is water ?
Atoms of our universe.
What is gold ? What is fire ?
Atoms of our universe.

What are diamonds ?
What are pearls ?
Now we don't even have to say.
The question now.
What is the atom ?

The energy of the mind for sure.
But is our mind stained, or pure ?
If our mind is stained, we need the cure.

Thinking of our body
as a vehicle for our mind.
We have to give a smooth ride,
to this mind of all mankind.

Does it need clean water ?
Does it need clean air ?
We don't even question it.
Our mind must surely care.

If we give a smooth ride,
reward will be our claim.
Abuse our mind, and we will find
the weight of guilt and shame.
Are we water?

Are we air ?

The atom mind will surely care.

Do or die.

‘Die for your country’.

‘Martyrs live forever’.

‘The brave go to heaven’, and more.

These words are tools, weapons too,
that justify what we must do.

We’re taught them at an early age,
while learning the act,
we portray on lifes stage.

These lies - we have to justify,
when asking our loved ones to die.

To whip up their emotions
is an evil thing to do.

The equation for life is (H.T.L).

Apply this and the truth shines through.

Before we ask loved ones to die.

We have to try and justify,
how we came to act as God.

As we trample their flesh
in the muddy sod.

If the martyrs live forever,
and the brave go to heaven.

Then we must prove that claim,
or forever hang our heads in shame.

Who Are You?

The brain is split apart,
and we look into its heart.
What do we expect to find ?
The key to life ?
The supreme mind ?
The bodies death is final.
No point in searching there.
The mind has left the body,
and is watching from the air.

Perhaps it smiles, and wonders why,
we don't see our mind,
in our own minds eye.

Of course, the visions that we see,
can be put down to senility.
Napoleons, and Jesu's,
are certified insane.
But has their mind just simply,
moved up another plain ?

If the mind is everlasting.
If it is infinity.
Why shouldn't these minds call on us,
to help us all to see ?

The surgeon should just close his eyes.
Allow his mind to compromise.
His minds eye must surely see.
That I am he,
and he is me.

Control:

When mother nature ponders,
over her majestic wonders,
and dreams how she will re-arrange
her world that has become so strange.

She only has to think aloud,
to create a massive cloud.
It blots the life offending sight,
and leaves it to The Black Queens' might.

SHE feels at home with fire,
hurricanes and drought.
The Black Queen, when left all alone,
will surely wipe them out.

When you are of heaven.
You will understand the seven.
But - why wait until you're dead ?
Keep the seven in your head.

Generate, Generate.

Generate, generate,
the power of the white gate.
Identify the current,
control it with your mind.
Use your X-ray factor
to see who is behind.

Waiting there quietly,
knife in hand.
Ready to remove you.
Return you to sand.

Biological reaction, we tend to pay no heed.
But the mind created biology,
from which it could feed.

Did you grow up with the Beatles ?
Elvis or Bing ?
Did you get a strange sensation
every time you heard them sing ?

This reaction of your body,
you've felt a million times.
It has become quite natural,
this feeling so important
when the music fits the rhymes.

You've heard it called a chemistry,
when two lovers meet by chance.
They can generate life's energy
with just one single glance.

The touching of a hand,
can send vibrations through this land.

This power of emotion,
produced by just one gland.
A gland that WE can't see.
Because it is infinity.

The game of life is just beginning.
We've seen the way and now we're winning.
We won't settle for despair.
Love and peace are in the air.

We know the benefits of wealth.
That buy our pleasures, and our health.
It helps us help the weaker ones.
Who after all - are still mothers,
daughters, fathers and sons.

Politics now mingle
with music and the arts.
Do they recognise their failings,
as they try to play life's parts ?

Artists and musicians show us visions to be seen.
The world of entertainment
rides above the bland and mean.

We're shown through Walter Disney,
how fantasy is ours.
Steven Spielberg tries to show
the magnitude of life's own glow.

The guttersnipes of the dry river bed,
try to put lies in our head.
But the Beatles who were honest men.
Show us how to live with love again.

Wait And See.

In this brightly coloured, animated,
cartoon world of fun.

I see a brightly coloured bud,
aiming for the sun.

I am a busy bee,
waiting to see,
whether there is anything
in this bud for me.

How long will I have to wait,
to know the secret that's within?
Is there something I can't know,
beneath the outer skin ?

I've waited an eternity,
and slowly it unwraps.
Can I see a gift for me ?
No, I still can't see.

Do I fly away now ?
I can't afford to stay.
The other bees are moving on,
making honey from the sun.

Will my Queen be angry,
if I decide to wait
and learn the secret of this bud ?
A hard decision to contemplate.

I think I'll stay, and try to find
the secret of this fine buds mind.

The Holy Man.

The atheist - so cold, so sure,
that his belief keeps him secure.

He may be right for all we know,
as honesty gives out life's glow.
His mind is centred on his being.
Won't believe what he is seeing.

Dreams? - They're for fools.
The atheist finds other tools.

What a pity he can't see
the sanity in fantasy.
That world that hides behind the screen.
Where we all go, and have all been.

The guitar plays, how does he feel ?
Why, just like you. His love is real.
The tingle up this cold mans spine.
Confirms that his mind, could be mine.

He will wait quite patiently,
understanding what he sees.
But a mind based on security,
will bring the man down to his knees.

If his love is taken from this world,
his tears will flow, so uncontrolled.
It's then, this man will surely see,
The White Gate,
and his destiny.

Love, he's always had for sure.
But he never knew of the secret door.
Where he can pass through,
night or day.
Where he will find lost love,
and pray.

Welcome.

The U.F.O's are here at last.
To see if we've learned from our past.
Observing from the twilight zone,
as we try to make this world our own.

How they must be puzzled,
as they watch us kill our kin.
Those alien beings from afar,
witness the ultimate sin.

We think nothing of it.
It's just a fact of life.
The alien doesn't understand.
As he treasures the touch of another's hand.

The energy of life,
they will never throw away
by acting with aggression.
They consider what they say.

We are still all primitives,
barbarians at heart.
But this age is of Aquarius,
and we are getting smart.

When we have learned humility,
the aliens then will surely see.
That we have come of age as one.
The day we give love to the sun.

Destiny.

The crazy force is pushing me.
I'm so positive I can see,
what the future holds in store.
But how can I, be so sure ?

Just when things are going right.
My mind gets caught up in a fight.
It has to leave me on my own.
The Black Kings armies have now grown.

Now vulnerable, and feeling weak.
Finding it hard to speak.
Every action laboured - Every memory savoured.
I'm playing for time, as I know one day,
my perfect mind will call my way.

I'll then pick up the threads,
as I can see –

the beauty of my destiny.

Rollover Beethoven.

Beethoven, Mozart and Handel,
keep alight the candle,
that burns within the soul
that we call rock'n'roll.

The chord of life they struck by chance,
runs through our rock to then enhance
what otherwise might sound bizarre ,
as we amplify the chord afar.

Beethoven rolled over,
as it was time.
When he heard the chord
played with the rhyme.

Deaf, he may have been on Earth.
But the chord of life
gives vibrations from birth.
He didn't need to hear the sound.
The Scams of life were all around.

They guided him with imagination.
Now his music's the source of imitation.

Mozart and Handel can feed the mind,
of the great White King
of whom we are blind.

They help us comprehend the chord,
that feeds the mind that we call Lord.

Journey.

A light came screaming
through the door of solid oak.
The brass bolts and hinges still all fixed.
A thousand fit, strong strangers
had been beating at that door.
But it never gave an inch that you could tell.

Flames were thrown.
The axe was wielded.
All in vein it seems.
Just then, a light came screaming.
I felt I must be dreaming,
as it filtered through
and lightened up my mind.

Crystals were vibrating
to a sound of pure vision.
A rainbow chased a diamond o'er the floor.
A shimmering mist was growing.
A blue light now was showing
the diamond and the rainbow at the door.

They were both warm and friendly
as they offered me their trust.
They would guide me through
where angels fear to tread.

The Reaper started smiling
as only he knows how.
The light of life had entered
where nothing else would go.
It started then to put on such a show.

The Diamond played the lead
and the Crystals played the score.
The Rainbow coloured in reality.
The blue mist of love
filled the Reapers heart with joy.
Made him smile as he saw it all unfold.

The light of life shone on me
through a door of solid oak.
My protector, for so many years.
I imagined that the reaper had a heart so cold.
But now I know he truly has a heart of gold.

As I pull the brass bolts,
and push the door back wide,
a thousand fit strong strangers smile and say.
“We’ve been knocking here a lifetime,
just to brighten up your life”.
“Come with us, and we will make your day”

The smiles, I’ve imagined
in their thousands at the door.
But now I’ve seen the light show
I will surely know the score.

The diamond and the rainbow
keep these strangers mesmerised.
As I walk right past,
I smile, and agree.
The beautiful vibrations
of the crystals quell the fear.
The blue mist leads the way so I can see.

Now I’m going home to greet,
all those who’ve always loved me.
But left me, oh so soon behind the door.
The glory of the pure light,
has offered me its sanctum.
Where I shall live

And Love

Forever More.

The Light Of Life.

If a poet holds the light of life
and shines it all around.
Who lights the light
that burns so bright
and always lets them down ?

It's said that they who hold the light,
will have their hands burned raw.
That when they hold the light aloft,
they will be kicked down to the floor.

The poets must be foolish,
for they have been advised
of the dangers that they face
as they put their thoughts to rhyme.

Would you hold that light so bright ?
Could you take the pain ?
Could you tolerate the suffering,
ridicule and shame ?

Could you lay your life out bare,
and let the vultures take their share ?
Could you cut your soul right open,
to let all of mankind stare ?

When the guilt of all our brothers,
finds a niche inside your mind.
Will you burn it out with the light of life ?
Or cut it out, with a red hot knife ?

Maybe you'll just carry on,
with the life you call your own.
Let the poet hold the light of life.
As the way, they have been shown.

Let them have their hands burned raw.
Let them be washed up on the shore.

Let their body be cut for every sin.
Then why not rub the salt right in.

The poet's there to be abused.
For all the time they hold the light,
for all of us who are confused.

The End - Ven Bunce.

Please be kind enough to leave a comment on the
Blog @ www.venbunce.blogspot.com

Then of course, please visit my website at
www.venbunce.com and send me your thoughts
about 'this' book and any other book of mine you'd
like to discuss with me.

To your future happiness Ven.