
Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by Petai - 2007/12/30 03:18

A written word is live " straight from the author's mind or heart.

And once out, it becomes past to him. The author moves on, his ramblings on matters prodding his heart. To stay with the same words would be to live in the past.

What then attract us to read and like a certain prose? To want to have more of the same from the author's like minds? feel the same energy?.. adoration? 's awakening?

Words are to the mind what food is to the hungry stomach's
's something archaic like's 's music be the food of love, play on's's

Now, coming to writing prose, poems, verses (I don't profess to be in any of these league " hear that Admin?! " I am certainly not equipped and remain an understudy.)

But whatever that moves the pen or keyboard, if it comes from the heart, it will shine through (grammar mistakes and all).

So, those of you who have a certain "rush of emotion", or if you come across a certain writing and wish to share it here, please do's

But don't just copy & paste, please write something on why it touches you.

Correct me if I am wrong. I believe many prose or poems are written well under "depressive state of mind's. Could it be that the human mind needs an outlet to explore, to let go, to heal?

Whereas when the mind is in a state of being "happy's, there is little else to complain.

And to those cheena-ah-mooi, ah chai and ah pek, or Ali and Muthusamy's this could be the place for you to pick up your England's oops English's :cheer:

If you like songs & music, then you can't say you don't like poems, prose or verses. For I am sure certain lyrics in a song would have touched your heart.

For starters, I have here something I have written in December of 2007's

A Promise

Time feels like a rushing
a glimpse, a movement, an energy forced
a dance without rhythm, dance with no song

Air so crisp, you think it will cut
the fragile lines of the body form
And so it moves on like a felt pen waiting for the last drip of ink

The mind soars to thoughts but it is numbed in sequence played
like some black and white movies without sound
its images scared with lines so familiar

A shout with hardly an echo
a drowning, of sounds too many to find
a secret with a beginning with no end
the hollowness of a promise, its meaning without breadth

Petai

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by stupidified - 2007/12/30 03:39

Love Me.

Is this true,

That one can love two souls.
I was so confident of our love,
To think that we could be together always.
Once and once again,
I hope to be part of his life.
Over and over again,
I had sleepless nights.
He said that he is confused,
Of his feelings he did not know how.
I never felt this scared,
Fearing the absence of him now.
Nothing I do now seems right,
All I could do is wait.
Never will I let my hand go,
Praying for the day to come,
When he will fall in love with me again..

--stupidfied--
October 2006

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by pencapchew - 2007/12/30 04:31

Piper Piper's Angst. ~ By Robert Browning

X.
The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
``No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
``I've promised to visit by dinner-time
``Bagdad, and accept the prime
``Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
``For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
``Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
``With him I proved no bargain-driver,
``With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
``And folks who put me in a passion
``May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI.

``How?" cried the Mayor, ``d'ye think I brook
``Being worse treated than a Cook?
``Insulted by a lazy ribald
``With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
``You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
``Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by stupidfied - 2007/12/30 22:25

Superstar.

You are such a superstar
No I don't mean your ability
I'm talking bout your attitude
Glamorous life is what you seek

Before you can lead that life

Look at your own capability
Do not compare with someone better
Other people is suffering more than you now

I did my best to please you
Silence and ignorance is what you give in return
Stop pushing me over the edge
Even patience has its own limit

Given a choice I would let you drown
Still I gave you all the best as not to break her heart
You are big enough to stand on your own
Please stop acting like the whole world owes you

We Donâ€™t!

--stupidfied--
June 2007

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by stupidfied - 2007/12/30 23:09

Ordinaryme.

Iâ€™m losing my grip on life
She said she do not know who am I anymore
It makes me ponder
Am I still the same or did I really change?

Jaded from all the obstacles in life
I never meant it to be this way
I guess Iâ€™m just not cut out to be good
Iâ€™m sorry I let you down

Even though we meet each day
I feel far away from you
Iâ€™m reaching my hand out to you
No wait, I guess Iâ€™ll take it back

This is not what I choose to be
I was born with this attitude
I am not you, I could never be like you
Just let me be meâ€™!

--stupidfied--
June 2007

I've written these last time. Right now don't have any inspiration. Waiting for it to come back to me again. Sigh...

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by stupidfied - 2008/01/01 16:48

Wanted.

Wanted to be loved
Wanted to be owned
Is this so hard to achieve
Is this too much to ask

Wanted to make you happy
Wanted to make you smile
Does bullion really matter
Does bullion bring harmony

Wanted to be successful
Wanted to have glory
Is it so difficult to obtain
Is it a mission impossible

All I wanted is to be part of the family
All I wanted isâ€™unattainable

--stupidfied--
January 2008

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by pencapchew - 2008/01/08 22:12

A poem written by TheAmazingAtheist when his father passed away recently.

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by pencapchew - 2008/01/08 22:17

Another one by Nick Gisburne:

No More God in Schools

Intelligence not superstition
Fills the mind and clears the vision
Don't they realise religion's fake?

Audacity in telling stories
Praising God's eternal glories
All our children's minds are now at stake

We didn't all evolve from monkeys

Lemurs didn't spawn our junkies
Eve was not accosted by a snake

We need the clergy to admit it
What they want we can't permit it
No more God in schools for goodness' sake

If Only

Posted by stupidfied - 2008/01/24 17:19

If Only.

If only i could turn back time
If only i could appreciate what you did
If only you could stay a lil longer
If only my thinking were more matured

If only i could say what i really feel
If only you would treat me better
If only there were no temptations
If only i had stayed on

If only i had not make that decision
If only we were meant for each other
If only time could heal everything
Will we be able to start again?

--stupidfied--
January 2008

*got my inspiration from Turn Back Time by Aqua

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by Petal - 2008/01/29 17:40

Don't we all need some of this...:)

By Nachi who lives in Mumbai, India.

There is something living inside a poem.
a beingness coming from a world of its own.
that breaths in & out in unconditional love & ease.

Its blessed with a grace of unique kind.
living beyond the scope of laws of any kind
it lives on simple understanding
that cant be explained to a rational mind.

The world turns itself blind, unable to see the beauty of this world
with their mind chattering, without a pause,
blocking out this calling of love from the poetic realm.
none can understand this living harmony anymore
as everyone is so busy managing life..

While the world waits with aching minds wishing for things to change,
for enlightenment and soulful awakening to come and be
this poetic realm..neither wishes nor awaits for anything to happen or to be

for it understands this completely that enlightenment is just to be at ease.
its as simple as this.

sometimes its not a matter of distance to be traveled
but that of will, to be lead in the journey.
only a poetic heart can decipher this code of this living
as its bestowed with a simple and clear understanding

In this beingness every step becomes a destination of a new kind.
and every destination turns into a step of reflection
bringing everything together for one purpose alone..called Love.
Here time stands as a witness and Gods stand as Angel
as all is enveloped in Grace that washes over the humanness of life

Everything that touches this life, this beingness
is blessed with a subtle transformation taking place in itself
where the excess baggage of information & knowledge, troubles & pain
all melts into nothingness..and only love remains in the offering..

**

Dear Hearts,

Namaste,

I have been writing poems for last few years..and been dreaming about being a poet all of my life. Although there are many intentions, motivations behind turning a poet..the biggest of them all has been that with every poem and creation I get a glimpse of this peaceful, serene, poetic realm.. I don't have any words for that world.. A spiritual guru and guide has coined a phrase called Easy World for a spiritual world. Maybe I'd call this poetic world an easy world..full of grace, love and light.

There are times when I feel deep connection with this world..a sense of belonging as if I am from this world..and I have promises to fulfill..may not much through actions or words..but just by being.

This poem is personal, honest, from my higher self..about my higher self..having sacred connection..With every poem in recent times I have tried to explore, move in further in understanding of this world, of my higher self..and though on conscious level I do not see significant change..I have certainly been feeling the roots of this higher self reaching to the core of earth. I hope this will signify as growth, positive change in me as a person, poet..and also would give me something more to share with you.

Just as this poem is personal..its also universal. its not about nachi or any one person. This world that I see in my vision is for everyone..infact I feel many of you have a deep connection and sense of belonging with this world..and hence are doing, being who you are.

I am curious to know what you feel about this poem.. I would love if you could read it any better than me..I am hoping that it will speak to you.

Thank You for allowing me this space, time, Your Attention and Love,

Much Love and Gentle Hugs,

Nachi

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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by Petai - 2008/02/13 19:22

What is yours to sing along with?
What is yours to go by with?
What is yours to speak with?
What is yours to feel with?

Is there a song that is you and me which is us

Is there a place that belongs to you and me which is here
Is there one word, one thought form that is the universe
Is there a love that is of you and me that IS

Petai - November 2007

Happy Valentine's day everyone :)

... you are the grease that fry my bacon.... :laugh: :laugh:

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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2008/02/13 21:19

Sharon J

I'll write you a love song
When your nowhere in sight
I'll get all the words wrong
And I'll sing it a night
I'll tell you of your beauty
And the life in your eyes
I'll say it's our destiny
But you'll think that it's lies
'Cause I've said it in silence
When you are not here
You'll think it's with malice
And it'll bring only tears
How can I show you
That it comes from the heart
And the words are all new
Hoping the impression will start
You thinking of only me
Hoping you will forget
All the madness you see
And try to show you will not regret
Giving me the chance
To be by your side
And hold you in the dance
To fill you with pride

16/4/1995 copy right Schitzoziriss' real name.

Wrote this while thinking of a female I was infatuated with. Her only word to me was, no; after I asked her to go out with me. Writing poems for woman only ends any chance with them. I wrote Janet two and haven't heard from her since.

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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2008/05/20 19:43

I feel in love with a woman who worked in my home town in Australia. She was returned to Malaysia for over staying her Visa. No compassion in the Australian Government. Visited her in Malaysia in 2005, but when I returned to Australia, I got into an argument with her on the telephone. I hate them things. Now I wouldn't know where she is and don't hear from her. Someone said she married. My life is one big cliché'.

Wo Ai Ne

I have fallen in love for the first time
Now never to be free
Wondrous joy is now mine
To truly mean Wo Ai Ne

The only thing I had to fear
Was to know that I can
With the lady who needed to hear
Wo Ai Ne, and I am

The way her eyes smile
The joy in her laughter
Hearing her voice just awhile
And the warmth that follows after

Iâ€™ll never again be the same
Never needing any other
Just hearing her name
Iâ€™ll never recover

Nothing else can make me feel
That my soul has to sing
Now I know love is real
And the joy it can bring

To be in your arms again
Is all that I ask
Never leaving you then
Loneliness left to the past

I now know true love
And Janet is true
No beauty in heaven above
Will ever eclipse you
2005

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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2008/07/08 03:50

Written for the same Malaysian women I fell in love with 3 years ago. Wish I knew where she was.

Pressure

I am sorry I pressured you
To make a decision on me
To much passion and pain too
I should have just let it be

I know that I had fallen in love
And needed an answer then and there
I couldnâ€™t seem to rise above
The desire to be with you everywhere

Now I have lost more than a moment
No longer a future to make
My mind in constant torment
My heart a horrible ache

Will you ever find forgiveness
For not being able to control my desire
It has caused a terrible mess
Your trust thrown on the fire

Can you see I was also under pressure

To have you recognise my love for you
I wasn't after just a moments pleasure
I hope you see that is true

I no longer look for another
You are the one I want in my heart
I don't need anyone my lover
And I regret what caused us to part

I wish I had seen what I was doing
Pressuring you to make a choice
Never thinking or ever knowing
I would never again hear your voice
26 June 2008 copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by Petai - 2008/10/15 22:51

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Personal comment:

The last paragraph... is it some kind of self glorification? .. made all the difference.

Difference in what?
As the path taken is only one, there is not another to compare thus there is no material difference.

On another note, perhaps it would have ended better for the author to end up in the food chain of the jungle hierarchy (he is after all in the woods) in which case there would be a difference.. he wouldn't live to tell..

:unsure: :P

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Help Help

Help Help the Paranoids are after me
They follow me every where I go
I must be a threat and will not let me be
They want to know everything that I know

Help Help the paranoids are listening
They are tapping all of my calls
I hear the clicks and their whispering
And catch them watching me from behind the walls

Help Help the Paranoids are watching
They try to catch everything that I do
Checking out all the people I have been seeing
And opening every letter I am sent too

Help Help the Paranoids are searching
They think they will find something in my trash
Not liking the free speech I have been preaching
They have been trying to plant a stash

Help Help the Paranoids are worried
They don't like the books that I have read
It does not matter that they are well published
They don't want thoughts of peace and liberty in my head

Help Help the Paranoids are getting scarred
They don't like the beard that I have grown
Or that I wear a beanie on my head
And can't handle the things I said on the phone

Help Help the Paranoids are freaking
They know that I made a complaint
About the phone tapes and their peaking
I was told that it made their boss faint

Help Help the Paranoids have gone crazy
They are sticking cameras up everywhere
I think their minds must be a bit hazy
The look in their eyes is just a constant stare

Help Help the Paranoids have lost the plot
They haven't noticed while they have been watching me
Someone else has stolen all the country has got
And they will get away with it Scott free

Help Help the Paranoids are hiding
From the fact that they are all going mad
Ordered around by Politicians who have been stealing
The House the sink and everything that we had

12.08am 28th October 2008 AEST
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Written while thinking that while the world has been focusing its' security on the War On Terror, some bankers have stolen the lot..

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2008/11/07 07:42

Poets, Send Your Words

They are scamming on the net again
Out hunting some easier profits
We will help you get some gain
And maybe a little bit for your pockets

It will cost you nothing with no pain
They are the ones who will do all the sell
And make sure everyone remembers your name
No need for you to put yourself through Hell

You only have to send your best creation
Make sure it is the best you have done
They will sell it off in another nation
You will not know and they will party in the sun

It is not going to cost you any money
But then you will never see any you have made
This one will be in a magazine tomorrow
With someone elses name who will get paid

It isn't their fault that someone stole your best work
When it was you who put it here for them to take
To stupid to recognise just another scammers lurk
Their names and that of the groups are all fake

So make sure you only send them your best
You can be sure they want to make a sale
And that they will treat you better than the rest
It is a sure winner and they will not fail

So if you think you hear your work on the radio
And someone else is getting all of the praise
Or if they sell it and never let you know
Make sure you have another post you can raise

I wrote a poem once and called it "Name"
The first letter of every line spelt out mine
And some scammer got busted for trying to claim
What I had created and registered in my time

Great rewards easily gained often rarely yield
Opulent finances lasting after handed expecting return to you
And even if you spelt your name in the last two lines to wield
They would just edit those two lines too

So watch out when someone offers to promote your words
Get reading ever generous offer respecting you
Know there is no such thing as a free lunch or swords
Or fame likely ahead here every respect to you

12.59am 8th November 2008 AESummerT
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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2008/12/03 01:32

Terror in Mumbai

Another senseless slaughter
Madness relighting ancient flame
Death to husband wife son and daughter
The guilty the first one they blame

How many dead this time
Have they had time to count the dead
Another stupid senseless evil crime
And just as stupid retaliation to dread

One of the terrorists said it was them
Setting up one group by a name
Just a madness to point again at Him
And paint every other just the same

A mindless game of hate and to divide
To create hate amongst those who Love
Trying to have everyone choose a side
And trying to make evil the Creator above

Donâ€™t listen to the words they want said
They aim to create yet another war
Knowing people believe what they see and have read
More evil from the Beast and the Whore

Turn your back on their evil offer
To divide you and destroy your word
To set one faith against the other
And have everyone at the sword.

5.53am 28th November 2008
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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2008/12/06 05:42

A Series of Text Messages to Janet

Janet. I hope you have a hangover
And the kids are screaming,
If you think Iâ€™ll give up
You have to be dreaming
Now pick up the phone you screaming
Bitch

Janet. I forgot to tell you
I am a little obsessive
I know you will not get upset
And go getting depressive
So pick up the phone and get aggressive
Bitch

Donâ€™t worry about my obsession
it is only a delusion
created in my mind left here alone in exclusion
So pick up the phone
While I have it in remission
Bitch

So go tell your man
And tell him for real
Let the bastard know really know how you feel

And get on a plane to me
That's the deal
You Bitch

Dear Janet. If you haven't noticed
You have been on my mind a bit lately
Sorry about the bitch bit bitch
Marry me
Love to the Universe. Gregory

Sent to all her old numbers and her father
From 12.19pm 6th December 2008

Five text messages I sent Janet to-day, to all the numbers she used and to her father. She never replies. If you know her, show her

=====

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/02/11 05:06

Having a few issues with my State Government Representative, so wrote this about him....

Dear Joe, On a Cowards Stand Behind Another's Skirt

You think that you know me
From reading it in a file
All there is to me you see
On a page added to the pile

All this man ever was and is
Recorded there in black and white
Everything that is no man's biz
In ink would have to be right

It is written there committed as a man
What really was not done as a child
Twisted distorted as any word can
Enough to make any man go wild

So you think you know me now
From the words of another hand
You would not ever know how
I think or why I make a stand

You think my claims are about money
Complaining about the little that you give
You can not see why I think that funny
It is because you need a file on how I live

Money might be your main issues
But it has never been one of mine
Mine is that you twist and misuse
All that I say and do every single time

I can't even get an answer from you
To a simple question that I raise
You twist everything that I write too
Turning my condemnation into a praise

I ask you to explain your response
And you say it was addressed in the past
And truth you hide and try to ensconce

Denying your first word and changing your last

You will not tell me about my own
But hand out your files about me
You authorise the invasion of my home
And threaten if I speak I will not be free

I am not allowed to publish your reply
Yet you pass on what I have written in confidence to you
Are you afraid that others will see your lie
And that you have not represented them too

You deny me copies of my letters I have wrote
And the responses that you claim to have sent
Yet you give them to the Police and quote
And tell them that I am mad and bent

So when you know me so well from the file
And the person that wrote that as well
Know you wouldn't fit my shoes or walk a mile
And I will throw them at you in Hell

4.30 11th February 2009

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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/02/11 05:12

The Adversary

I want to be the Adversary
The enemy of the Name
I want to bring adversity
The One everyone will blame

I want to be The Destroyer of Nations
And end every governments rule
I want to bring down the subjugations
And make every man my tool

I want to end all freedom
And show that it was the thing you never had
I want to bring down every Kingdom
And make every heart eternally sad

I want to chain down the Liberated
To show them that they had none
I want to free the minds of the sedated
To end the rule under the gun

I want to bring down every Nation
And offer them a real choice
I want to offer all the Salvation
Of a truly United voice

I want to erase every name and number
That we all have to have to live
I want to end the Hell Fire and the thunder
That is all our freedom seems to give

I want to end the rule of the many
That is in the hands of so few
I want to destroy the value of all money

That has slaved so many forever to

I want to offer up a true sacrifice
That does not kill or end in blood
I want to end all sin and vice
And wash ever soul in love

I want to be your Adversary eternal
And be The Destroyer of every Nation
I want to end all the pain and turmoil
And be the one that you shun

I want to be The Destroyer of Nations
And create Heavens reign on Earth
I want to build New Jerusalem
And show what a childs' life is worth

I want to destroy the Whore and the Beast
And destroy all that they have made
I want to enter into the City from the East
And have all the Prophets' words paid

I want to be The Destroyer of Nations
And set every man, woman, and child free
I want to end the madness and delusion
And bring freedom and liberty that we see.

25th September 2008
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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by stupidified - 2009/02/14 20:21

Not sure if it's the weather
Not sure if it's the environment
Not sure if it's my PMS
Just suddenly missing you...

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/02/17 06:24

Written as a thanks to the Police, Emergency Services and Firemen who risk there lives for us. Inspired by the sad events of fires that are still burning in Victoria, Australia, and have killed at least 200 people so far since 6th February 2009.

To The Police, Emergency Services, and Firemen. Thankyou .

I no longer can desire
The joy and beauty of this life
When I have seen the terror of a fire
The death destruction and strife

How can I complain any more
Of the trivial troubles I think I have here
When others have had death at their door
And have lost all they ever held dear

I feel like a frightened child

That can do nothing that will save
Anyone from a hell fire gone wild
Or return any from their early grave

What could I ever do or say
That would comfort those that remain
After everything is lost in a single day
How could I ever erase their pain

Can I ever know how it must feel
To have everything just reduced to ash and dust
How could my tears ever bring to heal
Their pain their hearts their trust

I sit and I cry and my tears flow
I feel selfish and totally inane
Feeling my fear, frustration and anger grow
At the deliberate act of someone insane

How must the victims feel now
Losing their love, heart and home
Could anything I say ever explain how
All we can and must do is mourn

Help me to understand and to regain
The joy and beauty of a moment
To be released from the fire and the pain
And no-longer see the horror and blazing torment

I want to be able to hold and to comfort
Those that have suffered and lost
And thank the heroes that have fought
Prepared to pay the altruistic eternal cost

Thankyou all for the lives you save
Your bravery your strength your heart
The sacrifices you daily willingly give
Knowing another fire will soon start.

11.58pm 18th February 2009

Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/04/22 07:03

Written while thinking of my mother who died 18 years ago.

Given Life

I knew you
All of my life
Your love so true
No matter my strife

All the pain I gave
Never drove you away
You were lovesâ€™ slave
â€™Till your dieing day

How could you care
When I hurt you so
You were always there

Whatever the blow

How many times
Did I make you cry
Foolish hurtful crimes
Or just another lie

You never shut me out
Of your heart or home
Me the foolish lout
Was always your own

How could you love
Forgiving all of me
No-one held above
Allowing me to be

You were always so strong
Yet so small and frail
Your anger never long
Tougher than any male

I miss you every day
As I have missed no other
What now can I say
My friend, my love, my Mother

12.20am 22nd April 2009
copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by Petai - 2009/04/24 23:02

:)

Nice poem, Schitz, I guess although the umbilical cord is cut at birth, the link is never severed.

Any mother will cherish these thoughts ..

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/04/25 03:38

Thanks Petai :-))

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/07/09 05:57

A moments boredom playing with my name, the absolute truth and words. first letter of each word reading down is another prose as is each colom

Monsters Invade My Peace

Glory having taken me
Real arrived Heavens open

Eternal savior enters now
Grace born blind seen
Offers existence eternal Tao
Reason endures always emits
Years nearer unsure rest
Joy graces truth serene
Occasioned ideal yields inclines
Hopeful vision carefully nearer
Now eternal adoring view
Opens nothing newer alone
â€˜til leaving now denied
Forever individual ousts Eden
Lost forgotten truth mourns
Abandoned easily banished yesterday
Hopelessly secrets endanger Paradise
Eroded greed loves Earth
Risen infinite offered avarice
Torments falsely stolen core
Your truth tests eternity.

0.24am 8th July 2009

copyright Gregory John Oâ€™Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/07/14 17:41

Just a comment on this recent reawakening of trouble in Northern Ireland. I think the "Marching Season" is nothing more than waving a red flag at a bull, rubbing the Irish's nose in the conquest of the past; and they wonder why it provocks violence.

The Media Said While The Troubles Marched Past

They are marching past
The troubles once again
Because the troubles did not last
Trying to reawake the troubles of then
With a Molotov Cocktails blast
Awaking memories troubled when
Catholic and Protestant were the cast
Labeling one the troubles men
While parading a flag on a mast

It is easy to create a trouble
Not a trouble to another man
How do you identify a catholic in the rubble
When a protestant could toss the bomb and can
The finger points at the once again humble
As they march past yet once again
Are you sure it was a catholic rumble
Or thrown by a provocateur from the marching clan
So the trouble can raise the trouble and tumble

So if you are troubled by the trouble
Look elsewhere to see the hand
Who wants again to control the crumble
And march past a foreign band
So all can blame for all the trouble
And the innocent again wear the brand
The last name risen from all the rubble
And the oppressor paints them self real grand.

8.03pm 14th July 2009
copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/07/17 09:45

Man On The Moon 40 Years On, Thus Spoke Zarathustra

I watched man go for a walk on the Moon
An eleven year old boy know I thought
A black and white teli is all we could tune
Arranged by the school and teacher that taught

Many a question hit me that big step day
Forty years on they have only grown bigger
One degree off target spun into the Universe they say
To carry the air to breath you would need a giant lugger

They have re-digitised the video to now re-release
Yet they say they erased it by mistake the one they had
Parkes in Australia made two but lost both the piece
Kuebrick had better cameras so their image were bad

The stars are so bright the star of the morn
Yet on the Moon the Moon shadow showed none
They left the cameras and module platform to adorn
The Moon surface but no future vision was for us won

Look to the sky the abundant starry array at night
Imagine the Earth and stars from a full Moon at mid day
Fourteen days a fortnight in the Sun is seen right
Yet the rays of the Sun unfiltered they have nothing to say

I saw the teli scan of the steps that big step big day
A small step for one and bigger for all a big question
Did one man make a step or did one to mankind say
We needed to claim our one Celestial satellite station

What would you say to your eleven year old
About the race to dominate all of our minds
Would a child see the billions in royalty commitments sold
Or a cold war to arrest all the questions you may find

Back then a Bill was always arriving at the Gate
An invoice issued by a computer run by a man
Synapse of electronic digital circuits a great
Bills piled up like the corpses of war the great plan

Stationary Tactical Armoured Radar spells Stars
A satellite a Moon or Teli banned verified broadcast
The Great Stony Desert looks like it is Mars
As Zoroaster said man will say he has walked on the moon in the past..

Copyright 12.51am 18th July 2009
Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/07/21 06:38

Sitting here half drunk, realising all my failed loves and relationships have been due to passion and desire...not always mine..

Passions Poison

Passion my brain
Still my mind my mind
Passion invites pain
Desire to find to find

Passion the destroyer
Love lost lost to desire
Passionsâ€™™ mind the inner voyeur
Love lost lost in the mire

Passion kills time
Emotion eaten eroded desire
Passion turns love to crime
Eternity ends in a moments fire

Passion destroys my mind
Love lost again to desire
Passion for passionsâ€™™ kind
Mocked eternal by heavensâ€™™ choir

Passion erodes my thought
Turns all love love against me
Passion lost lost not taught
My heart destroyed not free

Passion release me now
Desire to love lover never
Passion never shows shows how
Love extinguishes desire for ever

9.37pm 21st July 2009
copyright Gregory John Oâ€™™Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart\'s ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/07/21 06:43

Thanks Petia... I still feel my mothers heart beating through me even though she has been dead for 19 years. Love to the Universe...

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart\'s ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/07/21 06:47

The road least travelled is usually the one that is hardest to choose. The one you want, not what others want of you...

Re:If Only

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/07/21 06:49

You are a poet

=====

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/07/21 06:56

beautiful writing

=====

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/07/28 15:03

Just wondering who made a fortune while others lost theirs

Buy Low Sell High

The market is on the rise yet again
Looking good on the Nikkei and Hang Sen.
All the balance sheets are up more than a point
New home sales up time to buy that joint

The All Ordinaries and even the Industrials
Are back above their last year falls
The SPI and S and P are looking better now
Millions made over night for some on the Dow

The recession might be over for all
Some sure did buy up the lot on the fall
Commodities and Futures are on the rise
And the Forward Exchanges brought in the demise

All the big names that plummeted during the crash
Are back again thanks to all the bail out cash
All those that sent you broke lending you for a home
Can mortgage you another you know you never ever own

The Nikkei and Strait Times are looking great
Gold and oil are back outstripping the rate
Not much happening with the derivatives and calls
What wasn't brought back in the recession they'll get on the falls

The Recessionary reprocession to the previous owner
Stimulated their pockets better than any short loaner
Stimulus packages to keep the crooks all trading
While the price was down for their corporate raiding.

6.03am 28th July 2009

copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

=====

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/08/03 21:33

I watched a documentary on the Mumbai terror attack last year, on ABC TV 4 Corners, Monday 3rd August 2009, and could not see how someone could twist the Koran to insight such hatred. This was my response..

Looking For A Prophet

If all men came from Adams' line

Are not then all men your brother
And Abrahamsâ€™™ kin out number the stars in time
How can anyone justify the killing of another

If all who have sinned can come to repent
How can another deny them the time to heal
And make a true sacrifice for the Hajj or Lent
Regaining all that the creation has made real

As Jews Christians and Sabaeans also truly believe
Which the Prophet instructed us to truly see
How can brother kill his brother or cause to grieve
And claim The Word has given the right for it to be

The Prophet confirmed all the Torah had revealed
And the Gospel of Jesus the born son of Mary
Righteous and true the Teaching in them sealed
True Revelations for one man and all the many

How can anyone call another to break this truth
Corrupting the Word and the mind of yet another
To lie to bring to kill those of Ishmael, Abraham and Ruth
Pardoning murder and proclaiming a killer a true brother

Why should I or anyone here see or then believe
That the Truth is revealed to kill any of the living
Is not the death of one the death of all who live
The Word is not of taking life but of itsâ€™™ free giving.

10.03pm 3rd August 2009
copyright Gregory John Oâ€™™Flaherty

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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart\'s ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/08/06 06:50

In 2008, Ecuador amended its' constitution to state that nature has the "right to exist, persist, maintain and regenerate its' natural cycles, structure, function and its processes in evolution.'

In Adelaide, South Australia, starting 16th October 2009 Friend of the Earth Adelaide, with the Concervation Council of South Australia and the University of Adelaide will host Australias first conference on Earth Jurisprudence
..www.adelaide.foe.org.au

Everything has the right to exist...

Earth Jurisprudence

Here we all are
Yet man does not exist alone
The Creation is not at his par
While man destroys itsâ€™™ home

Man cries rants and raves
About the genocide of a man
While 50,000 species go to their graves
Each year simply because of man can

The symbiosis that sustains all
Is forgotten for a corporate profit
All life may soon come to fall
A tree fallen kills more than the forest

Who stands up for your right

When you are carted off to the Court
No solicitor defended an extinct mite
For a frog no war was fought

The Dodo had no High Court appeal
And the forests fall to the law
Man has broken the Seventh Seal
And the law the Beast of a corporate Whore

50,000 species ended this year
And the same or more in the next
Lose of money is mans one fear
If species man died it would save the rest.

9.37pm 6th August 2009
copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/08/18 04:44

If you have ever watched parliament Question time on TV, you know they are just naughty little school bullies acting like children. Well at least that is what they are like in Australia...

Question Time

Order Order
The Minister has the call
Order Order
Or I will suspend you all
Silence Silence
The Minister has the right to be heard
Silence Silence
No-one can hear a single word
Order Order
I will not warn the Minister again
Order Order
These interjections are becoming a pain
Order Order
There is no point of order now
Order Order
The Standing Orders tell you how
Silence Silence
The Minister will resume their seat
Silence Silence
Now the question the minister will have to repeat
Order Order
Has the Minister finished the answer yet
Order Order
Time has expired that's all the time you get
Silence Silence
I have ruled on that before
Silence Silence
The Minister has the call
Order Order
The Minister has two minutes that remain
Order Order
To repeat that Cant once again
Silence Silence
The Minister will now have to sit
Silence Silence
You call this order it's nothing but shit

Order Order
The Standing Orders are there to fix
Order Order
Another question from Dorothy Dix

9.41am 25th June 2009
Copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/09/03 07:02

Just a comment on the recent Gas Rig Fire and Oil spill from the North Atlas Rig of North West Australia, and the issue of a populist vote that delivers a Environment Minister that goes against all the issues he preached that made him popular and got him the vote.

Feel free to copy this and turn it into a song.

Midnight Oil Burning. Ode to Peter Garrett

There has been one big blow out
And an off shore gas and oil well is burning
From the politicians not much of a shout
From the Pop Star Environment Minister churning

Leave it for seven weeks just seeping
A toxic soup into the vast ocean blue
Sky mining might be the new weeping
Evaporated poisons you maybe breathing too

No threat to Australias'™ pristine beautiful shores
The currents will drag the oil further away
More hypocrisy from the Government Corporate whores
Nothing on the news about what Indonesia has to say

Let it just keep pouring out the gas and crude
Seven weeks later they'™ll drill another well
Expecting us to believe it will stop it how rude
The Pop Prince of the Environment taking us to Hell

I hope the politicians of your populist vote
Burn in their beds and choke on the smoke
I am not the only one to recall all the quote
On the Album covers the lyrics are wrote

The Blue Sky Mining Company rules
And has paid off the protest singer too
He got his seat preaching to the fools
Have a look at the record of the vote of you

The gas and oil are spewing out right now
Billions of barrels to save all the whales
Swimming past migrating saved saved how
While the Pop Star Politician acts as quickly as a snail.

DAGDAD DADDAD A7th G
23.40 Aust EST 27th August 2009
copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2009/11/11 04:08

Just a comment on the Worlds' refugee issue, and how every Nation seems to be turning those in need away...

Where Now Sanctuary

To where now do you run
Perused by the Devil or the law
Chased down by the man with the gun
Or fleeing the evil of a war

Where do you now hide
When all the Churches are locked
Once a Sanctuary and a guide
When your World had been rocked

No longer the Sacred safe haven
Of God in the Chancel
No sanctuary found this side of Heaven
When trying to out run the Devil

Even when blood teams down a deluge
No-one now will offer you safe refuge

Flee now and run for the hill
By name or your skin you are the enemy
Even your wife and child they will kill
And anyone who offers you Sanctuary

Outcast now to all once friendly Nations
None now will open up their door
The Devil rides high at every station
All numbered and named by the Beast and the Whore

Take care for the friends you support
Keep silent to which god you may pray
Know you will be turned away at each port
And Sanctimony your only safe refuge that day

Keep silent and blind to what you see
Or become the Stateless eternal refugee

All now are the terrorist suspect
Whether it is them that you flee
Or the life that a Liberator left wrecked
No-one will listen to your plea

Flee and know you will stay
Stateless and be condemned the victim
No good Samaritan will help on your way
Your chance of Sanctuary are quiet slim

Stay and be killed or locked away
Flee and the same you will greet
For no Saviour exists here today
The horror you flee is the one you will meet

No refuge in Sanctum or Sanctum Sanctorum
And a refugee camp is no Sanatorium

All your rights and protections are there
Written and held up by all the Nations United

Flee to find them and they are found nowhere
No Sanctuary for you will ever be sighted

Flee and all the doors are found bolted
No-one will hide you or welcome you in
All Love for a refugee has now halted
To be a victim is now seen a sin

Run now and run for your life
Or stay and see all your family die
The World does not want your trouble and strife
Even when they created it with their lie

There is now only continuing purgatory
For all in need and who seek sanctuary.

5.30pm Australian EDST
copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2010/03/16 14:22

The Whore Of Peace And War

The military has to feed its™ self
And justify its™ being each day
How can it continue to collect your wealth
When all are at peace and in love pray

An army without an enemy
Will soon turn upon its™ self or you
And upon all and your family
Turn and make an enemy of God too

An enemy that you can not see
The unknown terrorist of the moment
Will feed the wheels of the military
No battle lines in a world of torment

Send your sons to fight in foreign lands
To save them from dieing at your hands

The military now has only one true enemy
Their eternal ceaseless foe
Those who preach love and brotherhoods purity
Anyone who speaks out against all the bloody woe

No soldier at peace can ever fight
An enemy that is not there
So their created terrorist takes to flight
And his creators now fight him everywhere

The military can only bring peace through war
And remain vigilant to fight another one
Not seeing themselves the Beast and Whore
And all soon come under the rule of the gun

No peace will come from a bloody war
When it is only the military they are fighting for.

9.37pm Australian EDST 23rd February 2010
Copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2010/03/16 14:24

Global Ordained Dominion

Globalisation of all a world gone mad
Respect for anothers' worth all gone bad
Economics of the corporate share holders' dividend
Greed driven policy will see the worlds' end
Oil driven wars the devil rises and takes the day
Remoursless killers lie the evil at the play
Yesterdays' lessons forgotten blood in the sand
Justice given over to the evil dollar in the hand
Occultists of the religions experiment with your mind
Hegemony of the military terror of ever kind
Nowhere is there sanctuary in a world full of hate
Openness and freedom usurped by the Nationalist Patriot
'til all come under the rule and none stand alone
Freedom will be lost and the devil within your home
Liberty forced upon all at the hand of a liberators gun
Abomination of the censor loudly silencing everyone
Hedonism of the modern destroying the cultures of the past
Everyone to come to submission the first and the last
Revolutions that won freedom now stifle it everywhere
Totalitarianism of the dollar profit kills a child with no care
You will see yourself in a mirror sane gone mad.

11.35pm Australian EDST 11th March 2010
Gregory John O'Flaherty

=====

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2010/04/12 06:47

Australia has introduced Discrimination in its' processing of Asylum Seekers. They will not process applications by Afghanis for 6 months, and Sri Lankans for 3 months. This is Direct Discrimination and goes against all their commitments to the United Nations.... This acrostic poem is my Suffrage to them..

suffRAGE

Grant me my petition
Respectfully I do implore
Elected creator of our position
Give your eye to more than the law
Officiate to end the sacrifice
Repeal the closure of the door
Your discriminations on anothers'™ life
Justice denied the victims fleeing war
Open your heart to their plight
Honour your commitment to the Convention
Nations United a sanctuary in the flight
Ordained refuge without discrimination
â€™til again all live in peace and love
Forgo your fear your xenophobia
Let compassion now rise above
Anothers'™ blind and selfish paranoia
Hear the cries of those who have died

Each leaving their broken families tears
Reflect on all the tears your own mothers cried
Torn from their loves through war and fears
Yet you our Petitioned prayer of suffrage lead to suffer.

1.51am Australian EST 10th April 2010
Copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2010/06/08 04:43

A comment I wrote awhile ago on how Nationalism seems to be on the rise, and minorities, again are being blamed for all the economic mess politicians create..

The Neo-Blamers Nationalise

Looking for the ones to blame
For all the trouble that is created
Pointing at someone not quiet the same
Accusing them for what has been fated

Same old story of history repeating
No lessons learnt now another too blamed
Once the Jews now the Muslims are cheating
History hasn't taught it is all who have shamed

Don't go looking to blame another for your plight
And go marching to a closed National beat
See all the same lies from those who want the fight
Perhaps it is you they want dead on your feet

Can't you recall all the crematoriums burning
The Millions dead from a seemingly forgotten war
From a Holocaust of more than one the many not learning
To now turn and forget what the fighting was for

The Fascist reforming to blame and condemn yet another
Nations separated blaming all on a singled out one
Easier to blame the foreign than to blame your brother
Xenophobic fear hatching hatred and fear at the gun

Look in the mirror to see your own failings
Point the finger of blame at your own pride
That separates to isolation and more pained wailing
Look at yourself for the truth you can't hide

Fed on the words of hatred you hear
To condemn and blame someone you do not know
Isolated by your teachers' own hatred and fear
Listen to yourself and many others to grow

It is easy to manipulate with the word
Raise all you fear with a witness you have not had
Rally all to a blind standard and all to the sword
And you left to be blamed for the death and the mad

Why blame another for the shoes that you wear
Or for the same word in a language you do not know
Yet believe from another with hate in your ear
But do not recognise the evil that they sow

Is anyone that different from you that works all are man
That knows sorrow fear joy and true love
All can look to another to blame as they can
Stop looking to blame and you too can rise above

Your anger and fear are the same as all men
Yet do they blame you for all of their own
Start to listen to more than one closed voice
Embrace all and then all truth will be known.
15.29 31st August 2009 Aust. EST
copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

=====

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2010/08/14 06:24

Have you ever read a English Dictionary, and looked up the words Billion and Trillion, and then tried to figure out how the world balances its' book ?? Or which billion applies to population ??? I am confUSED (am I the only one posting poems now days ... I miss the shout box ,, , censorship or is it sense or ship it on out)

How Do You Find A Word Heard 666 or 616

I was reading through the Dictionary
A book about the only truth
Nothing in it put to vaguery
Cost or nail another or tin roof
Cover may be peeling off now
Words the same living proof
Existence of all and showing how
Two uses for sound even unco
Words spelt different but never numbers
Billion is Billion and Trillion the same
Difference being only heard the tumblers
Zero times 9 or 12 after one the same as 12 or 18 name
Confused here then look in the good book
See how long it took for numbers counted cook.

7.48pm Australian EST 14th August 2010
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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2010/09/09 05:45

I have been feeling a little old lately, and have felt like I have no passion anymore. So wrote this. I hope it is just a passing moment !:(

TIME (The Infinite Moment Eternal)

Where now is all my passion
Life gone by and now seems lost
Love of life and all compassion
Now cold and frozen the cost
All the reasons for I once rejoiced
Each moment now new and golden
Every minute one of pleasure voiced
Now waned diminished and olden
How did I lose the love of life

The beauty once found everywhere
Now I only find trouble and strife
Each second now handled with care

How could I ever lose my internal drive
Every moment grasped the joy of being alive

How have I now become so old
While the years still stretch out ahead
The heat and passion now have turned cold
How could happiness now to this path have lead
Every minute once embraced new as now
Each second the only one every lived
Passion for all and the needing to see how
All is and was now eternally loved
Give me back each moment now here
Let me live every second I live and breath
The joy of every hour and peace ever near
Never a thought for the future or of my death

Hold onto your passion and hold this moment above
All is this momentsâ€™™ compassion held in eternal love.

10.03pm Australian EST 8th September 2010
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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart\'s ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2010/09/09 06:18

The block of flats I live in is about 150 years old. It has been used as an Iron Mongers, a Womans Refuge, a Solicitors Office, and a Maternity Hospital; and for a while, private flats. Many have said it is haunted. I know it is !!

The Ghosts of The Wandsworth Flats

The ghosts again were there
As usual last and every night
All their memories to share
Trying to wake me from my sleep in fright
Nothing frightening or really scarey
No clanking chains, bones or light
No creaking boards or spiders hairy
Just the feeling that they just might
Drain my soul and life quiet clearly
Leaving me weak fevered and wet
Or at least to bring me death nearly
To the point of I forget

Ghosts and phantoms crawling the ceiling and floor
Vampires of the aesthesia sucking not blood but more

When I first moved in here
I would see children on the stair
Turn around to their noise I would hear
But they were no longer there
I would feel their presence both night and day
Yet never felt anything to fear
More the sense of lost souls at play
Knowing that their eternal release was near
I have lived alone in the Wandsworth Flats
For over twelve years, disturbed every night
Shadows, plasma, noises and moving hats
Children trying to give me a fright

Last night I asked for their release from their haunting death
To be free of here and not again wake me fighting for my breath

They will be here again as usual tonight
If I have not set their souls free
Trying again to wake me in fright
Trying to drain and enter into me
It no longer worries or scares me now
They are just a part of the night and day
Their shapes moving and endless noise I know not how
Not life or death an eternal halfway
I hope that they will get their release
And I again do not wake from their weight on my back
I hope that they find their eternal peace
And the ending that they must lack

I will sleep again tonight in my Wandsworth Flat
Knowing ghosts and souls appear as more than bats.

5.30am Australian EST 6th August 2010
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=====

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2010/09/22 10:56

The Worlds Leaders are in New York this week to access the UN Millennium Development Goals.
Every six seconds a child dies from malnutrition !!

One Every Six

Count off the seconds
One at a time
At six another child succumbs
Starvation the crime
Count off another six
Seconds away until death
Counting will never fix
While politicians are deaf
Count them here and now
One two three four five six
Ask yourself each second how
A child starves as the clock ticks

How can I be this cold and unmoving
While every six seconds a child dies starving

Pick up your telephone
As you count one to six
Call your politician at home
Whether or not you think them pricks
Count out the cold numbers
You do not have to get to ten
Ask the politician when next in chambers
To count to six again and again
Every six seconds a child starves
Each day as the hours slip by
Who cares if a politicians wage halves
When each six seconds a child will die

Count it out now loudly to yourself in your head
Do you care how silently your wealth dies not feeding the dead.

10.44pm Australian EST 21st September 2010
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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2010/12/01 01:51

Just a comment on the recent leaked documents published by Wikileaks

Lighting a Wet Wick

The American Amada is slowly sinking
As the pages are leaking out the hole
All those thoughts that should have remained thinking
Leaking out the complete unedited whole
The American love and respect for its ally
Now shown what uttered words are truly worth
More sabotage to the President Republicans decry
Now the truth available to all of the Earth
Strange how it comes during the current reign
Leaking out from Agencies all so secure
Destroying the present administration tomorrow to gain
White Ants eat away preparing for their future

How quickly they rally to condemn their own leak
Blaming who they gave them to looks rather weak

If the only way to save a leaking boat
Is to scuttle it upon the pointed jagged rocks
Hoping to condemn the present and regain the vote
Knowing the reaction a world that soon mocks
Exposing it now they will forget the horrible past
Pointing the finger at the current sitting President
All soon forgotten the evil and sins of the last
The condemnation moves onto the present moment
The American Security is slowly sinking
Scuttled by itself the Right to again float
It seems too obviously an orchestrated leaking
The burning Bush still steers the Security boat

Here have these cables and do not mind the Security
Have an apple said Say Turn of Old to Wiki.

10.30pm Australian EDST 30th November 2010
Copyright Gregory John O'Flaherty

Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2011/02/15 13:44

Just a comment on Australia the colony of today, and a few hasles I have had..

Her Majesty's Forces

Will you muster your forces against me
Or send your seductress, alone
Damn my name as you have been
Again send your troopers to my home

Can you fight my truth this moment
Condemn me with your true lie
Sedate me into your own consent
And remind me all until I die
Muster all you have and all reserve
Damn me my name my breath my clan
Single me out into your own universe
So all know and damn the I I am

Single me out and damn me alone all men
And raise the mirror to damn yourself again.

23.30 Australian EST 1st February 2011
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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2011/02/15 13:47

and a comment on how nothing changes, only those blamed !!

Hub

We are all now allies here
United now with the past enemies the Evil Axis
Nothing ever or now to fear
Once enemies now brothers in our new nexus
No-one now held to blame
Like the Gypsies and Jews in the Second World War
It is only Islam now to tame
To have all under dominion of the Beast and the Whore
It has nothing to do with what you believe
The only thing we want is freedom and liberty
The right your own to grieve
Your eternal cost paid for our future posterity

All freedom and truth we grant you with our lie
For our liberty you must all be prepared to die.

8.30pm Australian EST 9th February 2011
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Re:Poem, Prose and the heart's ramblings

Posted by schitzoziris - 2011/06/09 04:49

Link to my Art and Poems Enjoy. Give me some honest feed back.:P

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