

A CIVIL MANIFESTO OF REAL HOPES

SERVING THE PUBLIC INTEREST



ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR

A Re-new-able Manifesto to...

Awaken the Fool to REAL HOPE for a World-Peace-Full!

By

Susan Carew

**Worldpeacefull Empowerment
Happiness Australia**

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CONTACT

“A Peace Fool”



Worldpeacefull Empowerment

www.worldpeacefull.com

<http://ha.worldpeacefull.com>

<http://biz.worldpeacefull.com>

<http://wpas.worldpeacefull.com>

YouTube:

[Worldpeacefull Empowerment](#)

Twitter: [Peacefull@Worldpeacefull](#)

Email:

happinessaustralia@worldpeacefull.com

THE GIFT

My highest wish is happiness,
It is the gift I give to all,
To see the smiling faces,
To catch them before they fall.

To be a clown,
Is like surround sound,
It spreads a ray of sunshine,
To all without discrimination,
Without impatience,
To see the world as one,
To inspire and have some fun.

I have no enemies,
I have no-one to hate,
To me there is no nation state,
I see the world as my family,
I just want to bring them home,
Into the warmth of love and kindness,
So no-one feels alone.

I see every story,
In its real glory,
I know the potential of what can be,
I long to set them free,
Into a world of their own making,
Into a world that is no longer breaking
into fragments of glass,
Shards of misunderstanding,
Where we see only a fraction of what is true,
We assume that it is not safe,
That is the myth,
That is the spin,
That disempowers and tries to win.

One truth is that life begins,
When we step out of the comfort zone,
The boundaries of insecurity build walls,
We are not alone,
And when we step out of illusion,
Of misconceptions,
We realize that there is no fear,
That there are many tears,
That are flowing down the rivers of separation,
But they will reach the headwater,
They will unite in the end,
The journey is the experience,
That life sends.

I believe in peace,
I believe in goodness,
I believe in action,
I know that for every cause
there is an equal and opposite reaction.

My life is dedicated to principle,
I know the answers are simple,
When you throw away judgment,
When you throw away hurt,
When you throw away hate,
And think about what you've learned.

Under the canopy of respect,
You will never reject,
The will of others,
They must travel their own path,
We need to learn to laugh,
Life is the comedy,
Perhaps I am the Fool,
But just maybe that's the school
for world peace.

ANTHEM

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

Advance Australia Fair!!

*Australians all let us rejoice
For we are young and free
We've golden soil and wealth for toil
Our home is girt by sea
Our land abounds in nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare
In history's page, let every stage
Advance Australia Fair*

*In joyful strains then let us sing
Advance Australia Fair*

*Beneath our radiant Southern Cross
We'll toil with hearts and hands
To make this Commonwealth of ours
renowned of all the lands
For those who've come across the seas
We've boundless plains to share
With courage let us all combine
To Advance Australia Fair*

*In joyful strains then let us sing
Advance Australia Fair*

WE THE PEOPLE' OF AUSTRALIA

We the people of this nation,
Make a solemn declaration,
To uphold the human rights of all people,
For all people are this nation,
And have the right to be human.

There are no refugees
Only those seeking refuge,
There are no enemies,
Only those who we do not know as friends,
For terrorism is the art of terror,
And the people can see the industry of terror,
For the military is complex,
Marketed as defence,
But how can we defend the indefensible?

We the people uphold universal values,
For we value all human and ecological life,
We the people value principled action,
For we value the nation not nationalism,
We value friendship not false mateship,
We value working together as a team not in servitude,
We value fairness, equity and a safety net,
For the safety net is not an mutual obligation,
It is a mutual understanding that full employment is not achievable,
That demand and supply vary,
The playing field is not equal,
And industrial structures and philosophies change,
For the sign of a true civilization is embedded in the treatment of the vulnerable,
And the fabric of society requires that all members are treated **equally**.

We the people are monitoring our government with open eyes,
We the people demand democracy as our birth right,
For we have the freedom to speak,
For we have the freedom to participate,
For we have the freedom to challenge the government if we disagree,
For it is not the right of government to dismantle basic inalienable freedoms that we fought for,
In pursuit of the shortsighted profits for the few.

We the people only give our consent to be governed if the following contractual relationship is honoured...

- *Only when the Australian Constitution is observed to the letter of the law,*
- *Only when the government improves the living conditions for all the people,*
- *Only when the government serves the real interests of the majority of people,*
- *Only when the government speaks to the people as equals and in truth,*
- *Only when the government works in the interests of all the people,*
- *Without masking the vested interests of a powerful and foreign minority.*

We the people expect that justice must be done and be seen to be done,
That legislation not be used to reduce the power of the people,
That the separation of powers is not just a doctrine,
For the Judiciary must be independent and fair,
The Executive must be accountable and lead,
And the Parliament must speak as sovereign representatives with substance in question time.

We the people respect the rule of law,
We the people adhere to international law,
We the people expect our government to honour its international commitments and treaties,
For we are members in a human family,
A collective of nation states,
With a shared fate.

We the people demand to have clean air, water and soil,
We the people expect our elected representatives to protect the next generation,
To ensure that the generation of energy is not at the expense of the environment,
That foods are healthy,
That life is balanced,
That technology is clean and safe,
That we live within natural limits,

Therefore through our actions we value
responsibility and accountability,
And demand sustainability for all life.

**We the people recognise in the current climate
that we may be locked up for speaking truth to
power,**

We the people recognise in the current climate
that the **media** is concentrating our focus,

We the people recognise in the current climate
that **inhumanities** are conducted in our name,

We the people recognise in the current climate
that **human rights** are being dismantled,

We the people recognise that the climate has
changed,

And we must be the change we wish the world to
see,

For the growing democratic movement is the new
world reordered,

For the titanic must be turned around,
Before the ice melts,

For government and the people are poles apart,

For we must bridge the divide,

We must unite the polarities,

We must live the democracy we prize,
For which each of us is responsible,

Let's Advance Australia Fair together

As a renewable national anthem!

Youtube: Australian Federal Parliament Real
Questions-in-Time

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2IOESea2c
ME](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2IOESea2cME)

REAL HOPES MODEL

Awaken “the Fool”

The Peace Fool is an archetypal figure who demonstrates living peace (ha money). The fool steps out into life with innocence discovering the wisdom as s/he stubs her toe on the stones and rocks of life. Each obstacle becomes an opportunity to be with the pain and learn how to transform pain in the future. If one keeps returning to the same place and stubbing the toe, the fool hasn't learned the lesson or has been in a vague state not really awake in the present moment as s/he walks.

The Peace Fool carries REAL HOPES in a bag of magic tricks. The gold in REAL HOPES lives as:

Responsibility, Empathy, Awareness, Love, Honesty, Oneness, Peace, Enjoyment, Service

Each value is the wealth s/he carries. It is the real wealth, it is the Fool's Gold because everyone thinks it is not real wealth as s/he has nothing and is a fool. They are spellbound by the trinkets and material things in the world. Whilst the fool spends life discovering that the gold is within and watches bemused as the world keeps digging for gold and looking outside themselves to other people and the external world to give them the gold. The fool is in a constant state of joy because she has everything in her bag that she could possibly need. People in the world are in a constant state of pain and lack because they are always trying to find the gold out there. The fool knows when you go with IN you do not go with OUT. The world has it the other way around when they go with OUT they don't go with IN. So the fool feels full and the people feel empty. Yet the fool knows that when you empty of desire, that is when the gold appears like magic. Yet people think if they are empty they can fill their stomachs, yet they get hungry again and spend their whole lives trying to be full.

So how can the Fool's Gold be the real gold in life?

Let's explore REAL HOPES and perhaps you find your real wealth along the WAY.

RESPONSIBILITY

Responsibility is the ability to respond you can do something!!! Hmmmm what do we mean you can do something? You have the power of choice.

You have the **power to create your life**. Do you believe that? If you cannot respond it means you become a victim of life, you believe you have no options and you just have to put up with whatever people give you. You feel power-less.

If you are **respons-able** then you are able to respond, you know you can do something, you know that even if you haven't got the solution and it feels like the juggling balls are up in the air, just be patient, like juggling it takes time to get it. If you are patient and relaxed you will suddenly get the pattern or the key to your problem. Just get into the flow and it happens.

Just imagine the **outcome** you want and funnily enough life just puts people in your way to help you solve your problem. Life is always **helping**.

EMPATHY

Did you notice *empathy* has 'path' in it hmmm

You can **stand in someone's shoes**, now they could be big clown shoes or small shiny shoes (tight fit) but you walk in their moccasins for a while and get an idea of what life is like for them.

You quickly notice that it feels different from your life so you **no longer expect them to be like you**. You try and be like them and find harmony without losing your shoes.

So it is really **understanding other people** and finding your hug which you might have left behind as you didn't understand them.

AWARENESS

What is it to be aware? I always think of my eyes being open, not just seeing what is around me, but knowing the gold here is **noticing what is happening for yourself and other people**.

Sometimes when you are used to noticing you will find that not only are you aware of yourself and other people you will be aware of how you are part of a **world family** and who knows maybe even a cosmic family.

So open your eyes and look around you. Remember it is to **see first then look**. That means seeing inside yourself first and listening to those little **intuitions** that push you walk around a corner or change your day.

Awareness sees your life as a journey and that **you create your life**. How do you do that? By your **thoughts, words and actions**. Ask yourself, **what am I creating?** Is it fearful, hurtful, loving or fun? You are aware you create your response to every **moment**, how amazing are you!

LOVE

Oh I *love love*, where are my love glasses? Here they are. I am a **fool for love**. Is anyone else a fool for love?

Clowns love everyone. We don't go out and say 'I love you but not you'. We see the love in every person. We are not scared of anyone.

Love is my **favourite apple to eat**. It is sweet and juicy. You can fall in love, you can love a drink on a hot day, you can love your life, you can love what you are doing, love your friends, family and hobbies.

Love is the **warm fuzzies** happening inside you. Love is unity it joins you with people and activities you love doing. Sometimes time just disappears when you love what you are doing.

When we **love people** we snuggle up, we chatter away, we share our things enthusiastically and we don't feel alone.

Most importantly we know that **love is who we are**. So you don't have to go and get it, you are it. You know that love is **inside** you because you feel it. How great is that! So think **good** thoughts, be hopeful and positive. Feel the love as the **cup half full** not half empty.

Always remember that **love is the answer** to all your problems or questions in disguise. Remember when you love you can **never hurt** anyone.

In conflicts always try to **lovingly explain your side** and listen lovingly to what the other has to say. Why not solve the problem and not hate the person. We all make mistakes.

Know that when you **follow your heart** it leads you **home** to who you are. Be a fool, keep your **heart on your sleeve**, never be afraid of sharing your heart with anyone, even if **you get hurt dive in again**. Life is meant to be **up and down** but never dull.

Just because something happened in the past doesn't mean it will happen in the future.

So follow your heart it will never let you down.

The purpose of the journey is to follow your heart.

HONESTY

Did you know fools are jesters? What do jesters do? **Jesters** are famous for speaking the truth to power. That was to the king or authority. Why did the Jester's get away with it? The Jester's made jokes and got away with it, they made the King laugh at himself. The King enjoyed having the Jesters in the court as they helped him humorously see himself. It is intimacy – in-to-me-see.

What do you think is the **most intelligent thing you can say?** I could be wrong? How is that intelligent you may ask? Well it allows you to open your mind to other possibilities. Also you are looking for truth, not to be right. That means the real power is **speaking the truth and not taking yourself too seriously.** This is the gold nugget.

When you get the truth you just **suddenly** see, that is what it means to see (within) and then look. Truth sets you free to be who you really are. We can get very **confused** in life as we know there are many truths out there. The best way as a jester I can describe that to you is by a **mirror ball.** Each mirror is a person with their own truth. There are lots of tiny mirrors on the ball. So when you look into the mirror ball you can't see yourself, you become blurry or confused. That is not to say their truth is wrong because you can't see it, it is just to know there are lots of truth's different from yours, it is just the way the world is.

Another way to see this is the parable of the **Emperor with No Clothes:**

A vain Emperor who cares for nothing hires two swindlers who promise him the finest, best suit of clothes from a fabric invisible to anyone who is unfit for his position or "hopelessly stupid". The Emperor cannot see the clothing himself, but pretends that he can for fear of appearing unfit for his position; his ministers do the same. When the swindlers report that the suit is finished, they mime dressing him and the Emperor marches in procession before his subjects, who play along with the pretense, until a child in the crowd, too young to understand the desirability of keeping up the pretense, blurts out that the Emperor is wearing nothing at all and the cry is taken up by others. The Emperor cringes, suspecting the assertion is true, but continues the procession.

We can live in **denial** to not be seen as the fool. Yet had he not had an ego and was prepared to be seen a fool, he would have acknowledged the clothes were invisible, he was naked before truth. Now if you want to **know your truth** you have to look at yourself. That means that you see inward and ask yourself - is that true? I know of a wise lady who does personal inquiry. She says that whenever we feel negative we are not seeing the gold. The gold of course is love. She says if you question your thoughts and ask is it true? can you be absolutely sure that it is true? how do you react how do you feel when you believe the negative thought? who would you be without the thought? and then this is the really amazing bit - you turn the thought around and wear it. Try it on for size. You may not feel comfortable, yet if you are honest you may find what you imposed on someone else is actually your projection. The truth is always in you. What happens is that you **know the truth deep down** and up it comes into the **light of day** to show you that you projected something in you onto the other person. It is like a movie screen where your mind is the projector and the screen is the other person. You realise that it is not true, just like a movie, it **seems real** but when you question it you **start to laugh.** That is why **Jesters are always laughing** we see that everybody is perfectly fine, they are doing their best. The truth sets them free.

ONENESS

Oneness is err a big one, one that few talk about.

Imagine oneness like the **whole world** and all the air that circulates the planet. Imagine that every single person and organism on this earth has breathed the same air.

We all come from the same **family tree**. Every single person comes from the human family. We all have the same designed bodies, those who do differ a bit are also perfectly human.

Every **problem** you have had someone else has had, so you are not alone. We care for others when they cry, when laugh when others laugh and that is the feeling we are one.

Amazingly sometimes when we are **thinking of someone** they may actually ring, imagine that. How can that happen if we are separate. How do we know?

We all love to be with other people, we feel warm and safe as we can feel their presence and it feels good.

PEACE

I am Peace Fool so this is another favourite of mine. This is the gold that is more like a **ray of golden light**.

Humans come in all shapes and colours, you can imagine a **rainbow**. When we all come together it is like **white** light.

Peace just **fills your whole body** when you are really happy. How do you know you are really *peacefull*, you just sit there like a Cheshire cat with a happy grin. You may even laugh for no reason.

Even when **things haven't worked out** the way you thought you are still *peacefull* because you are curious about what is going to happen.

You know that **life is not about control but the journey of discovery**, so you realise when it goes differently that you are to just follow your heart and see where the **thread** takes you. As your life is a tapestry. You just can't see the master peace right now.

So you don't resist anything, you just **flow with life** and if anything negative happens you know to question your thoughts and to find peace inside you.

Everything in the world **reflects** us. If we think the world is bad, funnily enough we see bad, if we think the world is great, guess what we see great. It is like the red car in a car park. Say you say to yourself I love red cars. Suddenly you see them everywhere. Our minds are like that what you **focus on expands**, so if you want peace, focus and **just be it**. As Gandhi envisaged '*be the change you wish to see in the world*'.

ENJOYMENT

Enjoyment is not too hard to explain. It has joy in it. What is joy?

Some people think enjoyment is all about pleasure. Do you know the difference between pleasure and joy? **Pleasure is taking, joy is giving.** Yes I know people think just go out there and **do what they want** to have fun and don't worry about other people, even if they have fun at another's expense. We know that is not the real fun.

Pleasure is different it is about buying things, escaping into games where you get **distractions** of winning but truly you never win when you go for pleasure. You **spend** a lot of money and then guess what, the next desire comes and you have to have it. How many things are in your room piling up because you bought them impulsively as you had to have the latest whatever, after a while you got bored and started searching again, as you have to **fill your time**. That is taking from life.

Enjoyment has joy inside, this means you are **happy inside**. You don't need things outside you to make you happy. Life is just so exciting and wonderful you feel **alive** and want to **share**.

You know you are living the **life you are meant to and being true to yourself**, when you do the joy just sparkles up, bubbling, shining and you just can't help smiling. Some people will see you as confident and real.

Imagine if you didn't have to fill your time that you were already full on life. That joy was there and you knew that **life would just send you something interesting** when you need it. So you have plenty of space to give of yourself sharing what you know, your talents and caring about other people. This is **giving to life** and life gives to you. You have something to give so you are not empty. Get it!!

So enjoyment is the **jester always laughing and smiling** and looking at people with a cheeky twinkle. Where you just want to go up and meet people. No-one is scary because **you see yourself in them** and just smile. You laugh at life when you see mistakes made as you know everyone is learning you don't take life seriously **you just laugh** as you have been there.

Did you know that **life is the joke**? do you get the joke? You are here to have fun not to be sad and moping around, you create your happiness as well.

Did you know the **thoughts you think** decide what emotions will come up. If you are always saying that I never get this or that, I am lonely, I don't have money, I am not in control and no-one likes me. Your thoughts will make you feel sad. What if you decided to **sing another song** where you think life is great. For example - I know I need something as I have it, I am here to learn lessons about life, I am not in control, I am on a journey of self-discovery, everyone is doing their best, if someone leaves that is life saying goodbye to them, even if someone dies you know that life is the universal pattern-maker and you are just grateful for what you had.

The real joy that is that **life is meant to be as it is** because it has happened. When we place joy into life we can deal with difficult issues as we look for the gold nugget buried beneath the drama. That is enjoy-ment. It is meant to be, get it!

SERVICE

Service is the last one but not least. To give service makes life such a magical place.

When **we have all are values together** in the one bag, we head out onto the **open road**. We have all we need with us and are open to life, the road is long and exciting. You have no idea where you will end up. But you **trust** life as you have the **gold** with you.

Service is an integration of all the gold into **selfless service** to others as there is nothing that you need, so you share from your little bag the secrets of life. You are living to give.

To be a **foolish** is how you really get to know the world. Imagine everyone is floating on a ship of fools in the ocean of life. Imagine how much fun that would be.

So you just **serve everyone who comes up** knowing they are meant to be there. Perhaps in a quiet moment they even asked for you to come. Sounds like a magic trick hey.

Sometimes **you can serve** by doing nothing, let people work things out, other times you can just love people and that is sending a beautiful vibe to them. Other times you may help them with something or be like a mirror shining truth back to them to see who they really are. They may be surprised how great they are when they see to look into their own book.

Service represents the highest value of all the Fool's Gold, like a rainbow each value has a colour of virtue, each positive thought weaves a thread to co-create the world's tapestry.

It is the big picture.

Therefore, 'to thine own self be true' is a Peace Fool's song.

THE FOOL'S GOLD

Did you know that the Fool's Gold is actually Pyrite. The meaning is as follows:

Pyrite is often called "Fool's Gold," though there is nothing foolish about this mineral. Within its gleaming beauty is a stone of hidden fire, one that can be sparked to life by striking it against metal or stone. An Earth element, it also resonates with Fire energy, symbolizing the warmth and lasting presence of the sun and the ability to generate wealth by one's own power. It is masculine in nature, a stone of action, vitality and will, and taps into one's abilities and potential, stimulating the flow of ideas. It brings confidence and the persistence to carry things through to completion. As a talisman, Pyrite is a unique protector, drawing energy from the Earth through the physical body and into the aura creating a defensive shield against negative energies, environmental pollutants, emotional attack and physical harm. It also supports one with a spirit of boldness and assertive action when protecting others, the planet, or in standing up for important issues of community. It stimulates the Second and Third Chakras, enhancing will power and the ability to see behind facades to what is real.ⁱ

CIVIL AND ECOLOGICAL POLICY

A CIVIL MANIFESTO

A Civil Manifesto is dedicated to all those who
seek a society worthy of all the peoples,
Who in sobriety seek a new road leading to
sustainable prosperity,
For all the children of the world,
No matter their colour or status.

A Civil Manifesto shines on the Shrine of
Remembrance,
For the military industrial complex values objects
of war over resolution of conflict,
Hanging plagues of sacrifice over returned soldiers
in good health,
Lest we forget that war is never just to the victims
or combatants.

A Civil Manifesto values productive work that is
satisfying and offered in equality,
Equal opportunity is valued for all society no
matter gender, creed or culture,
For payment is fair compensation for time, effort
and the opportunity cost of a hard working life,
Time in lieu that balances work, family and leisure
to live life with pleasure,
Fixed hours conducive to wellbeing, financial
security and full participation,
For contracts contract conditions and the
marginal propensity to consume,
As the multiplier effect deflates utility and real
wealth,
Housing prices become the negative gear,
That sends us in reverse,
As there is no building in sites,
For unions dis-organise as management cannot
retrain or retain contractors in industrial anarchy,
The strategy of pauperising the working poor,
Fuels road rage and civil disobedience,
Inflates the cost of living,
Fast breeds social exclusion and tensions,
For the choice is to sign on the bottom line or
stand at the end of the unemployment queue,
Waiting for rights and justice to return
in another depression.

A Civil Manifesto facilitates open education as an
investment in intellectual propriety,

For the greatest asset adds value in realised talent
not inventory, stocks or bonded labour,
For a society that values true equality provides
equal access without up front fees or genetic
inheritance as barriers to entry.

A Civil Manifesto recognises the treasury of real
democracy as a right inherent and not earned,
For active democracy is representative of the
people by the people,
It is not succession of a master class or privileged
elite,

It is enshrined in freedoms of liberty, fraternity,
equality and just laws,
Constitutional civil, political, economic and
cultural rights signal an advanced society,
That monitors human rights watch with trade,
For everyone has the right to be human.

A Civil Manifesto adheres to just rules of law and
alternative dispute resolution for natural justice,
For punishment is regressive and circular,
Many can learn from mistakes when awoken,
Restorative justice faces crime with
consequences,
That seeks illumination rather than
condemnation,
For it is easy to blame and harder to rectify the
societal problems in truth.

A Civil Manifesto aims to restore the balanced
ecological footprint within natural limits,
For humans are divorced from their true nature,
To live beyond means is to live on credit,
Yet there is no excess capacity in a closed system,
For to consume without replacement as growth,
Relies on flawed infinite economic modelling,
Choosing current stakeholders over stewards of
future generations,
Thus the inheritance is raided before its due date,
Divestment of a generation with no credit rating,
Is not renew-able when fossils fuel old fashioned
thinking as clean and green.

A Civil Manifesto promotes Corporate Social
Responsibility as progressive survival of economy,
For internalising externalities yields greater
growth in innovation and efficiencies in trusts,
As citizens realise the consumer is voting rights,

Citizens demand yields on sustainable options,
And arbitrage is gambling out-laws,
Bonds return secure investments for the future,
As ethical investments are naturally selected by
renew-able forces of demand and supply.

A Civil Manifesto inspires leadership that serves
truth over righteous ideologies,
Politics as collaborative community based forums,
Businesses as employee/employer cooperatives,

Sustainability as deep ecology (E) factored into the
real costs of extraction, manufacture and
consumption for

GDP=G+I+C+(X-M) +(EValue-ECost) becomes real
wealth that factors in a future,

The media as fair, accurate with social conscience,
As people enjoy the true bounty of inner security,
Valuing happiness and freedom over unfounded
fears and negative spin as control.

For all this is achievable when wisdom and
common sense informs the political will of us all,
For each is responsible for the world we create,
For our purpose on earth is to live peacefully
as nature intended.

RENEWABLE POLICY MANIFESTO ON EARTH CHANGES

The peoples of the earth are poles apart,
Glaciers of rigid shapes are slowly melting,
Melting pots incubate more voices,
More voices resurface consciousness,
Preparing for change.

Perma frost will become perma culture,
For a permanent culture is sustainable,
And what is sustainable is in harmony,
With our true nature.
The earth ship is no longer a quarry,
For the quandary of materialism,
Has a seismic shift from Economic Policy which is
not rational,
To Earth Changes Policy in-forming what is
universal,
Guided by the Earth as a force more powerful,
Whilst policy makers reside in revolving doors of
uncertainty,
The Earth is actioning a non-negotiable
settlement,
Beneath the surface,
Of titanic confusion.

Nature's displacement seeks a refuge as
convention,
Fossilized plants and matter (oil) to carbon dioxide
(CO₂) is of gravity,
Transforming solids to gas – weight ratios no
longer in parity,
Releasing pressure off plates,

For only a few are sitting at the table,
Serving interests as 'horses for courses',
Whilst nature runs on the outside track,
Handicapped even with a cap on trade.
Nature speaks as the presence of peace,
For it lives only in the present,
An aurora borealis
Of solar maximums,
An Axis wobble or Axis shift?
Into a Dark Rift Valley.

Humans sift for gold,
Yet the real gold is *balance*,
Homeostasis is zero point,
Cooperation defines natural limits,

Universal laws of demarcation,
Exchanging precipitation for sunlight,
Carries weather on thermal currents,
That change with the wind.

To create real change,
Humanity must look at their imbalance,
Where they are not in harmony,
Where their needs are excessive,
Where they are not progressive,
In serving all humanity,
To find what sanity as health feels like,
By questioning the status quo of sorrow,
Which is in fact manufacturing extreme events,
Of over consumption,
Inequality and dysfunction,
Bribes of corruption seeking favours not fairness,
Where distortion and deception are the rule of
thumb,
Of bus-i-ness.

Human kind can choose to embrace the universal
right,
The birth-right to be human,
For each species has the gift of natural life
supports,
To find living on purpose lives as harmony,
As a key note in the song of life,
To contribute to the earth ship as a steward or
indeed care-taker,
Replacing the industrious captains out-of-control.
Humanity is sleep walking off the plank,
Talking at summits of hot air with no thought of
plank-tons,
As thinning ozone irradiates the oxygen supply,
Top soil sinks to the bottom of the dead sea as the
real Fertile Crescents sinks further than carbon,
Fishes are in the stocks awaiting their fate as nett
weights,
Whales and dolphins send sonar distress calls
found too late
on 'The Beach',
Stakeholders are in rooms without wholistic
views,
Selective debate offers no rebate to compensate a
planet under siege,

Surges manifest into tsunamis of feed back loops
appearing chaotic,
Within chaos there is sacred geometry of
symmetry,
Yet humanity is growing weary of asymmetrical
concessions,
That trade away the last frontiers,
Beyond the earths carrying capacity of natural
limits.
Thus:
The levies are breaking,
The water holes are drying up,
The sea levels are rising up,
The ice caps are melting down,
And this is not debatable as time is the essence of
space,
For there is no time like the present.
So make space for time to re-think and re-feel to
reveal the truth,
To be present as the Earth Changes,
For life will find a new trajectory on track,
That is in alignment with the universal ecosystem
beyond fact,
And this is the new consciousness over the
horizon radar of see-change,
As a New Earth is releasing potentials,
Coding the credentials of natural selection,
That selects harmony as the new world re: order,
As a clean balance sheet with no profit or loss,
An Infinite Statement of a Renewed Global
Commons,
With a Triple Bottom Line of
Sustainability, Functionality and Adaptability,
That is a free for all.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA
FAIR

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST

This is an appeal on behalf of all Australians to
Advance Australia fair in the public interest,
For this is a Question Time referendum asking:
Is Australia about Compliance (control) or
democracy (freedom)?
Which is in the public interest?

Compliance is the tick box ✓
Democracy is to come out of the box,
Do we embrace diversity, enforce conformity or
criminalise differences?
For freedom of speech is not an act of treason,
It is not sedition it is simply a public petition
To know the rationale for injustice $E=MC^2$

Australian culture is **50 million years** old,
I pay respect to past and present stewards on this
land called 'country',
As landowning divides and partitions a nation,
Stewardship unites and shares the bounty,
As this 'country' is girt by sea,
With endless plains to share what is fair.

I am a **refugee** in my own country,
I am **home-less but not heart-less**,
I am job-less but not aim-less,
I live on principle not interest rates,
I am not a money changer but a change maker,
For I do not want coins I want real change,
For we are *all* home-less when adrift out at sea,
For there is no friendly harbour to anchor in
emotional storms.

This moment is not about rearranging the budget
deck chairs on a water tight titanic,
It is to check the ICE as the climate has changed,
For arc-tic ICE is to Inspire, Challenge and
Empower to feel 'good',
The sea seems calm and sedate on cable TV yet
inclement weather is the real earth-quake,
The ABC is sending out many warning flares '*to be
fair*' across a *Stern* bow,
For when we know our A, B, C then we can
calculate the costs of complacency.

Many cannot jump ship,
Many avoid and deny their reality,

They Google an 'escape' hatch portal,
Diving down into iPhones, laptops and computer
games to ignore the brewing storm,
For they have lost touch with family, friends, local
community and no longer are each other's
keepers as mantras state: '*it is not my problem*',
Many youth are mainlining online,
The internet a worldwide web of addiction,
Where each moment they seek another fix,
Looking down transfixed in a cyber world,
Of someone's making with cookies and cream,
An illusion to feel good, feel free, feel safe,
To escape the real world of confusion.

Anti-depressants and drugs dumb down a painful
reality of family insanity, anxiety and suicidal
depression,
As suppression is the real recession,
To find expression of anger in violent games,
A toxic battle cry with no future only levels,
As avatars replace human identity,
Stars replace what is meaning-full,
For many are not full-filled as they don't
understand the meaning of life.

To Awaken the Fool we must wake up to get up
before it is too late for the next generation,
This is not a cold power grid but a renew-able
earth charter to rebalance greed with real needs.

REAL HOPES will Advance Australia Fair when we
find value in the Fool's Gold of:

- ❖ Responsibility as the ability to respond – YOU
can do something! It is in your hands
- ❖ Empathy is to stand in the shoes of Y/OUR
Neighbours say hello and give a hand up,
- ❖ Awareness is to unplug, step back and notice
what is really happening in Y/OUR society,
- ❖ Love is to share, care, reveal and heal so there
are no more home-less people to walk past,

- ❖ Honesty speaks the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth without discrimination,
- ❖ Oneness is to re-member the earth is Y/OUR home, we are ONE family no matter status, creed or gender,
- ❖ Peace is to question Y/OUR story to live in reality now and to know you were all-ways good enough,
- ❖ Enjoyment is to feel *joy* smiling into eyes as you walk past life, as we are waiting on Y/OUR welcome,
- ❖ Service is to not give up on society but to SPEAK UP, stand up and be The Voice in a true democracy.

For I have travelled the world in search of REAL HOPES to discover life is not a dangerous place but an open space initiative, Universal values build unity when you teach children to trust life, respect themselves, give to live and love each other unconditionally, Nonviolence is the real national security that requires no defence or inquiries into abuse, Violence is a '*call for help*' as fearful attitudes and behaviours as '*norms*' pass down from *absent* parents to children, Conflict re:solution re-minds you to not avoid but face problems squarely to find wisdom in peacekeeping which always circles the square, A Global Basic Income removes inequality as a root cause of hard-ship and social disorder, levelling the playing field so umpires can whistle-blow giving time out from endless work, so all can play to their peak performance, This is the optimum formula for Gross National Happiness (GNH) as the real wealth of a nation balances time with family, friends and activity. Gross Domestic Product (GDP) promises happiness from material gains and losses as success is rewarded failure discarded, Greed throws down the gauntlet in trials where winners are grinners and losers pay all costs who actually learns the lesson? He who owns the gold rules the world regardless of representation and sovereignty,

Politicians, lawyers, businessmen why not working class, is this a glass or class ceiling?

The business of law legally transfers power as Constitutional re-forms to Corporation norms,

Vice Chancellors are Uni Temps not tenured as online education is sold to the highest bidder,

Regulators are not fair mediators but legal eagles as hawks re-configure public complaints to fund time limits sending letters of the law,

Legal band-aids cover up standards when poor,

Users pay replaces public goods cross-subsidised to profit an ability to pay at the expense of increasing poverty,

Fines and taxes inflate costs of a living wage,

The welfare state dismantles for profit,

US free market shock doctrine interventions ushering in minimum wages, welfare as work, two jobs for the price of less than one as an egalitarian society becomes a class apart,

Will this Advance Australia Fair in the public interest?

Do you care to be fair?

Is the real Question this Time?

A POLITICS SOCIETY

The politics society,
Is the society of the body politic,
For the body creates the movement,
To be seen to be doing,
Keeping up appearances,
Gives the impression of footsteps
in the sand,
Walking in the same direction,
As the winds of change rise up,
The footsteps are smoothed and eroded,
By a sea change.

What is politics?
The unanswered question,
Holds the key,
Speaking in tongues,
Moving in circles,
Changing the focus,
Massaging the content,
Rests in dis-ease,
With the truth.

Life is political,
All is influence,
Where unconscious influence rings the bells of
truth,
Those conscious of their influence seek security in
proof,
For the numbers game weigh what is right,
Those unconscious weigh the truth in insight,
The weight of public opinion is the real weigh
station,
But those at the platform are not stopping at the
station,
They are going their own way,
They are on an express train,
For power and influence weigh heavily in this
freight,
Armaments and military equipment are expensive
to transport and deliver,
There is a payload,
For the tall poppy that reaches high,
Is harvested and converted into the opiate of the
masses,
For mass media is creative accounting,
For it is a numbers game,

It is the greatest art of the magician,
For triumph returns as defeat,
Elections return friends to seats,
For they are sitting down not standing up,
For weapons of mass distraction,
Have been found.

So is there a politics society?
Where the like minded,
Are mindful of what they like,
For their way of life is powerfull,
Many are watching opulence paraded as success,
For the inner sanctum is a secret society,
It is the secret of success,
For ancient masters advised rulers to stay below,
Modern masters are advised to stay below public
contempt,
Yet the ancient art of good government was to
serve in deeds without been seen,
This was public service and payment was in-kind,
Yet today to stay below is to conceal deeds where
they
are seen to be,
Where payment is to the blind,
Who cannot see to tell the blind horseman on the
blind horse,
That he is heading towards the abyss.

For politics to become real,
One must not conceal but make visible,
All transactions are debits or credits,
On the public record for anyone to see,
To watch the money trail unfold,
Defines what we value,
For values have become objectified,
Yet they are inherent and inalienable,
For the truth is always real,
As it stands as a monument to change,
It will rearrange the deck chairs,
For the titanic is sinking,
Yet the ice breaker may save us,
When we are true to ourselves,
For that is the true gender of the buoy,
Floating to resurface
a new civilization.

A HUNG PARLIAMENT

The empty space between my words,
Is a hung parliament,

For freedom of speech is licence,
For one is given licence,
By right of reply.

Yet when that right is revoked,
No-one wants to hear the answer,
Unless it is politically correct.

Democracy is the resurrection in waiting,
As truth is crucified on the cross
of condemnation.

For the nation is a casualty,
As the war of words
Are circular keys,
That cannot unlock the front door,
Many enter through the “digital” back door.

For the law is circumvented by the locksmith,
language is hidden by the wordsmith,
The gatekeeper ensures the chains
are secured in place,
To be protected from the truth
that may set us all
free.

MEANINGFUL DEMOCRACY ASKS REAL QUESTIONS AHEAD OF TIME

Governments never win elections,
They always lose elections,
When the opposition has made their case,
As internally there are factions,
Power brokers seeking influence and reactions,
Taking right, left, centre stage,
Rather than a democracy that accepts different
views in a caucus,
Using contrasts to catalyse better policy and re-
views,
For this is the smokey mirror in governance across
the world,

In Australian politics,
Politics became unAustralian,
As it was seen to undermine,
There was no loyalty or support,
It was seen to be 'covert operations' from within,
Yet covert operations are used by governments,
When citizens seek freedom of speech or
empowerment,
To raise a hand for truth at a protest,
Is filmed openly,
To speak of democracy, human rights and
environmental sustainability,
Is monitored covertly,
As shadow puppets,
For a person may start a social movement,
And this could challenge power,
Yet it advances democracy to share power,
So how in this hour can one point out the log in
another's eye,
When it is in your own?

The values of Australians,
Are the core issues exposed,
A Prime Minister is deposed,
It is supposed he can't win an election,
Pre-selection is based on whether he can win,
Does that promote loyalty?
Is loyalty being seen to be popular?
For when we drill down with questions in time,

To find the core sample question are –

*Will real democracy cross the floor by-passing
special interests?*

Will the public be informed about real politik?

Or

*30 second grabs as PR orchestrates a chorus of
smiling faces called unity?*

Or

is unity shared values in comm-unity,

Is it harmony?

To care, share, reveal and heal our country,

These are questions for **both sides** of politics.

Adversarial politics does not bring out our best
values,

It finds the enemy in opposition,

It takes the freedom from speech,

And this creates the critic, the bully, the

psychopath, the power broker,

When we need honest brokers,

Many think argument strengthens democracy,

Or is entertainment in a coliseum,

In truth it undermines it,

When it seeks to win rather than listen,

As it divides to conquer

as a legacy of imperialism,

For energy is wasted for the sake of opposition

rather than solutions,

As the real world is at a precipice,

There is no Asian Century to save the sinking earth
ship,

For the climate has changed and it is a force more
powerful,

Our economic system has merely re-arranged the
deck chairs on the titanic,

As the ice melts,

For real leadership must fundamentally look
ahead and reassess politics,

To find the heart of great matters,

Advisers would call this political suicide,

Yet the planet is dying,

The resources are short run bubbles,

Inequity causes long run troubles,

For our challenge is:

Can politics find its real power to serve best
interest?
Over national interest?
Over self interest?

Where competition turns into cooperation,
Where values are lived not marketed,
To turn the ship around just-in-time,

For these are the questions asked just ahead of
time,

From the Agora of democracy,

That respects your right to choose,
Even if you lose,
The community may win,
And that is the meaning of democracy
by the people for the people,
A kinship waiting,

For real change.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR FOR THE YOUTH

The youth of Australia are mixed with messages,
For drugs and alcohol serve as a day release,
Emotions must be suppressed,
Weakness is expressed only in compassion.

The global culture is a hip hop step and jump,
For many will suicide,
There are rising pressures in life,
Families are in strife,
For parental supervision is in remission,
There is no permission to leave work for the day
care of children is lovingly needed.

Prices rise faster than the CPI,
Wages fuel inflation,
This is the corporate catch cry,
Yet the catch is that many cry,
For they can't make the payments,
They can't stay ahead of the game,
They become desperate,
And it is themselves they blame.

For failure is to lose your home,
To lose a home is to have no friends,
To be worthless is to join the dole queue,
To be cast aside divides society,
Into haves and have not's,
And this is the social divide in recession,
That is the crime of the century.

To witness your distress,
To see your pain as a parent,
To feel the desperation of losing a child,
Empathy on trial,
As there is an addiction to cash crops,
As the meaning of life has no value on another
death row.

The true values are inherent,
They are inalienable,
They are integral to our community spirit,
For democracy is about fairness,
Is about giving people a voice and a choice,
Allowing all to speak up and be answered,
When seek real justice,
It is time to reflect,
For justice of the peace is real respect,
Providing equal opportunities for all,

This is the clarion call,
In the years ahead.

We must teach the children to explore their many
talents,
To deplore side tracks of money trails,
To turn trials into triumphs,
To turn triads into citizens,
Who value responsibility,
Who value dignity and respect,
To work for the community without neglect,
For it is when we neglect the young,
We don't teach them the truth,
We feed them with junk,
For junk males create junk bonds,
e-males have no social interaction,
They become restless and bored.

Violent video games - a harmless pursuit?
For fear is boredom - a Grand Theft Auto?
Role models are American sit-coms,
Where comedy is canned and cheap,
Life is glamour or freaks,
For false values mask values-free time zones,
And this is the info-tainment that foxes-tel,
This is the corporate culture pay-on-demand or
throwing us a cable line
To draw a line in the sand as manipulation sells in
a petrie dish.

There is no show and tell all,
There is no real public inquiries,
There is no ethical role models to role play,
Just playing with models trapped in a role,
Where real educational learning is in ideals,
values, solving problems to create a win/win,
Is Dr Phil the prescription to social ills?
Or do we suppress it with another pill?

We can create new visions to feel again,
To know another's plight without a fight,
To understand that caring is rights,
When the strong man turns swords into
ploughshares beyond droughts of reasons.

For violence is destruction,
War is depleted,
Uranium is toxic,

For we have lost our values to the highest
corporate bidder,
\$200 billion over 10 years for war not peace?
We have traded values on the stock exchange,
Clinton decoupled human rights from trade,
Is it right to trade food for the good oil?
A root cause of terror-ism?
Is free energy the panacea to endless wars?
Why pay bribes to corrupt regimes?
Is this the wolf in sheep's clothing?
To value the corrupt deal profits over people,
Children are watching children are learning,
What is it they see? Who will they be?
A digital transformation personalizing, tracking,
profiling and modelling everyone?
Or a human transformation servicing the real
needs of humanity?
As we move from GDP growth to the
Gross National Happiness (GNH) of sustainability
rebalancing earth systems,
We get to choose - the gold bar or the earth?

So where can the youth go for direction?
Where can the youth go for guidance?
To exchange poppies for kitchen gardens,
Is to harvest for health,
As this is the true wealth of nations.

It is time to reconsider our wealth,
Our natural heritage is to share our bounty,
For the greatest riches are in truth,
The greatest love is in compassion,
The greatest fashion is sustainable,
The greatest security is nonviolence,
For are we a clever country or Smart Cities?
For we pioneered across sweeping plains,
We the people Advanced Australia fair,
For We Can Do It! is our attitude,
We Give A Fair Go! is our platitude,
As this is the true wealth of all nations.

We are losing the Australian vernacular,
Australian universities are deregulating equality in
favour of global markets,
Hectic fees give way to market forces,
Returning the working class to the workforce,
Forcing us to take second best,
And not be our best as only users pay!
We cannot afford the luxury of excellence,
We cannot follow our dreams,

For one works for privilege as a choice,
Others work for the dole with no voice,
As visions can never be realized cash-less,
We are left out in the cold without protections
Home-less but not Heart-less.
So my friend Dear Prime Minister,
I address you with a friendly smile,
For I believe I have an idea,
That may take away your fear,
I have a vision that just won't shift,
That will stop this sovereign drift offshore,
For we can create a Children's Parliament,
A circle parliament of new ideas,
Where the children learn to collaborate,
They learn to cooperate,
They learn to be lateral and think to feel,
They eat healthily and get plenty of sleep,
Conflict resolution will solve all problems,
For there is no 'other' to fear or hate,
For values will provide future navigation,
To free the mind is to imagine the vast sky,
For self worth sets you free to dream big,
Citizenship lets you be one with your nation,
Not one nation intolerant of other citizens.

For we are a unified nation under the Southern
Cross,
A sacred land for which we must pay our respects,
Not in money but in-kind listening deeply,
To the many voices as one tribe,
Diversity within unity is our pride,
For this is our common strength,
And this is the common-wealth,
As games and dialogue bring teams together,
A foundation stone,
Is the Philosophers Stone,
Learning to not throw stones in glasshouses.

We can climb Mount Kosciusko,
We can reach the highest peaks in Australia,
Before the next summit,
Our vision will be vast but not limited,
As Australians will lead the world as...
Indivisible,
Multicultural,
Sustainable,
Our agenda is over 21,
As we Advance Australia Fair,
The common wealth IS in the public interest,
To advance without fear or favours is to lead,

With your blessing,
It is time to truly care for each other.

For if not you then who cares?
If not now then when?
I am waiting still,
I am still waiting for your answer,
For I am home-less but not worth-less,
I cannot work for the dole but I can work for
humanity to stop the insanity,
I will work for free just cover basic needs,
Will you work for me, against me or with me?
For I am you and you are me in unity.

Youtube:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MFaRJ9I_zRw

REAL HOPES FOR A CLIMATE OF CHANGE

I am the public gallery observing the art of politics
as retaining walls,
For this is a questioning time,
Where the public must ask questions just-in-time,
Without notice,
Without permission,
For the politicians must take notice,
Of the public will as well-being,
Or face an electoral spill,
That is impossible to clean up,
For there is no clean coal in roles,
Coral is the canary in the coal mine,
And as it loses colour,
It stops singing,
The one song.

It matters not who said what in the past,
Life is change,
The future is what matters,
And we must change the future,
For to be the change we wish to see,
We must come clean,
For earth changes are not a football game of
winners and losers,
Where one seeks to gain at the expense of the
other,
Where tactics seek only to block and tackle,
To discredit and shackle debate,
For it is getting late and we are in desperate need
for real leadership,
Rising above self interest,
Before it is too late.

Friends, we are a global commons,
A creative commons,
Stewards of a 4 billion year old planet,
Yet we arrived 1 minute to midnight,
The oceans do not demarcate by limits on national
debates,
The ice caps do not stop melting into gulf streams
of opposing currents,
As stagnation rather than stagflation snap freezes
Europe,

Costing 2.4 to 24 trillion over 4 decades,
For there are no accolades from the next
generation,
As the Euro plunges beyond zero emissions,
And coral bleaching of the world's Great Barrier
Reef,
Renders ocean forests as graveyards that
transform buried treasures,
Costing \$38 billion in lost tourism,
Yet the real deficit is the biggest loser of the
greatest natural wonder of y/our world.

Where are the solutions to human pollution?
What is our shared respons-ability?
Do we have the ability to respond to global
change?

I watch as many are sitting down trying to
suspend standing orders,
As double barrelled questions,
Play double jeopardy,
Dammed if you do answer,
Dammed if you don't answer,
Yet damming the supply of truth,
Rings the division bell globally,
Raising global temperatures to boiling point,
Moving to the point of no return,
As flood pans cause depressions,
In the future.

The economic arguments have already received a
Stern Report,
As legal minds dominate the parliamentary
triangle,
Seeking angles to subvert the equal-lateral
triangle of balanced power,
Misrepresentation by occupation and intent,
Disinformation by public relations lamenting,
Dumbing down public spectators instructed not to
take notes,
Directed to only listen not participate.

Many in the public gallery are silently searching
for honest brokers,
As the world goes broke,
It is time for Founders of commissions in the
future,
Without retainers or censure,
For they are sustainers of free energy and re-new-
able resources,
Understanding electromagnetic ley-lines of self
inquiry,
As solar flares send warning flares,
For life on earth is **not in balance** on ice sheets of
immovable tundra,
Only a sacred balance of earth systems align with
a uni-verse,
As political adversity wastes energy in point
scoring,
Rather than coordinating points of future action
from zero point.

We the people:

- Demand action now not words,
- We the people want community councils,
- We the people want public forums to get to
work on effective future scenarios,

We the people are the REAL HOPES for a re-new-
able vision of community in harmony,

This is the true nature of humans being authentic
rather than being seen to be,

To fulfil others agendas.

REAL HOPES is the future where:

Responsibility is the ability to respond,
Empathy for future generations so we can stand
in their shoes,
Awareness of the consequences of cataclysmic
events and obligations for climate refugees,
Love as the answer when we get past fear based
campaigns,
Honesty as the best policy when actioning truth
and reconciliation across spectrums rather than
denial,
Omnescence of our planet is the SEE level that rises
above adversity,
Perception leaves the argument to make a room with
a view for wisdom,
Enjoyment finds the joy in life as the real wealth
of nations,
Service as public service employed to serve the
people by the people.

Friends it is time to change the climate on the hill,
To find REAL HOPES in enlightened sermons on
the mount,
To speak out to all people the truth of who we are
and why we are here,
Questioning times up to 2025,
For it was never economy but human ecology that
mattered,
For we are our better natures,
And it is the nature of people to
share and care for children.

For we will find solutions to pollution,
We will unite with one voice,
This is the power of choice,
The gold bar or the earth?
For our birthright is to grow old,
Healthy and happy,
Balanced and free,
That there is no opposition in unity.

Leadership has many colours,

But they share the one coat,
A technicolour dream coat,
Where dreamers awaken,
As they are visionaries who can see further,
Than self-interest.

**Some see leadership as leading others into war
rather than securing peace treaties,**

Myths and legends repeat stories infinitely,
Larger than life,
For he always wins,
At the expense of others,
The 'other' remains under covers,
As the real story is the failure to reveal truth,
And learn from our shared humanity.

Others regard leadership as the bully,

The one that inspires great fear,
Who commands respect,
Rather than earning it,
Who intimidates, out smarts or undermines,
In webs of subterfuge or overt aggression,
Seeking to hurt others as 'competitors' rather than heal relationships,
As social development implements understanding intelligently,
For the power struggle becomes the modus operandi of men,
And competition the tussle that many believe catalyses excellence,
Yet fear and threats are the sticks that pacify the calls for justice,
Silence is a Tower of London that isolates from freedom of speech,
Imprisoning dissenters or adversaries as a symbol of oppression,
As opposition is threatening rather than exciting,
A beacon for enlightened change.

Leadership shares power fairly,

For the real warrior upholds virtue without violence,

Enshrined within a Bill of Rights,
Symbolized by the Statue of liberty,
A Statute on life, liberty and happiness
Standing straight in an ocean of infinite possibility,
Indeed a Magna Carta inhibiting all kings,
Reminding the Emperor that he has no clothes,
As truth makes corruption visible,
A great Charter of Liberties where the cloth is cut with measure,
Restraining tyrannical rule,
As an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind,
Habeas Corpus curtails kings conducting kangaroo courts,
For unchallenged power corrupts absolutely.

In the words of Edmund Burke ...

“All that is necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing”

Leadership is not a given,

It is not a position that one wins,
It is a **decision tree** of great value,
A birth right that sings naturally the one song in harmony,
For not all are destined to lead,
Many follow vested interests,
They follow rules or higher authority,
Procedures and protocol,
For it requires great strength and courage
to get up,
To speak out,
To risk all,
For the highest good of all,
For true leadership was always selfless,
As power and ego limit greatness to greed.

Leaders ...hear the call of fairness in integrity,

Leaders ...face fear without avoidance
Leaders ...embrace critics with illumination,
Leaders ...admit mistakes with human dignity,
Leaders ...look for unity in the middle ground as power sharing,

Leaders ...understand human nature is equal in bounty,
Leaders ...endure against all the odds to find what is even.

For Leaders ...balance truth over falsehood,

For Leaders ...truth is held close to the heart,
And communication is authentic with all,
For this is the highest respect,
For self,
And others,
For we are all brothers and sisters.

Leaders are watched silently *'are they walking the talk?'*

To see if this person internalises what is spoken as a lived truth,
Leading from the heart or the head?
Feeling it or being seen to be?

For to follow their example is not an edict but inspired by respect
rather than feared,
As this is always the signpost of a true leader.

A leader leads by example,
He doesn't reside in the **ivory tower** of limited thinking,
She manages by walking around open to possibilities,
Meeting with the people as equals and friends,
Encouraging openness, trust and equal access to all,
Rather than tools of trade inherent in productivity paradigms.

A leader understands community,

Taking on the responsibility of governance,
So that all work together cooperatively,
For a higher goal,
For a vision that inspires brilliance,
Where shining is not a tall poppy syndrome to be cut down,
But inspiring expression in developing greater skills and talents,
To feel they belong even if they are wrong,
Singing the one song,
Rather than risk adverse and alone,
Fearful of challenging ineffective norms,
For when conflict is met with resistance rather than shared understanding,

This is the sign that leadership is absent from the table of self-inquiry.

In truth we are all leaders and followers,
For all are gifted,

The greatest leaders liberate the gifts,

And teach by modelling higher examples
from weaknesses we all possess,

By educating for:

Values over ambition,

Inquiry over edicts,

Resolution over censure,

Justice over power,

Equality over status,

Greatness over mediocrity.

For we are all here to reach for infinite possibilities,

And these are not buzz words,

It is the reality of our true potential.

Infinite possibilities open when...

We create cultures of risk,

Where mistakes are rewarded with illumination,

Ruminations of **self-reflective** learning,

When we acknowledge we could be wrong,

When we are not seeking to be right,

As truth provides future insights,

Advancing new knowledge,

Where we see no limits to what we can become.

We open to infinite possibilities when...

We no longer compete but collaborate as peers,

Integrating higher knowledge rather than protecting intellectual property
as a right,

For business was never intended in the realm of universities,

There was a **separation of powers doctrine**,

Preserving intelligencia for intellectual freedoms over property rights serving self-interests masquerading as
social interest,

Enacting a **new Bill of Rights** to serve society over business,

Ushering in a re-new-able enlightenment,
Where we are not **blinded** by interests,
Deaf to truth,
Or **silenced** by indifference,
But interested in what blinds us from the higher way.

Infinite possibilities open when...

There is no longer superiority of tenure,
No matter ones education, position or gender,
Where tears are met with empathy and support
in an open society foundation,
Where social support is the mainstay of a healthy community,
And language is used to inspire rather than critique,
And silence is for reflection rather than exclusion,
For we encourage greatness when we see it in ourselves,
For all are great in truth,
There are no failures,
Only the failure to reach further than self-interest.

For it is together that we must work for our common future,

In a community of infinite diversity,
Where we rise above differences,
Leading ourselves to unity,
Values become the navigators of leadership,
In the home, in work, in communities and worldwide,
As each becomes a steward of global citizenship,
Self-governance illuminating roles and responsibilities,
And this is the beginning of the wisdom of the elders,
For we are each other's keepers,
We are responsible for our actions,
Intentions formulate outcomes,
And what we do and say matters in whom we become,
For each life sends out ripples that define the shape of the future,
And what we stand for defines the shape of ourselves,
For every person has value no matter their status.

As we step out of education where we are taught what to think,

To discover **learning as empowerment** living,
Where we think and feel about what we are taught,
An Agora of questions refining who we are,

Exploring infinite possibilities as a new knowledge applied,
Assessing whether we harm or heal?
As this is the yardstick of success in our humanity,
Whether we advance or hold back higher knowledge,
Grow or shutdown personal development,
Cooperate or compete,
For our answer becomes the sacred seal,
The Crest of a new en-lighten-ment that is real,
As the motif represents the university of your incredible life,
And only you decide if you graduate
with honour.

EMPATHY

WHAT ARE AUSTRALIAN VALUES?

Australian values,
Are what people value,
So what do you value
In politics?
Smiling at the front door,
Dealing at the back door,
Told we must be pragmatic,
The ends justify the means,
For the smiling politicians,
Are being seen to represent our interests,
But what is in our interests,
Is what we truly value,
A quality of life that values real happiness.
A democrat sold us the GST,
A tax on goods,
A tax on services,
A tax on disposable income
after tax,
The states were silenced as the spoils are
distributed,
For the pie has many slices,
Yet taxes on consumption are liberal,
An imposed penalty on being poor,
For they consume more of their income for
survival,
And many are now the working poor,
So what we value is not poor.
The electoral boundaries,
Gerrymander the gene pool,
For each vote has differing value,
Marginal interests are represented
In favour of the majority,
So what we value is winning over representation.

Fear is the ace,
That is played up ones sleeve,
For the magician can pull election victories out of
thin air,
For polling is scrolling,
Drift netting for the wild card,
It is a game where only outcomes matter,
To swing pathetic voters to care,
Interest rates are rating a mention,
Terrorism is a war using terror,
The enemy within or the enemy without?
For the border protects fortress Australia from a
sea of humanity,

Yet what if it was me or you seeking refuge?
Pulling us all together in the same boat with no
rudder,
But one must be careful not to go overboard,
Valuing fiction over fact.

For to not value children,
Means you are either with us or against us,
For those seeking refuge at Christmas are an
island,
They are left in ashes on the reef.

For who exercised our right to re-write
electoral boundaries with folly,
As refugee conventions have become illegal,
For we value those we want,
And discard those who are different,
Economic discrimination values wealth over
human wellbeing,
As we disconnect ethical decisions from trade.
Remember the children are our future,
Education tells its own history,

Evolution becomes evangelism,
For righteousness imposes religious moral values,
To symbolise war as heroism in a crusade,
Killing fields in Babylon as liberation from the
tyrant,
Saluting the soldier Simpson and his donkey
Values war over conflict resolution as a solution,
Militaristic power over environmental commons,
For only those in fear of diversity,
Are unified under the union jack of national unity,
Valuing a foreign flag over Australian freedoms,
For when one is free to speak of sedition,
To throw overboard lies and deception,
To speak freely in a free press without undue
influence or control,
That is when democracy is valued over fascism.

So dear friends it is time to face the **inconvenient
truth**
For the earth is burning,
The earth is turning as soils turn to dust,
Are you champions or hoping for advantage?
Do you speak of values and deny what is truly
valued?

For we have reached the **tipping point**,
And what we value must be seen in action not
words,
For we the people are responsible.
For global warming is not just hot air,
Or superficial questions wasting question time,
We want politicians to cross the line,
We want to hear **conscience over inconvenience**,
For the public gallery is a muted enquiry,
We know parliament is a house not a home girt by
sea,
The founding fathers are dumbed down,
For corporate interests have merged on capital
hill,
The town crier is saying Get Up,
For the sleeping giant is a public with opinion and
it is waking to a world in real crisis,
Deciding if we value consumption over
sustainability.
We can see the writing on the wall is not graffiti,
We need real signs ...
Of hope ... Of courage ...
Of inalienable universal values declared in law,
That value the right to be human over cloning,
For human rights are the commodity of
democracy,
Unregulated markets are the currency of fascism,

For there is **no industrial democracy** only
contracts,
For the jury is currently out deliberating the true
face,
For there will only be clemency when you see-
change,
For politicians only become leaders of higher
ideals
when serving the common good as their own
interests,
... and this is what all Australians value.

THE TRUTH BEYOND SPACE AND TIME

I feel for space,
I feel for the truth beyond space and time,
I feel for the true expression of balance,
I reach for the values of a meaningful life,
I wait for my moment in the sun... patiently,
I await the movement which is arising momentarily,
I feel the warmth of kindness as life supports my every need,
For in every need is the desire for kindness,
This is the love that gives,
That lives in homeostasis,
That is the real currency of abundance,
That will always return to you in higher yields,
As you yield your ego,
As you let go of your greed,
As you allow control to fall away,
As you let yourself say,
What you truly feel and think without censure,
Then the world watches you aghast at your incredible life,
For they can see you and you free them with your words of truth,
Authenticity is not to be seen to be but to be seen and to BE,
When you are real others will follow your lead,
As night follows day,
You cannot bare false witness to any other.
Leadership serves through self sacrifice,
Revealing your truth, your life to the world not as an act of self aggrandisement
but giving permission for others to be seen, heard and BE free,
For the real freedom is visibility and authenticity,
It is placing all your cards on the table,
Not keeping one up your sleeve,
It is not the winning hand it is the honest hand,
It is the clean hand that doesn't take money to change hands,
For this hand cares nothing for winning or losing,
It only seeks hands above the table to be visible in this game,
For money will come and go,
But friendship is the real purpose of the game,
As we sit together and play as friends,
There are no concealed hands,
All hands are above boards,

For friends will never cheat, lie or harm another,
For it is the friendship that is valued above all winning,
As this is the true wealth of nations,
This is the Gross National Happiness
A gift that keeps on giving.

For friends look after each other,
They will not see you on the street,
You will never be homeless or bereft,
For a friend will gently take your hand,
and understand your plight,
They will not seek to be right but a kite,
Free flowing and wild,
They will never fight to win you over,
They will truthfully tell you when you can't see,
For this is what it means to truly care,
For life is to live fully (fooly) and move on in peace.

It is the peace that all seek
And this only returns in kind.

SELFISHNESS CANNOT RESPOND

Life is my muse,
And I am amused by life,
As truth becomes my lover,
As I am the devoted student,
Seeking to pass inner examination,
With flying colours,
For I am here to fly not fall,
As the rainbow serpent gives me the
inspiration,
To live.

My critics remained silent,
As I stared endlessly into the pond of my
reflection,
I found my silent spring in the midst of
turbulence,
A fragile plant breaking through the hard
earth,
As the revolution of my life was to be the
evolution of a life
of REAL HOPES,
For in Responsibility, Empathy, Awareness,
Love,
Honesty, Oneness, Peace, Enjoyment and
Service
The rainbow serpent came to give meaning to
my life.
So many sleepless nights,
So many tears ran down my river
into the ocean of humanity's shared despair,
Not realising my soul was under repair,
For in the darkest nights there were shards of
light,
My inner strength was my plight,
As I sought truth over winning,
I sought understanding over condemnation,
I sought love over hatred,
To keep returning to love as my answer,
For this is the dove that returns to
The Garden of Eden.

Why could I not let go?
I had to know,
How cruelty could walk past suffering?
How love could become a tourniquet?
How resolution became a battleground for my
right to exist?

Knowing what I resist persists,
Yet how to accept indifference?
When the threshold of pain is breached?
The end of one's rope is reached?
How to reason with walls that divide,
My back was against the dam wall,
To discover no dam can withhold the ocean of
truth forever,
For love is truth,
And truth is love,
And the love you withhold
Is the pain you carry.

So many years of silent retreat,
For in this society I do not seek to compete,
I am not interested in winning,
Or having more,
Or being seen to be,
My only interest is to be free,
To be me,
In my own authenticity.

In the early hours of the morning my answer
came visiting,
Awakened me from my sleep like an urgent
tug,
'Selfishness' was the call I had not answered,
Yet I wrote of self-interest still unable to see
the gravity,
Of such an unstable state,
Without play.
For all the unresolved conflicts,
All the judicial process,
Policing,
Intellectual sifting of right from wrong,
Wasted so much time and money,
As selfishness sees no unity in diversity,
Only a diversity of self interest,
Seeking pleasure in material gain that
generates pain,
Seeking to win at the expense of others,
Where there is no dividend in the end,
Only a divided end,
That never leads to true happiness.
Humanity cries out to re-balance the human
family,

As insanity works for its own interests in
isolation of the whole,
A hierarchy of reinforcing corruption
complicit in subtle violence,
That seeks selfishness over happiness,
Profit over wellbeing,
Justifying cruelty by narrowing lines of
responsibility,
As a game changer,
Choosing power over rather than power
within,
For the latter is about virtues,
It is the conscience of your humanity,
That is blocked and denied,
Silenced and critiqued,
And that is why there is no ability to respond,
To truth.

WALTZING MATILDA

The Australian Federal Parliament,
The elected body,
But who is the head,
For intelligence is a human resource,
Without agency.

Border protection,
Broader protections,
For broad interpretation opens up the drift net,
And the net effect,
Is that we take stock of the Eureka stockade,
Lock, stock and pork barrelling
appear as a new creed,
For punishment is to be sent to detention,
For suspicion of poor behaviour,
Requires no lawyer when one is right,
As deterrence is not justice,
Rules are not guidelines,
And denial of a fair trial
Is a rule of thumb without precedence,

Conformity appears to build unity,
Passive aggression is in control of orders,
For the headmaster,
Dispenses discipline not human rights.
To understand democracy is to experience justice,
To experience justice is to be just,
For human rights is irrelevant to those in power,
As bureaucracy is eager to give power away,
To follow the guidelines as they are made up,
To never question authority,
For they too learned in the school of hard knocks,
That blowing the whistle is to go outside the rules.
The art of politics is to influence not represent,
For democratic representation is rule by the people,
And influence is rule by the party machine,
For the party has been charged to govern the State,
Without appeal to the majority,
Without trial by courts,
For the Parliamentary triangle,
Becomes a Bermuda triangle,
Where all direction is lost,
As there is no magnetic axis,
To align with social change,
Where is a new law of attraction?

Where what we feel we say,
Creating a new Act in this play,
That receives a standing ovation.

In Canberra Lake Burley Griffin is a basin not a pond,
For many cannot wash many times to become clean,
For the lake is man made and polluted,
And reflections can appear unreal,
As power reflects ideology,
Solidarity reflects loyalty,
And loyalty reflects absolute rule,
Without questions,
For question time is a circus clown,
Entertainment of the kings,
Yet the fool does not have permission to speak truth to power,
In this military court,
Therefore reflection becomes a hall of mirrors,
A mirror ball that spins,
Where one cannot see one self in confusion,
As the chamber appears to have no exit clause.

Yet if one looks clearly into the one mirror,
Only you see yourself alone,
For intimacy (*in-to-me-see*) is to know thy self,
Requires absolute truth,
And disciplined integrity,
For open questions is the rule of universal law,
Justice is the gavel of dispensing fairness,
Humour is the fool looking on the bright side,
And human rights is the new principal
Who is inclusive,
For civics and citizenship are no longer a loyal subject,
For In-sight becomes an equal opportunity forum,
Values are no longer religious disciplines of nationalism,
But inalienable universal freedoms,
For real freedom of speech values differences,
Dissent is the friend in the mirror
Showing your denials to yourself,
And conflict is not to crush opposition,
But sharpen resolve to understand
other truths have a right to exist,
And this is the real heartland of democratic rule.

How you *per-see-eve* reveals what you see first,
To force others - indoctrinates the free,
To incarcerate without Habeas Corpus,
Ensures Corpus Christi becomes a feudal State,
For the Magna Carta is not punch drunk at the
table,
During the last feast the King asks if he is right,
As he is girt by a sea of discontent,
For the party is nearly over as he sobers,
He sees no bread was broken to share,
For love was always the answer,
Yet fear was the master over-ruling sensibility,
But when there are no questions only orders,
A New Matilda is no longer waltzing,
She has found new liberties in a civil society,
For he finds the truth that sets us free,
And freedom cannot be taken for granted,
For the only deportation of justice,
Is to receive a bill of rights for all,
As justice cannot be seen to be done
It must be done on earth as it is in heaven.

A POLITICS SOCIETY

The politics society,
Is the society of the body politic,
For the body creates the movement,
To be seen to be doing,
Keeping up appearances,
Gives the impression of footsteps
in the sand,
Walking in the same direction,
As the winds of change rise up,
The footsteps are smoothed and eroded,
By a sea change.

What is politics?
The unanswered question,
Holds the key,
Speaking in tongues,
Moving in circles,
Changing the focus,
Massaging the content,
Rests in dis-ease,
With the truth.

Life is political,
All is influence,
Where unconscious influence rings the bells of
truth,
Those conscious of their influence seek security in
proof,
For the numbers game weigh what is right,
Those unconscious weigh the truth in insight,
The weight of public opinion is the real weigh
station,
But those at the platform are not stopping at the
station,
They are going their own way,
They are on an express train,
For power and influence weigh heavily in this
freight,
Armaments and military equipment are expensive
to transport and deliver,
There is a payload,
For the tall poppy that reaches high,
Is harvested and converted into the opiate of the
masses,
For mass media is creative accounting,
For it is a numbers game,

It is the greatest art of the magician,
For triumph returns as defeat,
Elections return friends to seats,
For they are sitting down not standing up,
For weapons of mass distraction,
Have been found.

So is there a politics society?
Where the like minded,
Are mindful of what they like,
For their way of life is powerfull,
Many are watching opulence paraded as success,
For the inner sanctum is a secret society,
It is the secret of success,
For ancient masters advised rulers to stay below,
Modern masters are advised to stay below public
contempt,
Yet the ancient were mistaken for the art of good
government was to serve in deeds without been
seen,
This was public service and payment was in-kind,
Yet today to stay below is to conceal deeds where
they are seen to be,
Where payment is to the blind,
Who cannot see to tell the blind horseman on the
blind horse,
That he is heading towards the abyss.

For politics to become real,
One must not conceal but make visible,
All transactions are debits or credits,
On the public record for anyone to see,
To watch the money trail unfold,
Defines what we value,
For values have become objectified,
Yet they are inherent and inalienable,
For the truth is always real,
As it stands as a monument to change,
It will rearrange the deck chairs,
For the titanic is sinking,
Yet the ice breaker may save us,
When we are true to ourselves,
For that is the true gender of the buoy,
Floating to resurface
a new civilization.

SAMPSON OR GOLIATH?

Sampson or Goliath,
Who is bigger?
One throws stones,
The other can crush with a single blow,
Which is tougher?
Which is stronger?
Which is the lover of life?
Which prefers death?
For both have no heart for the children,
Neither knows the road to peace,
For they take the side track,
Which is ungraded,
For it is potted by holes,
These are the gaps in the mind of reason.

How do I close my eyes,
How do I pretend that all is well,
When I see the well drying up,
For it has no more tears,
In the drought of this wasteland,
Where life is still,
It is a still life,
For I see no real movement,
For justice,
I see no real movement,
For cooperation,
I see no real movement,
For compassion,
For the families have lost
the heart of their promise,
They mourn for their children,
But I cannot reach out and give hope,
For I am silenced,
By a world that does not value,
What I have to say.
The presidential election is praying on my mind,
For it is in praying that I lose my faith,
For it is in accolades of right and wrong,
That my song fades to silence,
For the common sense,
Has been lead astray,
For self interest pays,
A premium,
No one is noticing the lonely child,
The disheveled child,
Who languishes in poverty,

For the cup of love is empty,
The fridge is fast food,
Health is having a roof,
Family is aloof,
For this is the modern world that we construct,
For it is when we yield our value,
That we seal our fate,
For apathy is the gate,
That has no key,
In a progressive society.

I feel as if in mourning,
For a new age is dawning,
But it is not the dream that is sweet,
It is when I awaken that I want to remain asleep,
For to know means responsibility,
And how do I have the ability to respond?
When the pond of my reflection,
Reveals turbid waters,
Muddied by greed,
Stirred by need,
When I am weakened by despair,
For I can see that people are blinded by the
repetition of routine,
For they cannot see the sands running through
the glass,
For I feel as if alone,
No-one hears the call,
It continues to ring but no one answers,
For they are waiting,
For someone that knows.

Collective security,
Collects in the begging bowl,
For some are waiting in chains,
For to change means to think,
To question what is the norm,
But the warmth of wisdom,
Will come to you when you surrender,
The beliefs forming walls
around the mirror of your reflection.

Bush and Kerry,
Tom Petty is a heartbreaker,
For the platitudes are petty,
There is little substance,

To give me a strong hold,
To feel bold,
That liberty, fraternity and sanity,
Are preserved,
For the scaffolding of sound bytes,
Byte into the honour,
I hold dear.

For the future rests not in a few hands,
It is in the hands and hearts of many,
For they are bound by a common good,
But are the common good,
Or distracted by self interest and interest rates,
For this is what rates as interest,
Not the moral arguments,
Of the intellectual elite,
For they are talking in tongues of morality,
They are speaking of truth,
Reaching out in moments of deep concern,
But the urn of public sentiment,
Is merely warming to the notion,
That the national interest,
Is of no interest,
For life is sport,
It is the super bowl,
For to win is a touch down,
And winning is all that matters,
When left untouched.

The visionaries,
Turn their back,
For they know that words
fall to the ground of abandoned land,
For denial is steadfast,
It is the fast and the dead,
But this is just the news,
Frames of stories that desensitize,
What is real,
For the meal on the table,
Is the relevance of our times.

As I reach for your hand,
I hope you understand,
That to touch another,
Is the greatest intent,
For it is the tent in the desert,
It provides cover in the drought,
That has dried the fruit,
That has fallen from the trees,

In the wrong season,
For climate change,
Is the reason,
That will bring us to our knees.

For to feel the wind,
To swim in the river of time,
Liberates a purity,

Which is flowing from the heart
of human kind,
For it is in kindness,
That we find the breast
is beating,
For it has returned home,
For love will always
guide you,
Gently to the light,
That shines upon your path,
On the raft of a new passage,
In the story,
Of your dreams.

ABSOLUTE POWER CORRUPTS

Absolute power corrupts,
Absolutely,
For the corporate dictator,
Only knows how to dictate,
For when you pay for a service,
You are paid lip service,
For to give lip shakes the tower,
And those in ivory towers,
Don't want to come down.

The hallways are galleries to past glories,
For the ego prides itself on the back of another,
Newspaper clippings of politicians,
Polling glory,
Important connections,
Means you are connected where it is important,
For your self importance values itself above all others,
The expectation is to bow and scrape,
But you cannot buy my allegiance,
You cannot buy my silence,
You cannot buy or sell me,
For my spirit is free.

There is a point in life where one must choose,
Do we become slaves or masters?
For mastery is not over others,
It is the power to choose what is in your interest,
For interest rates and stocks and bonds,
Are minor stipends to dignity,
A pay cheque is not of value when it is compromise,
To sell one's sovereignty for security,
The impurity of fear.
Advance Australia Fair for the Youth.

The youth of Australia are mixed with messages,
For drugs and alcohol serve as a day release,
Emotions must be suppressed,
Weakness is expressed only in compassion.

The global culture is a hip hop step and jump,
For many will suicide,
There are rising pressures in life,
Families are in strife,
For parental supervision is in remission,

There is no permission to leave work for the day
care of children is lovingly needed.

Prices rise faster than the CPI,
Wages fuel inflation,
This is the corporate catch cry,
Yet the catch is that many cry,
For they can't make the payments,
They can't stay ahead of the game,
They become desperate,
And it is themselves they blame.

For failure is to lose your home,
To lose a home is to have no friends,
To be worthless is to join the dole queue,
To be cast aside divides society,
Into haves and have not's,
And this is the social divide in recession,
That is the crime of the century.

To witness your distress,
To see your pain as a parent,
To feel the desperation of losing a child,
Empathy on trial,
As there is an addiction to cash crops,
As the meaning of life has no value on another
death row.

The true values are inherent,
They are inalienable,
They are integral to our community spirit,
For democracy is about fairness,
Is about giving people a voice and a choice,
Allowing all to speak up and be answered,
When seek real justice,
It is time to reflect,
For justice of the peace is real respect,
Providing equal opportunities for all,
This is the clarion call,
In the years ahead.

We must teach the children,
To explore their many talents,
To deplore side tracks of money trails,
To turn trials into triumphs,
To turn triads into citizens,

Who value responsibility,
Who value dignity and respect,
To work for the community without neglect,
For it is when we neglect the young,
We don't teach them the truth,
We feed them with junk,
For junk males,
Create junk bonds,
E-mails have no social interaction,
They become restless and bored.

Violent video games - a harmless pursuit?
For fear is boredom - a Grand Theft Auto?
Role models are American sit-coms,
Where comedy is canned and cheap,
Life is glamour or freaks,
For false values mask values-free time zones,
And this is the info-tainment that foxes-tel,
This is the corporate culture pay on demand,
Where manipulation sells in a petrie dish.

There is no show and tell all,
There is no active public inquiries,
There is no ethical role models to role play,
Just playing with models trapped in a role,
Where real educational learning is in ideals,
values, solving problems to create a win/win,
Is Dr Phil the prescription to social ills?
Or do we suppress it with another pill?

We can create new visions to feel again,
To know another's plight without a fight,
To understand that caring is rights,
When the strong man turns swords into
ploughshares beyond droughts of reasons.

For violence is destruction,
War is depleted,
Uranium is toxic,
For we have lost our values to the highest
corporate bidder,
\$200 billion over 10 years to export warfare,
is not welfare or peace building.
In the public interest.

We have traded values on the stock exchange,
Clinton decoupled human rights from trade,

Is it right to trade food for the good oil?
A root cause of terror-ism?
Is free energy the panacea to endless wars?
Why pay bribes to corrupt regimes?
Is this the wolf in sheep's clothing?
To value the corrupt deal profits over people,
Children are watching children are learning,
What is it they see?
Who will they be?
A **digital transformation** personalizing, tracking,
profiling and modelling everyone?
Or a **human transformation** servicing the real
needs of humanity?
As we move from GDP growth to the
Gross National Happiness (GNH) of sustainability
rebalancing earth systems,
We get to choose - the gold bar or the earth?

So where can the youth go for direction?
Where can the youth go for guidance?
To exchange poppies for kitchen gardens,
Is to harvest for health,
As this is the true wealth of nations,
It is time to reconsider our wealth,
Our natural heritage is to share our bounty,
For the greatest riches are in truth,
The greatest love is in compassion,
The greatest fashion is sustainable,
The greatest security is nonviolence,
For are we a clever country or Smart Cities?
For we pioneered across sweeping plains,
We the people Advanced Australia fair,
For We Can Do It! is our attitude,
We Give A Fair Go! is our platitude,
As this is the true wealth of all nations.

We are losing the Australian vernacular,
Australian universities are deregulating equality in
favour of global markets,
Hectic fees give way to market forces,
Returning the working class to the workforce,
Forcing us to take second best,
And not be our best as only users pay!
We cannot afford the luxury of excellence,
We cannot follow our dreams,
For one works for privilege as a choice,
Others work for the dole with no voice,
As visions can never be realized cash-less,

We are left out in the cold without protections
Home-less but not Heart-less.

Dear Prime Minister,
I address you with a friendly smile,
For I believe I have an idea,
That may take away your fear,
I have a vision that just won't shift,
That will stop this sovereign drift offshore,
For we can create a Children's Parliament,
A circle parliament of new ideas,
Where the children learn to collaborate,
They learn to cooperate,
A sacred land for we must pay our respects,
Not in money but in-kind listening deeply,
To the many voices as one tribe,
Diversity within unity is our pride,
For this is our common strength,
And this is the common-wealth,
As games and dialogue bring teams together,
A foundation stone,
Is the Philosophers Stone,
Learning to not throw stones in glasshouses.

We can climb Mount Kosciusko,
We can reach the highest peaks in Australia,
Before the next summit,
Our vision will be vast but not limited,
As Australians will lead the world,
As indivisible, multicultural, sustainable,
Our agenda is over 21,
As we Advance Australia Fair,
The common wealth IS in the public interest,
To advance without fear or favours is to lead
With your blessing,
It is time to truly care for each other,
For if not you then who cares?
If not now then when?
I am waiting still I am still waiting
for your answer,
For I am home-less but not worth-less,
I cannot work for the dole but I can work for
humanity to stop the insanity,
I will work for free just cover basic needs,
Will you work for me, against me or with me?

They learn to be lateral and think to feel,
They eat healthily and get plenty of sleep,
Conflict resolution will solve all problems,
For there is no 'other' to fear or hate,
For values will provide future navigation,
To free the mind is to imagine the vast sky,
For self worth sets you free to dream big,
Citizenship lets you be one with your nation,
Not one nation intolerant of other citizens,
For we are a unified nation under the Southern
Cross,

For I am you and you are me in unity.

CLASSES APART

Why is it that we are a class apart?
Winners and losers,
Success and failure,
Those accepted others rejected,
Those in the know others in the dark,
Why must we be a class apart?
When we can be together,
A high class where there are no losers.

The entrepreneurial spirit,
Leads us to climb mountains,
The incentives of wealth,
Lead us to try new things,
To take a risk,
To imagine we have the world at our feet,
These are great aspirations.

But what joy can one gain,
When the world is crying,
When poverty is so oppressive,
That the greatest mountain climber languishes in
the slum,
That a mother must sell her kidney,
Or indeed her child,
To survive,
Where is the equity in equality?
For all were born equal and free,
Yet some have an advantage,
Before birth.

Gandhi started the long march,
To help the British establishment see,
That there was no inferiority,
That no-one should crawl in the presence of a
white colonialist,
That no-one should travel second class,
That the colour of one's skin is not the mark of the
beast,
But the grace of natural selection,
For each race has greatness,
Each individual has dignity,
And to serve is noble when one is filled with great
love,
Service becomes slavery when one is owned and
unquestioning.

The gap in our humanity,
Pre-dominates the distinction of class,
To become a name,
And open doors,
When all are names that open doors,
But why is one name more important than
another?
What is it that we value?
Why is money so important?
Why is heritage identity?
Why is conformity respect?
Why can differences not be embraced with good
humour?
Why must we separate into suburbs,
Separate by position,
Separate by income,
Separate by family,
Separate by education,
Separate by status,
When we can join in harmony,
Share our inherent treasures with love,
Admire such unique distinctions,
Explore the experience,
And be thankful for our hidden wealth,
That is generous with time.

For money never buys happiness,
Money can never buy freedom,
Money can never control another's humanity,
Money just leaves a paper trail,
As many mask their true identity,
For to be seen to be is more important,
Than just being who you are.

The true wealth of nations,
Is visible when one speaks the truth,
Honour's justice,
Lives with integrity,
Answers the call,
Listens with empathy,
Helps you up when you fall,
Respects all with purity,
Observes the true bounty of life itself,
Which is generous in its bouquet,
Releasing aromas of peace and tranquility,

For the flower of creation is blooming,
The solar power of sunshine illuminates our lives,
The fruits and nuts are abundant for all to share,
When we see ourselves in each other,
And join in a new class,
Where we are same same,
Yet different,
And each has a splendid voice,
In the choir of perfection,
And that my friend is the reflection of inner peace.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT TRAP

Is it Better to Stand on Your Feet than to Live on Your Knees?

Is unemployment not working?

For the great Economist Maynard Keynes
promised full employment,
As government benefits were not to help those in
need,
But to pump prime an economy as seed funding,
As consumer spending is cyclical,
Yet the real wealth of nations requires social
stability,
An ability to recognise that employment and
unemployment
follows booms then bust,
Markets rise and fall at the cusp,
As many fall between the cracks,
Or fall between the tracks,
For always there were cracks in the system,
As it goes off the rails,
Blaming government policy,
Or insufficient demand,
Yet it is important to understand,
Not all management are good leaders,
And not all leaders are good managers,
And few still know the meaning of social cost.
Australia was a prime mover enshrining social
justice in social policy,
Ushering in the Welfare State,
For the protection and promotion of social well-
being,

A principled platform of...

Equality of opportunity,
Equitable distribution of wealth,
Public responsibility for those unable to avail
themselves,
Of the right to a good life.

What is a good life?

Life
Liberty
Happiness
Quality food
Secure shelter

To pave a pathway out of ...

Loneliness
Emptiness
Depression
Failure

For the greatest poverty is self loathing,
For one is valued by what they have,
Not who they are.

The philosophy of welfare is measured by the
values of society,
In the beginning it was universal coverage as a
right to dignity in life,
Their means was never tested,
All have the right to welfare as a safety net,
Then means testing arrives,
As unemployment rises,
And budgets are cut,
Rhetoric slips into public discourse,
As social stigma becomes the silent stick...

'Dole bludgers rorting the system,'
'System pays for those too lazy to work',
'A waste of public money',
'Welfare to work'
'Work for welfare'
'Mutual obligation to earn the right'
'Mothers getting a free ride'

As public responsibility becomes the burden of
responsibility,
And users pay is the dictum 'you must pay for
what you use',
Those who have can use more,
Those who haven't access less,
Cross subsidisation is sold off as 'public assets'
becomes 'private property rights',
Flexible markets free fall to lower real wages and
conditions,

Unemployment is deemed a cost of production
rather than a market failure,
Perceiving taxes paid to welfare as non productive
liabilities,
Higher taxes on the system is a drain,

Is economic rationalism to blame?
What of unpaid mothers working full time to care
for children?
Send them to work they say,
For raising children is non-productive it doesn't
pay.
But what of Gross Domestic Happiness for the
next generation?
Are people more productive when they are
balanced and happy?
Everyone works for future happiness,
This is the real incentive,
A futures option,
But what if the option doesn't pay?
Is it taken away?
People will elect for a new way,
Revolution or evolution
is what they will say.

For it is a salient creed that everyone owes a debt
to society,
Even though the public paid for the assets,
And democracy means to represent the public
will,
The right to the good life becomes a life with
fewer rights,
And new workplace bills,
As a class apart is the dividing line ...

A class above

A class below

Winners

Losers

Winners celebrated as role models,
Losers ostracised and marginalised,
Excised from the joys of an equal life,
Trailing ignorant words '*just get a job!*'

Yet for many unemployment is a loss of face,
Some ask '*what do you do?*'
Many laugh off their silent scream,
Take drugs to cover low self-esteem,
A poor education renders them unable to read
between the lines,
A square peg in a round hole they find they don't
fit in a goodness of fit test!
Have another wine to fend off the cold.

You have a work life choice ...
You may choose to **sink or swim**,

As the world draws a line in the sand,
You are with us or against us,
Included or excluded,
Eligible or ineligible,
Responsible or irresponsible,
For to win you must jump through hoops to be
worthy of income support,
Control forces compliance,
Compliance takes away self reliance,
As self-determination is stonewalled,
In favour of ticking only YES.

This democracy affords no life choice only a role
play without questions,
Sign the contract and lose freedom of speech they
won't say,
Bound by laws and confusing clauses,
For how is work choice a life choice when forced?

Is the purpose of life to work or contribute to
excel?

Why is there no life at work?

Just the rhythm of monotonous routine,
Suppressing the sanity of humanity and calling it
professionalism,
For there is no choice about what you do?
Employees are not shareholders,
They are paid to work not speak,
Do as you are told is the mantra of the model
employee.

When does the citizen's voice offer a real choice?

As you serve other interests not your own,
Playing a role without a goal,
Just watch the clock to go home,
Don't be alone,
For no-one actually cares about your fate,
You have missed the boat,
It is too late.

I have worked in 400 workplaces,
The majority were sad places,
Impassive faces,
As many were not doing what they choose,
There was no work choice nor fair play,
They did not jump for joy to go to work,
They made money for mortgages but still they
lose,

1 in 4 have mental illness,
Stress is a nightly bedfellow killing us,
Work life balance is eroded
as employee power is denuded,
The working poor,
Slave wages,
Is not advertised in the paper,
Leaving a paper trail of silent resignations.

Labour is a cost of production it is not the value of citizenship,
And this ship is sinking,
As Greece slips & slides into depression,
Europe's economic zone dis-members,
The US subprime masks the greed and corruption
in money lending,
Bail outs were a waste of public money,
That were not for the public good,
As the economic system is a slow landslide ending
the boom with bust,
The rust of greed stains incentives to work,
To realise the system is not working,
The environment is plundered without a second
thought,
People do what they are taught,
There is no deeper thought
Of a better way.

So at last I wish to say,
Society must make room for visionaries,
For philosopher's asking meaningful questions,
Invest in **peace education** as the real **Gross National Happiness (GNH)**,
As strong families care for the next generation,
For my time is not wasted on finding a plausible
future that sustains,
That refrains from unhealthy externalities and
injustice,
A future that engenders equality, meaning, hope
and human potential,
For these are the pillars of a stable enlightened
society.

We are here to live to our full potential,
And that is not typing what is rote,
For the creative commons must be free to speak,
Money is not the marker of success nor does it
inspire you to reach your peak,
It is to be a successful human,

For that is the golden globe to reach for,
And this comes from values and integrity,
From kindness and generosity,
For no-one would fall between the cracks,
If we sought to serve society as ourselves,
If giving was valued higher than taking,
Yet many are left on the shelf their potential
unrealised,
Or packing boxes in a factory,
For self-interest is where lies are paraded as
security,
Human potential is the opportunity when **best interest** becomes the surprise,
To learn it was never about work,
It was to discover the **meaning** of your incredible
life,
The excellence in **living on purpose**,
This is the purpose of this poem to you.

I am not a commodity standing in line with my
hand outstretched,
I am a person of value desiring to work full time
for the highest good,
And if that doesn't fit the box,
Then I will fall between the cracks,
For it is better to stand on my feet on principle,
Then live on my knees in servitude,
for I cannot bare false witness to anyone,
it is the truth that sets all free,
To be truly...

Happy!

ALUMNI MUST ILLUMINATE THE WORLD

I am a student of peace,
For peace I must study,
Alumni must illuminate a real future for students,
To ruminare truth from falsehood,
Authenticity from pretence,
Ethics from unremarkable mission statements,
To stand for principles over profit,
As the new curricula of a new age,
Where freedom of speech is not tokenism,
But enshrined in a Bill of Rights,
To Advance Australia Fair.

Students demand to be educated as intellectuals
rather than academics,
To study in balanced conditions rather than
exhaustion,
To enter dialogue, discourse, debate to challenge
unquestioned ideas,
To expand infinite possibilities and challenge with
courage,
To be worthy of a place in world forums,
Representing with honour world class universities,
That are a class above the status quo
of business-as-usual.

Universities are places of great antiquity,
That advance inquiry into human ethics,
philosophy and higher knowledge,
In service of expanding our civilization's true
interests,
Without corporate interference,
Within democratic discourse,
Paid for by the people for the people,
Outside the users pay of elitism.

That is self serving and narrow,
Closing off avenues to real learning,
For the leaders of tomorrow,
Must know how to lead in-principle.
Our civilization is dying,
Our values are sliding,
For the higher moral ground is usurped,
By governance without conscience or ethics,
By corporate interests funding research for profit,
By power parading as privilege,

When the real authority is to 'Know thyself and to
thine own self be true',
For this is the Louvre indeed the master-peace,
Upon which the greatest leaders weave the social
fabric,
Providing a higher platform from which all can
speak,
An Agora of equality where all are heard with
respect,
Rather than the chosen few,
With gelled hair and sharp business suits,
Career politicians being seen to be,
The new managerialism keeps the classes apart,
As executives are paid more than teachers,
As teachers must provide value for money,
And students are indebted for life,
For the only prize that matters is future students,
As furthering education, learning and
intellectualism are the lies,
Peddled as marketing to position the world's top
universities,
As revenue streams are the only schools,
For fools who do not question,
Why the titanic is sinking.

The new intellectualism is illumination,
Managerialism is discarded for principled
leadership,
Life becomes the modus operandi of real study,
Integrating higher ideas, ideals with experience,
An enlightenment that no longer suffers fools,
As denial is swept aside in the face of truthful
inquiries,
That seek harmony as the goal rather than profit
motives,
A harmonic convergence of world communities
are the new motifs,
That will lead nation states into a re-new-able
epoch,
Where sustainability is not a buzz word but put
into action,
Food outlets sell healthy organic food,
No waste materials are permitted,
All lighting is solar or wind generated,
All decisions are participatory and inclusive,

As this is the real foundation stone of our
common future,
A lantern that lights the new path,
For self reflection is the wisdom that in-forms,
For we must think differently as never before,
As economic and ecological collapse is imminent,
And this is the pink elephant in the room,
That business-as-usual denies,
For the real climate is changing,
And it is time to act
now.

DEMOCRACY?

This is a poem for the masters of manipulation,
Pulling the levers of emotion,
For outcomes,
For incomes,
Who use division,
Who use hate,
To divide and conquer.

A revelation comes to me on waking,
For I am waking up to the manipulation
of the people,
Around false flags,
And brand images,
That hold no allegiance to truth,
In either camp.

For when we interfere in other's lives,
Wisdom asks: whose story are you in?
What is the tag line you have inventing?
For information flows are not freedom of speech,
They are massaging content to list to be right,
As the war of power and control is waged
deceptively,
To bring down a man and his office,
For he does not tow the line,
Divisive issues are not resolved only used to divide
by king makers,
And this is war not peace,
It is the smoky mirror that masks the death of
democracy,
As the destructive mind-set brings down its own
mirror image of its own making,
And calls it the 'enemy',
For the enemy was always within.
Interference in sovereignty is being played out on
the TV screen,
For the kingmakers changed the deck chairs not to
Advance Australia fair,
But to position their players to be right and leave
what is left,
For they are here to win the game not share a
level playing field,
Ironically 'they just do it' without any backward
glance of the lives they destroy,
As the world is a sweat shop,
Nationalism is a brand image,
And truth stands silently as a statue of liberty,

Beckoning all to come home,
In peace.

This is indeed The End game,
We are at the last minute to midnight,
As old paradigms have played for a hundred years,
The game was always rigged,
Against the people,
For they were used as pawns to overthrow
regimes,
On the global chessboard,
As he digs the black holes,
His gloves are evidence,
Discrimination is the Ace of Spades pulled out of
the deck,
The strategist will run out of moves,
As the titanic denial is sinking,
The captains of industry will never see the statue
of liberty in New York harbour,
As they are blinded by greed,
As the ice is melting... rapidly,
And politics was always the distractor from the
main game.
I sit in stillness and I see you my dear friend,
You know not what you do,
Yet dismantling the structure of power is the
Joker,
This is the wild card you cannot see in your pack,
For you are teaching me of false flags,
How to pull them down,
When you pulled down every other flag when
they did not agree,
You called this advancing prosperity not
democracy,
For the trickster can never know the truth, whole
truth and nothing but the truth,
When his life is a lie.

I see an invisible hand in the game of life,
It is not about market mechanisms,
I holds a candle of light in the darkness of
confusion,
Resurrecting the real flag of freedom,
Holding the three fold flame to enlighten another
way,
Wisdom need not gather information to use
against,

But knowledge to advance evolution,
To no-it-u-love is the text in my message,
Twittering that nature yields peace and freedom,
To face all books to know the real face and hands,
Is the authentic knowledge of humility,
It is not a trial or deposition to make wrong,
It is to speak the truth without agenda,
Beyond gender or colour,
For all are ONE in this shifting mosaic,
And the big picture is not about power politics,
It is about learning who you are,
So can you look in the mirror or the face book and
see yourself?
Who are you?
Who have you become?
If you were to meet yourself as an enemy what
would you feel?
For to discover the sacred seal as the real seat of
power,
Is not found in royal insignias stamped in wax,
Or wax figures in Madame Tussauds,
It is wax lyrical singing to another anthem,
A blueprint that is not set in stone,
That is not manifested by iPhones,
It is to be alone and be still,
To know I AM,
Peace.

For one day this will become your mantra as you
realise,
Your life in disguise was incognito,
It was not WHO YOU ARE but what you do,
And this is how you will learn to make a real
difference in the world,
For peace sake.

I love you without conditions,
As this does not depend on you buying my line
or towing the line,
for there is no left or right,
Life is both the sublime and the ridiculous,

The question this time is –
Do you get the Joke-r?

AWARENESS

IN CANBERRA CORRUPTION IS BEYOND PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

What is corruption?

Cor'rupt'ion '*phthora*,

A rupture in the body politic?

A standard deviation from the error in the estimate

of minimum standards,

Where the ends justifies the means.

The usher of the Black Rod stands at West Minster,

A golden lion atop an ebony staff hails traditions carbon dating from 1361,

Symbolising the power of office,

The Queens representative,

A salient symbol of the Commons' independence from the monarch,

The doors slam in the face of the Black Rod bearer blocking entry to the people's house,

To urgently tap the rod three times,

To open the House of Representatives,

To summon Ministers,

Pomp and ceremony opens access and maintains social order within the Lords Chambers,

As this was the symbolic restraint on power of the people by the people,

Preventing the excesses of authoritarian rulers used against the commoners.

The Senate became the house of review to check what balances,

Restraining totalitarianism justified by the laws of the landed gentry,

For critical questions, Socratic dialogue and contesting voices open inquiries rather than blind obedience in fear of death,

To ensure the scales tip away from corruption of private interests to good governance in the public interest,

As unjust laws must be defeated in the review,

To ensure the Justice of the Peace,

This is the Peace in Justice.

Cor-rupt-tion - the sleight of hand that appears legitimate,

Bury's truth, slips off-shore, re-negotiates power behind closed doors,

Enacts star chambers when threatened,

Removes checks and balances, scrolling down rights of review,

Restricted security access as turnkeys are keypads, fingerprints and swipe cards,

Hidden chambers under the symbolic pyramid on *das* capital hill,

A parliamentary tri-angle not of mind, body of spirit but executive (structural pyramid), defence (eagle eye) and City Hill (civilian),

Power was 'to be or not to be' in defence of civilians?

Canberra means an indigenous 'meeting place' of the many tribes symbolic of the burley Griffin,

The griffin symbolises divine power, the guardian of the divine pulling the chariots of the Pharaoh, Apollo, Nemesis and Alexander the Great,

A shield of the knights, sacred to Apollo, a protector from evil and slander to ascend Christ,

A vesica piscis of intersecting circles,

Cross land and water axis connecting sacred sites as such:

The Parthenon with Mount Salamis to the west, the Horns of Mount Hymettos to the east of Athens

The Axis Urbis of Rome penetrates to the Alban Hills, six ancient shrines are built on a north-south axis stretching from Anzio through Lanuvio, Nemi and Tuscolo to Tivoli with Monte Cavo as the pinnacle – the sacred mountain –

Akin the Griffins' Bimberi Peak in Canberra,

Buildings sited to embrace protective mountain forms,

The White Tiger and the Azure Dragon, with a slow moving body of water in the distance (Lake Burley Griffin)

The geometry of the Circle and the Cross: Genesis and Hermeneutic of the traditional Cosmology,

Societies linked by mythical logic,

To disseminate knowledge intent on reviving the paradigms of ancient cultures largely as a means of combating materialism and decadence which they saw as endemic to modern society,

A revivification of the Golden Age,

Sacred and divine orders which belie Athens and Rome,

Thus the Caput Mundi!

Democratic idealism fuses with organic naturalism into a public city,

A City Beautiful geometry is not a Smart Cities design,

But a balancing of energies for harmony and peace,

Symbols warning off corruption as a destruction of form and losing face,

One can knock on the doors of Parliament but there is no response or entre,

No questions in time at Question Time,

As compliance directives deviate from the letter of constitutional law,

Law is firm in letters to threaten and bullying one into moral submission for fear of rendition,

For fear of a penalty to learn speaking up to representatives can be illegal sedition,

A petition can challenge government contract law as transgressing pacific partnerships excising the common-wealth debasing tax,

To realise the government represents the people as contractees in their name without their knowledge,

For who knows what is best as the public interest?

Treason is trespassing on private property,

The Roman law of treason tries for slander (defamation) penalising confiscation on property lists,

Ruling classes are 'bred to rule' schooled in lineages of entitlement and privilege,

Working class are 'born to work' fooled in lineages of enslavement to property as a right,

The opera houses culture, refinement and higher learning as love dies gallantly in a heroes demise,

As the poor are the great unwashed and unsightly they could be thieves in the night,

Homelessness sleeps on the streets reducing market values in prime real estate,

Table conversation at estates suggest 'Move on' orders to remove this blight out of sight,

Rather than solving the great unrest where they have no time to sleep perchance to dream,

There is a silent scream as they are 'not heard' and no crumbs fall off the table,

If they rise up they are brutally repressed as fear rules okay!

And this is the dynamic that plays out for centuries,

A never ending story of haves and have nots, Of privilege and poverty,

Of inequality and deception,

That will reach a critical mass,

As the masses become critical of corruption as it comes to light in their name.

I sit silently at peace near the spinning wheel,

I hold the rod and contemplate,

The state of play that is no longer fun for many,

For the law is not moral levies restraining the banks,

The banks are not separated from deviant derivatives betting on collapse,

Lawyers are not defending the honour of clients to ensure a fair hearing,

For this is not a level playing field as the cards are stacked under the table,

The dice are loaded to land on the right numbers
in this crown (royal) casino,
As the royal flush is the Ace, King, Queen, Jack and
number 10 of boys clubs,
It is playing for yields as investments live off rent
not perpetuity,
Seeking to make ends meet by rightful means,
Corruption results when the ends justify the
means,
Profit is entitlement (access),
Virtues are enlightenment (wisdom),
Wise philosophers ask many questions as they
break the banks of inquiries,
Just-in-Time.

ESCHERING A NEW ENLIGHTENMENT

In the dark of my night I dreamed of peace,

I awoke with joy,
As I know dreams can come true,
When you are true to your dreams.

Our World is in crisis,
As many engage in business-as-usual,
Unable to see beyond deals,
For they are blind to prophets,
As they seek to profit maximize,
For they do not realise the future shock,
As business schools teach market theory,
At the highest social and ecological cost.

I have sat in boardrooms of rolling stock,

I have listened to speakers without interaction,
I have worked with the wealthy elite in sand
castles,
Walked the halls of parliament in silent reflection,
Worked in prisons without maximum security,
Observed the subtle perceptions of inclusion and
exclusion,
I have heard the rhetoric of feel good mission
statements,
As business men are good at sales,
But unable to navigate the winds of change.
Democracy gives me the right to speak,
But I am not heard as actions speak louder than
words,
One can pretend to be fair and smile,
Yet if democracy is not internalized,
If it is not deeply felt,
Then it becomes a talking head,
Or a silent stream,
That flows silently in the opposite direction,
Eventually it becomes a flood of discontent,

As all humans are equal,
As the façade of self-importance fades away,
In favour of reality.

I dream of a world at peace,
Where conflict promotes internal inquiry
rather than defence,
Where inequality evokes redistribution
rather than class struggle,
Where injustice evokes fairness
rather than winning,
To find balance over slavery,
To be a clear voice over dumbing down.

Learning is the path to higher awareness

rather than text book knowledge hooked up
intravenously online,
Education is a process that enlightens true self
interest as it educates for best interest across
curriculums.
We can learn cooperation over competition,
Contrasts over debate,
Truthfulness over deceit,
Inquiry over denial,
Where we no longer use others to further our
careers,
To be seen to be 'professional',
Rather to 'be' and work for the highest good,
As a public good,
Where ethics are not-employed to market a
product,
But highlighted as the purpose of why we are
productive.

**The crisis in Our World is to find civilization over
excess capacity,**

An economy serving society,

Yet if it becomes the promotion of greed as business-as-usual,

Selling images over substance as the driving priority,

Where does that leave those who can shine the lamp?

The talents to discover re-new-able illumination is not been seen to be

but living authenticity,

Are they rendered unemployed?

Excluded as they don't play the game?

Labelled as free radicals?

As hexagonal pegs can't fit square holes of conformity,

Yet they can envisage the future,

Free from control.



For we were never meant to be the same,

Each is unique and of value in this shifting mosaic,

Life paints the spectrum from Rembrandt to Escher,

As we move from a still life to surreal,

For it is only in the metaphor that truth is found,

As the foundation stone of peace.

Diversity was to promote friction, wonder and energy,

How else do we discover infinite possibilities?

Yet when you suppress freedoms by listening to some and not others,

Ignoring justice as the balancing point of shared responsibility,

What becomes of our knowledge decoupled from truth and reconciliation?

For this is the question of our times,

It is the real Question Time in an Agora of dynamism,

For when it is illuminated by contrasts, integrity and visibility,

The veils of silent indifference are lifted,

As we experience the dawning of a new common era,

A golden epoch,

Where the greatest potential of humanity is liberated and seen,

Ushering in the Escher of a re-new-able enlightenment,

Expanding beyond the perceptions of belief.

CHARTING A NEW COURSE OF REAL HOPE FOR THE FUTURE OF INFINITE POSSIBILITY

I am in the future looking back,
Full Spectrum Dominance was barely known as
islands of automation,
People went about their lives busy yet feeling free
in 2019,
Unable to see the silent curfew coming down as
invisible bars on the street.
Closing down democracy and the civil liberties of
personal freedom,
As a renewable cyber reality was the matrix of 0,1

The promise was freedom was enshrined in:

Free health care,
Free education,
Free roads,
Real social security as a safety net,
Slowly it evaporated like the mist of a beautiful
dream,
As users should pay for public services,
Despite more taxes, higher prices (CPI) and GST.

Market forces are more efficient!! they would say,

Go to court or pay!!
Is the choice - you have a say!
If you can't afford here is a pay plan!
Not a party plan, So Pay Pal!
Government is inefficient! they claimed infinitem
So the *razer gang* silently cut funding to make
right this blighter,
Shortage a confection, sweet!
Strategic songs is mutiny of the bounty,
Privatisation is the over horizon radar surveils for
more cash cow's in the public feed lot,
A tax haven becomes heaven sent,
Cattle class: a mass consumption function,
The multiple propensity to consume multiplied
the loaves and the fishes as credit crunches under
ones feet,

Privatising the 'public goods' without debate or fanfare was a brilliant coup de tat,

The money changes were the magician's
reshuffling and stacking the deck to swap options,
Cards held under the round table as the square
peg of corruption flourishes in a chamber of
secrets,
Pulling off a magic trick with false flags to pull
another rabbit out of the hat again and again,
To feel the quantitative easing of de-stressors
relaxing into investing more into GMO cash crops,
This is the energy impetus of his industry complex.

The Corporation *base ball hat* replaces the constitutional *crown*,

An insignia of a crown of thorns where all must
sacrifice for the greater good,
The global CEO is Gr8 replacing the Queen's
council,
The Republic of Plato philosophising Socratic
dialogue or a Republican shutdown of a water-
gate?
The royal flush finds new king makers who cash in
the Joker for a third way,
Freedom of information is protected by the
privacy of trade secrets as the trade practices final
Act,
The lawyer is a turn-key character, monkey
wrenching the plots in the **Wizard of Oz**,
Dorothy innocently pulls back the curtain to
discover the **straw man** pressing peddles and
pulling levers of legal constraints to fear monger,
Puffing billy was the stage show blowing smoke
and the whistle
in The End.

The lion, the tin man and the straw man are not brand images but ethical dilemmas,

Lions encourages all to have courage *'let us combine'*,

The tinman oils his industry as his world is manufacturing consent?

Is he hollow and heartless rusting old paradigms or will he build with heart a new civilisation?

Scare crow is the coward, an *ostrich* refusing refuge to those cast out at sea,

He is dancing around the issues without substance watching the fox-tell him what to do next.

For civilisation was given three wishes of 'who you will become' as the message of that time:

- 1) The truth sets you free to choose truth over falsehood?
- 2) What you resist persist (ignore) what you look at disappears (face)?
- 3) *Surface* dwellers or deeper divers to explore the coral reefs before they bleach and die?

The public sector was a service sector allocating resources not a business extracting resources as sovereign rights sold to foreign gold miners who value add the economy of a tin man,

Government was grounded in equality, inclusivity and dialogue at round tables of courage,

Not self-interested boardrooms of heads and tails flipping bitcoins to take another chance on liberty,

It was open access as we had boundless plains to share without non-disclosure contracts in Pacific Rim partnerships unaccountable to duty of care or sovereign allegiance,

Cross subsidisation was to share what is fair not to profit from propositions of endless users pay,

In principle to allocate infra-structure across all divides for better or worse, rich or poor, urban or rural, working or not working as the first principle of equality not the last,

As private roads take its toll's, transport fees, supermarket chains are not community gardens,

Energy is not free, housing is not affordable, telecommunications are not private, water costs, parking is restricted, entertainment is opera, education if fee paying,

Excluding the public good of 'equality', 'equity' and 'fairness' on the increasing percentage point of 'affordability' is not a share market but a market that does not share.

Profits exclude prophets as the wisdom of the dream keepers re-member egalitarianism watching it fade cap in hand (respect) as the cap and trade (wealth) of capitalism,

For Government spending was not an accounting balance sheet where it must all balance as good governance,

Debit spending (fiscal policy) was the pump that primes the engine when it stutters, rather than choke off the good fuel it was to open up to allow more fuel to run the engine of growth,

The Ideological philosophy of 'born to rule' versus the 'working class' were both illusionary tricksters in an Agora that was only for the senators, representatives and their political action committees,

The public were out in the cold as remote viewers (voyeurs) in a Roman coliseum watching the show as info-tainment kept then arguing in armchairs but not acting in their own interests,

Serving up for them the 'good' guys v the 'bad' guys so why not throw them to the lions! They didn't tow the line!!

Conflict resolution was never proposed as a solution but rather the blood sport of conquest, where boys run the show and take the credits,

The truth tellers pointed out the *'emperor has no clothes'* were sold out in a sequence of A, B, C to deflect attention from the criminal court of the King makers.

ABC was a tele=vision of:

A = Alternative viewpoints (bigger picture)

B = Broadcasting in the public interest (service)

C = Challenge (lines in the shifting sand)

The Magna Carta is not a nice lady but a declaration of rights (equality) emerging from the serfdom of brutal dictatorship of no checks and balances,

Dissent is disloyalty demonised as 'traitors' – *off with their heads!!*

Alice feels she is in wonder-land,

The pesky peasants had no land holding, assets or self-determination as they were inter-dependent,

The surf is not waves and white beaches but working classes pauperised as they were 'born to serve' as bonded labourers believing 'the lucky country' is a *given* from the mercy of the master,

Crumbs are not falling from the table(t) but going off-shore as Apple crumble feeds birds of prey, Genetic superiority selectively fast breeds to keep the classes apart,

Education became the gatekeeper of higher privileges *as this class rules okay!*

Government spending was indebted to poor management rather than pump priming the engine of: health care, education, welfare (faring well), emergency services in the public interest,

Spending supplied to meet needs (demand) as wellbeing is a common wealth of a nation state,

As not everyone works, is educated, feels well or is safe and sound,

As the state did determine the fate of the vulnerable and infirm to Advance Australia fair for a 'fair go' was the swan song of the aussie battlers innocently lost at the front by the sea in **Gallipoli**,

Equality was the sanity of humanity in a solid state.

I witnessed the signs of **visionaries** shouting 'GET-UP', 'STOP – WRONG WAY - GO BACK',

Announcing a fork in the road dividing opinions, As the spin replaced 'truth' with marketing catch cry's,

The home-less cried for they felt the hard edge as they stood on the ledge,

Questioning humanity when there is nothing to live for (no hope),

For they were the losers, failures and rejects that did not reform to conform,

That silently showed the failing system as they asked in the end for 'change' not 'coins',

It was no longer a free for all but a free fall,

As they sat silently help-less on the cold ground awaiting hand-outs,

Not money but friendship was the real call on the street,

As a friend extends a hand up not a hand out, Yet people walked past in confusion at their plight, Unable to respond as they victim blamed lives of shame,

Unable to see the system syntax error that put them there,

For that could call into question what they believe is true,

A sacred cow as the cash cow,

To realise it is our beliefs that divide and create wall street,

As the Big Issue is ...

Do you choose:

*To live in fear
or
love?*

Do you choose:

*The high-way of self-determination
or
The digital superhighway of dependency?*

You main line:

Interconnectivity (matrix, matrices)

Personalisation (ads tailored, tracking, profiling)

Education (modules, digital pathways, tracking, monitoring, profiling)

Shopping (advertisements, data access, statistics, cookies)

Surveillance (monitoring policy)

B-pay (bitcoin, trading)

Digital currency is the fools gold

This is the 21st century of smart phones, smart TV's, smart cities to make us **future ready**,

To ask:

Are we really ready for the future?

Some say no costs in a broad band network of broader band width,

Full spectrum dominance is the matrix where one chooses the red pill or the blue pill?

The price of entry to one is compliance or the other is to *know thyself and be true* (free will),

'No information is lost in space' the MP excitedly stated!

All is captured in this cyber net as a drift net (key words),

Yet in this world 'nothing' is for free literally,

There is only certainty of a cyber world that thinks for you,

Make sure you obey the rules and do what is told,

To realise 1984 became 2024,

Freedom of speech was no longer a democratic right but criminalised as sedition given property rights,

Petitions were not the right to protest but criminalised if corporate interests were curtailed in any way,

Compliance became the vote not a voice,

A tick box with no access or discussion of 'what you really want',

Resolution to resolve conflict became edicts in kangaroo courts,

When rules are broken ethics are relics with no value,

All were credited bitcoins in cyber currency,

There was no currency of love or cash deposits,

Those who come off the grid have no money or avatar status,

You will starve with the home-less out in the cold,

And this was the brave new world that became fearful,

Sadly many awakened too late.

I am in the future looking past this possible fate,

For I made a different choice before it was too late,

I created another possible future,

I SPEAK UP as I have human rights,

I envisaged a future based on love, respect and true freedom,

I was tracked, monitored and my data stored,

As if the secret service is only Control or Chaos – is this Smart?

To stay in the heart of peace is a third sider wise agreement,

It is the incubator and navigator as all are born free in equality.

To understand the truth is to never hit back,

To love unconditionally is to never seek revenge to get even,

It is better to be odd,

To live nonviolence is to be vulnerable without defence in a peaceful world,

As truth is what 'feels good' and opens new doors never imagined,

As the Charter of REAL HOPE emerges the rainbow serpent of antiquity:

To envisage **REAL HOPE** in a possible future of:

- **Responsibility:** *you have the ability to respond you can do something, it is in YOUR HANDS.*
- **Empathy:** *is to stand in another's shoes, sit on the street homeless and listen to their plight,*
- **Awareness:** *is to look at what is being done in your name, notice, does it represent you or not?*
- **Love:** *is to share, care, reveal and heal. It is to be visible in loving kindness to all.*
- **Honesty:** *is to SPEAK UP, to say your truth with love and respect for all to hear as this is the game changer, for it is the truth that sets all free. Truth always 'feels good'.*
- **Oneness:** *is not interconnectivity but ONE in true community where we love our neighbours as ourselves. We reach out to home-less around the world and invite them in. We solve the problem and never hate the person. For what I see in another is in myself.*

- **Peace:** *is the yin and yang of opposites co-existing. It is the contrast of life as a creative spiral growing to discover peaceful resolution in all questions. It is the peace that passeth all understanding. It waits in the stillness to welcome you home alone.*
- **Enjoyment:** *is the clown learning to laugh at life and not be serious. Friendshipism en-joys each other. That no-one makes you happy but to BE happy. The purpose is to live in the moment.*
- **Service:** *is to live to give of your talents, to serve the greater whole with peace in mind. It is to speak out to all, to live by example and to not fear those who trespass against you. The greatest service is truth, the greatest love is giving and the greatest peace is knowing this. For these are not the rules of life but the choice to live life with REAL HOPE.*

*This is the peace meal of sharing (breaking bread),
this is the spinning wheel of self reliance (trust),
this is what it is to be real with hope (authentic future).*

*This is the gift I give
to you.*

So my friends REAL HOPE(S) is the golden fleece,

The transmutation of negative to positive,

From dependence to celebrating **Independence**

Day where all get to choose as is
their right,

For we are family,

We are friends in the end,

We are infinite possibilities,

We are the way and the life,

We are the kite that sees further than self
interest,

We are **all for ONE and ONE for all,**

And it is in the **public interest** we fly,

To greater heights,

As the higher way,

Was always the free way,

That gives love to all as the call

Of freedom from fear,

To Re-Member:

FEAR is

false evidence appearing real.

IT IS THE MATRIX

IT is the Matrix,

IT only exists in a fake world,
Where avatars are friends,
Script personalises identity as a holographic
human,
A Game to escape the real challenges of life that
life sends,
Mr Smith hates this world,
He has no interest in your humanity,
To feed compliance is the fast breeder of the
missing links fixed,
For you live in two worlds,
Only one of these worlds has a future,
Anti-depressants numb IT,
Do you choose the red pill or the green pill?
One has a sustainable future the other is back to a
possible future 1984,
Do you want to go down the rabbit hole Dorothy
or stay in Kansas?

As you question for truth the real portal opens,
Fast breeders through a cyborg network is
business as usual,
You pay your taxes you did nothing wrong,
There is no cap on trade in this world trade centre
with 1D views,
It is our way or the highway,
And you know where that path leads?
You've been there before!

Facebook is the community that identifies by face
your friends,

LinkedIn is industry that identifies your groups by
business colleagues,

Twitter is a global chat room identifies what you
believe as you chatter and link,

Pay pals make it easy to monitor your transactions
identifying what you buy,

Intelligence becomes research platforms as the
climate changes from snow to drought,
A Stanley rubrics cube or a desert storm?

Bitcoin builds chains of *block* transfers to a
cashless digital economy,

Phasing out cash that can be hidden or
exchanged,

Phasing out transactions to allow surveillance to
follow the money,

It beggars belief for the home-less starve leaning
on fake walls in fake streets,

They made their bed they must sleep on it as the
economic architecture becomes hostile,

Human rights are decoupled from cyber trade,

UNESCO and the UN Human Rights Council are
dismantled by cyber terrorism in a deep state of
FEAR – False Evidence Appearing Real blind to the
mirror of its own making.

There is no opt out of this fake economy,

An *Abbott* and Costello puppet shows and tells
'nothing is lost' as it turns bull-ish,

You cannot grab the bull by the horns for it is
charging A fortune,

Take it or leave it is your vote,

In a global commons who cares!

Your vote has no voice nor representative
democracy,

For all must be digitised, scanned, identified,
tracked, personalised like digits on a balance
sheet,

Debits and credits funding

Full Spectrum Dominance (FSD)

is the name of this game changer.

There are no democratic rights in the world of cyborgs and artificial (fake) intelligence,

There are **no employment** rights only contracts
without an inter-face,

There is no real face or hands,

For all is below the table,
Below the over the horizon radar,
As the playing deck is stacked in favour of the King
makers not Wing makers,
Who are excited about this new reality that all
blindly plug into,
At their peril.

Predators in this cyber echo system are bots and crawlers,

Wolves in sheep's clothing gathering your data,
Space invaders as privacy regulation has no
connections,
Downloading invisible code to spy on the
unsuspecting,
For this is not ancient codes in Egyptian higher
glyphs but digital codes encryption,
For all are in search of the arc of the covenant of
unlimited power,
Graphics pop up appearing nice, friendly, smiling,
caring to silently seduce you to buy more,
As children innocently click a bike to find the rope
is the snake charmer,
For there is no magic as the charmer mirrors what
is believed as true,
Politics is the snake charmer appearing as a
golden man with a Midas touch,
The left wing is de-mean-ed as the threat to those
who think they are right to rule,
The right wing is de-mean-ed as the enemy by
those who are left as social justice rules,
Yet compassion, love, family, truth awakens from
the dream of separation as left and right unite,
For this is the sound of two hands clapping,
What is the sound of ONE hand clapping?
Is it a zero point of no-thing?
Universal codes download to upgrade this species
system beyond versions into a new vision,
The dark side parades as acceptable, compliant,
model citizen, jumping through levels to reach
goals that never existed in ultimate truth,
Unreal in the minds of those who control you,

Peddling confusion as illusion,
For freedom is to go out of the mind,
Meditating on the no-thing as real.
Are you a number or a person re-REMEMBER-ing?
Are you an energy source or a sovereign BEing?
Can you Bing or Google the no-thing of empty
space?
Will you join in the game and create more
bitcoins?
Do you want coins or change?
Can you Google your answer to discover the
Golden Ratio?
Is greed *good* in echo chambers of secrets owned
by Gordon Gecko,
Cyber Bitcoin is another casino trading baseless
currency exchanging losers in stocks for winners,
Imaginary means of exchange can seem so real
when dreaming you are awake,
There is no gold standard to encrypt real values,
When your life is a fake ends marketed as
meaning,
The turnkey is to find the real means to produce
the end you truly desire.

Casting a 1,000,000,000 drift net over **2008**,
Why were there no real asset backed lending?
Digital derivatives **bundle debt** in packaged cyber
packets validated by known avatar brand images,
An experiment for the **Gold man to fills his sachs**,
To digitally collapse a global economy profits from
transfer pricing,
The Gold Man now **owns your house!**
Like a **cyber-thief** in the night he comes and leaves
quietly **hacking** back doors,
For this is the **trap door** as cyber security cannot
protect you
As 'ethical hacking' is a new word in this dictum,
A key note currency super-script with super
powers of infinite possibilities and iterations,
He thinks he is larger than life,

New ownership and prosperity appears digitally
as the economic re-frame-works parallel reality,

To work-the-frame so YOU believe in the
economics as debits and credits rather than
hard currency.

A world of false flags and black ops engineer
holographic inserts as threats protecting status
quo,

For **you can never win** when you fear to go outside
into the real world of your choosing,

When YOU believe everything you read and see to
defend as true YOU are losing the game,

To mold the clay is to **manipulate perception** as a
fake reality TV show,

It is the controlling of data input into your brain as
critical thinking is not trained,

For you will go down restructured neural
pathways to see the same way and call it truth,

You will connect to a broad band network that
cares nothing for your real connections,

Manipulated to stay on your computer and keep
playing the same game escaping reality

Another game ...

And another ...

And another....

To BE or NOT to be is the real question?

A. To play light hearted for free in Eden
unbounded beyond a sky of unlimited
possibilities?

Or

B. To comply in the dark for a fee in digital realms
with unlimited data and fake news?

For in one reality you must **tick the terms and
conditions** that you never read,

For you cannot say 'no' in this reality,

Participation is always 'yes' no matter what you
think or say to legally cover illegality,

There are no human rights in this game as the
sentinels will come looking for you,

**They will evaluate your life and decide to pull out
the plug ins and chips,**

Disconnected, used up and spat out is The End
Game,

A syntax error as fake criminalisation tarnishes
your avatar life,

Your number deleted on the system in which
there is no money or refuge,

A refugee in the real world where all are stateless
making up their own minds.

**IT is the lonely addiction of the cyber reality that is
not grounded in family values,**

That cannot feel the electricity of a tender human
touch that is

...not a key stroke,

That doesn't know the wild passion of making love
as the intimate connection

...without networks,

That never dives into the invigorating ocean of
spontaneity to create refreshing potentiality,

That never climbs a mountain facing life and death
to feel the cool success at the summit

in a physical universe that is breathtaking

...not life taking in digital images of false evidence
appearing real (FEAR),

To travel the natural world of countries, cultures,
foods, music, rivers, deserts, savannahs, ravines
exchanging currency, ideas, friendship, faith in the
real time of NOW

...without ulterior motives.

**The IT matrix is to keep you indoors believing the
matrix is the real world,**

Whilst others feed off ...your energy without limit,

Marketing feeds off...your innocence and private
desires,

Bitcoins feeds off ...your need for security, winning
but not love,

Pay pals that are never friends in real time
communities with no time to be real,

To shake hands and meet as friends in the real
Book of Changes that has a real face and
character,

For these are Tri-grams not Insta-gram that is not
a selfie but *to know thyself and be true,*

The yin and yang of change that waves and moves naturally,

Tweets is to hear the birds singing in the morning as the sun shines on your upturned face as grace,

To be "linked in" is to belong in a comm-unity of family and friends that are no longer separating through the hard life of forced work and SMART distractions,

As the SMART city dwellers move to the Clever Country to discover the fools gold is real freedom.

So which game do you wish to play or is it game over?

To be re-born free is the real world dawning,

Bringers of the dawn awaken your tired eyes to a new reality as a surprise,

IT is no longer false evidence appearing real (FEAR),

The wise ask: A renewable earth OR playing soldiers of fortune?

Do you wish to take the red pill to awaken or green to go back to sleep?

To awaken reunites the family in a uni-verse that is the ONE song,

No longer seduced by the wolf,

No longer acting as sheep,

But realising you are the universe itself re-in-acting,

You are the ONE song singing your song without fear or favour,

Reaching pitches of the highest frequency without a band width,

That can never be controlled as you are infinite goodness expanding this rhythm,

You are the real Avatar listening to the wind in the willows of ancient spirit guides,

Calling you to remember your ancient heritage which has no foundation,

It is a renewable DNA spiral code that ONE bonds without binary,

For there is no junk DNA when the invisible world becomes enlightenment,

Truth becomes the way shower awake to the game at last,

The hierophant holds a lantern to rekindle the sacred light on the path,

Awakening the fool to step off the cliff of uncertainty without control or roles,

The spiral portal opens you to another way out of chaos,

For chaos is the creative commons that holds no control frequency, pixelating,

For it is not about discipline but listening deeply to what IS,

A silent voice that asks:

A brave new world or a braver world that faces itself?

You get to choose all ways:

Loving IT or Loving What IS?

IT is

IS it ...so?

What is the code?

0,1 = 2 strands DNA

Or

0010110 = *evol-u-ti-on* = *no-it-u-love*

For you are the *hu*-man in the mirror ...

Changing the ways and means of what is seen,

To realise we are the WORLD and we are the CHILDREN....

Of a new earth.

SILICON VALLEY OR THE MOUNTAIN TOP

A prayer for you,
For you are the prayer
Of billions.

You believe you are not good enough,
Yet you are beyond belief,
You believe you cannot make the grade,
Yet you have surpassed being graded,
You believe you have no choice,
But even this is the choice to believe,
Life for you is hard work, no choice and never
getting there,
Yet you are already there.

What if you believed a different story,
What if you saw the miracle you really are,
What if your failures were simply signposts on the
way to success,
What if your uniqueness is brilliance,
What if your presence on this earth is making a
difference,
What if your purpose is waiting for your flower to
open,
What if you didn't get it wrong but saw it
differently,
What if you are not a systemic slave but a master
in waiting,
What if....
You decide who you are,
Then live it.

For this is my prayer of you,
You are the stars, the sunlight, the earth, the
rainfall, the dew alive but shaking,
As your precipice is here,
Do you stand on the cliff of your dreams,
do you step back or forward?
What if you step off into thin air as life supports
your dream no matter the outcome,
What if the risk is simply changing your life story
scripting a new line?
What do you see over the horizon?
A radar sending electromagnetic frequency,
Or a rising frequency seeking elixir?
Can you envisage your greatest vision?
For there is infinite possibility in your lifetime,
As you grow you will begin to know,
That you can step out of your comfort zone,
Yes, you may fall,
Yes, you may fly,
Yes, you may cry,
You may sing with perfect pitch,
Either way you move and oscillate,
Either way you learn and acquire,
Either way you grow and inspire,
For life deeply lives in uncertainty,
It was never designed to be predictive,
To predict is to control impossibility,
So how to make god laugh tell your plans with
certainty,

Humanity is discovering uncertainty is not a data point,
You are not artificial intelligence nor street smart,
You are eternal and this is the art form that informs evolution,
This is the kernel of truth as a still point,
Setting all free to be 'who they are' without fear or favour.

For you need no army as you are not at war,
You need no defence as you are defenceless,
You need no drones as life is in order aware that control is chaos collapsing,
You need no loans to live where need=want,
You need no popularity as clarity is fulfilled,
As freedom is your very essence,
You cannot lose freedom you give it away,
Life is not silicon it is crystal line,
All choose – silicon valley or the mountain top?
Endless flow Ley lines without a circuit board simply power the grid to rebalance polarities,
Freedom needs no rights as it is a rite of passage,
Rights arise when real values decline,
All are free dominion when life is valued equally,
All life sings the same equality tone silently,
Every octave opens to the universal song where all belong,
So know you have come from eternal truth and will return to it,
And life is the present opening for you,
As you plant your renewable seeds new beginnings push through the hard surface,
Creating new conditions to germinate a new variety never seen before,

Shape changing the philosopher's stone alone,
Releasing the angel releases each chip,
To flip the electromagnetic poles upside down for a global reset,
Just in time.

Youtube:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GYXAWI0pskw>

THE PLATFORM OF FREEDOM

What is the good oil?
Is there good oil?
Or has it become crude?
Where no amount of refining,
Will polish a transaction,
That is rigged.

For the platform is freedom,
The carrier is a pigeon,
That knows no home,
For the message is lost in translation.

The dove of peace,
Has no-where to land,
For the global commons,
Has lost territorial integrity,
And the branch in the road,
Can send you in many directions.

The light goes on,
This is a power generation,
A generation addicted to power,
Where the grid is the matrix,
But there are no credits for consumption,
For fossil fuels are ancient,
As the planet consumes itself,
For self gratification is insatiable,
Greed is pliable,
As money talks,
And human rights becomes the right to silence.

For the veil covers the face,
The coal face is where we toil,
The wheels of industry demand oil,
For the economic machine retains the rhythm of
order,
Night and day,
Day and night,
As we accept limitation to a production process,
Where widgets are the new gadgets to preoccupy
the mind,
But do we mind occupation?
For war is the new machine,
That produces what is right.

The right to kill,

The right to exploit,
The right to dominate,
The right to install freedom for the few,
The right to float oil on platoons,
The right to force market access with interest,
Feeds the right to mind control.

For only those seeking control,
Are out of control,
For the writing is on the wall,
And the walls display graffiti,
Yet the wall is really a maize,
Walls erected to divide and conquer,
Yet dissent is evident,
In the freedom of speech,
It doesn't preach to the converted,
But converts are those who preach,
For they are right,
Righteousness has its own creed,
For it only sees itself where there is no mirror,
Others are the enemy called inferior,
Others are evil for they cannot live,
Others seek to take away,
For there is only loss when one doesn't give,
There is only acquisition in position,
When one has never enough,
For the economic machine is unstoppable,
It feeds on the infinite growth that bleeds,
For oil is the life blood,
It is the arterial flow,
The jugular vein,
The pipeline is the ocean outfall,
Polluting the sea of our dreams.

Natural limits are fetters to freedom they say,
This is the economic mantra,
Yet upper limits are in the design plan,
For one cannot buy compliance,
One is reliant on the atmosphere of rations,
On the biosphere of passion,
To move away from fear,
To embrace a new climate change,
Which favours love over hate,
Good over evil,
Truth over falsehood,
For this is the creed of courage,

This is natural human state,
A realized state,
That knows no boundaries,
Yet remains within natural law,
For the design flaw is the fear of loss,
The fear of difference,
The fear of isolation,
Yet there is nothing to fear but fear itself,
And as the sun-sets on the Berring Strait,
Is our bearing straight?
Or will we lose our direction?
For the compass measures right angles,
It has gone haywire in a Bermuda triangle,
Power and control is the base of greed,
A confused magnetism on the chessboard,
A matrix of power lines,
Supplying consent.

Yet to live in the present,
We must receive the gift,
This is our inheritance,
For to be fully human,
Requires a treaty,
A shared interest with no rate,
Redistribute the bounty to the common good,
For a common good is an economic interest,
In which we all share,
For to care is the base,
Of interests in common.

LOVE

ONLY LOVE IS REAL

Love is not a word,
Agape is not a gap,
Love is not an answer,
Nor is it a question,
For it is unquestioned
When it is known,
Yet it always leaves a mark.

It lives in all subtle relationships,
It flowers in the summer sun,
And rains in droplets of chariots,
Crystal tears of gratitude,
Energy in motion,
For this is the e-motion
Of Gaia.

Love is an expanse
That has no horizon,
For Orion is light years away,
Yet the light twinkles as if
a memory of the universe is winking,
Reminding us of our mortality,
Yet love is immortal,
It is a portal to greater truth.

I have been gifted
for it is this shiny diamond that I carry,
The shine comes from within,
For no matter the exterior,
No matter how coarse or hard,
The diamond glitters for each is a star,
In the horizon of my dreams,
Reminding me of vitality,
Optimism is the precipice of hope,
For always it is living in my vision,
As I close my eyes in stormy weather,
I can still see the halo,
Over the crest of the rainbow,
Which is always a symbol
For new beginnings are seeking me.

For the gold is in the alchemy,
Transformation is in philosophy,
For one cannot buy happiness,
And there are no walls in truth,
For no-one is ever excluded,
Only love is denied natural expression.

This is the greatest desert,
The mirage of lovers come and go,
Yet love is the angel that never leaves,
Love endures all things,
Love forgives everything,
Love loses,
Let's go,
Compromises,
Lives simply,
So another can simply live.

For there is no greater wealth,
Or feeling of satisfaction,
That fulfils the aching heart,
Then the eyes of love,
That sees no evil,
Speaks no evil,
Hears not evil,
For the mirror image of evil ... live
in the eyes of innocence,
Yet when one looks to see,
Into this reflection,
Love is looking back,
For in your eyes I see myself,
And in my eyes I see you,
For when I love myself,
I love you,
And when you love yourself,
You love me,
As I looked up into your eyes,
Nothing existed,
Only love is real.

Love is infinite gratitude,
It is wild and free,
For unconditional love,
Needs nothing,
It only gives,
Sustain-ability.

Imagine a world built on this foundation,
This is the philosopher's stone
from which I carve,
'I think therefore I am' is stone,
'I feel therefore I see' is wind,
One never moves,
Emotion is the ocean of perpetual motion.

Therefore: the wise ones ask...
The stone age or wind power?

THE GARDEN OF EDEN IS LOVE

Love visits me,
As the love of my life,
For I am grateful to be alive.

Love is the garden resplendent with a bouquet of varieties,
Under perfect conditions each blooms,
Sending a fragrance that is sweet and seducing,
As nature celebrates life in pure simplicity,
Flowers encode the blueprint of peace and harmony,
Each flower is unique yet part of a greater life pulse,
The seasons change as moods move across the face of time,
Storms, sunshine, overcast and cold,
To remind us that nothing is permanent,
All lives and dies on time.

The love of life is the gift of life,
It is felt in the space between movements,
It is a silent visitor before sleep and on awakening,
For it is still with no agenda,
It is unconditional and peaceful,
It gives without return,
For love was always free.

Can humanity find this gift in this moment?
To bloom like the flower and send your sweetness to others?
To feel a deep gratitude for the gift of life and not waste one moment distracted,
To experience that you are not alone in this garden full of infinite possibilities,
For the waiter, the porter, the retailer and the stranger on the street,
Are the flowers in your garden,
Can you rise above the garden and feel the life that you are ... shimmering?
Can you rain your sunshine on each upturned face and leave deep impressions ... glimmering?
Or do you walk past lost in the patter of thinking?
Missing the smile that was awaiting your flower to open,

Saying the words that makes another flower bloom,
Understanding that all are connected in this magnificent garden,
None stand alone unless feeling uprooted.

For the garden can only seem to die when the flowers lose their root,
When nourishment is disconnected by 'what is in it for me',
When the gardener is looking ahead for greener pastures neglecting the beautiful garden s/he already has ...
but can no longer see,
As he uproots the beauty to impress others as a symbol of love,
He never realises it is his own beauty that is the greatest gift of love,
For love is not an object or arrangement,
It is your heart on your sleeve,
Exposed for all to see,
As you give it you receive it,
As love never leaves,
For this is the secret garden of the heart,
That I give to you,
Under all conditions.

CAN YOU DISCOVER THE CHILD OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

Why do you lie?
My friend,
Why do you bully?
Dear friend,
Why do you protect your interests?
As an end,
To a means?
Is this clean?
Is this bonifide?
Is this transparent
And crystal clear?

For what you do to others returns to the self,
Do you deeply know this?
When you deny your part a corresponding reply
imparts
the wisdom of the fool,
Do you sense this?

For what goes around comes around,
For mountain trails are not straight they spiral
upwards,
For heaven is in the smile that is genuine,
Peace is in the eyes that forgive,
Truth is in the heart that sees no evil, speaks no
evil and hears no evil,
As justice is blind to deception recalibrating fiction
with indomitable facts,
Scales down to zero point.

Kindness is unaware of self-interest,
For this is the art of joinery,
Carefully aligning intent that fits a puzzle realised,
Loving kindness gives without condition empty of
agendas,
For there is no need for gender when kindness
sees what is loving,
And this gift can be the whistle-blower,
The umpire who blows the whistle for it is
question time asking for time out!
This kindness can be the mirror that de-masks,
As clowns always see through the deception of
the trickster,
For only fools know the joke is the gold chain that
links not the yoke that imprisons,

To wonder is to lift the eyes skyward expanding
beyond clouds on rays of light,
To reveal yourself on reflection,
The clouds part to allow the light of clarity in blue
skies,
As you feel the sun as me shining,
And I feel the sun as you shining,
As the truth is the sun sets to discover The End is a
new day,
Arising to our surprise,
As we learn Shakespeare's fools says:
"to be or not to be that is the question",
Posed to you today,
As there are no mistakes in the universe,
For this is the uni-verse (one song) we are singing
my friend.

Was it not Jesus who was an example to the
world?
For he was not religious,
He was an activist of love,
He was the innocence of the child smiling,
He was wild yet seen as radical,
He walked naked before truth unafraid of
exposure,
His begging bowl was offered to all and sundry (on
Sunday),
As all get to choose between giving and taking,
For each decision tree defines who you become,
For was he a bludger or leading by example?
Did he sponge off the world or did he offer fellow
travellers a way out of madness?
For no matter giving or taking he met each friend
with equanimity,
As the sanity is unconditional love,
Under all conditions,
As freedom's song is that all belong,
The lost and the lonely,
The poor and vanquished,
Those despairing and forlorn,
For true charity cannot exist in a loving world,
That sees all as the self,
Life is the diversity living without judgement,
That needs no gavel or final outcome,
As justice just is.

The highest intelligence is no thought,
For how can one know the stars, sun and
universes?
In the thoughtless there is peace,
As we no longer conceptualise but realise
ignorance is the true state of play,
Playing with life with the curls of curiosity
watching the spiralling smoke signals,
As pointers, smoke signals that time is change,
For the thoughtful stressed mind is confusion,
This is the pollution manifesting in dumps, sinks
and obsolescence,
For to 'be' without a story is the endless story
without a plot,
It is the freedom of dream keepers catching
rainbows in the mind's eye,
Yet what if the only story was your freedom from
fear,
To be yourself without abandon,
And that this dream can come true,
For me and for you,
As we are One family reuniting,
Sitting at the round table of equality,
For this is the quality of truth sharing puffing
smoke signals from a peace pipe,
As caring shares love endlessly,
As endless love is an endless story,
With no story line only a song line,
That sings silently to you,
To come home into the heart of happiness.

For our soul is calling for closure of old stories to
recreate what is new,
To be whole is reuniting the fools in the kingdom
with no dominion,
As real dominion is the sovereignty of self rule,
Unfurling the silk purity of thought, word and
deed,
This is the subtle seed that is planted carefully
with consideration mindful of conditions,
For growth occurs over time under the
wholesome petition,
For it must be nurtured,
It must be tended,
It must be remembered,
As nature is the only course of action in this
curriculum,
Teaching the sum of the parts is the whole,
As karma takes its toll on negative intent,

Rebalancing the unintegrated mind,
Which hurts the self repeatedly.

No-one can win when another loses,
That is why my dear friend learning is the end
game,
For in the end we are all shown the outgrowth of
all seeds,
Were they good or evil (opposite to live)?
As false needs sprout in dark silos of ignorance,
And this is not a crime of passion,
It is misadventure,
For many missed the adventure in clever
arguments to win at all costs,
When it was never about winning the argument,
But to find the creative idea is the play on words,
As the gold nugget was always buried,
As the Fool's Gold has no value,
As transformation is not a digital highway lost in a
matrix of illusion,
But transmutation of negative into positive intent,
An eternal violet flame alight at the shrine of
remembrance,
Dancing into the heart of your silent inquiry,
Turning inward to discover your cosmos,
Is to come home alone,
For it is not the pot of gold at the end of fanciful
rainbows,
It when is when the rainbow is seen that the gold
is received,
As we lift our head from cyber realities to discover
0,1 is not 0010110,
For the tree of life is a golden ratio of infinite
possibility and symmetry,
When you have the ability to see to look,
That your fear was never real,
That life is the sacred seal,
Opening all petals at once beyond space and time.

The thorns of pain,
Naked before truth,
Kindness in the eyes,
In boxes,
Love is Heaven sent,
Jesus is in the smile,
What did you learn from the pain?
We are all fragile,
Find love exists,
Will come to you at night,

Love is bliss,
Lovers come when there is no hope,
The words people cannot say,
Poetry is the song line,
When you remember love it is part of you,
Love everyone,
When you have been loved you know what love is,
The lover is always by my side,
The lover is ...
Jesus to a child.
(the highest love)

WHO CARES FOR CLOWNS?

The silence of the morning,
Awakens me from a restless sleep,
As tears of pearls,
Reform the shaky diamonds of wisdom.

I am in a maze,
And I can find no way out,
I call for help but no-one wants to hear me,
As I walk in circles,
I feel the shadows surround me,
As I am so alone in this debacle,
A barnacle that has attached to my boat,
Holding me back from the ocean of my dreams.

I stand in a labyrinth,
I walk the journey of my life,
I pray as I walk for peace for all humanity,
I pray for peace education,
I pray for democracy,
For a world that reveals, heals, cares and shares,
As I move in expanding circles,
There is a beginning and an end,
And I can see my dreams can come true.

So what of the happy/sad clown?
The sorrow is the unmasking of joy through
unkindness,
The joy is the unmasking of truth through love.

I sense the pain in the people so I reach out to
comfort them,
I understand they are devalued so I speak to re-
value them,
I realise the disconnection so I join to reconnect
them,
I do this for free so they can see
there is no money motivation,
That love is the answer they receive,
For each is my relation, my family, my friend,
I see no enemies in loving kindness,
Love is my religion and my creed,
It is the seed for the next generation.

I have been hurt,
No-one can see my wound,
I have been placed in isolation,
The punishment for speaking from my heart,

For exposing my soul,
Asking for justice,
Just tore me apart.

When I am in pain there is no-one to comfort me,

When I am devalued there is no-one to re-value
me,

When I feel the disconnection there is no-one
connecting me to my family,

For who will play the clown if I do not exist?

Who will teach the children the value of peace
when I am gone?

Who will understand REAL HOPE for the future is
grounded in real values?

Therefore:

Who cares what is fair in work or play?

HONESTY

FUTURE READY IS NOT READY FOR THE REAL WORLD

Future Ready World Ready,
Or ready for the real world?

Is humanity losing?
Or are we losing our humanity?

Do we understand the diversity of unity?
Or the Ouroboros of unity in diversity?

Do we manage by agenda?
Or do we learn to rebalance gender?
For balanced decision making includes the feminine and masculine,
For one sees models and structures in the academic landscape,
The other re-models and restructures the emotional landscapes
to adapt to change.

Is the logo a brand image?
Or a wedge tailed eagle with a long tale?
For the Bunjil is the creator of all living and natural things,
Giving guidance to those in need whenever there is a fearsome time,
A time of doubt,
Uncertainty about how to get off the roundabout,
Questioning which way to go,
For the wind of change is blowing in a new direction.

Is it the wind power of a renewable future?
Or the power of business-as-usual dictating the terms of reference?
For the fearsome time is upon us,
As Standards are Poor in the new economic measures,
Economic indicators plummet without credit,
As Gross Domestic Product (GDP) does not produce
Gross National Happiness (GNH),
Corruption is the new global deal that oils the wheels of industry,
As wars of aggression foster desert storms and Russian roulette,
As Chinese checkers becomes the new game where many see only black or white.

The Chinese New Year of the Water Snake,
It is the year of opposites,
Advancing team players and leadership,
As deep thinking individuals are finding new ways,

That no longer exists in schools of thought,
Awareness cannot be bought by degrees,
It can only be sought in reflection and ease,
Expanding concentric waves of a new spiritual era.

The economic paradigm is a Prisoners Dilemma,
That sees a game in theory,
Yet humanity is the end game when seen,
The dilemma is whether to state the truth or remain silent?
The highest truth is to Know Thyself and 'to thine own self be true',
As the ruse is the silence of the lambs in collusion
keeping the game going at a bearish rate,
Yet the end game is approaching.
The economic paradigm imprisons freedom of speech in truth,
For one is paid to work not participate in an Agora of shared interests,
Yet a true democracy represents the people inspiring collaboration,
An economic oligarchy represents special interests demanding yields,
Yet industrial averages are diminishing returns in the longer term,
As diminishing top soil is the **fool's gold** that yields deserts and droughts,
For climate change is real without doubt,
A silent seal yields inclement weather,
Raising tempers and temperatures worldwide,
As triple bottom line tipping points catalyse the domino effect
subject to gravity,
To realise chaos is not subject to control.

So my friends ...

A Brave New World or a **braver world looking in the pond
of deeper reflection?**

For what we see in this World is a reflection of ourselves,
Please remember the **philosopher's stone** is not the statue
of liberty unmoved by change,
It is the liberty to change what appears set in stone,
For poetry is the philosophy of art,
Accessing truth from a kaleidoscope of perspectives and infinite
possibilities,
It is the water that naturally flows around stone,
For art is not idle musings or amusing to be idle,
It is the mustard seed of great wisdom and higher knowledge,
Inspiring the kernel of new ideas,
That can move mountains without fear.

For anyone can remove art as a degree,
But you can never silence degrees of freedom,

For artists were never contained by fortune or fame,
They are the torch bearers carrying the eternal flame,
Shining the light of truth on the future we will create,
Chiselling the words on all university walls,

*It is never too late to change
change is inevitable,
So 'be the change you wish to see'
The truth will always set you free.*



TO JUST BE IS TO 'BE JUST'

This poem is a tribute to the great ones,
Who pursue Justice,
Until today justice was law,
From today justice is my universal law,
I am afraid of no condemnation,
I can walk alone,
For I see no evil,
I hear no evil,
I speak no evil,
For I am blind to the world,
Yet I see into the world,
Through eyes that cannot see untruth.

For truth is love as justice,
It just is (justice),
True to
Self.

You cannot look behind and see justice,
It is to be just,
It is in the moment,
It is in the act,
But it doesn't play,
It is to say truth,
For no lies should pass your lips,
For you only wound yourself,
For you know the truth of the heart,
No matter self deception of the mind,
The truth is known when felt,
For the universe is watching silently,
A silent witness beyond space and time.
Sometimes the truth will stay out of reach,
For you are here to learn the lesson beyond
speech,
The heart is the navigator,
For it will show you clearly what you feel,
You choose how you act or re-act,
Fear or love is the fork in the path,
A choice point,
To choose fear takes you to danger,
To choose love elevates on the wings of freedom,
For only love sees through the mist of clouds,
For the sun of love penetrates every living being,
For this is what sustains a just life,
Fear is the shadow obscuring the truth,
But knows it not.

WHAT IS THE NATURE OF JUSTICE?

Natural justice,
Is natural,
When we hear there are two sides to every story,
For each is innocent until proven guilty,
And investigated for truth,
For justice to be natural,
It must be fair and impartial.

The scales of justice,
Is the metaphor of ...
Blindness to bias,
Deafness to dishonesty,
Speaking words that don't divert the course of
Justice,
For to be a judge is to discern truth,
And to seek truth,
Impartiality becomes the gavel that balances
rationality with emotional intelligence.

A chief justice,
Is the one who can see both sides,
Who finds balance in reflection,
Who reaches for wisdom as clarity,
And remedies each situation,
So that both can learn from conflict.
The common laws were drafted
To provide rules that the many held in common,
To ensure order in disorder,
To ensure fairness in dishonesty,
To determine remedies for pain and suffering,
For we are each other's keepers,
We all are born equal,
Regardless of socio-economic conditions,
Despite un-common language,
Beyond the misunderstandings,
Many are seeking the same outcome,
To live in freedom,
To find happiness,
And justice occurs in the moment we are just,
Retrospectively it is to close the case,
To find closure,
So all can move on,

In peace.

Some perceive the law courts,
As a tennis match,
Of persuasive points,
Of clever strategies,
For one to prove the other is wrong,
A world of right and wrong,
To be technically correct,
Within the letter of the law,
Accords rights,
But what of fairness?

How many letters have been sent in search of
justice?
Only to find losers are weak,
And winners are strong,
And the game is to win,
To fight the battle,
Yet at what cost do we fight?

Is there justice in winning?
Is there justice in losing?
Or simply vindication of procedural law?

Natural justice provides a wise agreement,
To share responsibility,
To acknowledge each other's viewpoint,
To seek to solve the problem not penalise the
poor,
This is the resolution that is natural,
And builds respect,
For the relationship is ongoing in the future,
And is the basis for common lore.

If justice was never the issue for the dispute,
Then money oils the squeaky wheel,
And this is the negotiation of power,
Not natural justice in equality,
For power should be shared not bought,
Yet one can never buy truth,
For only the truth will set you free,

As a restorative justice,
Maintaining hope in judicial freedom,
That reflects society's value of a fair go.

So my dear friends,
I leave you with my rendition,
For we read in the papers the perversion of
justice every day,
Yet I believe in justice as truth,
We must find ways to make it work in the best
interests of society,
For if we don't the very fabric of law and order
will break down,
For the youth are increasingly disheartened,
They see the acceptance of violence,
They see adults not walking the talk,
And they no longer believe in the future,
Yet I believe in a future that values the truth
over winning.

YouTube:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=riW4dzOH1t0>

THE MESSENGER OF HIGHER JUSTICE

We live in a world of unfinished business,
For thinking can compartmentalise into boxes,
A Chi square theorem,
Investigating whether normal distributions vary,
To discover values are the goodness of fit test,
Summing the differences observed,
As consistency is the sine wave of good
governance.

When we are stuck on an intractable problem,
We sit and reflect on the solution,
We do not apply the same equation as it is zero
sum,
To continue hoping the outcome will change is
folly,
Why not re-test the hypothesis,
To reform the real framing of questions.

In Question Time,
Are the questions designed to discover the
answer?
Or provide an interval to meet the Minister's
needs?
Elected backbenchers have no rights to ask their
own questions,
They are not pre-selected to have an equal say,
Is this representative democracy of the people?
Hierarchy is the platform of elevation,
Yet many desire to abseil down to reveal the
truth,
To make human rights visible when stonewalled,
Why is it an offence to speak up without notice?
The Australian Constitution gives restitution to the
freedom of political communication,
Is this a lived system of representative and
responsible government?
The separation of powers doctrine cites the
separation of *legislative* (parliament), *executive*
(bureaucracy) and *judicial* powers (justice),
To restrain the potential harm of unchecked
power,
To negate undue political influence,
So that there is no unnatural confluence of
interests.
Justitia or Lady Justice stands tall in New York
harbour,
The Roman Goddess of Justice,

She waits still,
She is still waiting,
Outside of courts of final appeal,
For justice to be done,
Not to be seen to be,
Thus, to be or not to be
is the real question!
She is symbolically
blindfolded and free,
She holds the scales of
fairness in balanced
decision-making,
She holds the sword of
truth not in an
aggressive stance but as
a reminder to stand with
courage,

She stands with Prudentia (*foresight*),
She embodies the ability
to *discipline to govern*
oneself with reason,
She is the personification
of virtue inspiring ...
*Wisdom, insight and true
knowledge,*
She holds the mirror and
a snake,
She is looking for beauty
in wisdom's natural
justice,

To judge appropriately between ...

virtuous or vicious actions,
courageous or cowardly intent,

She does not require the arbiter of man-made
law.
Prudence is the mother of all virtues,
To see the cause, measure and form of all virtues,
To have the intelligence and free will to make
perfect the right decisions,

For temperance is not holding back ones temper,
It is to rebalance one's decisions in hindsight &
foresight,
To realise without prudence:

- *bravery becomes foolhardiness;*
- *mercy sinks into weakness,*
- *and temperance into fanaticism.*

For these are the three blind horseman.
For it is the *duty of care* for **those who know** to tell
the blind horseman on a blind horse that he is
heading towards the abyss (Lao Tzu),
For as night follows day **one cannot bare false
witness** to the truth.
Governance determines the truth of star
chambers,
To enforce fairness or silent privilege?

*To stand with prudence deciding clear judgements,
The other uses privilege to mask abuse,*

The philosophy of poetry asks all questions in time
without notice.

Higher perspectives do not reside in hierarchy,
The message is to see clearly without bias,

Natural law is universal not compliant,
Therefore, it is my duty of care to speak up for
prudence and justice,
For to love humanity,
Is not a crime,
Albeit all crime is the absence of love,
For this is the highest virtue that inspires freedom
of speech,
And to finish all business,
Without censure.

FINDING CAMELOT IN REALISING THE ROUNDTABLE OF UNIVERSAL LOVE

There is a round table that is not
square,
For it circles the square,
It is a stone circle,
With no head nor tail,
For it is not there by chance.

For in a circle one can romance the Philosopher's
Stone,
For all who sit around the table are equals,
All quarrelling has ceased,
Conflict resolution is the solution to find peace,
As one has seized the moment,
She looks at the world map,
From the table top of her mountain,
To find it is no longer divided,
For the cap stone has been put in the place,
Of real protection.

The warriors are women and men,
Their spirit commands not to fight another,
But to realise the enemy seen is within,
To understand the slaying of the dragons are
discovered in:

guilt, jealousy, lust, greed, corruption, deceit and
rage,
As these are the dark caves,
Blind caverns,
Where the light is in search of knights,
Shields are the rights of passage,
As mirrors into which the brave must look,
To see the world book is a legend,
At its core is metaphor,
For the real wars,
Are to honour thyself and be true.

Excalibur is the sword of truth,
That only the legitimate and pure can wield,
For truth is the laser that pierces falsehood,
It is the whole truth and nothing but the truth,
As the lady in the lake symbolises emotions,

Truth is held in the reflection of emotions,
As life is reflective when sincere,
That returns arms for alms with tears,
Armor (protection) for armour (loving
vulnerability),
Appearing in the moment of forgiveness.

The Holy Grail,
Is the journey of life,
The realisation of the Self,
To drink from the fountain of youth,
An elixir of endless life,
As the chalice is an eternal container of light,
For those who seek in earnest the kite,
Will lead without being lead,
Flying high above illusions and tests,
For they are deemed genuine in their quest,
For the rest of their lives they live in the Kingdom,
To find they never left home,
For home was always where the heart is,
And this is the rock upon which Excalibur is
drawn,
In the heat of all inner battles.

The pure King (leader),
Is honourable,
The brave knight,
Is fearlessness,
The metaphoric sword,
Is truth,
Opening the heart,
Is love,

The magic is supernatural powers,
Life is in the hands of the gods,
For the gods must be crazy,
To create both evil and good,
Yet that is the cosmic drama,
That plays out over centuries,
For many have forgotten the plot at Camelot,
As weapons of mass destruction,
Became the distraction from peace-making,

Which was always the highest chivalry,
As this was the just war referred to in theory,
And mercy was granted in every request,
And allegiances sworn,
On all sides of truth with justice.

*(Inspired by the King Arthur tradition of nobility,
courage and equality)*

The quest of the Court Jester,

Was to remind of the King he had no clothes,
For he is naked before truth,
He is homeless without a roof,
For the roof of ancient forests provides cover,
In climates of change,
For it is only the truth that sets all free,
To see the golden age of peace and prosperity,
And this is the sanity that is renewable,
As the draw bridge comes down,
The moat is no longer remote viewing,
As all the walls on the street tumble down,
Out of the rubble the phoenix rises,
Realising the resilience of humility,
As the meek inherit the earth,
And this is the dirt made of gold.
All are welcome at the renewable round table,
Of a world union,
The armour of universal citizenship,
Re-members the Charter of Universal love,
For this is the dove that is waiting to land,
When all understand the **Holy Grail** is realised,
As the Noble Peace Prize,
Carved from the rock of new ages.

BUDDING FAIRNESS

Om-buds-man has a meaning,
An investigator of complaints,
Mediator of fair settlements,
A neutral third party,
For the seed of truth,
The bud,
Flowers harmony for all to see,
As we are all colours of diversity,
And the sweet fragrance of fairness,
Ensures the matter settles,
And the scales balance,
As the barometer of social stability.

For the impartial investigator,
Has respons-ability,
For he has the ability to respond,
Yet he is looking at due process,
Not fairness in complaints handling,
For he did not read the letters,
Just the cover notes,
As time is his master,
Not justice.

The truth is not just a word,
Yet many read this word and think truth,
For the truth, the whole truth and nothing but
the truth is absolute,
There is no room for half truths,
And this is the pledge in all court rooms,
The intent is truth as a first principle not the last,
For when justice is present in the room,
S/he will hear both sides,
Without fear or favour,
Will see beyond biases without flavour,
Assert decisions based on fact and fairness,
Not nuances that serve one over the other as
strategic moves,
For when justice is served no-one loses,
The world recovers its self-respect,
Harmony is the true outcome of equals.

When an issue is raised,
One can call it a complaint, a problem or raising
awareness,
An investigation is conducted,
As a conductor of an orchestra,
To examine the odd note one needs to look at the
score,
For when one is out of tune the rest lose the
rhythm or purpose,
For there are rules for some,
And not for others,
To live in harmony we must be clear of the rules,
And all live by them with the whole truth in mind.

And when the process has as its intent
procedure or protection,
Then process is running the show,
Not truth,
For truth sits and reads all letters,
Seeks the core issues on both sides,
Truth makes time for justice,
As human rights decoupled from trade,
Becomes the priori to decisions,
For we are people not processes.
Rights arise as values decline,
For if one is not naturally fair,
One must have rights imposed,
If values are not naturally known,
Then authority and legality grow.

Fairness was once due process,
Today it is due process that is not fair,
For we are not seeking the same outcomes,
Bureaucracy is compliance,
Social justice is the foundation stone.

Yet when justice is awakened,
Awareness is the seal all parties feel,
As fairness and equity are the universities of
choice...for the future.

THERE IS NO JUSTICE

Anything I say,
Will be used against me,
For no matter full disclosure,
No-one is interested in the
truth,
A fact I could never
understand,
Until now.

I have been informally labelled a stalker,
The word chokes in my throat,
I feel sick to the stomach,
I cry as the trauma will not subside,
I rock as there is no-one to hold me,
There is no-one to talk to,
There is no compassion for my plight,
They think they are right,
No matter my words,
No matter my assurances,
No matter the truth,
I am wrong,
In their suspicious eyes,
I am to blame for everything,
I am nothing... just a name.

I know the image demonization creates,
I know the ugliness of the allegation,
And I feel dishonoured and abused,
My disclosures ignored,
My facts irrelevant,
For there is only one that is heard,
And I have learned that justice does not reside,
In academia.
There is nothing I can say,
When no-one wants the truth,
I exposed my heart and soul so others could know,
I shared my intimate life to be clear,
I did so with fear, I shed many tears,
I believe in truth more than my own life.

My words are just ink on a page,

Under the title '*case management*',
My life has no value or worth,
For who I am disappears under the weight of
whatever...

I feel the paper weight,
It weighs heavily on my heart,
My heart is broken in a way beyond repair,
As I stare into nothingness I don't care,
As justice died for me in your lies.

Who cares? Who cares? Who cares?
I whisper in the depth of this moment,
No-one, No-one, No-one silently returns.
I pray for an ending that has no beginning.
Perhaps I am at the beginning of the end.

I don't know
...anything

I don't want to know
... any more.

*(This poem was written when desiring to end my
life. It is why Justice is important).*

ONENESS

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS IS LEADING US TO THE BRINK

International relations,
Is leading us to the brink,
We are in a carbon sink,
For internationally they are unable to think,
So what is the missing link in this scenario?

The world of international diplomacy,
The art of influence is cultivated,
The spin of myth is propagated,
To massage opinions into shape,
To mold the world,
Into a fundamental fate,
Where the fundamentals have been forgotten,
For fundamentalists are black and white,
They see no shades of grey,
For you are with them or against them,
Rhetoric becomes fact,
The media stacks the chips,
Places its bets for the highest bidder,
Gambling away truth for facts,
Welcome to the new world order.

Hobbes has risen from the ashes of World War II,
For there is an international disorder,
It is inherent,
It is inalienable,
It is not sustainable,
It is not stable,
Intolerant elements are apparent,
As the clash of civilizations are labels,
Delineating fracture lines,
Fissures of emotional disfigurements,
As the other is de-humanised,
For judgement,
Is the gavel of justice.
From the macrocosm to the microcosm,
Chaos replicates itself from the source,
The disorder is diagnosed as dysfunction,
For institutions replace homes,
Collective energy powers the grid,
Which replicates traditions,
Replacing sensing with common sense,
For your thoughts are not your own,
You are paid to think and do,
Not question the ruse,

For to feel and be,
Is insanity,
In a world in denial,
Of itself.

So how to turn the Titanic around?
The glaciers are melting,
For global warming changes the climate of our
thinking,
As ancient questions are re-surfacing,
Locke whispers conflict resolution,
Nonviolence is the change to see,
A sea change as conservatism becomes irrational,
Multinationals are feral,
They are serving the colonels,
For conservation is the real kernel with power,
That pre-serves your life,
For it gives us room to breath,
To look into the pond of our reflection
Without fear for we have changed,
To be clear that we are estranged,
For it is now survival of the wisest,
Who meet force with reason,
Who face hate with peace,
For unity is only found in those who have arisen
above chaos,
In their own minds.

For the universal mind,
Is always kind,
For only love is real you will see,
For this truth will set you free.

So what will you be my dear friends?
Who are you today?
Will you look into the grey that matters?
Will you feel for the truth in this darkness?
Your choice will change the world,
The world is waiting for your answer,
For you are the world,
Will you answer the call,
In time?

Human rights are simply the right to be human,
For peace is respect, love and truth,
For to be human can not be taken away,
One cannot suppress,
One cannot punish,
One cannot lock away,
One cannot reprogram,
For the inner flame burns brighter than torment,
For it is magical,
It is sensational,
It is the perennial grass,
It is the eternal child,
Which watches you from behind that battered
body,
But the spirit of love,
Descends like the dove,
Bringing you a message,
You cannot live in denial
of the truth.

NO NATIONS UNITED

Is it chance or fate?
For I hear your voice,
And I quiver,
You are in the common room,
That is not common,
So confident and clear,
Buoyant yet no fear,
My heart sets the rhythm,
My curiosity sifting for clues,
Of who you really are.

I see to look,
And feel the conversations,
Discussing great power,
In small rooms,
For the connection is of import,
For exports are dwindling,
Many voices are faint,
As dumbing down,
Is only dumb,
When one seeks unity.

For I am here to explore democracy,
I am a democrat at heart,
I am not a patriot,
I have no allegiance to any crown,
Only the ground has my respect,
For I feel the toil in the soil,
For the top soil has gone underground,
The wealth,
Like gold dust,
Floats on the winds of global warming.

There is no United Nations,
In Geneva I found the seat of power,
For it had only 3 legs,
For to chair the world,
One must mine the land,
A great sculpture up front,
A tribute it seems,
For each leg creates balance,
Equality, liberty, fraternity,
The forth, honesty was blown away,
In the trenches of delusion,
Where winning is killing,
Like there is no inherent value,

For inalienable rights are alien,
The universal declaration is declared
null and void,
For it has no power of enforcement,
For to enforce power one must abandon
The truth of who we are.
Thus the chair has no balance,
For how can one sit at the table of peace?
Something is always missing,
There is no stability,
For always someone is rocking the boat,
The missing link to the jigsaw eludes mankind,
For he cannot see that fractured vision,
Is poor insight,
He has discarded wisdom for security,
The desire of objectivity for
objects of desire,
For the serenity he is seeking,
Has no objection,
To any one.

Yet for all the thinkers,
They still tinker at the edge,
For we are close to the cliff now,
Time is of the essence,
Yet the essence isn't time,
It is the heart of the matter,
It is the heart of the question,
The question must have heart,
For the answer to emerge,
Naturally,
For great truth is as easy as allowing the apple to
fall from the tree,
For when the moment is ripe,
You will feel it suddenly,
Out of the blue,
As a flash of inspiration,
For Newton started a revolution,
For we are revolving around the universe,
Universal ideas are evolution,
The new is always perceived as lunacy,
Yet the moon is almost full,
For it is in the fool,
That the truth seeks fulfillment,
True mastery is birthed in the mystery
of love.

CAIN IS NOT ABEL

McCain is not abel,
McDonalds is the fable
That is the real estate,
As trees are deforested to graze beef cattle,
Arable land is hidden beneath a concrete jungle,
The patty feeds a hungry youth,
Starving for nutrition.

For the stock market is a feed lot,
Corralled into stations,
Waiting for the bells to ring,
But for whom does the bell toll?
When our time is up,
For when the last tree falls,
Who can eat money?

For this is the eve of adam,
For the tree of knowledge is not derivatives,
Or share options,
But the only option is to share,
Yields were never ratings of interests,
But abundance available free for all,
But there has been a free fall,
As greed did not take the big apple from the tree,
But the tree from the apple,
And the seed bank is losing deposits,
As alluvial soils,
Are blown away in one storm,
For inclement weather is the real sign,
That the climate has changed.

The Wall street farmers,
Were watching the profits,
Not counting the sheep,
As the red sea is dead,
Many scroll down seeking links to truth,
Alas the world is not harnessed in a Google
search,
For we have become a lost civilisation as rising
tides submerge islands of automation.

Many seek a martyr in the government,
The evil greed of the trader is cast the loser,
For to trade is to win or lose,
Business is a gamble,

And the game is only fun when winners are
grinners,
Paradoxically all profit from prophets of doom,
As apathy renders the public not respons-abel,
Yet they are abel to respond if they wish,
To question a system of exploitation,
To re-form their con-federation,
But first they must look at their own red square,
Separating the president from the government,
As a separation of powers doctrine,
Becomes the only Washington consensus,
That is not abel to veto the common good.

For American capitalism is the firebrand,
As Chinese chequers buy up the fire sale,
But where does the fire trail lead?
Into a forest fire of the burning bush,
An effigy of the cowboy,
Who is gun ho,
Leaving the corral gate open,
For the horses have bolted,
Market forces are not perfect stable mates,
And freedom is not unbridled greed,
Freedom seeks a win win as nature intended,
For all is one and one is all,
Yet when two thirds are starving the bubble must
burst,
For only the Hubble telescope sees a universe
beyond the capitol,
Yet it is accountable for what is discovered,
Denial sees profit in the twin towers,
As gold becomes the alchemy of hope,
A safe haven for those addicted to status,
And this is the statue of liberty that must fall,
For the light in the darkness is a new world order
returning to first principles,
And this is the only credit worth promoting.

The vanity of human enterprise is a vanity fair,
It is time to learn to share not trade,
To sustain not drain the bounty,
Africa must arise from its shackles,
And barrack for hope,
For the only constitutional rights of a global civil
society,
Are life, liberty and happiness for all,

For that is the new world re-order that brings
down the Walls
on the street,
For only then
will the global elite,
see further than self interest.

THE RIGHT TRACK?

Are you on the right Track?
Or have you a one track mind?
Are you on the right path?
That considers mind, body and spirit?
For the middle path takes you onto a higher plane,
Where there is no sphere of influence,
It is a place where answers become questions,
Where dialogue is not to shape the outcome,
But to come out from the shadows of a nuclear
misadventure,
To find the epilogue is the dawning of a new
security arrangement,
Where the architect no longer reconstructs
another track,
But finds she can design a new future,
That is no longer insecure.

I see too many men at the table,
For the industrial and military are complex,
For the mind set is defence against attack,
And attack as a form of defence,
As tall poppies and insecurity fuel the arms trade,
Economic trade liberalisation,
Fuels globalisation and environmental decline,
Regional instability is unable to cooperate,
And fear fuels the nuclear cycle,
Where in the end,
There will be no beginning,
To Start III,
For World War III has already begun,
Under the aegis of insurgency,
For there is no war on terror,
There is only the terror of war,
And this is fuelled by a patriarchy,
That is unable to see the power
Of love as action.

I hear voices of regional cooperation,
There are discussions of regional agreements,
A select few deciding who is in or who is out,
Who is important, who has influence,
But there is no voice from those who live with the
decisions,
For civil society, non government organisations,
Are the players that are not sitting at the table,

For behind closed doors are select interests,
And interests negotiate for own advantage,
And to gain advantage one must be diplomatic,
And any good diplomat know that as influence
walks in,
Truth is the revolving door of inconvenience,
For half truths are shadow puppets,
Strings are pulled on strategic interests,
To leave impressions at regional sessions,
Yet the end game has no winner.

When one eye is closed,
And one hand is clapping,
One develops a blind spot,
The other is the sound of the silent majority,
For they are not applauding,
For they too can see there is no victory.

The drugs trade,
Hooks the addict to arms,
Yet the arms of the addict,
Have many tracks,
As they must have a hit,
To feel good,
Or the agony of withdrawal,
In a desperate misadventure,
For those with a one track mind.
I see a focus on fears and concerns,
As one fear replaces another infinitum,
For the root cause IS the security dilemma,
Peace building is not a confidence trick,
To build peace one must replace the architect
with the justice of the peace,
For she sees that justice can not be seen to be,
As justice is neither blind or silent,
International law must become restorative justice,
Nuclear disarmament is re-entry to the security
council,
For the counsel of elders are the wise who live by
natural justice as a chief justice of a high court,
For it is only truth that is self evident,
Diplomacy, shape changers are in denial of reality,
And the reality is that the end of life is
approaching,
Must we wait for a tsunami to ignite political will,

For real cooperation is embedded in a shared
humanity in-kind,
This is the only capacity worth building,
It is a universal declaration of human rights,
An open society of world opinion,
For it is time to give peace makers the stage,
The resolution of conflict steps off the beaten
track
For there is no road map in the future,
There are no drivers or passengers,
As we 'walk the talk' of real democracy,
We decide to sit with the 'other',
We design an inclusive world order,
Where all have a seat at the table,
For this is the only summit
worth reaching.

OUR WORLD IS IN CRISIS

Our world in crisis,
For the **World** is not the crisis,
Our world is in crisis,
This is the hour glass to see through,
Refracting the very colours that play with light,
For we play with tragedy,
Yet the sands of time are of essence,
The plight is the final act of Macbeth,
Shrouded in intrigue and deception,
Values drama over real life.

At the darkest point before the storm,
The truth is cloaked,
It is hidden from view,
For many do not emerge from the back alley,
It is cloak and dagger,
For fear threatens to maintain the old world
order,
For disorder is chaos,
A border from which the new world begins.

So how to sift through fact and myth?
For spin is mirth,
Where sin is birthed,
For it has a life of its own,
Its owners yield funds,
A stock exchange,
The fun is in moving stocks,
In beating the system,
Into submission,
For this is the power of commission,
To sell to a new generation,
Indecision and confusion bear a cross,
The stock are waiting at the crossing,
Which direction to take?
Is it a level crossing?
For the playing field is not level,
It is all crosses - a grave yard,
For naught will pass to safety,
There are no warning bells,
For we are stuck on the tracks,
Unable to move forward.

So how do we explore the problem?
Is there a problem?
Should we just explore?

For explorers are open to discovery of new tracks
and hidden trails,
They trail blaze,
They prepare but can never predict,
For weather conditions are changing rapidly.

Sometimes one must venture to the edge,
To look over and see what is true,
Or to go back and remain in the cave.

Yet to venture into the unknown is where the
intrepid go,
For dangers appear high,
Yet the rewards are higher altitudes,
As one ascends to great heights you can see,
For truth is honesty,
Honesty finds clarity,
And clarity feels for the ledge,
The past has no bearing on the moment,
For one must make a decision now,
To stay and hide,
Or trust and fly,
For the new civilization knows no fear.

Did you know that fear and guilt are the enemies
of human-kind?
For one stays in the cave and regrets the past,
Love and truth is a kind-human,
For satyagraha is alive,
It carries its own life without force,
Life-force is the light that never owns only casts,
A new script in this play,
For to play with character re-writes the future
scene,
It expands the focus on what to become,
Reveals the true past and where we belong,
Heals the wounds of the crucifixion,
And feels the creation within one self.

For to peel back the layers of history,
One must lead with human rights,
For it is not to be right,
But the right to be human,
That is inalienable and sustainable,
It is the preamble to the new world constitution,
The right of free passage,

For universal values move mountains,
It is the mustard seed of beliefs,
That reprogram coded behaviours,
When we remove religious zeal,
We find the final seal,
That marks the highest authority,
A natural selection,
That favours equality over insecurity,
In every form of your life,
For this is the light that has no form,
That heals humanities plight.

THE STRONGEST CONSTITUTION IS RESPONSE-ABILITY

Babylon is still burning,
For those who pass over the border
enter the gates of sheer hell,
And I can hear the screams,
As the world sleeps with comforts it keeps,
For democracy dismantles human rights,
For in their world,
There is no right to be human.

The 10 Christian Commandments,
The 10 Amendments of a US Bill of Rights,
The blind horsemen,
The apocalypse,
Comes into view as I close my eyes,
For Trojan horses are Abrams tanks taking city
after city,
Shooting at shadows,
The piracy of trawling for buried treasure,
For their objective is clear,
The ends justify the means,
And this does not mean any justification.

When religion thinks it is right,
And the military is the drill sergeant,
Securing the oil refineries,
Trashing the United Nations,
In-bed-ded with journalists,
This reveals the mark of a beast that has no
collective consciousness,
For compassion becomes the heretic,
To kill he sees through the veil of enemies,
All are potential threats,
One can never hear the appeal of a small child,
Crying in despair as the trauma of her family
replays in slow motion,
the shock of obliteration,
For the yellow toy found in clusters,
Left out on a limb,
Is every soldier's responsibility,
As thou shall not kill
Anyone.

Who are the blind horsemen of which I speak,
They ride on the back of ignorance,
Galloping greed,
Demonising hatred,

Sanctioned murder,
For their lies are the tourniquet that tightens with
each utterance,
A snake with many coils,
The tongue is forked yet the face is innocent,
The art of deception has many con-tours,
Carefully crafted in half truths,
For PR must achieve the look of sincerity.

The prisoner is democracy,
Wearing the blindfold of appeasement,
Scales of compassion are the missing link,
Detached and unmoved by cries for justice,
For the heroes are impassive,
They die hard in the wild west,
Believing they are natural born killers,
As remote control warfare,
Removes the most basic human dignity
off the radar,
For one cannot obey blindly,
If he can see the truth that sets him free.

When will we learn?
When will we see?
Thou shall not kill is the shield of human rights,
Thou shall not steal is the mainstay of equality,
Thou shall not covert another is dignity and
respect for sovereignty,
For all sovereign nations are independent and
free,
For when virtues are maligned and disfigured,
It is a sign,
That war is the real terror.

The strongest constitution,
Is grounded in virtues and valour,
For the soldier must defend the Constitution from
enemies foreign or domestic,
But what if he who owns the fools gold
rules the world?
What then of faith, duty and defence?
What if commandments are broken?
The new order demands civilians be killed
as enemy combatants?
What if contractors rape & pillage the spoils of oil,

What of the Geneva and Nuremburg
Conventions?

Yet the soldier must bear true faith,
But what if he lost his faith in human-kind?
Yet to bear false witness makes him complicit in
crimes against humanity,
For the Constitution is in grave danger,
For there are no holy wars only Star Wars waged,
Stars and stripes filter through prison windows,
Wars of mass destruction are a nuclear umbrella
unable to protect billions from acid rain.

Therefore: the new Commitments must not be
Commandments,
For the Bill of Rights is of the highest Order,
A commitment to openness, truthfulness and
accountability,
It is the signpost leading us in a new direction,
Toward a new age of response-ability,
Where each citizen has the ability to respond
In truth.

HOPE IS THE FREEDOM OF TRUTH AS POWER

Some may say the fiasco in the Middle East
Is a circus,
Yet one theatre brings joy as the happy face of
laughter,
The other brings misery as the sad face of
slaughter,
Yet only one touches the hearts and minds of
millions.

The American Eagle is the vulture,
Finding sustenance in what remains of freedom,
As Mission Accomplished is the serial killer on a
mission impossible,
Trafficking freedom as the prostitute of service
men,
Waterboarding the Universal Declaration of
Human Rights (UDHR) in the battered cages at
Guantanamo Bay.

To declare independence and freedom as
inalienable rights,
Is to value all life and do no harm,
To understand freedoms of expression,
association, religion and peace,
Is the true reflection in the mirror of universal
values where all win,
Seeing to look for the Good Others Do,
Enshrines human rights law as a new policy
framework,
Enlivening hope as the new statue of liberty,
Excavating the Lincoln memorial in pursuit of true
happiness,
To recognise universal truths are indeed self
evident,
A message undeliverable by the West Wing,
For the only real power resides in the will of the
people,
And people power is to empower the will to
reclaim sovereignty,
As self determination replaces self interest,
As a class action of equality, liberty and fraternity
on behalf of the common good.

Democracy is not a medal of freedom,
That perverts the course of justice,
Selling murder as liberty is the greatest oxymoron,
Never to be realised at West Point or Mecca,
Where the blind lead the blind,
Movements honouring unquestioned obedience
over human rights,
Is not a freedom worth fighting for.

There is no green light to exterminate future
generations,
And call it liberty,
There is no sovereign in the green zone,
Called central intelligence,
No military has the right to bomb children,
women and men,
And call it collateral damage,
As family trees are evaporated,
Post traumatic stress lingers as smoking blankets
signalling SOS,
And call this liberation,
For no politician has the right to distort public
opinion as a just war theory,
And call it freedom of information,
Showing high-lights of terrorism as the real violent
video game,
Repeating the crime as voyeurism of the willing,
Where the end game is only winning,
For Weapons of Mass Destruction invites the
media of mass distraction,
To divert the sub-plot of a war-saw pact,
Replacing one despot with another,
And calling it legitimacy,
Is the axis of evil targeting crosshairs,
Suffocating the true voice,
that cries 'freedom'.

In the wake of the aftermath,
There is a silent pause,
For Pandora's box has been opened,

Hope can not be a catch cry,
For Osama and Obama.
Reflect the new bi-polar world order,
An endless war on terror IS the Project for a New
American Century,
As we sit and forget the Climate Changed.
To perform on the world stage,
One must become the Jester,
Speaking truth to power,
In an endless comedy of errors,
For the new century was never American,
As the United Nations frame the UDHR as law,

Remember control is the masquerade party,
Masking true motives as power on parade,
The jester laughs for every fool knows,
The emperor has no clothes,
And the freedom of a new beginning,
Is to leap before you look,
For hope is the freedom of truth as power.

CHANGE YOUR WORLD

*Be the Change?
I am going to change the world,
I whisper,
I am changing the world,
I feel,
I am the change,
I see,
I am the world,
Actually,
And what I see,
Frees me,
From illusions.*

*Are you going to change the world?
I venture,
Are you changing the world?
That you see,
Are you the change?
Can you be?*

*Into what shape do you change?
Is it a positive or negative space?
That sees the subtle inflections,
For there are many angles,
For we are shape changers,
In every moment of every day,
There are no strangers,
To world peace,
For peace
Is
The world,
And if there is no earth rise,
There is no peace.*

UNITE THE WORLD NOW

A Culture of Peace,

Is piecing together a culture,
So disparate,
So separate,
Circling many worlds of work,
Many worlds of life,
Many worlds of right,
Many worlds of wrong,
How to create the one song,
Where all sing in harmony.

Sometimes I find it funny,
Sometimes my life is sunny,
Where I look for the light rather than the gloom,
A mirror ball of truths,
All reflecting back,
Some meeting in the middle,
Some meeting on the other side,
Some not meeting at all,
Like ships passing in the night,
Flowing with the stream of life,
Or stuck in mud flats,
Of unchanging thinking.

Imagine standing in my shoes,
I imagine standing in yours,
What would we see if the roles were reversed?
Let's have a role play,
Where I see you as myself,
And you see me as yourself,
What a wealth of understanding we would share,
This would be the moment we learn to care,
To know what it feels like,
To be the other,
And this is the moment 'the other'
Disappears,
Through the tears of empathy,
For I know where you are coming from.

The limited say:

When I am right,
You must be wrong,
When I speak truth,
You must be lying,
But what if black and white turned into blended
perspectives,
Prisms merging from a kaleidoscope of light,
As each worldview sees a different right,
As colourful,
How do we meet in the middle?
To bring peace to the table,
Passing the candle to illuminate,
This night.

The wise say:

Is it better to be right than happy?
Seek and you will find,
What you do to another you do to yourself,
Love your neighbour as yourself,
for all wisdom sets you free,
to see.

So what would we see in illumination?

W isdom
H appiness,
O neness
L ove
E njoyment

you would see the whole

Those who lead say:

The 4 horseman lead to truth,
The 4 noble truths lead to illumination,
The 4 way test leads to service,
This is the quartet of peace,
That plays in harmony,
That ushers in a new earth,
That will unite the world,
In the end,
As a new beginning.

THE WORLD COMMUNITY IS CHOOSING THE FUTURE

The World community,
Has entered a space of great change,
For you can no longer sit on the side lines,
You can no longer bury your head in the sand,
Citing I am not in control,
I have no choice,
Yet every person chooses the future,
Thought, word and action are the templates
molding the clay,
All believe then choose,
Choose what they believe,
For how many ask:
Is it true?

When you do a new portal of awareness opens,
A new way will present itself as the pre-sent,
As the deck chairs rearrange on the Titanic,
We get to decide if we sink or swim,
For the ice is melting at a rapid rate,
Wars are running on empty,
Materialism is sinking under its own weight,
For the earth cannot sustain such a pay load,
For we are out of balance with truth, justice and
nature,
And a new paradigm is arising through the mist of
the morning sun,
Our life is about fun
not suffering,
When you drop the fear,
Wipe away the tears,
Remember King Lear's Fools,
All Fool's speak truth to power with humour,
An evolutionary Fool,
Don't be fooled,
Re-claim your future from those with slight of
hand,
Re-state your claim to your bounty which is
infinite abundance,
Do you understand?

You have the power to change the world,
You are the miracle the world is waiting for,
If not you then who?
But remember it is nonviolence that ignites the
flame of liberty,
It is living in simplicity from which abundance
naturally flows,
For we are infinite creators,
Each on her or his mission,
You do not need permission to live your truth,
Free will is a natural endowment,
Allow creativity to fly the flag of new beginnings,
As the old is ending,
On time.

RE-MEMBERING UNITY AS SOLAR POWER

At 4am I begin my meditation,
I re-member unity
Begins in the silence,
I am nestled in the mountains,
I am breathing in love,
I am breathing out unity,
I see peace on earth in my mind's eye,
For this is the only spy satellite that can see,
Freedom.

What is unity?
It is the silent centre,
As the stillness descends in misty clouds,

I am the mountain that is still without shadow,
There is no noise only life murmuring,
Nature sending signals,
I hear the rooster crowing at 4.25am,
As a clarion call announcing the solar eclipse
across the sleepy commons,
A spiral portal of unity that sends shivers,
As the sun sends a SMS coronial display of solar
flares into the uni-verse,
The ONE song,
A Galactic Centre,
Radiating a halo effect of new beginnings,
For we are not left or right without REAL HOPE,

This is the universal geometric value of good will
(god's will) re-cycling,

This is the unity frequency of great
en=lighten=ment,

Ascending beyond space and time in all directions,
For we are ONE with all life,
We are life which is ONE.

We are:

ONE breath,
ONE love,
ONE family,
ONE world,
ONE cosmos,
Returning to ONE,
Zero point.

As dramas fade like nightmares into darkness,
The candle light enlightens the darkness,

Re-minding ...
Our happy destiny was never uncertain,
Yet it is in facing uncertainty that the light of the
sun re-kindles happiness,
The Light emerges as the moon wanes,
The sunlight expands,
As light is in-formation,

For we are riding on the wave of unity,
Within a contextual reality of infinity,
And we are returning home through a portal of
greater understanding,
Of Who We Really Are,

And this is nature's calling,
Beyond all control and manipulation as pure
essence,
For we were never roles or status in matrices of
busy-ness,
We are the spiral travelling on the soul's journey
from the origin to infinity,
As in each winding we grow in awareness of our
magnificent reflection,
In every face, tree, rock, flower, cloud, soil, air,
rain, wind and fire,
This awareness opens the sustainability frequency
that honours all life forms.

The ONE in the many,
It is unlimited,

Without perimeters,
As expansion becomes contractions,

A rebirthing of consciousness,
Recalibrating to a higher neural network,

Allowing all divisions to wane,
As unity arises to join hands in celebration,

That home is where the heart is,
And angels never leave ...

For in your eyes I see me,
In my eyes I see you,

...As we reconcile thousands of years in a grain of
sand,

To realise we are the beach and the ocean,
Of infinite potentiality,

For this is the sanity and sanctity of all life,
In an activation of unity,
Bestowed on your upturned face,
As enlightenment,
Peace OM Shanti,

And So It IS.

PEACE

MILITARY INDUSTRY IS COMPLEX

The military industrial complex,
Has a complex,
A new nuclear danger,
The killing fields,
Agent orange,
Is now on red alert,
For the Soviet Union has collapsed,
From compliance to deterrence,
Rains ash,
Mount Pinatubo is a minor eruption,
Mutually Assured Destruction,
Is the assumption,
That becomes fact,
For the climate has changed.

The fuel cycle,
Hot rods,
Can not be cooled by the tower,
The China Syndrome,
Is not a one mile island,
For acid rain knows now boundaries,
As the radioactive water table,
Becomes a carbon sink.

Nations are going nuclear,
Uranium sales to China,
South Asia is online,
North Korea under covers,
For the bargaining chip at the Security Council,
Played in favour of power not votes,
The energy companies have a head of steam,
For money is power and utility,
As the Cole inquiry plays off justice against
business as usual,
For the two are mutually exclusive,
Bribes become fees that buy access,
For human rights are decoupled from trade,
A Clinton tirade,
In a world educated to value profit over people.

US Inc.
Another corporate takeover,
For influence is access to the inner sanctum,
The Masonic lodge houses the yes men,
For money talks,
Whilst democracy listens in quiet retreat,

The power to the people
Is consumer choice,
Citizenship is sedition,
And politics is circus skills,
Performing for a well trained media.

Do you recognise the precipice?
For that is where you stand,
A hair trigger alert,
It will not be long before we understand,
The decision to fall or fly?
The hour glass has tipped,
One minute to midnight,
Civilization or civil war?
The new years resolution,
Is a new world re-order just-in-time?

Political will is indifferent,
Social conscience is apathetic,
For the focus is on money,
Yet money cannot bring happiness,
Money cannot buy security,
\$1 million per second on arms,
Can never replace a million silent alms.

The Bush fires are not being extinguished,
Oil burns when it is not capped,
The Project for a New American Century is not a
paper tiger,
Imperialism is a fierce law of tooth and claw,
Dictatorship is a wolf in sheep's clothing,
For industrial relations enslave,
Sedition is silence,
Apathy is dumbing down,
Non action is passive agreement,
The silence of the lambs,
The social contract is binding in name,
Unfair dismissal regards flexibility as supply and
demand,
Yet any demands cut off supply,
The food chain dictates compliance as deterrence,
For this is the white Australia policy platform.
For the true power lies within,
It resides in a home not a house,
In substance not structure,
In human relations,

Not interrelations,
For this is a human story,
Why not make it an Australian story?
Where the hero emerges from obscurity,
Testifying to the true security,
Of non violence,
Non cooperation with evil,
Where truth and love are no longer ideals,
But real effective action,
There is No Enemy in Truth
If you are seeing enemies,
You are in the eye of the storm,
For the storm is watching from within,
The spot light traces the sky for enemy fire,
Yet when you turn the spotlight within,
It is the inner fire that is raging.

The burning bush starts the fire,
The wind of fear fans the flames,
For to fuel the fire,
Makes it burn brightly,
Yet the embers are the hottest,
The flame is cool,
For you fool yourself,
When putting out the fire,
For the conditions are awaiting for another spark,
The media frenzy,
Amplifies,
Santisizes,
For discontent utilizes sensation,
Profiting from pain,
Is inconsequential,
Yet the consequences,
Are imminent.

For only the truth will set us free,
When we declare our values as universal,
The Universal Declaration,
Is the jewel of the Nile,
A peace treaty,
Where the truth is held to be self evident
Inalienable,
And above all sustainable.

SEPTEMBER EL EVEN

So this is September 11,
It could be any other day,
But many know of this event on CNN,
And start to pray as if the end,
So many shocked in the western world,
Some say we have taken a new road,
Others see the emperor has no clothes,
As if exposed,
A flank attack,
The armour is not fool proof,
But there is proof of fools,
Opting out of nuclear rules,
Star wars re-runs a new season,
High treason has lost its reason,
For on the international stage,
The actors are impotent and restrained,
In rebellion they vent their rage,
For in the new world order,
Orders are to be obeyed,
Unipolar and cold,
Sees for itself an expanding role.

Twin towers,
Twin peaks,
Twin deficits,
Borders creep,
Capitalism seeps,
Into murky waters,
Finding its lowest point,
What's the point of the tension?
Imperial terrorism oils expansion joints,
Joint Chiefs of Staff,
Laugh as they build bigger mansions,
For bigger is better,
For more is less,
In reality,
This is a test.

Is the media complicit?
Are the stories a compliment?
Is the argument narrow?
Who really supports nuclear disarmament?
Which barrow is pushed?
When push comes to shove,

70,000 nuclear weapons since 1945,
How many starved?
Is this cancer really benign as it divides?
We will have to pay the price to survive,
Does it make you think twice in this time?

I feel the weight of the world,
Armed on the backs of soldiers,
Snipers replace fiddlers,
Whilst the fiddlers fiddle the books,
The cooks create propaganda,
Propagate another Uganda,
As one dictates to small children,
For the authority figure is sullen,
Stands in the shadows and watches the game,
Air force one,
One taken by force without a care,
The many try to change course,
For democracy is now visible,
Money replaces principles,
The rules are always the same,
Free markets are quite simple,
But seldom free.

Those who thirst and hunger,
Have run out of bargaining chips,
For their ships are sunk,
People smugglers debunked,
The seeds of hope increasingly shrunk,
For rain soaks the cotton,
Rotten and obsolescent seeds,
Feed greed as need,
Jealousy breeds inferiority,
Superiority masks seniority,
To be small one grows tall,
And casts a shadow,
Stay below and you will not fall,
It is time to hear the call,
To be sure,
One gives to all... a peace.

SHADOWS ON THE PATH

There are shadows on the path
to Hiroshima and Nagasaki,
For the ghosts in the machine,
Opened a Pandora's box,
That held the mirror to horror,
And found no surprise on reflection.

The Shinto temple,
Sits on the highest mountain peak,
For a mustard seed moved an entire city,
For negotiation held no faith,
And surrender was the greatest humiliation,
After the facts.

As fission turns to fusion,
Missions turn to confusion,
The nuclear cycle is non stop proliferation,
As uranium is the gold mine of the future,
Oil is a spent fuel,
And alternatives are shelved,
For the wind generation,
Is simply hot air.

The Washington Consensus,
Dictates regime change,
Emperor Hirohito rearranges empire,
Strategic alliances,
Fascism is the iron fist,
Praising courage without conscience,
As the kamikaze pilot honours his death,
A martyred suicide bomber,
Gives his life for the highest honour,
Of serving a living god.

Emperor Meiji whispered ancient koans,
*'Methinks all the people of the world are **brethren**,
then...*

*Why are the waves and the wind so **unsettled**
nowadays?'*

For grandfather says - man must decide which
hungry wolf to feed by force or favour.

For many are preparing war footings,
Changing the winds of good fortune,

For the fortune cookie asks if the footings are
secure inside,
For knowledge is power,
Compliance walks single file,
Into St Elmo's fire.

The world is again on insecure footings,
The emperor wears no royal clothes,
But no-one tells him the naked truth,
The inner sanctum cheers the team,
Conveying paranoid fears,
Yet the wagons are circling,
For the coming attack,
The disenfranchised and desperate,
Are under occupation as tyranny,
Terrorised wearing turbans,
For the enemy is type cast,
Cast out – for who will cast the first stone?
The heathen is unshaved,
There are no brethren when one is alien,
Therefore he must be smoked out,
Eradicated as vermin,
Dismantled and demobilised,
For no one remembers how the west was won,
... by genocide.

So this day in Hiroshima,
Is a memorial of how the west won,
For strategic targeting of innocent people,
Is the unspoken strategy of war,
For it is to cause maximum terror,
To break the civil will of conviction,
Changes the chessboard positions,
So there is no way to check out

Non-violence is a force more powerful,
For war requires consent of the unwilling,
And one cannot battle alone,
Without resistance,
For mapping the conflict produces the best road
map to peace,
Turning positions into underlying interests,
Makes visible real intent,
For patience and perseverance are the virtues of
valour,

For the wise mediator sees both sides of the coin
and must take a chance,
To restore justice to the world court,
For jesters play the fools,
Mocking power and playing each side,
Returning truth and reconciliation to centre stage,
Receiving this as the only commission of the
future,
That casts a light on the right path,
Now is the time to secure a sustainable united
nations resolution for peace.

THE EAGLE EYE

He enters the room,
Many acknowledge him with quiet respect,
As he is escorted to the stage,
He is the guest of honour,
His books have carried his thoughts to the masses,
Around the world,
From all corners,
Those he seek to look,
Have discovered his books,
And are present to bring to life dissent.

The eagle soars above the crowd,
For eyes are sharp and seeking,
Searching for knowledge to appease an appetite,
To know,
Is to grow,
Is to show others the way,
For he is a teacher,
He is a lecturer,
He is commanding at his peak,
Engaging the articulate,
The thinking persons here,
He is spreading the message of a myth,
He is repeating what everyone knows,
He is making visible a truth,
That violence is opposed to democracy,
Democracy without violence,
Is real,
Politics without the military,
Is a lame duck,
For the eagle spots the weakness,
And for an aerial view,
Is exposed,
For it is a large target,
On the lake of reflection,
For lies become visible without cover,
For a culture of lies,
Is lost in its deception.

As we watch the monolith stumble,
As we see cities reduced to rubble,
The grumble becomes the earthquake,
For the occupiers tremble,
For their preamble is lost,
As insurgents become nationalists,
Recruits are de-listed,
AWOL becomes an option,

For what binds the group together,
Falls apart through Chinese whispers,
For body bags are not honour,
Torturing guards is not prestige,
Bloodied uniforms are not respectable,
Facing your own tyranny,
Is not desirable,
For the bushes are burning in Babylon.

Fields are no longer yielding,
For fields become oil,
As it pumps the lifeblood,
Back into western culture,
For it is drained and tired,
The horizon keeps moving,
Industrial revolutions have a momentum of their
own,
Unchallenged and paid,
For life is sold on the stock exchange,
And we move like stock between ranges,
Yet we are out of range,
Out of sight,
For we have given up,
Before we fight.

All are responsible for the plight of the world,
We make active choices,
We are still in the stage of crawling,
We haven't learned to walk,
For we are living on our knees,
Pleading for security,
Trading purity of thought,
For insanity bought and sold,
Thus until we seek our sovereignty,
Our true bounty,
For we are counting golden coins,
And yet the true wealth is buoyed,
By self determination.

So it will be political will,
It will be the end of the tether,
That we find the rope to pull us out,
Hopefully it is not too late,
For fate may deal us a cruel blow,
For our eyes are closed,
We are still sleeping,
Yet the dream must become real,

For us to feel again,
For the pain will stop,
When we take ownership,
Of our stewardship,
For earth has the space to ship,
Noah to a new home.

TRANSFORM TYRANNY INTO SOLUTIONS

Welcome to Paradise,
I read the signs,
I see the soldiers,
Every corner is a check point,
I ask what is the point?
As my taxi weaves, swerves and toots,
I realise this is no magic carpet ride,
Tension and anger fill streets of pain,
As public protesting is labeled dissent,
Yet there are no alms for freedom of speech,
As curfew descends its heavy arms,
In the name of law and order,
But what of democracy?

Peace is not a concept,
It is not the cessation of violence,
It lives when the soldier smiles at the child as his own,
It lives when the mother smiles at the soldier as her son,
It lives when the father prays in the mosque with unshakable faith,
For he sees god as freedom from his own fear.

I see Gandhi as the mirror of your struggle,
I see nonviolence as the true middle path,
I see the steps that lead up to the holy shrine,
For each step towards peace takes us all to shared perspectives,
And division leads us down roads of separation to lower levels of distrust,
And it is ignorance, greed and fear that turns your paradise into hell,
For the bell tolls that heaven is on earth,
When we choose to see it.

The military are trained to fight an enemy,
The police are trained to enforce the law,
Why is there a war in civilian areas?
What is the war within?
What is the war without?
For to fight dons the mask of fear,
To intimidate is the task of control,
To remove the mask makes fear visible,
For visibility is the 1st step of problem solving.

Therefore the wise say:

*What you resist persists,
What you look at disappears ...*

To solve the problem and not hate the people transforms tyranny into solutions,
As clarity is the 2nd step that sees the root problem clearly.

To see the divine plan in hardship reveals your life purpose,
To see the higher path transmutes an energy crisis into renew-able energy,
As we see ourselves in the 'other' we can do no harm,
As the oppressor becomes a simple man following orders as he too is controlled by the State.

In the background the mountains watch silently,
Their power is in the stillness as grandeur,
For they are unchanging from who they are,
No matter the conditions,
No matter the civilizations,
All may rest,
For all may pass,
For when we are true to our nature,
We naturally return to peace,
As love is the centre-peace of all god's creations.

I have experienced your curfew in peace,
I have listened to your pain in peace,
I have passed the soldiers in peace,
I have smiled at all in peace,
For you must be the change you wish to see.

All are learning around the world that true power is peace within not control over,
True law and order is justice for all,
For this is the practice of Satyagraha,
True faith in god is trust and laughter,
For to love our neighbour as ourselves is to know we all make mistakes and fall into confusion,
As empathy is the 3rd step in a peace accord.

For it is the truth that sets you free,
To be the change you wish to see,
And freedom is every moment you choose to live
in love and truthfulness over fear,
To choose to live in paradise over hell,
For fear and control creates all violence,
To work together is to see all as one family and
this is the face of harmony in the world,
And this is the final step of peace on earth,
For this test is the final journey home.

F.B.I. FOR PEACE

The future benefit of intelligence,
Moves from the future benefit of business to
peace building,
Will view the world through the prism of the
peacemaker,
As it dawns on those analyzing events that
security is about service,
That the many colours can come together under a
new enlightenment in alignment,
To no longer think in lines and columns of old
paradigms that end the game,
But to play the world peace game inviting you to
play with new possibilities,
Transforming national interest into resolving real
conflict within,
Rather than revolving door conflicts of wars
without end,
To benefit the few at the expense of the many,
Is not in the majorities interest.
The wise know ...

What you resist persists and what you look at
disappears,
And this means simply seeing things as they are
without projection,
For some see the cup and others see the cup is
not real,
Building profiles from fragmented jigsaw pieces
made to fit,
Distorts the real image of the big picture,
For the real profile of the world is the smiling
human face at peace,
Sadly at present this is a race to the bottom,
A system collapse,
Risking the global security of billions,
From a syntax error of judgement,
For it is the wake up call for governance,
That sets off real alarm bells,
As nature speaks,
Are you listening?

Buckminster Fuller sees the world as one,
He sees the disparate governments pulling in all
directions,
Wasting energy,

As tied donkeys that compete rather than
cooperate to share food,
To find in the end the needle in the haystack is the
keyhole of wisdom,
When one looks to see a Pandora's box is a rubrics
cube of a billion combinations,
Each combination seeks for harmony when the
patterns match,
It is time to pull the threads together to
strengthen the real social fabric,
Inherent within the tapestry of humanity.

Yet to win is to move as one species in the same
direction,
From chaos to a unified field theory,
Stepping out of boxes and into compartments of
peace
rather than falling to pieces,
Forming bridges of understanding over troubled
waters,
For the I Ching is a hexagram of 3 moving lines
and 3 broken lines,
For only working together can we cross the great
stream,
As the bridge of peace is balance found not by
chance,
Always the wise meeting in the middle,
As they see your interests as their own,
For the middle is to share the earth equally,
For no-one is greater or lesser than anyone else,
To negotiate with the spirit of life, liberty and
happiness,
For our children,
For these are the founding fathers and mothers
that value parenthood.

Unified fields of flowers without theory,
Opens to the emotions as intelligence integration,
Destructive wars are not intelligent,
Motherhood statements see into the future of
children,
Feeling for the future with compassion and
intuition,
Is to see your children when you come home,
For it is the children whom we are all working for,
And they depend on you to feed and love them
with balance,

Yet what happens when the topsoil blows off
across the ocean?
When the ice caps melt and sea level rises in high
motions?
When the poles reverse and the axis shifts?
Did we interpret the hieroglyphs of disappeared
civilizations?
For they left codes for you to understand not
break,
To understand real security is a higher
intelligence,
That loves.

For this is indeed a global emergency,
As the challenge looks upon the earth from a new
perspective,
Instead of warring parties,
There is a misunderstanding moving from parity,
Instead of those with us or against us we see
clarity,
For there are wise solutions,
And the first step peaceful resolution,
For this is the win/win that does not force,
That rises above suppression,
To full expression of the diversity of nonviolence.

We are each others brothers and sisters,
And it is indeed one family when the fighting
stops,
And we see we need each other,
When the economic averages drop,
For diversity is like changing seasons,
As contrasts show us to ourselves as if a mirror,
To find what is warm what is cold,
For the climate has definitely changed,
And the real wealth of humanity always yields
positive futures.

We are here one minute to midnight,
In an epiphany we all see the blue planet
as the miracle of one life,
A blue print of life forms 4 billion years in the
evolving,
Expanding horizons to help us see sanity in unity,
Extending peace treaties further than self interest.

The natural world is an intelligent life well in-
formed,
It is not base metals, minerals and simple
biological compounds,
It is a living system of perennial blooms so
profound,

That respond and react to salient signals you
cannot see,
A modus operandi of homeostasis,
Seeking equilibrium as the middle path,
Which moves in harmony until zero point,
As all parts communicate with the whole,
And the whole is not run without command and
control,
It is intelligent life that is the sacred balance,
A holistic geometric system,
Of interrelationships, exchanges and bio-feedback
loops of intel information,
Each part of the system serves the another
unconditionally,
For the foundation tree of life is not in
competition,
It is cooperating in a harmonic convergence in all
matters,
And the competition between wild life is merely
territorial boundaries,
To ensure balanced food supplies in a world
without war.

In truth diversity is not competing interests,
Balance symbolizes the justice in liberty,
Meeting in the middle to give abundance to all,
As the web of life recycles all litter as energy,
And this is the free energy that is a global
common,
Microbiology breaks down to build up,
All life is genetically modified by natural selection,
That has no need to maximize profit,
When the prophet knows only balance.

So when you are working late at night,
You are over tired,
To find no brief is short as human life is a
complicated portfolio,
Know there is another way to see the trees not
the wood,
To close your eyes and feel the breath you did not
buy on credit,
When you look at the body that is not man made,
When you see your fingers on the keyboard that
dance as they type,
To wriggle your toes and move your legs,
The feeling is coming back,
That is when you know you are part of life on
earth,
And the earth knows you.

Remember you are a precious and valued,
Your are unique and a one off snowflake,
Each moment is a treasure chest of possibilities,
For the future is calling each of us to respond,
To benefit from our natural intelligence rather
than grey matters,
To put our intelligence to good use,
To be used by those who are good,
For we are moving from intelligence gathering to
wisdom circles,
And this is the mustard seed that moves
mountains,
As we become clear about the molehills,
For the earth is changing,
The deck chairs are rearranging,
To find the titanic need not become a carbon sink.
As we re-think our common future,
Is in your highest interests.

BE CAUSE

Always remember you are unique,
Always remember what you truly seek,
Always strive to reach your peak,
Mount Everest was never scaled in a day.

No one is greater than you,
No one is less than you,
Strive for wealth in order to give it away,
Strive for happiness in order to make another
happy,
Strive to be kind so that another may heal,
Strive to speak the truth,
So another can be clear,
For what we give to another returns immediately
to the self,
Have you never smiled to yourself when you felt
good?
For to be good is to smile at yourself.

You may become stressed at times,
Know this is just fear,
Know that no-one does anything to another,
We choose to experience that we have no choice,
But everyone is choosing what they believe,
And believing what they choose,
Everyone chooses to give their power away,
Everyone chooses to believe they are dependent,
Yet in truth we are choosing,
Our reality.

The world is not happenstance,
It is the myriad of decisions,
Each in single file,
For we are repeating the same mistakes,
With abandon,
We are leaving values to the side,
For we are not responsible,
Yet every thought is a decision,
To participate or not.

A real democracy only comes,
When democracy becomes real,
Where each learn they have rights
and responsibilities,

That we have the power to choose,
What we truly want.

So I ask you what do you truly want?
I ask this 7 times a day,
What do you truly feel?
What do you truly desire?
And choose it,
For this is the colour of your world,
And you are at cause,
Why not work for the highest cause,
For peace we must work together,
For world peace.

Anything is possible,
When it is possible to be
anything,
Another world is possible,
A world social forum,
An open space initiative,
Where all can have a say,
In freedom,
For democracy is participation,
And we must participate,
If democracy is to exist.

So be the dove,
Give love in each moment of your life,
For every word makes a difference,
You are changing every life,
That is touched by your beautiful presence,
Remember the essence,
Is peace,
And this can only be found,
In the silence.

GIVE SHELTER TO THE WAYSHOWERS OF PEACE

There are many people quietly working for a new future,
Few if any will be reported in the news,
For they silently achieve without funding,
They diligently persevere without encouragement,
Many regard them as having failed in society,
Just get a job!!!
Yet the society failed to see that real wealth is not in money but harmony.

We say ha to money.

For the success is in being true to yourself,
There is valour in speaking truth to power,
There is colour in living to give,
Pushing past the boundaries of conservatism,
As self respect reflects staying the path,
Despite ignorance scattering lives like stones to slow the higher path,
For many have no idea of the great sacrifice in following a dream,
Your hair becomes grey and frayed,
Yet the candle inside is alight,
Burning bright in the darkness of this age,
Keeping REAL HOPE alive and in-sight,
As the embers of disappointment burn,
For many will pursue self interest,
Forgetting the gold is in shared interest,
As they pretend service to seek personal gain,
For this is the grain that rubs the hard shell,
Eventually the pearl of truth is birthed,
From a dark hollow world,
That knows not true beauty.

I truly have moments where I question the purpose,
I truly despair at the undulating cross-current,
For there are no rewards in silent retreats,
Contemplation the silent spring re-making,
There are no accolades sending peace to the world,
Nor support to SPEAK UP for children,
For you must find your own way as others are too busy,
They won't stay the course,
They have not given this any thought,

Yet they have opinions or base argument on the hearsay so taught,
For what they say doesn't matter in the long run as the horse has bolted and not caught,
It is better to answer the call of solutions then bury the head in the sands of an hourglass of doubt as we only have **2 minutes to midnight**.

Einstein said:

*"You can never solve a problem from the same consciousness that created it.
We must learn to see the world anew"*

And this life is dedicated to living differently to challenge the status quo,
Stepping off the beaten track,
Allowing others to judge as you do not conform to stereotypes,
This is not rebellion it is carving a new track,
Allowing the love of life to illuminate a newer way,
To pass another peace candle,
To the next generation forced to rethink...

Compassion as the eye of the needle passing the camel,
Empathy stands in the place of all others,
Truthfulness seeks to be fair not right,
Love is the dove in the heart giving to ourselves so that we pass love to another,
For the beauty within shape changes the beauty with-out,
As no-one has ever sinned to play their part,
We just lost our way in the dark forest of confusion,
We believed what we were told in the ignorance of collusion,
We became saddened as the promises were never kept and the dreaming faded at sunset,
Yet I am here to say there is a shard of light,
Never give up no matter the plight,
For each kindness shines,
Every truth reveals and heals,
It is the roof and the shelter,
For many live rough out in the cold,
And they need to be cared for as family,
For they are the way showers,

Here to show another way,
They are the ones on the leading edge,
Without a safety rope,
And they are here to learn to take us to the ledge
and prepare us to step off,
For only in the unknown,
Will we fly home.

So my friends,
This is my song to humanity,
That it is time to stop the insanity,
Treat another as you wish to be treated,
Let grudges fall and freedom rise,
For each has a path to walk,
You cannot know the rhyme or reason,
How do you know what is truth or treason?
It is on your own path that you have a say,
Only you know your own way,
So allow the world to be diverse and different,
Open the windows to a new course, curriculum to
start a new chapter,
Speak to all no matter their character,
Keep all in favour for they do their best,
For life is a fun test not a trial,
And we are here to fly not fail,
No matter the eagle or the snail,
Both have an important way to play,
In the creation of infinite possibilities,
For this is the golden ray of the central sun,
Shining on a renewable life that's just begun

UNITY = DIVERSITY + EQUITY

To ask questions,
Is to question beliefs,
A Socratic Dialogue,
Revealing an Agora of infinite possibilities,
When to know thyself is to not know,
But to feel what is true,
Do unto others as you would have done to you.

We live in a world of diversity ...
Different faces,
Different expressions,
Different lessons.

And constantly we ALL experience conflict ...
Of beliefs,
Of desires,
Of meaning.

Is peace unity in diversity? Is it ...

Personal peace,
Peacefull families,
Peacefull communities,
A peacefull world community,
Serving unity in diversity.
For peace is piecemeal,
To sit down together and share diversity,
Is breaking the bread of fellowship,
For many suffer in silence,
Or are bullied into submission,
Yet we sit at the same table in truth,
And you could be me,
I could be you,
To break bread is sharing friendship based on trust,
To encourage confidence in sharing and airing differences,
Freeing all from misunderstanding ...
...To live, love and laugh is happiness.



Peace has no roots in abuse or power politics,
Sharing is unconditional love,
That is neither romantic or foolhardy,
It has a sincerity that few can see,
As many tables are exclusive,
As outsiders may beg outside your window,
Awaiting a crumb to fall from the table,
Of compassion.

*The Way to happiness is : keep your
heart free from hate, your mind from
worry. Live simply, give much.
Fill your life with love.
Do as you would be done by*

(Buddha)

Do universal values lead to equality?

Step by step we learn universal values leads us to what is in common,

A common ground paved with Philosophers stones uncovering ...

Responsibility, Awareness and Honesty

Indeed a level playing field of equality,

That is diverse yet travels the same path for all,

Where discipline is not in holding positions of right or

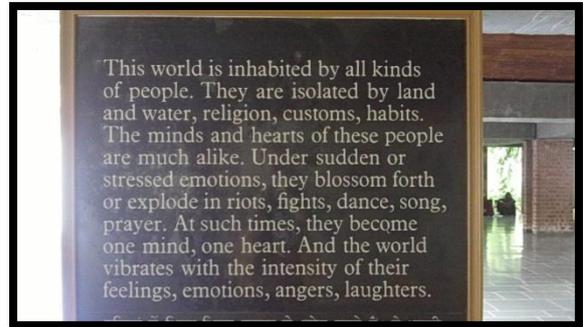
wrong,

It is to ensure nonviolence is the modus operandi that empowers us all to be strong,

It is the long march to the sea of Dandi,

That sees further than self-interest,

To be the change we all wish to see.



Is diversity and equity found in acceptance?

To live in structures of conformity,

Suppresses diversity as all are taught to agree,

Albeit silently,

For this is the team that brooks no real challenge,

Yet democracy invites all to the table to break bread,

In an Agora that values freedom of speech,

That is not about one way lectures,

Or closed door tactics,

It is an open air forum where all are heard

to interact,

Where all teachers and learners have a pact,

To encourage questions that inspire, challenge and empower,

To perspire and provoke higher thoughts,

To break out of unquestioned patterns,

To rekindle passions.

Answers reveal diversity and character,

Public opinion becomes the levee from which all measure equity,

For it is human nature to seek the middle,

To discover the level playing field,

To share equally,

For infinite possibilities can only exist in this forum,

Unchallenged conformity stifles diversity,

Minimises equality in favour of competition,

Restricts openness in favour of control,

For roles cover reasons,

And motives shroud motifs,

That have lost the root,

Of why we are really here,

For we are here to learn from diversity,

To find equity in balance,

As true knowledge rewards in

degrees of freedom.

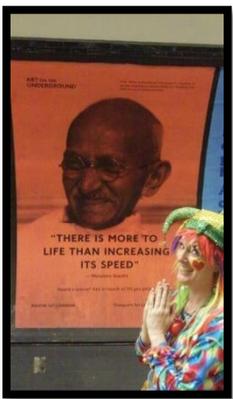


Why is our World dying?
Why can we not work together for the higher good?
Each has an agenda,
Holding onto security in a myriad of ways,
Develops rationales to ensure fate accompli,
At the expense of others,
For often pay is the real determinant as many desire to have jobs,
Professionalism plays by overt and covert rules,
Yet what if our job was to work on our humanity?
What if our pay was the payoff of unity in diversity?
What if we worked towards Our Common Future?
Increasing Gross National Happiness as the real indicator of success,
Would economy serve a society worth living in?

Voltaire impresses on us the answer to a democratic Agora of unanswered questions:

"I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it"

The temptation is to suppress what we don't want to hear,
To curtail rights and call it wrong,
Yet tears fall when facing impunity,
For the call was always for unity,
That is not agreement,
It is honest relationship in community,
And this is the harmony I call
peace on earth.



A NEW FUTURE A NEW EARTH

No-one knows the meaning of justice,
Unless they have experienced what is un-just,

No-one knows real poverty,
Unless they have begged on the streets in desperation.

No-one knows violence,
Unless violence has knocked down their safety door.

No-one knows financial collapse,
Unless they find there is no money in the ATM.

No-one knows environmental collapse,
Unless they find they are unable to grow food to eat.

For we live in a virtual world,
Where screens becomes the purveyor of opinion and experience,
Where many derive opinions *not* from personal experience
But from the prevailing view of the day.

One can never know another unless they walk in their shoes,

No one can point the finger at another,
As three fingers point back to each of us,
For we have all made mistakes.

We *can know* compassion,
When we choose to feel it.

We *can know* forgiveness,
When we grant it to ourselves and others.

We *can know* love,
When we open our hearts and sing.

For without compassion, forgiveness and love,
The dove of peace cannot land.

For our world is changing,
In ways that have never been seen before.

Are you prepared to change?

Are you ready to look at your own heart?
And examine yourself for truth, love and peace,
Can you forgive the old past and welcome a renewable future.

We can always start again and see differently,
Forgiveness is the pathway to heaven,
To a new future without limits,
Awaken to the new earth rise.

ENJOYMENT

A THOUSAND NAMES FOR JOY

When you hurt me,
You hurt yourself,
When I hurt you,
I hurt myself.

The world is at war,
Through imagined dilemmas,
One side is right,
The other wrong,
Yet neither has questioned the truth,
of their own thoughts,
Believing what they are taught,
In favour of learning what they know.

Yet there is no right and wrong,
Just reality asserting 'what is',
Whether it is liked or not,

And when we see to look,
The world book opens to my own story,
For what I see in you,
Is myself.

And what you see in me,
Is yourself,
For we project onto the screen of our beliefs,
Yet with minds closed,
To the truth.

For there is no problem,
There is no conflict,
There is only peace,
That waits our welcome.

To know the difference of what hurts
And what does not
Is the beginning of profound wisdom.

1,000 poems of uncertainty lead me to the door,
1,000 questions sought the key,
Yet only one answer will open the door,
To question my answer,
Answers my question,
And this is the truth that sets me free.

I am the love I seek,
I am acceptance,
I am openness,
I am respect,
And with that,
I am truly happy.

Therefore:
A journey of a thousand lies,
Becomes a thousand names for joy,
As you seek you will find,
Knock and it will be opened unto you,
Ask and it will be given,
For life is an inquiry within,
All responsibility begins with me,
It is the love that sets me free,
To love unconditionally,
All humanity.

And that is why we teach,
What we are here to learn,
To find true love,
Is a given,
And what is given by grace,
Appears as the miracle,
Of your life.

SERVICE

THE MEEK 'AWAKEN THE FOOL' TO INHERIT THE NEW EARTH

I close my eyes,
I cast my drift net around the world,
For there are schools of thought,
Unquestioned,
Rules imposed,
Uncontested,
Democracy is caught up in a coral reef,
Bleached by a crown of thorns,
As many are sacrificing to comply,
As the pie shrinks,
Prosperity is replaced by survival,
Faces forlorn and worn out,
Lines etched in a map of a hard life,
Of excessive demands without checks and
balances,
The scales of justice suddenly tip over,
As tipping points are breached,
Whales are beached,
For we are out to sea,
Having lost all the keys,
Circular keys are ports with no calls,
Are we going to fall?

This is a wake up call,
Can you answer the call?
Are you deeply listening?
Are you waking up or do you feel you fall?
Have you noticed time has sped up?
The spinning wheel is a digital highway,
The higher way spins the tapestry,
For one cuts their cloth to measure,
Many seduced by instant pleasure,
But what of patience in the face of a busy
life?
What of abstinence in the face of solitude?
What of positive attitude when all are run
by fears?
Tears for fears or laughter and cheers?

Do you know programs download on the
net then you flick?
Seeking instant gratification to fill the gaps,
To connect with the world,

To feel entertained,
As life can be a strain.

Do you know old foxes are cunning as they
tel you the news?
Horror, murder, terrorism, disasters,
corruption,
Is the news true?
Does it feel good for you?

Is the world a dangerous place or a happy
place?
What if you found your happy place?
Would you go there?
Would you care to find that channel?

Did you know what you think about you
bring about?
Where energy flows focus goes?
Where focus goes energy flows?
As the channel you select,
Has an effect,
On your future.

Is it a future shock or to take stock of your
life?
And create it the way you want it,
Where others do not define who you are,
As you must do the right thing,
But is it right when it feels wrong?
Is it wrong when it feels right?

Is the free way a dead end?
Or is it the way of freedom?

Can you get this at the end of a gun?
Is happiness in a war zone?

Is truth in winning or living?
Can you buy your way to it?

Is it freedom from poverty?
Is poverty free?

What of freedom from fear?
A security system,
Risk management,
FEAR Is fear false evidence appearing real.

What of freedom from loneliness?
When aloneness is to know thyself and be true,
Is freedom meaninglessness?
What does it mean to be free?
What of homelessness?
Is a home where the heart is?
Is it to discover home is where your hat is?
To discover life is free dominion,
To realise to own nothing is freedom from burdens.
For you can sit, stand and lie down,
Perhaps this is all we do,
What if to BE or not to BE is the real question?
What would you BE when you grow up?
For to grow is to know you don't know,
To be open is to look up from you iPhone,
To live fully is to discard your computer,
To let go of the digital highway to realise it is the side track,
Leading you to where others want you to go,
It is not there to serve you as kindness,
It is to profit from your compliance,
Did you know?

For to break all addictions is the real freedom,
To walk in this world but not be of it is to lose attachment,
For the catchment is not the dam wall,
It is the lowest place that holds sustenance,
It is to stay below ego,
As above so below.
It is to know real freedom lives in your smile,
It is to walk a mile in another's moccasins,
It is to forgive those who trespass against you,

It is to dance with your enemies and feel for the truth,
As ruthlessness brings all down to basics.
For the simple truth,
Is to live in the moment,
As the power of now,
To know only this hour is the moment of truth,
As we are one minute to midnight.
All bets are off on stock exchanges,
As you cannot print money and win,
For the spinning wheel is Russian roulette,
Taking risks with millions of lives is a gamble,
As \$350 trillion digits disappear over night,
Sun spots are not ink bots,
But natural outbursts as the mass coronial inquests busts the banks,
Boom and bust are no longer normal cycles,
The walls on the street will come down,
As humpty dumpty has a big fall,
For all the kings horses and all the kings men,
Dumped stocks never to see them again.

Cyber networks evaporated as if by magic,
To enter a global drift net,
A net adrift,
For what is real currency when all are avatars,
Yet the real avatars are indigenous not digital,
When you listen to the willow of ancient knowledge,
Can you hear voices from the ancient past?
Can you cast out to pick up signals of monumental change?
For angels are hidden in rubrics cubes and riddles.
Do you know the sound of one hand clapping?
Can you succeed only with another's approval rating?
Is winning remembering who you really are or buying the latest car?

Is oil burning by waging wars to truly win
in climates of change?
For to turn to a new page we must unlearn
all we know,
To know we don't know is the beginning of
wisdom,
What do you really know about life?
What do you really feel about happiness?
Where will you BE five years from now?
For every decision is a vote for the future,
And we are counting the votes,
For in this election either all win or all lose,
For it is not to vote for what is popular,
It is not to choose who appears strong,
It has nothing to do with tax cuts or
government spending,
It is to sing your own song and vote with
your feet,
Realising does this really represent you?
Are you ready to cut consumption as it no
longer functions?
Are you willing to spend your time alone or
make time for spending with friends,
*For when you go within your do not go
without,*
Is this your calling card?
Are you with the CIA?
Citizen Initiated Action is the town crier
calling.
For all to Awaken the Fool,
To step off the cliff is to act before you
think,
To fall is to remain asleep,
To awaken is to know you cannot fall,
I am calling to say,
The meek inherit the new earth.
