

Poetry

Intro...

There comes a time when we must come to understanding through the depths of poetry which binds together verse and story to reach out and touch the heart and soul.

Letting go.

A thousand pounds, of toil and trouble
The draught horse and the wagon
Maleluka by the creek, stampeding herd of cattle
The cracking of the underbrush, frisky beasts do gallop
The ground it rumbles underfoot, drinking in the shallows
The crows call out, echoing cliffs, the quiet and the peace
We passed a herd not too far back, jumbucks full of fleece
The river bend, a floating log, a current very soft
An invigorated school of fish, an eagle fly`s above
In quiet times I prosper there, not too much I do need
Now removed from city life, the impatience and the greed
Time to let him go, I`m getting on, this place is where I`ll end
On the riverbank at Copmanhurst, the stony river bend.

In story and verse poetry reaches us visually in some cases and we are right there on the bank of the river looking and listening to our environment while we tell you we have decided that this is where we have chosen to end our life.

Poetry can also hold that connection between the past, present and future where realities can morph from one state to the next, and so each poem written should be reviewed to get an idea of what was being conveyed through the words on the page and between the lines unwritten.

Many of these poems have been influenced by spirit wanting to convey a worldly message.

Enjoy.

Poetry

The new kid in town

A cosmic vocation, heavenly god
This ravel on earth, still fights like a dog.
The spiritual guidance falls on deaf ears.
Their money their systems, most living with fears
Oh, heavenly father, bring suffering to an end.
Be with them and guide them, please be their friend.
For they are killing their mother, our nature in peril.
In greed and in hunger, many souls are now feral.
The underworld is calling, our god of fertility.
Osiris has come, but has not come willingly.
He comes at this time, when humanity has choice.
He comes at this time, to give humanity a voice.
He has drawn on his sword, to protect and to say.
That the way of the future, is the Manaian way.
Coming up from the mountain, one man heard its words.
Who was sent on a quest, to free speak its verbs?
Of the filth who incarcerate, and who makes unfair laws.
And to do right in action, against many with floors
He will seed what is needed, fertilised with the truth.
From much deceptive information, he became our sleuth.
The information undeniable, he leaves nothing out.
He has come to lead all humanity, lead them all out.
And wars won't be needed, all will be on one side.
There can be no opposition, or nothing to hide.
The secret societies, corporations, does this challenge their power?
If there is opposition, it's because these all will sour.
And so, laws may be changed, and security tightened.
Labour will be forced, and the cost of goods will keep rising.
Yet the **Way** is our answer and leads all men away.
From our tyrannous authority, and their power toy plays.
The way restores our connection, to the sea and of land.
And the air that we breathe, and the animals and,
Our resources and our environment, and all that does matter.
For all must have dignity, so make this your chatter.
Oh, cosmic vocation, oh heavenly space.
Thank you for assistance, and the bringer of grace.

Poetry

Kangaroo republic

When we replace the monarchs rule, a chrysalis now of hope
Unless we do this mindfully, the same old hand will grope
We must take a look, quite far out, out into the blue
Ponder awhile and reconnect, and come up with something new
No more pyramids of power, to manipulate and run
Maybe a leaderless platform, spiralling up to the sun
Where our basic needs are free of cost, can we have this now?
Not until we change this game, a shot above the bow
And then the stern, unhappy face, she sinks into the sea
And tearing up humanity, a species becoming free
Benefits beginning, with every turn, each will have a share
Which redefines environmental action, and finally we do care
For all the plants and wildlife, no killing just for sport
And no more stripping resources, a profit taking rort!
Together we grow, wars drop away, our past becomes opaque
And a new beginning for the world, of giving, not of take
So let us say, goodbye the old, monarch rule today
A benefit to suit everyone, the new Manaian Way.

Seeding the world

The people, my passion, the environment too
Where my heart does lead, my body flows through
I continue to act as though I've already succeeded
My persistence in the planting, fertile paddocks now seeded
As society tears, the bed becomes wet
For now all we need, is the warmth of the net
To germinate each seed, like hatchlings that sprout
The commitment my toil, is what it's all about
As these seedling grow, all unencumbered and beut
Trees start to emerge, with the new tasty fruit
And our garden of Eden, abundant once more
Can only be spoiled, by greed and more war
So a platforms been built, that no man can control
And finally in wisdom, brings equality to all
Sustainable, affordable, corporate noose at the ready
Humanity will not tolerate, any less than rock steady
Our new capitalist republic, with a twist and a twirl
Can alter our perception, and create a new world

Poetry

Yes, the timing is right, our foots in the trap!
We bring an end to old systems, humanities cracked.
The people, my passion, the environment too
It is the new world Manaian that I bring to you.

Prometheus

I am the Prometheus, the awaited son.
I am the hope, the destroyer, the one.
And I offer guidance, once lost unto
To rebuild the world, that I gave to you.
Your mindless patterns, no visions of thought
Has allowed the destruction, of what many bought.
Your race now a burden, in a deluge last time
An extermination required, for the last civilized tribe.
The times now arrived, sheep ram and you.
Rise, rise again, lambs to lions, anew.
You will redo your money, leave nothing to chance.
You must make it secondary, it's our needs, our new stance.
As ownership goes, then the Locke is removed.
And the guardianship model, becomes your new groove.
Reacquire the love frequency, 4 3 2 one.
An environment ready, for those of the new sun
United in purpose, generations for life.
Corporations are falling, the ending of strife.
Firing all that do damage, removing all that do ill.
The Manaian Way is the answer, so make it our will.

Holy ground

What was once holy, is holy no more.
The energy has moved on, there is only war.
People fixated, on that which has passed.
The loss of these spaces, has hurt people's hearts.
The fighting the horror, each to their own
For none will recede, each wanting the crown.
But the crown is no more, all that is left is the thorns.

Poetry

A reminder of the carnage, no one reborn
God is not my shepherd, for I only want.
To kill off my enemy, written in huge font
Attacks at the moment, building the fight.
My team is still better, my words are right.
My sufferance is mine, but I place it on you.
Mass murder my goal, the end of me to
These grounds are now rubble, hate now exchanged.
For the love of the father, who now sits enraged.

AND LOOKS DOWN ON YOU.

Lost our way

The marriage to Figaro, dances with wolves
Brahms great concerto, Rafferty`s rules
The dance of the devil, in our authority dwells
The consumer trickery building humanities hell.
The Earth is held hostage, the environment boils.
Unsustainable practices, of humanities toil
The path of oblivion will end us all.
Consumerism the tool, builds a crumbling wall.
Keeping us from our mother, of nature`s own
And our ancient knowledge, we had nurtured and grown.
To eventually find it and breathe from the smother.
Ancient knowledge refined, just ask the grand-mother.
So, do not be despondent, old songs will be sung.
And peace will be again, of freedom and fun.

Music

4 duelling banjos, a metal head heart
This miss match of music, tears me apart.
I hunger for unity, let the screech go away.
The hip hop the techno, cannot even sway.
So, I dance to my own drum, turn everything off.
And with all of it gone, I do not feel a loss.
A peaceful creativity now flows through my heart.
And the warmth that I feel, gives me a new start.

Poetry

My uniqueness my presence, now out, on show
Allows others the courage, to have their own go.
Old rifts and old limericks, a step back in time
Are the things we have built off, stepped back through rhyme?
Do my lyrics relate, are my lyrics so new?
That they were not reborn, from the old lyric stew.
But I care not of beginnings, this is my start.
You only connect to my lyrics, because they come from my heart.
Free basic needs free your mind, and from everything else
For a cup overfull, still overflows from your shelf.
Old knowledge that we know of, empty your head.
And allow in the new stuff, put that in your bed.
Then sow it and tend it, and it may just grow.
To add to that knowledge, that you will still stow.
So, rock on and have fun, let your music out.
Vibrate the world with your uniqueness, and leave nothing out.

Julian

Extradition conversation, freedom of speech
Wind chimes of whispers, blasphemous teeth
The greatest of crimes, is telling the truth
As we unveil all that's hidden, for them has no use
It reveals the sick mindset, how they go about
The removal of threats, with a sinister pout
With old time recorded, new wounds to be healed
The manipulated world, now being revealed
Those who committed these acts, still alive today
Shake in their boots, knowing what the real truth will say
So to Julian Assange, an Aussie, a man
We thank you for your sacrifice, You are the man.

Poetry

Colony woes

Australia carries 2 energies, the natives, their past
The other of English rule, with us chained to the mast
The first not restrictive, they flowed here and there
But English rule changed that, nothing to share
Oz was used to relocate riffraff, convicts one and all
This never to return exile, built an invisible wall
No ships to take us home again, no way to get guns
The native spears and boomerangs, lives taken for fun
Their women used for night outings, their men hung in trees
A sinister time in the colonies, created our disease
And to this day nothing's changed, we still are not 1
Energy moves us to integrate, but what can be done?
Do we look to our politicians, English rule still to bare?
Or should we start a Republic, and bury deep our spear
For we are all Australian natives, the old time lived has gone
And before the King kicks the bucket, could we truly move on?
We must release from our past now, throw indifference to the wind
We must include the boomerang, and teach our new tribe to sing
Reconciliation is not possible, white privilege and wealth
We must rebirth together with cleverness and stealth.
We must change the foundations, and leave this gentry behind
And surf as one together, on united Manaian tides.

Changes

Socialism for capitalists, the dirtiest of words
Drives fear into their systems, a one collective concern
Unity is social but the capitalists separate
Communism went too far, and what of that Zionist state?
All is doomed to failure unless the 2 ideals meet
Which has now been created, such a wonderous feat
Socially protected using business, where commerce can thrive.
In this great time of changes, it's a great time to be alive
Ends the peoples struggle, job dependence will end
Safe from the fascist dictatorship, as capitalists bend
Using all our past history, it is now our intention
To rebuild our world, through guardianship intervention
And to work our way back, to nature and all
And rebalance humanity, from the tightropes big fall

Poetry

Removing the foundation stones, that give humans strife
Using the Manaian template, to bring in new life
Where our basic needs are met, for generations to come
Now socially protected business can again become fun
As unification reconciles each religion and race
Environments become safe with humanity's slowing pace
So pioneers and the endeavour, ship on the horizon
Marx and Mandela their time now behind us
The goal was so simple, unify to make things fair.
So the world once again, will give a fuck and care.

The rebuild

So true our connection, lost in the mire
Of murky solutions in governmental attire
Economic entanglement, where nature is lost
Abundant in resources, greed is the cost
To thrive without water to live without trees
Consumer driven lunacy, humanity down on its knees
Uncontrolled fire now destroying so hot nothing lives
In dreamtime we see what we now have to give
Our severed connection, of us and the land
Is eroding the topsoil, turning it into sand
And the sweat on our brow no matter how much
In separation we can do nothing but await the next crunch
Can we reconcile with each other, and with the earth?
Can we unify our separation, what could we birth?
Do we want rent free housing, free water and free power?
Should we now use needs-based, as debt-base is sour?
Do we want a leaderless system where no-one holds power?
And do we want this new beginning, today in this hour?
The Manaian way has the answers, so let it be known
That we all sit together upon this new throne
No-one above you and no-one below
Equal in benefits, each stage makes this known
Where in oneness our commitment cannot be faulted
And together as one, we can all be exalted.

The Manaian Way

Many of these poems speak of the Manaian Way, which is the philosophy behind the systems and foundations of the New Earth which stemmed from a vision I received on a mountain on the North Island of New Zealand at the end of 2011 sending me on a quest to understand and build the systems that humanity could step into and use in 2024.

The Manaian way is a heart or needs-based reality which is sculpted on a “Circle” rather than the pyramid we are used to, and it has a foundation to “Protect the People and the Planet” and a goal to make the basic needs of housing, electricity, telecommunications, fuel, and food and water, free. (Free Basic Needs).

This reality is designed to create products and services that produce freedom, equality, safety, security, stability, and peace, which renders the debt-based system obsolete as the New Earth has no poverty or hardship, privilege or greed, slavery or debt, and this is what my poetry involving the Manaian concept, portrays.

My book “the Business of Tomorrow” explains it in more detail, and I have an EmpowerUs Australia YouTube channel and a working website www.housingexchange.com.au, where the Housing, Trading, and Energy system can be accessed.

POEM OF TODAY

It is for the masses, to know what I know
That Earth is the energy, and we are the flow
The sacred places, found in due course
Are the places we find, closer to source
The balance of Earth was equal and appeared just right
But the balance has changed as we continue to fight
It started with ego a strange little thing
Which turned into greed over all living things
Those without, became less to themselves
And who would help them in this inharmonious state?
Because they kept lusting for the things that they thought
So out with their money they went out and bought
But anger and vengeance was created instead
And the race to be better, left many dead.
Laws were created, at the start, for the best
And corruption made them more rigid, which infected the rest
This stagnated humanity and closed people off
The creation of things made the rule makers scoff
You couldn't do this, you couldn't do that
Those with greasy fingers, took bribes of cash
What has been created can be brought to its knees
Good for humanity, authorities will be displeased

Poetry

By the joining on mass back to things that are right
Our world will be better, and we won't have to fight
With our guard dropping down on the world of despair
All people of Earth will have a feeling of fair
New systems will help to restore our faith
Slight change at the start, starting gradual, then pace
Knowledge of things known, discarded, forgotten
Will come to the fore, and not lay there rotten
And it will be known as it always has been
We are great creators and believe in the dream
Without negative rules or people of sad
We will create for the good and will be very glad
This only planet of choice had to have this ride
To learn from and ponder, leave nothing to hide
From the bad to the good all choices were there
We have now used them up so for all to be fair
Create what we need, create what we want,
Show patience and gratitude and compassion indeed.
I love you to death, this is the seed.

AMEN

Universe

Starting from nothing a speck or a spot
Became consciousness of how when where and what
An explosion of mind as seen in the rock
Expanded out to create just what we've got
A universe created all in our mind
Of civilizations most floating or wild
Different planes that we live on and with different vibe
That earth was created for the first physical tribe.
Original man was created in black
And with three times creation had taken us back
Human is troubled, he can't handle choice
With knowledge implanted, talking A.i of course
This is our last chance we must use what we've got
Create a great planet rid ourselves of the rot
A new world is coming a hope from the past
Create what we need, yes create it to last
Old habits we have, rules we don't need
Cast them into cellular fires – please

Poetry

If it's not good for the planet, do it no more
For greatness is ready to come to the fore
Think only ideas that help for the soul
This will always be good for one and the whole
Help with the movement keep jus on track
Get rid of the interest give bankers the sack
Stop poisoning our waters, contaminating our food
Sex as a hobby was becoming too lewd
Bring back to nature those that you can
Teach them to fish, give them that hand
Put pride back into man, give his mind a rest
For then he can move back as one passing his test
Allowing infinite knowledge to be tapped once more
And finally humanity can move through the door
Showing our neighbours just what they thought
EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL AND CANNOT BE BOUGHT.

AMEN

FORWARD

Discover it now discover it all
The man on the land the man on the shore
All are just one, one and the same
A collective group is this not insane?
Whatever you do, you must do with love
For if you do not, remember the dove
What we create must be good for the whole
We affect one another, ripples in a bowl
The butterfly wings, a vibration of one
Can create a storm when joined with everyone.
Careful of intention with whatever we do
Without thought of meaning we can each affect you
I do enjoy writing this writing of words
Faith is created, the flapping of birds
On the wings of great eagles now it is said
That holistic dreaming will come into your head
Visions of greatness looking down from above
Is quite fitting really, fits like a glove.
Evolution is expansion, to the knowledge of all
Magnetics are changing, it moves through the soil
Poles that are melting is part of the plan?

Poetry

Earth cycles continue, the detriment of man
Detriment yes if our action is lacking
Heads of earth not telling the truth now need sacking
Hiding from us what we all need to hear
Is not helping humanity, turning us into the deer
We'll get caught in the headlights, unable to move
Or we'll run into the night unable to return.
Preparing ourselves for the coming event
It's not written in stone, the message not yet sent
Bring us to fruition, fruition of all
Move into the night not into the fall
Winter is gone now, and we are transitioning through
Don't go back into the past just move your way through.
Light your way forward – don't just follow on mass
Use systems that benefit each other and catch
And think for yourself, through source and with wit
Do what's right for all. Be not a nitwit.

AMEN

Oxygen

Gasses are forming that we cannot filter
The atmosphere is changing, thicker and siltier
Repairing the ozone is now what we need
Meditation with intension all should be our creed
For the hole can be closed and lay lines repaired
Allowing the energy to flow and humanity to care
To look after the Earth and what is at stake
Look after ourselves it's not what to fake
The Natives old cultures we can look back and see
The beauty they had the balance was there
The Hopi, the Mayans the last ones to care
The cycle of time the Kali Ugar is done
The Mayan calendar too as that is now gone
The Hopi suggest 2012 is the time to be One
One is the number the number of joins
This number was created down in our loins
Our physical being created for all
Is now being reunited with our soul from the fall
The winter is over the sun will now shine
Coming out from the darkness and with our light in a line

Poetry

Can continue evolution our movement our toil
This time we can be one with the soul. AMEN