

Date: 12/1/2022 9:17:33 PM
Subject: Please Post All Of It

FORGOTTEN PRAYER

He came to me barring a complaint.
He and I have prayed in the rain,
agreed, and shook hands;
commanding the Holy Covenant,
crying, supplicating, and out-loud praying.
Pacing in water pool, left by the rain.
treading the Gray asphalt, almost blue,
as we passed by our place, our abode.
We thought our God heard us both,
about our cellies, cabin fever, and continuing woes.
Some time later, already gone,
after many introductions, and new choir songs;
and new roommates, in our rooms!
We sat again, on grey benches wet by the dawn,
on a foggy day; I asked: do you remember?
" Remember what?" He jested.
The "Prayer" I shouted.
A puzzled look betrayed the mask he wore,
and the forgotten prayer, he believed to deliver,
by the words we believed and uttered:
have we forgotten God? I thought!
But the answer to our prayer,
was faithful by the giver of all.
The response indicated that God heard us;
after all it was our agreed prayer.
Though, I haven't forgotten God,
until I saw him, I've forgotten our prayer to God!

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KING OF WISDOM

He who lives in the past, future and present,
is He who rides on the cherubim,
and flies on the wings of the wind;
the one who glides pass beyond mankind,
telling the future from the past; and is present!
His ships are made of cherubim and seraphim.
His mind is the root of man's own mind.
King of Wisdom, King of Love,
You are not Nestor.
You were incarnated to the earth,

and Your heart resurrected in the hearts;
took control of the elements You've created.
When jets of your blood touched the Earth,
every living being, now has power to be renewed;
except the fallen angels,
counting the new heavens and the new earth.
Man, in all his subtleties,
cannot reach your mysteries.
Little does he know of his source.
You are the Sage, Doctor, Judge, and Savior.
Their relief comes from you, You are their need;
though they claim to be elite, wisemen.
They wear titles like garments.
You wear your attributes as garments.

How can one contend with the Voice?
And how can one argue with the Word?
Can one catch Him who was present?
The sun, the moon, and the stars in His presence,
visible to us, only at His Word;
otherwise, we would be more,
than at lost for words....

TELL TELLS TALES

Tell your heart:
be still amidst troubles,
for the knowledge of the Lord,
and His blood is enough
to get you through!

Tell your mind:
everything on Earth,
the laws of God, it obeys,
except you and your ways;
and your analyses of faith.

Touch your heart,
synchronize with it,
your mind feeble.
But, do pray all your needs,
and wait, and see!

PRAYER OF AGREEMENT

If you pray to God,
somehow, you know there's a God;
I agree with you.
And I too, know this God.

If she is brow-bent on her knees,
for the keeping of her kids,
and to maintain for them, a legacy;
she and I sit in the same seat,
praying on bended knees.

If he prays for grace,
even in such a place.
I too, am in a bad place;
I agree too, to receive grace!

If he prays for a wife,
to be a progenitor of life;
and be able, to fully live life.
I too, want a wife; and life.

Then, he and I agree about God,
praying for our families to the giver of all.
We ask for grace in any place!
Tears on bowed knees is not news;
although, it is invisible thought food.

If he prays for his needs,
at the Wailing Walls;
or, I at the Niagara Falls!
We, both, met God praying knees.

If he prays with eyes open;
and I pray with arms open.
We both have access to God.
we have access to the throne,
so we agree to have Satan dethroned!

I wrestle in my innermost thoughts,
and I wrestle to sleep.
I wrestle in my half-sleep,
and I wrestle with the world.
I wrestle in my spirit, then jumped in my soul;
and I wrestle in my soul; there
I wrestle with God,
like Jacob did, oh poor Israel,
back in the old days!
I don't have a ladder to Heavens.
But, I asked God my questions;
I told him my doubts.
Why are we poor, at times wretched?
Why, did my father leave,
and my own mother grieved?
I want some answers.
How come these dudes got all the gold?
Why the Third World children cry for food;
why did, You let the one percent, hurt them?
And their parents wailed like donkeys,
then no one wants to hear.
No one is listening to me!
Are you listening to me?
What about your Justice,
what happened to it?
Why are we put down here?
Why we don't have harmony?
And why we war, and kill each other?
Why God, You seem to hide,
when I really need You, Really?
Why do we have to die?
Will we live again?
Where are Heaven, Hell and afterlife?
How, When??
God and I continue to wrestle!
I have said: When I wrestle with God;
I will not let him go, just like Jacob!
Because, I need to know.
And, suddenly, I fell to a deep sleep.
Proving that He alone is God!

TIME MACHINE

His looks earned him the name "Einstein",
cruel, as the others are; he looks like Einstein.
One day, he cuts his gray hair,
to make a change,
he looks young, vibrant;
now he wears a bald head, and
looks as if he were twenty years younger.
Someone suggests, that he cut his moustache;
he protested halfway.
They tease that moustaches are the passé.
I like to revisit time, he said,
causing one to think that he was wise;
a piece of Wisdom personified,
much like the sun echoing the Christ.
He was full of old tricks and old time.
I realised that he was a Time Machine!
He was living his eternal past,
that we all seek.
He can tell about the days of old;
days of one's grandparents,
and to him seems recent,
and days of melancholic songs.
He told of days of Disco, and of hippy Love,
days of hate, and of Jim Crow.
Yet I treasured him as a Time Machine;
the only one we can reach,
like we all, shall one day be:
full of age and adventures, for our grandkids;
we are filled of eternity and mystics.
We can go back in our mind's memories,
to tell how men women created history;
turn inside of all of us is the time machine,
a blackbox on a time-plane,
a witness that snapshots the skies,
before the time expired,
and record the everlasting wind;
retaining the clear lake, and blue-green oceans,
with its white sands; and the bodies that swim these.
The time machine that sizes the grey-blue mountains,
and the mortal hands and feet which climb these;
before they're reduced, or crumbled to nothing.
We remember our past between suns and moons;
and we know seasons and dates.
We reminiscence the smell and tastes.

We feel in our emotions when we
cried and screamed, and we love.
Our movies, our secrets we knew,
became these flicks, on our own
Time Machine!
Unlike the Apollo's passengers who
planted patriotic flags on the
moon!

FEAST OF JOY

There's a song inside of me,
in my head,
as my heartbeats,
the tune invaded me,
dancing in my chest.
A melody, that I cannot express,
or articulate in human words.
There's a party, a noise;
a good uproar of music!
There's a symphony,
a harmony of thoughts;
the purpose of which
is beyond my understanding.
A feast of atoms;
If I read between the lines,
it's a banquet of DNA,
cells in my entire being;
a fête des Anges,
messengers of Christ,
which overflows me
with joy and Love!
Is this the Love of God?

CREED II

I pray to one God, three Persons,
who gives me Life and thoughts of the Son!
I am a vessel of the Cause,
whether of honor, or dishonor.
Only He knows, He chose.

I reserve my worship, only to give
to the great YHWH (I AM); not wood or concrete!

I realize that I can't be discrete,
a vessel filled by gospel, and with glees.

My journey has only began,
because my path to Heaven is open.
Thy faith, paved to a new Eden,
and overflowed by the Word within!

The Holy Ghost sits on the throne
of my battered conscience and ego.
He holds many of Heaven's crowns.
He will not let me be cast down.

I used to drown myself in sins,
or find myself sex partners in vain.
But the Scriptures warn: "Marry in Him..."
Long be the patience of the Saints.

Where is my wife oh Lord,
who holds the breasts of my love?
Do I pray for her soft touch,
or does she pray for my own?

Please, Lord this day, give us an answer,
to me; and mostly to her!
For she is somewhere out there,
lonely, hoping that, I in my arms, hold her!

Love, and romance among believers,
shall not be taboo ever!
Only by the tongues of the naysayers,
and the faithless who perishes and waivers.

She is the deliverance to my burning lust.
I am the one to quench the heat in her forest!
My prayer is, Lord: believe that there is a "US";
but where is she, Great Judge?

A LITTLE PIECE OF IT

If I shed these long overdue tears,
that is reminiscent of my carnal past;
to keep it real, I was living too fast,

now I got all I really need,
right in here, within me;
the Spirit of Christ in me.

Since man is spiritual,
my spirit has tasted "a little piece of it!"
Never mind the rituals.
Patience is a virtue, truly.
That's why God is patient;
Patience is an attribute of Eternity.

To live in the Spirit, is to cease
worrying about anything,
it is to enter the "little piece of it";
that God is, who He said He is!
Thus, if you believe; you must agree,
then you must not fuss, or be disquiet.

That's why David's psalms make sense,
and Jesus' words became alive;
the similitude of God in men
is the eternal Spirit of Him—
just a little piece of it, of Himself!
All things becomes clear in one's conscience.

When one become indignant,
one let's the flesh control the spirit;
when one is humble as a child.
The Spirit has returns to being significant.
They will forever, war for the dominion.
You shed praying tears, for control to reign.

TWO DOVES AND AN EAGLE

A pair of turtledoves, glide the sky above,
so does a lonely, wayward eagle.
The lovers eat, play together, and love.
They share everything, and they cooed.
An eagle dived, almost from nowhere,
extended his muscled, wings and soared.
He asked the love-pair: "what are you guys doing?"
Sensing some animosity, they said in unison:
"What we do is our own business".

The eagle shouted: "I thought I heard arguing?"
They cooed: "If we talk, walk,
and fly we stay in agreement,
everything we do, only help us,
to be, and become a strong couple!"
Seeing that he lost this battle.
The eagle flew away elsewhere,
looking for other adventures.
Misery, always looking for friends,
in the wrong places!

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