

Poetry Series

**ArmourQuill Hunter**  
**- poems -**

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# ArmourQuill Hunter(1949)

From the age of twelve (after hearing of King Solomon youthful desire for Wisdom) , I determined to seek out and find Wisdom compass and clichés or sayings of the Wise. Solomon, whom I later discovered to be my Gggggggg-great-ancestor, wrote: 'He [that is God~] set a compass [circle] upon the face of the deep or plenum.'

Personally ascribed as one who hits straight-to-heart issue of what matters most. Excellence is all I aspire to claim. I'd say my poetry style resembles a Rainbow than any thing else. If you find a style, which you like most likely there's not be another, for each is uniquely varied in style and form. I haven't studied poetry but an author of Poetry books once told me that I had developed my own style. Perhaps if anyone can tell me what style that is~ I would be so grateful.

With over five hundred poems on the net and now would like to share the more favoured ones. PEACE~, Love, and joy~; enjoy!

Warm regards,  
~\*Milly M. Hunter\*~  
Homepage URL:

'Accept faith as it is- 'naked.' Wait all your life for the God who is always coming, and who does not show Himself to satisfy your curiosity, but unveils Himself before your faithfulness and your humility.'

'Art requires philosophy, just as philosophy requires art. Otherwise, what would become of beauty? ' ~ Paul Gauguin

It's said that ambition (or promotion) is the last refuge of failure; which is probably why many don't excel, but rather endeavour to teach.

Pride and The Beautiful (my poem) :

I was once so beautiful, in my mind's eye of love...  
Sheltered was I, "by God's confidence" and the heavens above.  
With long flowing hair, and the pose of Wisdom's grace,  
I always showed beauty by my creative "style's embrace..."

Alas, I saw false egos that would claim me as their prize.  
While hating me "all the same, " for their "envy denied-."

So I cut my hair off; for seeing the price of their reality;

I wanted ones, who could be trusted, to like me "just for me."  
Now I live "strong and beautiful, " like a sheltering oak tree...

## 2-Halves Made= Whole

From where do you pull such words out of Heaven?  
How can you encapsulate the beauty of the whole...?  
Oh, enchanting billows which soothe the mortal soul.  
I soak in the rhapsody, I breathe in your name...  
Who ever heard such words of life, so pure and so gold?

What if 'her head be bald, ' and weather was just like hell?  
What if 'there was no princess' but only a southern bell?  
Perhaps, only in the light of day, her heart was swept away.  
But even if that wasn't true; I'd wait always to hear from you.

How, in all the fascination of love, 'can you see to perceive? '  
Ascribing enthralling beauty with specialized words so framed....  
Your metrical lines are better than a thousand dreams of flare.  
What is your awesome-, profound, and sought-out name?

Who's doing the hypnotizing here-, 'You or me...? '  
Only 1st. stage... Hope your comparatives won't begin to frown.  
Really-, perhaps you've never seen this "Lady" on the down...  
Still, such stunning elegance- has enthralled my sensibility.  
Who could not run and drown in your maze of delight...?

For one so instinctively sensing-, how can you be so sure...?  
Never have I known of a rapturous love capsulating, in look, to lure.  
Such "passionate humor-" painted from Heaven's breathtaking design.  
Talk-about seizing the moment; what store would've had this in mind?

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# A Dance To The End...

Of all words I've heard, yours echoed- like nothing ever could:

"May I have this dance for all my life; would you dance me to the end of love? "

In my aloneness, under the apple tree, I "daydream of all you said" to me...

Just under that tree, sweet rapture that symphony played, way back when.

Years wasted, but I still think of you, remembering how we were again.

How did I guess, you'd rest your coat near mine, for hopes renewed in time.

Nor could I foresee 'you'd find-me' and leave no-doubt and breathe within...

Light of your-ways, for those days, released my prison doors foolish from sin.

Your bright eyes "drew me to your side, " as the ocean's tide came to shore.

'Dance me to the end of love' you said, and 'I shall never ask for more..."

Tear-filled heart "for what you released that day; your check-mate told the score.

Defenses gone, humbly I bowed to trust God's path (around the bend) for more.

That's the beginning, not the end; time had made us more than friends.

Soul-mates for life, and a little one make-tree; we still dance-under the apple tree!

'Dance me to the end' you said, as your living-words still dance in my head.

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# A Needle In A Hay Hat

Many search for love~ finding only a needle in the hay  
Billions search for Heaven, it's not much different that way

Within the heart of man there's a tank that only God can fill  
We seem to self-destruct, without Him, and at times can even kill

If it's easier for the poor to enter heaven than it is for the rich  
Harder for the poor to acknowledge their need, due to their pity pitch

What's that verse in scripture: 'a camel through the eye of a needle? '  
One needs to be bowed, all burdens removed, before this classic riddle

Heavenly parables where spoken by Christ, so the hungry might see  
Happy are the poor-in-spirit by their needs yielding to God's reality

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# A Prayer

I pray you'll be our sight, and guide us where to go.  
And help us with our time, left here on earth to know...  
Just help us with our heart, when we need your way.  
Lead us to the place, where we'll know your grace;  
To find the place where peace is best...

Bring wisdom in your light, and hold us in your heart.  
Though stars may lose their way, teach us how to pray-  
Lord call us by our name, deliver us from sin...  
Just hold us in with your touch; comfort deep within.

Hear the cries of our heart, from each lost prison cell.  
Guide us with your heart, and deliver us from hell...  
We ask that life be changed, a better promised land.  
Let every soul be filled, to lend a helping hand...  
Let parents be the light, to birth their kid's new dreams.

Needs for sheltered grace-, reflections of your face...  
Give us faith and save our dreams....

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# Accountability, To God, @-The-Top

Grace period is up for fathers and husbands of late.  
God holds them accountable for the wrongs on their slate.  
The mothers and children will be cut-off from their skirt.  
They'll no-longer cover God's little-ones who bashfully jerk.

Not hammered by projections or limited by man;  
Father God judges and takes onus for He understands.  
Perpetuity (forever) He offers time without end.  
A new and better way for those who've sacrifice unto Him.

Now an annuity payable indefinitely comes through double doors.  
It was promise from the ages, this Latter Rain of Rainbow's floors.  
It's coming, it's here, to bring Joy with Peace for Mercy's sake.  
God is near to the homeless and widow; the orphan won't forsake.

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# After The Eclipse

With abhorrence, regretting the synopsis so uncompromised  
Conquest attained, I would love to see that glint in your eyes  
My hateful elegance is usually guarded against my disdain  
You'd have me over in a day but what of 'equalization's frame? '

In my heart you could never blunder; it's not you, it's me I fear.  
Sense the defence of a Brazen-wall, against melting molten Steel?  
Who'd befriends a destined Woman-child, set to ruin Hell's play?  
Do you ask "what's the plan, " that I sacrifice all- for His call?

Now my turbulence is of child's play, yet from a royal-line of kings.  
You've felt me bluster, but you didn't want to know 'sweet things.'  
for companionship is another story; if it be for the Heaven divine.  
Destinies rise-&-fall, despite Father's faithful call with potent wine.

Don't leave me; cradle me in the way God intends; be my friend.  
Testing, with divided needs, isn't easy until we meet- to ascend.  
Unlikely I'll ever be freed, longing always anxiously to know you.  
Guess, befriending' is hard as we step in Faith's pole-vaulting shoe.

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## After The Prize

How to keep your man's interest, after he's got the prize.  
Try valuing your common ground will keep you in his eyes.  
And play down all the negatives~ which devalue and defame.  
Build-up all his positives and prize his validation to reign.

Pictures of hope, signs of pleasure, to let the sunshine in.  
Forgiveness and understanding, to wipe slates clean of sin.  
Clear away all the clutter, let there be time for creativity~.  
Prioritize, for what you value; take time out for true quality.

Setup signpost, notes on the fridge to speak in loving ways.  
Each week have a beef-session, to let-it-all-out, for bad days.  
Last but not least, commit ALL you have to your Creator God.  
All the unseen events to be covered by His Word, God's Rod.

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# Aladdin's Ladder

Jacob dreamt and a ladder came on earth, opening such a door  
We can't climb without a ladder; try a goal, reasonable, to soar  
You cannot ascend to success dressed in the costume of failure  
Christ's robe of Righteousness graciously covers to adore

It's not the climb, it's the positioning of the ladder that matters  
Though it's best to travel light, in case there could be a splatter  
It is never crowded at the top but, perhaps, lonely for sure  
Those who've made it for quality in life avoid distraction's lure

So many crosses of plumbines, step on the rungs of opportunity  
Failed regrets can prepare a plateau to win another possibility  
Many climb a proverbial plumbine, or ladder's rung, all wrong  
Courage is a ladder on which all other virtues mount with song

The wise prudently lower to climb, respectfully against a fall  
Many reach the top to find the ladder's against the wrong wall  
Reaching too far, one can get stabbed before ascension's climb  
Considering, indomitably, I shall not wane in faith or resign

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# All When Good Men Do Nothing

Strange, how that in valley ball, I always use to win  
Boys would chase me round the school and back again  
But when it came to true-love I've been at a disadvantage  
The good men, who did nothing, left it for fools advantage

Yet God had a prophet marry an 'unfaithful' prostitute  
And I married a sold-out fool, that wasn't such a hoot  
It's not that I'm competitive, except when it come to God  
I started young confronting Him about my Authority Rod

Do others really now see me, a kingdom whole, complete  
When grief, for past fool's fancy, has tied me to Christ feet  
Surrendering all, He knows the wall, to shelter me from pain  
Has destiny kept me locked away or was it defence of distain

Men wish to put me on a pedestal or either beneath them, low  
I've travelled far, beyond the stars, to see where I must go  
There's only one thing I hate, that's silence from no response  
Truth's priority (biblically) would seem of no real relevance

Men leave me alone thinking I could never descend their level  
Destiny calls me higher when all I need is a mate, God's bevel  
Silly to want a mate my own when all I need is comfort, shown  
Til counting the cost of my walk with God, of hatred blown

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# All You Need Is Love

Love Is All We Need Lyrics

She was living in a perfect house  
With pictures of smiling faces  
But there's a different story told inside  
Underneath it all  
With the sunglasses and makeup on  
Blaming the stairs at Macy's  
They all knew?  
(no one even asked; is something wrong?)  
So they wait  
Now she's gone?

I don't understand the concept of  
The power of one is stronger  
Why don't people seem to care at all  
As long as it's not about them  
I say?  
I guess we've underestimated love  
Or why would we hurt each other  
Don't you find that ironical  
When love is all we need  
Oh yeah?

He is living down his sunset strip  
Singing the blues for money  
It's easy just to look the other way  
When you have it all  
He's reaching out to find a helping hand  
But nobody seems to bother  
Hear them say?  
(It's not my problem so it's not my call)  
You're on your own  
Through it all?

I don't understand the concept of  
The power of one is stronger  
Why don't people seem to care at all  
As long as it's not about them  
I say?

I guess we've underestimated love  
Or why would we hurt each other  
Don't you find that ironical  
When love is all we need  
Oh yeah?

When all becomes too real  
We have a tendency to be  
To scared to face it  
It's breaking my heart to see?  
When love is all we neeeeeeeeeed?

I don't understand the concept of  
The power of one is stronger  
Why don't people seem to care at all  
As long as it's not about them  
I say?  
I guess we've underestimated love  
Or why would we hurt each other  
Don't you find that ironical  
When love is all we need  
Oh yeah?

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# Amorous Envelope

Who'd have thought from one naked kiss  
From the dead of night I'd awake to this  
Messages aren't usually sealed in an amorous way  
Loving and endearing, wow, what more can I say

Your inscriptive words went beyond my dream  
You rapped me in Love's blanketed theme, serene  
Thus, you kissed winter's chill from my tomb  
I was enraptured, set free from isolated gloom

Sealed with a kiss, this bliss shall always be  
Words of the Light, and love, enclosed for me to see  
Take this Rose of my heart, if Father-god so allows  
You championed my heart, still there are tests to bow

With this note I bequeath my fond, and thankful, adieu  
For this heart-filled envelope I will faithfully love-you  
Nor have I thought such living-dreams where meant to be  
Til your amorous, luminous, thoughts were revealed to me

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# Ancestors Of The House Of Britain

Joseph of Arimathea was tied into the Royal House of Britain.  
This uncle, of Christ's wife, was a progenitor of royals written.  
Bianca his sister was grandmother to John the Baptist and Christ.  
Though Celts lay claim to the Gail and miracles more than twice.

The Bible foretold Judah having the scepter, in Genesis 49: 10.  
2nd. Sam.7: 16 shows David's descendant throne, again and again.  
Israel would assume its new land, II Sam 7: 10, for Christianity.  
Now they assume to give part-of-it away, to their false reality.

Even King Arthur descends from Mary's uncle Arimathea, of Jews.  
Also the famed Daniel Boone that pioneer who lit America's fuse.  
It's as if God Himself planted this uncut gem, in Britain's land.  
Joseph is my famous ancestor, which gives room to understand.

Biblically, a remnant of Judah escapes taking root downward.  
God assured King David that his bloodline would go onward.  
Joseph pardoned, from imprisonment, who gave tomb to Christ.  
Reaping for Judah, selling of Joseph, I've paid more than thrice.

~\*Notes\*~

I'm a descendant of the Hanoverian line, and other national royals, including the Jewish ones of Christ and his wife (Mary's royal line) .

Joseph of Arimathea (also known as Josephes I Ben Mathonwy of Arimathea) ties into my line in too many ways to mention. With help from a friend of mine, we did intensive research taking my line royals back to Adam and Eve. Joseph's daughter, Anna Bint Joseph marries: Brân Bron 'Blessed' Ap Llyr Llediaith; Beli Mawr Heli 'The Great' Ap Manogan; and also Ceri Hir Lyngwyn, which I show no children from. Some say Anna was known as 'The Prophetess (from each marriage a few children are mine) .'

My genealogical line veer off from Joseph who sold into slavery, and is of his brother Judah; and come through King David with Bashebah and their son Nathan Ben DAVID\*.

These royal lines also go back through all the European countries with all the intermarriages. Also, the Scandinavian countries and many kings of Scotland, England, France, German, Sweden, Spain, Ireland, Denmark, Finland, Portugal, Norway, Prussia and Egypt are connected through such royalty. Consequently,

ever so often, I come across another American president which in most cases descends from a royal line. Basically Boadicea, Conan the Great, and just the ones that Hollywood love to make movies about-, are mostly mine.

I have not decided to publish my entire genealogy GED-file at this time, which I feel would be worth a fortune "for its historical and biblical value." Although my immediate family is that of Hunter-Yeager/ Atwell, Teague, Brigg, Pixley, Poe, Plumer/ Plummer, Flurry, Bachelor (of Butler/ Boteler) , Dickson and Jones, etc, all centered in and around Rudy, Fort Smith, Fayetteville, Van Buren, Arkansas from a English base, of a Black Dutch, French and German Huguenot line.  
~Regards, Milly Hunter.

Characteristic reference of Joseph:

Joseph was a rich man Mat 27: 57

He was from the Judean town of Arimathea (see map below) Mat 27: 57; Luke 23: 51

He was a disciple of Christ Mat 27: 57

Joseph was probably a fairly influential man - he (boldly) asked Pilate for the body of Christ, and received it Mat 27: 58; Mark 15: 43

He was rich enough to own his own tomb Mat 27: 60

Joseph was a prominent member of the Jewish Sanhedrin Mark 15: 43

He was 'waiting for the kingdom of God' Mark 15: 43

He was a 'a good and upright man' Luke 23: 50

He had not agreed to the Sanhedrin actions regarding Jesus Luke 23: 51

Joseph feared reprisals from the Jewish elders, so he was a secret disciple of Jesus

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# Ancient Isle Of Avalon

Avalon, Avalon, you enchanting cradle of clusters of hills and secrets galore...  
My history forefather, of Joseph of Arimathea, was England's spiritual floor.

Walk me in my wakening dreams, sweet autumn's view, serenely strong...  
Lovely, Isle of Avalon, womb of folk lore and my ancestor's blessed song.

Avalon of Avebury Glastonbury, where is your chalice; some question still?  
Walking on paths near cathedral wells while bathing in history's quill.

Legends told of brave knights, King Arthur's clan, and descendants of Abraham.  
This Camelot country in the SW o England; what a retreat for a holiday grand!

Let me walk to Wearyall Hill, along the narrow ridge towards the Bristol  
Channel...  
Historic step of Joseph's mark on Christianity with his Glastonbury chapel;

Devine wisdom defines the Truth of false from Celtic cults and Christian lore.  
Josephes Ben Mathonwy begged for Christ's body and lead heaven's floor.

Miracles born of that chalice it's true; royally handed down to my ancestors.  
And yet, Legends' glory lend to admiration/ envy's plot when insecurity festers.

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# Angels Hands Tied

A knot can be tied by angels, what hinders an Angel's voice?  
Idolatry is~ loves the world more than God's free-will choice.  
You'll tie hands of Angels if obstructing God's written Word.  
Give no voice to fears but Faith; think not His word's absurd.

Really, Angels do fly~ because they take themselves lightly.  
Their hand is also tied from voiced fears acted so slightly.  
Minus caring ones who act from selfless heart of empathy.  
Seems only those who've been down that road see reality.

Some Angels are assigned at gates, but they can truly get bored.  
Many are quite overworked, for the ignorance of man; oh Lord.  
They are Holy messengers of His Highest glory, differing in jobs.  
Each child had one given to them for awhile, before hellish sobs.

Entreat Angels with care although they're oft' hid from view.  
Respect forms carefully caring words to invest in God's glue.  
That glue is of special ingredients of forgiveness and humility.  
It rises to the top like yeast in bread, void of hate, for longevity.

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# Apples Don'T Fall Far From The Tree

I want to tell you of my second Love,  
Of a church's impact from heaven above!  
I'd grown up in such a small church.  
Yet small groups can make for gossip, and worse.

Not so with Shiloh; it was heaven on earth...!  
This icon of community flair was 'golden mirth.'  
'Cause for too many years I'd been handicapped;  
Unfortunately, having wed a controlling rat.

Unworthy, I felt as if in a deep-dark pit.  
Hardly would I look one in the eyes-, as I'd sit.  
Though Shiloh's heart and doors were always open,  
With all people-types whose hearts were broken.

Never had I been in a hospital that was a church.  
Pure-love poured forth from this people's search.  
Out of 2,000 members, one hundred 'I fondly knew, '  
Many of us would sit, visit, and have coffee too!

You could hear the sounds of prayer down the hall...  
Sometimes there was dancing, and we had a ball...!  
There, an amphitheatre of seats 'led to the front.'  
When Pastor preached, some thought her too blunt.

Even-though I knew 'tales of her compassion's action, '  
With one's greatest need- came her love's reaction.  
Sleeping on her office's couch, in case of distress.  
She mothered us all, in humility and 'sweet zest.'

So all pitched in and made her a special quilt.  
Each had a patch of their signature for it built.  
Jewel, my black beauty friend, told me her tale-,  
Thinking of suicide, 'Violet ran after her trail-! '

Catching her around the block, with-a-loving hug.  
No one, at this church, was sweeping under the rug.  
Women made bread, for the 'coffee house' next door.  
Their singing groups rocked-the-socks off the floor!

You could see Shiloh believers all around town,  
Wisdom's principles were of a prototype laid down.  
It was great just to see them in the market places,  
Healing light-&-love poured-forth from their faces!

Such longing I still have, to see my Pastoral mom,  
Indubitably, her prayers were 'to keep me strong.'  
Though, before any churches, she married Mr. Right.  
Later her David was born before tragedy's night.

A car accident took her beloved husband home...  
For the year she was motionless, she felt so alone.  
Her baby was spared, leaving her totally paralysed.  
She was only-17, for that year she'd much to realize.

Miraculously, God healed her and gave her a church.  
Maybe she's the 1st. pastor to do so after a birth!  
With 25-revival churches, in all; she was going strong.  
Father God has truly 'blessed and kept her from wrong.'

The Lord God, strong, almighty is in the midst of them.  
Training victorious warriors 'waging war against sin! '  
So believers went in with peace- and come out with joy!  
This place was 'so serene' there was no-need to be coy.

Restoration is the message- for God restores all things.  
I was once like a cripple, now I can stand and sing!  
God's Dunamis power for wounded Pigeons, now like Doves,  
Creates longing in me still, for such fellowship of love.  
Such fond memories linger- as 'I miss her still...'  
Bless you, dear Violet, for caring; when I had no will.

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# Arithmetic Minus Six

I hate six; six is the number of man.  
I hate six, though I love the great "I AM".  
I hate six, however eight... "Is matchless in style...! "  
I love the Holy Spirit's nine-, without man's guile.

I hate six... "It's such a number of sin."  
But I love your numbers Lord; they help me to win.  
Now it's your leading Father, guiding: "one, two-, and three."  
But oh how I hate six, as you can plainly see.

Five is OK, appearing as Mercy's Grace, bowed before God's face.  
Still, I do so hate six; though 'it's dressed in the finest of lace.'  
Strange, how no one sees you Lord 'as a Mathematical muse.'  
Some would rather question Your miraculous existence, and accuse.

Timeless circle, Eternal One made flesh, manifested into Living-Light.  
With all mathematical equations, minus six 'symbolic of sins' might.  
How might you equate the Heaven's lovely One, minus that of two?  
Division is often a dysfunctional number, without unity of glue.

You're the God Of Numbers; they reign uniquely throughout my head.  
Not enough can be said; I hate six- denoting all types of death.  
I hate the number of six, although it always comes in tens...  
Five reminds me of His matchless Grace, forgiving me of all sin.

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# Attitude Of Gratitude

The sum-total of selfishness is met when we're self-consumed.  
Still, there are many who give thanks amidst their gloom~.  
We've all see a spoilt child who needs correction.  
Things done in God's name bring a brighter connection.

Lord, I want to develop an attitude of gratitude;  
Be it of haven or in the pits, latitude or longitude.  
I know with God's help, my thinking can ultimately change.  
Each thought a seed of negative or positive to rearrange.

Wake me in the morning, committing all my best and woes...  
Wake me, Lord, from apathy and Death's grip where e'er I go.  
Avoiding pitfalls of pride, 'I shall seize the day' positively...  
Feeding, seeding, building sun-filled attitudes against negativity.

In other words, we should go after and pursue 'PEACE' at all cost.  
Delivering-up what's on our plate, empowered by the Holy Ghost.  
Of course, there's a way which seems right unto all men;  
When avoiding God's Way, Truth, and Life, against acts of sin.

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# Auckland, New Zealand, By Night

It's late at night, after a hard day's work.  
The many coloured lights, some distance below,  
Flatters the moon with its twilight of stars...

Time and distance just fades into part "of one global,  
And undifferentiating light-show, " of tranquillity...  
Overlooking the midnight sky, "turned-down-to-rest, "  
I stand complete, "in majestic paradise found..."

Never could a sacred pose be, of distant architectural frames...  
Till I saw this one, of New Zealand; called 'Auckland" by name

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# Auras Of Rainbow Description

Red is nature's warning, orange brings a lacy alarming  
Yellow is aspects of light and thoughts of it charming  
Green is of growth, a healing colour so invitingly warm  
Blue is of creativity, the darker side of loneliness forlorn

Indigo, violet, and purple, are spiritual vs. its opposite reality  
Pink is compassion, a sense of companionship's empathy  
Purity or white denotes awakening, energy of power's light  
Black, which ails from sin's dark stain to an infectious plight

Gold, refining finish, of victory acquired from trials endured  
As such, it's a great protective colour (complete) to implore  
Silver is of birth, of a fruitful new, the highest hue to pursue  
Colour is the outward vibrations of an inward plane viewed

Why colours make us feel a certain way~ know one knows  
Winter colours are unlike autumn with grape of harvest glow  
Forest sprigs of green at springtime, a floral reigning bouquet  
Balance is all important and every aura reflects life's replay

\*~'Class is an aura of confidence that is being sure without being cocky. Class has nothing to do with money. Class never runs scared. It is self-discipline and self-knowledge. It's the sure footedness that comes with having proved you can meet life.' ~Ann Landers

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# Between The Killing And The Loving

Anything that's at the top will eventually fall.  
Lusty men and women seek longingly love's call.  
Many will choose unfaithfulness over gossip, any day.  
Pastors loving appearances have little time to pray.

Between two evils why wouldn't you choose the lesser?  
Actors portray 'if you can't beat em, join em' confessor.  
Even in the Gospel world, one can die amidst great harm.  
Christ came not "to judge" but to free from fear's alarm.

All the ways we die for selfish, thoughtless, actions sown.  
Love is sacrificial, risking all for the safety of a love known.  
Prostitutes are more real and loving than gossipers; it's true.  
Though sin is sin, God notes the heart-motives of what we do.

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# Between The Norm

Variety much up the spice of life;  
Varied characters of unique styles, of strife.  
There are those who watch it happen,  
Then there are ones wondering what happened.

Vacant faces, lost from the nine-to-five 'routine.'  
Time and money limited with validation so keen.  
Jogging to look the part, great bodies with small hearts.  
Some slip through the cracks of bureaucracy, from the start.

Lonely and lost without purpose or cost to try to understand.  
Only God frees from mind-cells and routines not so grand.  
They slip through many cracks; there's no medium bridge.  
Many are lost-at-sea without safe shelter or warning of a ledge.

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# Beyond The X-Factor

I think that I shall never see again such a wondrous sight  
It wasn't just an ordinary movie for the X-factor had it right  
The magic of such tales, the sadness this lavished captive soul  
Her stories enchantingly renowned, Miss Potter focused my goal

Her multiple talents converged, despite seclusion and control  
Classic stories quite renowned, 'Miss Potter' got into my soul  
Each scene of this movie 'more enchanting' than the next  
Transforming my vocation where some might think me vexed

In reality, I'm connecting the dots to place near the brightest Star  
So many courses I now take, to formulate this dream from afar  
Oh that world would spin in comprehensive dimensions that I'm in  
Even small worlds, saved by the Light, purposefully revived again

Beatrix left her captivity to venture out and changed her world  
Giving inspiration, and 'The Lake District, ' as ripples of whirls  
When upper-class ladies weren't suppose to work, she excelled  
Moved by her talents and gifting I am, thus, creatively compelled

~\*Notes\*~

The movie 'Miss Potter' has more than changed my life; it's redirected the love of my life in astounding dimensional ways that are beyond my comprehension. I may never be affluent writing children's books as Beatrix Potter, but her life has fueled my existence similarly.

Regards, ~Milly

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Blackbirds Can Dance

What an easy Spring day watching the garden grow  
Then along comes a blackbird dancing, feet to toe

You might call it the worm-dance for tucker's chance  
That little critter was doing the two-step, at a glance

He hopped to the left and, then, two-steps right  
I tell you that blackbird's dance was rather alright

Guess you think I had nothing better to do...  
Than to watch that little fella with his dance one-two

Sure I do; but the garden work was all done  
Still, I was so amused for all the worms he got for fun

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Blind Infidelity

Multiples of betrayals are never shy of an egotistic frame.  
Denials of one's 'true intent' dressed~ as not to shame.  
Wonderings betwixt said 'bird-in-hand' or one in a bush.  
Men rally for the chance to chase~, covering well their tush.

Disloyalty breeds betrayed acts, a shield against reoccurrence.  
Dare we make comparisons, avoiding commitment's compliance?  
Who can find a faithful heart, amidst society's glamorised sin?  
I'd give my ALL for a heart of gold~, who'd cherish me within.

When love becomes laboured many oft' relish an act of infidelity.  
Thereby, freeing them from any unrealistic expectation of fidelity.  
Nothing is as fatal to humanity as indifference, oft' masqueraded.  
What rebel-nation is this that history's failures appear so faded?

Inconstancy of constitutional creeds, marketed by rules, for greed.  
Sad, how mistaken generosity is mocked as a very foolish deed.  
Controlled strength is seen as weakness, openness as blindness.  
Satiety~, from the envious, as a blatant jalousie not of kindness.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Boring Yet Illustrious Ancestors

In History, the Prophetess (Joseph of Arimathea's dau.) wed two kings...  
Anna (Don Verch Mathonwy) Enygeus" who was also a warrior who'd sing!  
First married "Beli Mawr Heli, Ap Manogan; which 2-of-my line descend.  
She weds also "Brân/ Bron, Ap Llyr Llediaith" of another line to end.

Descendants from Anna's seed, as royals, help detour from royal greed.  
Caractacus was an enemy-star, stood trial bef. Roman tribunal; yet freed!  
Her son, this king, saved the kingdom bef.54 AD, in Siluria Rome, of Italy...  
Then St. Cyllin Ap Caradoc, her Grand-child, his wife was unknown really.

Later, Coel Ap Cyllin bet.0060 B.C.-120 A.D.,4-ENG was converging.  
Lleuver Ap Coel, b. May 130, weds Gladis Eurgan; not necessarily a virgin.  
2-lines-plus: Gladys Lleuver weds Cadvan of Cambria, really what a pair.  
Strada Verch Cadfan was ancestor of King Arthur of Camelot, AKA: the Fair.

Her dau. Flavia Helen, of the Cross, weds Constantius I or Augustus renown.  
Their son: Constantine I Augustus wed Flavia Maximiana Fausta in town.  
Then Flavius II Julius Constantius weds Minervina, wife of Great Constantine.  
Their son Magnus F. Clemens Maximus weds Elen Eudaf; life was so serene.

Daughter Gratianna Wledig weds another king Tudwal; not of Brecknock.  
Their dau. Prawst weds Brychan 'the St.' Ap Anlach, a King of Brycheiniog.  
Their dau. Meleri Brychan weds Ceredig Ceredigion, for that land is named.  
Son Usai Ceredig was b.453 Ceredigion, Wales; ruled-&-didn't play games.

Then came Sewrwyl Ap Usai, his son Boddw/ Podew Serwyl who ruled Wales.  
Later, Rhodri Ap Merfyn king of Wales; where lines descend with stunning tales...

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# Boundless Love

Absent from my overall value, how will love find me Lord?  
Will he see with eyes directed, from a faithful heart adored?  
Will his character outweigh the measure of love equated best?  
Oh tell me, Father; for I've waited so long, had invaluable tests.

Will your love for me see only how I fit into his life or theme?  
I need more, for what I'm capable of, with Your destined scheme.  
So many see Love so commonly, as oft' impossible to define.  
I see two, in Love, helping the other; living by Grace divine.

Not an abstraction, indefinable, but a metaphysical inspiration.  
One heaps of courage to leap all bounds without any reservation.  
While psychologists view love within boundaries of self-esteem.  
Agap̄c holds rich depths of unconditional highs, fulfilled, serene.

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# Bridge Over Trouble

From a storm-tossed sea, half of the bridge was swept away.  
Many left hoping for any means "to rescue them that day-."

Stuck on a bridge, "who could move or find destiny's dream...?  
Each conjured "the how" for such-a-rescue, for a survival team.

Sure, there are many ones "gifted" with not platform to shine.  
Their future gifts can be 'lost, ' without "medicine and wine..."

Please, don't let this be-! Lives can die-out in humanity's sea...  
Ones must pay the toll, create a means, and change dire reality.

While once at a bus stop, an old lady asked me for a dollar bill.  
Smiling, knowing her need, I gave her a 5-dollar note for-her-fill.

Oprah knew the principle from "the ripples of a stone thrown..."  
Thought she'd pay for ones behind, the bridge's toll shown-.

Actions, inevitably, have a reaction; each deed or seeds to grows.  
'Cause of Oprah's seeds in-kind an internet Angel Team now flows.

TV showed a boy's challenge: "pay it forward" a revolutionary idea.  
Wow, that a child can do what no adults did; inspiringly what a thrill.

Everywhere now others play-it-forward, paying the toll for comfort.  
Acts of grace, scattered over, paying a toll for ones coming after.

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# Brilliant, Brilliant, Light (Song)

Brilliant, brilliant light  
Paint your rainbow each new day  
Living Word to shine the way  
With Angel guides that warm my weary soul  
Springs of fountains spring  
From depths within the Saviour brings  
I watch a child and I know God's thrill  
Vibrantly His brilliance inspires the land

Chorus:

Now I understand  
What you tried to say to me  
How you suffered for your sanity  
How you tried to set them free  
They would not listen they knew not how  
Perhaps they'll listen now

Shadows in the night  
Stars like flowers that brightly blaze  
Guiding us through a violet haze  
Reflect in brilliance of God's plan  
Transitions of the hues  
Morning fields of pleasant dew  
Weather laced with grace anew  
I pray upon these troubled times (shifting sand)

Chorus:

Grateful for 'Grace' insight  
No longer alone in the night  
Rejection comes through the best of friends  
I'm anchored safe- in the end  
You gave Your life unlike Lovers seldom do  
But I could have told you Saviour  
This world was never meant for one as  
Wonderful as You

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# Business Of Angels

A soul at its highest is like God but an angel resembles Him greater.  
The business of Angels is to carry out acted-words of God; not later.

They rally to prayers of the Saints, directed by God's Spirit Dove.  
Angels descend from above with echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Don't you just love the series "Toughed by An Angel, " on TV~?  
Few shows reveal angel business in everyday life, as that, you see.

I've felt the angels before me, and it made me want to cry...  
Once I thought one would reveal himself; but I felt, then, I would die.

Angels of course are scary, else why so often do they say: "fear not."  
Men are more tied-up in their fears and distractions, then loving a lot.

Titles, images, positions, and possessions, all things men hide behind.  
Some men are visiting angels unaware; my father saw one once so kind.

We're not to worship' em; there's plenty of counterfeits seeking praise.  
Only God is gloriously worthy of our adoration, for all His loving ways.

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# Charity Always Hopes

Keep your precious Love and family alive.  
Cherish Hope, and each one, living revived.  
Hope unites~ and focusing on the answer too.  
It is rather like an anchor of Love and it's like glue.

Dress your Love in hopeful words, graciously adorned.  
They'll come back to nourish you, perhaps from a storm.  
Live and invest in Faith, Hope, and Charity~, with trust.  
There's no better preventative against the cold and lust.

Love would say: "What if the shoe was on the other foot? "  
It moves beyond grief~ and the ashes of yesterday's soot.  
True-love braves the storm, shelters innocence from harm.  
Love will rest in peace and anchor safe from envy's alarm.

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# Christ Portal, Longitude Of Latitude

In Category: Spiritual, Personal, Weird.1 views this week.  
Thr Redeemed come through the water and the holy blood  
Those of Christ's Spirit are dynamically empowered by Love  
There a door in the Cross, you know, for Salvation's plan  
With the King of all kings who gives it down to fallen man  
Christ~ who's the Way, the Truth, the Life, and The Word  
Healing needy soul against violence and ignorance absurd

A spiritual symbol signifies a dimensional type of domain  
The Blood of Christ frees us of sin and man's reflective game  
Take the ARK; a prototype of Zack.4 on-top of Ezekiel three  
Another view, however, is the Cup of Redemption offered free  
Spiritually, that is, if you can think out-side the square  
Creative thinking is quite inspired by the Holy One who cares

Note the spiritual longitude and latitude of 1 Jn.5: 6-to seven  
It's actually Christ "The DOOR, " the Way of Light for haven  
Just like putting on the mind of Christ, for we can step-right in  
By simply, child-like, faith~ a new dimensional prayer begins

In Zachariah 4 and Ezek.10, the Lamps are the Angels of God  
Waring and influencing, for governing, the church with His rod  
One God and Father of ALL baring record in heaven and earth  
Of course, much of this is hidden till maturity of the new birth

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# Cinderella's Slipper Trail

Now Cinderella had lost her fella; this-, of course, was her unfaithful dad.  
Many bad things can happen, in life, without a 'family launching pad.'  
Those dreaded wicked step-kin, sadly came in, bossing her night-and-day.  
Still, she had good memories and serenely read 'her rainy days away.'

Developing herself from within, she grew to be smart and so wise...  
Quite unimpressed when the Prince pranced by, as also did a few other guys.  
Ashamed of her lot, being servant to those of her house, and their games,  
She disguised her true-self, til true-love 'and the right-time' had its frame.

One day, while dreaming, her house split and she fell into a parallel world of two.  
Thus, her house had fallen down on her foes; leaving glimmering bright red shoes.

These shoes were made for walking, an angel said that day; leading to a new-way!

Awakening, her wicked kin gone, those shoes remained "to never lead her astray."

Was the power in shoes, or in her positive view to love, that she could now sing?  
Those shoes were easily seen in the dark forest; even by some Princely King.  
So the moral to this story, is simply, never underestimate the power of new shoes;  
Nor a Love, through some familiar path, in a lone dark forest, with dreams of two...

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## Coffee Anyone-?

There's a community house just around the corner  
With a sign outside for you to come and join-her

New Zealand basically structured to care  
Even the homeless have a home to share

Graciously they welcomed this America in  
One said I had ambiance, with a grin

Sure they all have a story, but love is the key  
There- I'm a part, like family; only freed

Our unique times of sharing lift my creativity  
It nice to be appreciated and have a cuppa tea

They know me now, in this little part of the world  
I try to see their value; they give my head a whirl

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# Communication, The Key

It is a sad, the social state-of-affairs,  
When there's no forgiveness from the heart.  
Such egos' web, behind such shallow pride,  
As if in others we see- "what in ourselves" couldn't be-  
By refusing the truth- patterns of illusion are set;  
Thus, filling our lives with 'fear and regret...'  
For Communication- "that's the key...! "  
So the only justification for marriage should be:  
"Two helping each other to be-, the best that they can be..."

We see conversing as a wall, instead of a bridge to mend a-gap.  
We see love to end 'all' needs; not 'honor' to share life's map.  
We see commitment, in a fast pace rat-race, as unrealistically true.  
We'd rather love for the moment, or night, than be responsible too!  
Yet, in history's mirror, if love we see (as patterns of our kin) ,  
We reject what we 'hated -, ' yet still think that we'll win.  
All the while, history repeats itself "again and again."

To be transparent-, is that the key...?  
Won't others, then, take advantage of you and me?  
Ok, how-about a somewhat open-book...!  
For those 'trustworthy-' an even closer look.  
Still, jealous seed are within the heart of the 'insecure...'  
Help may be "the sunny-side of relationships but "control is the lure."  
Perhaps, ones who don't know themselves- "don't even take a peek! "  
For they believe their fish stories and make you- "hide-or-peek! "

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# Companions Not For Love

Jealousy is a projector of love's enemy number one  
Faith and Trust are special gifts of grace, under the sun

Envy is quite subtle and self-corrosive so fatal to the soul  
Figurative Foxes despise one's grapes, having evil goals

Possessiveness is a ball and chain for rebellion's way  
It cripples human love and innocence; its poisons always...

Projection is a refractory illusion and doesn't rid one of guilt  
Pride's defence blinds and cripples, without forgiveness felt

Recklessness, or being judgmental, is based on guilt or fear  
Joy's victory, with offenders, is as laughter over dogma- dear

Dark silence is not golden, unless the cowardly one does hide  
Honest confrontation is good for the soul for peace to abide

Mistrust and paranoia is mainly one's own projected self-hate  
Perfect Love casts out fear, meeting the enemy at the gate

Arbitrary rightness is absurd rationalizations, justified within  
Strongholds of the demon Dragon of Pride leading to all sin

Arrogance plays ill-games barring meaningful communication  
Empty vessels make much noise void of honest hesitation

Greed or stinginess shrink the soul, a cowardly death to die  
Fears of paranoia and change incites the a miserly Magpie

Revenge is memorable commanding poetic justice to root  
Two wrongs don't make a right and history repeats each loot

Subliminal controls focus a child to repeat patterns to master  
Humans repeated then to regain what is lost from a disaster

With all hidden agendas the greatest lie is 99-percent truth  
Poetic justice recoils around beguilers dividends uncouth

Regret and guilt diverse things but forgiveness makes one sing  
This golden-key clears the slate by the golden-rule of the King

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# Compulsive-Aggressive Behaviour

In cases non-violence militancy requires more militancy than rage.  
What wicked webs these weave, dodging truth for another page.  
For the love of truth and prosterity, here are their traits:  
Of course, anything not of love is of Fear's digest of late.

Lets see, there's "fear of dependency" dressed in diverse ways.  
How about "fear of intimacy" appearing the opposite, nowadays.  
Of course, this type does always choose a wounded pigeon-mate.  
Fearing competition, they gain trust of their mate to brutally isolate.

Envy/Admiration pivots to and fro, an obstructionist they'll become.  
Shame hides the deed; they feel justified fostering chaos for the run.  
Comparisons are their game, yet "to the pure all things are pure..."  
It takes one to know one, unless you've learned from one, for sure.

Who can break a mind set without understanding one's inner dialogue?  
Some are overwhelmed with feelings of being victimized, like in-a-fog.  
Defence of excuses and lies project a counterfeit non-productive wall.  
Procrastination detours the path of possibility, familiar after-all.

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# Cooking Frogs By Economic Reactance

Slowly the electronic computer system upsets the cradle of power  
NZ was alerted to the Smart Card; a new tactic came another hour  
As Biblically foretold, power is now in a number on a passport chip  
Soon you won't be able to buy or sell without itemizing every bit

Principles of power, now influences over all, are applied to economy  
Best to surrender ones' mind to God than have the world's lobotomy  
If one assumes the appearance of power, people soon give it to you  
Yet submission to the higher power brings greater effects to review

Keys to economic advantage maintained with high-speed computing  
High tech productivity is thought a vital key, there's no disputing  
Computer tech is rather geared to govern all forms of individuality  
Cooking a frog you turns up the heat 'slowing' for induced reality

Can any thus comprehend subtle governmental moves for supremacy?  
Theoretically expressed as economics, Scientists control legitimately  
Moral issues are rarely raised in view of the law of natural selection  
Pivotal magnates ignite economy of the privileged few with no rejection

Bullets are propelled under hidden war tactics, fostering said fractions  
Gunpowder of programmers, bank pimps, and chiefs, puppet reactions  
"Give me control over a nations' dough; I care not who makes its laws"  
Notably, Mayer Rothschild related; and many activist adhere to it all

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# Cooking Turkey's Goose

Beguiled at last, reflecting the best, when one turns out to be a Turkey.  
Season's rest, let poetic justice make a spread for your little Monkey.  
Tasty little Pea-brain hearts act the clever sort for their illustrious show.  
Follow these directions clear and there'll be no leftovers for such a Toad.

Tell the butcher, thought by some to be God, 'of your dreaded plight.'  
For considerable consideration 'pray for mercy' all through the night.  
Put all plans on hold, collect your Turkey a day before Christmas day.  
If you're lucky to have a larder, outdoor storage space, go all the way...

Ask family giblets to remove the cavity of the bird but mums the word.  
A few might find your recipe cure, for this luscious bird, a bit absurd.  
You can't always make sure the frozen Bird is defrosted before cooking.  
But of course, all such Turkey's will want 'to be the better looking-.'

Hence, the thawing times for frozen Turkeys (lest tragedy strikes first) : '  
10 years @-room-temperature with a better 'Kiss-toe-actor' of course!  
15 years at same-temperature; thus frozen behind state prison steel bars.  
30 hrs. a week back-log 'red-tape trash' boomeranged, if only from Mars.

One day-a-year posted: most degrading moment of the scandal's sad tactics.  
Turkey serving times varies, life-sentences work best for a fool's antics.

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# Counterfeit Stupid Cupid

Stupid Cupid, many fallacies ascribe your destined trip  
Of course I'd like to clip your wings, for an uneven fit  
For ones, in-love-with, who are in-love-with another  
Past sibling rivalry love or humanity's type for a brother

Everyone's up for love, just can't decide which frame  
I'm in love for Heaven's sake and true Destiny's claim  
For all God offers there's a counterfeit easy to except  
Poetry is a counterfeit creation to reality's true concept

Cupid you're a false pretence made of flatteries to wane  
Happiness can be cheap enough as dearly we pay for it vain  
Let hope be of Jacob's Pillar, Stone of Destiny Dreams  
Your counsel's based on insecurity, false hope's schemes

But what test of True-Love's best, the kiss of living wine  
Humbly so, the Word's my test for Wisdom's gems divine  
Does love feed only the ego, or does it not nurture the soul  
Love seeks not it's own but love to give for Love's whole

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# Cultivating Romance

In marriage so often romance is just misunderstood  
It's not about a man or a woman trying to be good  
Perhaps it's where the nourishing should begin  
A rhythm of romance, of each nourishing, from selfish sin

Silly, though, how we all push things just to be right  
Instead of developing communitive bonds against the night  
Even God is into romance, of relationships and Love  
As with Biblical patterns from His Good-Book, up above

Selfishness hinders us from love's great liberty  
But when we nurture our loved-one we begin to see  
That, it's more about timing and loving consistency  
Like a rainbow rang of antics against loving resistancey

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# Dancing Around Pros And Cons

Exotic tune so rhythmic of my creative vibes, at best  
I need to find a place in arms serene, unlike the rest  
Feeling love without the pain, sunshine within the rain  
Still I'm content in God, to go-on without such strain

This Warrior woman-child has won strongholds of heights  
Dancing in the fire of God's Love, in the darkest night  
I had a Love that chose another, only to see him crash  
Queries are vital, but his unbalanced one became rash

When 'all I want is to worship my King' exalted so high  
He who's delivered me from Death, making my heart sigh  
In dreams He takes me into Heshbon, 'victory' over foes  
Day-times by quiet streams He leads me, where I'm to go

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# Death Of Cussing/ Cursing

Does God really favour one child over another?  
As Jacob cursed Rebekah and his son lost a mother.

His words didn't just take-root to happen right away.  
Though, some time, later it really did happen; hey.

Sure some speak rashly~ with no real thought at all...  
Others with words, powerful, are force against a wall.

Scientist discovered, now, that sound really does effect.  
Few realize "we were created to create life, " not to wreck.

People sadly see, only, what they want- not what's there.  
Word-power is either of Life, or Death, and even prayer.

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# Déjà Vu Dreaming

One-two steps, and more, with only you in mind  
Dramatically, two-four and later six, you're divine

Our accordion rumba music for enchanting moves  
Two hearts entwine within each beat as we grove

Déjà vu flashes from our past in bright retrospect  
The fun for this cardiovascular workout you can bet

Now what am I doing with Heaven's wings on my feet?  
I'm so lost deeply within your smile; you're so sweet

The fireside-light reflects us dancing on the floor  
Little else can compare for you're the one I adore

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# Denny's Restaurant Poem

I awakened to the dreary foreboding and whistling of the wind;  
As sighing intervals portrayed "don't go to work at Denny's tonight  
'Twill surely be their humour antics that will kill thee out right;  
New Zealand's Harold will cover it all and those here will exclaim:  
"Ah yes, I remember her quite well~, ah~, what was her name...? "

Maybe it's enough to stay in bed, indeed, and introspectively wonder:  
"What if it should be...? "

I knew of Caron with her charming bold wit~,  
And Margaret, too, who sneaks up on you~,  
And of course, Miss Franks~ whose always there~,  
But what evidence could be proved~ to anyone, anywhere?

They all hide~, until in the break room they sit.  
I thought I'd die~, yesterday, and still their antidotes wouldn't quite!  
Yet I survived, but drollery stricken scheme might lay in-store tonight? !  
This is not the normal Denny's, as anyone from America would say~.  
Why shouldn't I listen 'creatively' to the wind; and stay at home today?

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# Dethroning The Pedestal

Pedestal idols of humanity denotes man's syndrome of envy/hate  
Subtle forms of envy, later, becomes jealousy to freight  
A pedestal is much more a prison, as any small space, confined  
One safe-place of worship is free of insecure fears of the mind

Men equate manhood to the pocketbook or size; an esteemed tool  
Women equate value to looks or style; and what outfit looks cool  
Why value our worth with comparisons, against ones that we love?  
And this~ psychologists know well, but also the Almighty above

Why expect 'love' from one who'd never received it to give?  
GOD IS LOVE, the source of love, light, and life, to live...  
Dethrone the pedestal; receive God's gift of Love, and soul-mate  
My life is mixed with good and bad; his goodness to inflate

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## Dolphins, And True-Love Can Fly...

Doesn't Beauty come in so many forms?  
It's the openness of the gentle hearted that warms.  
My sister-soul, AngelEyes711, is a rare enchanting one.  
Loving life, Dolphins, and purity, and just having fun!

Trusting, oh so trusting, but trust must be earned.  
So she's just not a dolphin, but a wise one to learn.  
Humility will teach us more than any other thing.  
But how many would play envy for Beauty's frame?

Now I tell you, just look at Sharron's enchanting eyes...  
Earthly beauty may come, but spiritual beauty can fly!  
It can be a mark from the heart, of the window of the soul.  
Sharron Corr is just such a one, whose heart is of gold...

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## Don't Sell My Friend (Jesus)

Religion endeavours to make God look good  
I've seen the Grand Canyon, He does what He should  
Many believers strive to prove to the world that God works  
The world should know that God loves~, despite our quirks

We're not perfect because as yielded active Believers  
Sometimes we are frantic because of associate deceivers  
Confessing our imperfections is a part of life and communion  
There's no healing till silence of shame is broken with consumption

As the saying goes: God's not finished with me yet  
'Course I love to talk about the good things; you bet  
So often we hear: "come to Jesus and all will be well"  
From sinner to baby, first born, even in life is difficult and hell

First of all our mind-sets interfere with Father-God's will  
Born of Christ is like there are two dogs fighting inside to kill  
Depending on what we feed on, lets' put-on His Word- seed  
Exchange your role-model for Christ, abiding in His thoughts we read

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# Don't Wanna Be Your Muse, Just Your Fire

Come and fall away from such a state of a semi-coma.  
Avoid her screen-ager antics and sunspots of melanoma.  
Between the line, see the dark-shines of Jezebel's take.  
I pray you voice your valued plug-in for Heaven's sake.

This free electron radiates light as no electron can.  
Is your quantum treasured Muse in the Master's hand?  
Christ taught me how to run, and even taught me to fly~!  
He taught me how to see 'the me (of Him) ' inside.

Don't wanna be renowned or even the world's Muse.  
Father helped me master games~ to empower love's fuse.  
There are many who make-love, just out-of-nothing at all.  
Time feeds the gauge of love and Wisdom supports its fall.

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# Don'T Mess With My Food

From the Fall of Man the Devil messed with our Food Choice  
Humanity's blind nature came, not adhering to Father's voice  
I'm talking about an evil foe tampering with our food selections  
It started in the Garden of Eden, now evil inverts seed injections

Man is the worst of foes who often tampers with most of our foods  
Hybrids, pesticide sprays, to polluting the ground from these dudes  
Chemicals, not natural alternatives, are used for commercial greed  
Not enough time or books to test the patients who'll later bleed

Man has polluted almost all that God's given, us to use naturally  
Trying to outlaw goods in Health Shops without a Doctor's validity  
Next they'll try and cattle brand us for feed or a subtle slaughter  
Sign-up as an Organ Donor and time may be up~ sooner than it oughta

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## Dream Scenario

I once had a dream whereby a man, in love, came and asked advice.  
"What's the secret to win such a lady's heart? " he asked; then twice.  
I paused- and went for counsel; "to the wisest lady that I knew-."  
She was 'a Pearl of Wisdom, ' elaborately dressed, in sea-breeze blue.

Consequently, I soon returned with "a jewel of wisdom" in my hand.  
He was most expectant; and yet, as if he had an alternative plan...  
Thus, my simply reply was: "make yourself vulnerable, with a kiss-! "

The following night- in an altogether different dream...  
I found myself mesmerized by a "twelve year old boy..."  
Then "I kissed him; he, then, quickly arose to go make wedding plans.  
"What have I done, " I had said? ! When "all I wanted" was this child-man!

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Drinking Love Cold

Yes it's true; sometimes I wear my cross outside of the cold.  
While Heathens dwell in muttered spells, that I won't hold.  
Sometimes at night, I won't leave the cross alone.  
This is the time when I seem most at home.  
Day-sleep shares love, until time takes leave from dreams.  
Living in the real, I mutter far less in mournful screams.  
My painted cross knows not the bitter; I've drank love cold.  
This is my way 'to keep this life from growing so old...'

He hears the cries that I keep so deep within my pride.  
He hears it in my touch, and he sees it in my eyes...  
That cross I wear is always there when it is silently cold.  
A prophet foretells of seasons, a forecaster 'oh so bold...'  
My mockeries are my misgivings; still I've led some astray.  
I would have him over, in a moment, but would he forever stay?  
My painted cross, knows not the bitter; because I drink love cold.  
This is my way, to keep this life from growing callously old.

Now there is an aging, for Wisdom is my glass.  
Breaking forth into each new day, Wisdom forfeits the past.  
One does loved me as a child, and thinks he loves me still.  
Although, my passion of prudes and utterly "unfulfilled."  
While I slowly drifted away, still pursuing only God's grace...  
There were many times that I could have made a photo trade.  
Timing was wrong (loving me) , for your decision had been made.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Drugs

It started once in chocolate,  
It ended up in coke,  
It found its way in music pangs,  
Like vipers deadly fangs...  
This poison spread like fire,  
Throughout each state and home,  
Now that it's an epidemic,  
To legalize they're prone.  
It started in candy,  
Then ended-up in schools;  
It spread when they thought the Bible...  
'Was not-a-good Golden-rule...! "  
It started in the homes,  
When kids had nowhere to play;  
It took its toll and boomeranged-,  
Back on our heads to stay...!  
Now it's in our churches,  
For each old aged-gran;  
'Cause Steroids aren't just for boxers,  
It's for everyone across the land.  
It seems the government has the market,  
For every cause and lure;  
Oh yea, drugs are really big business,  
Or they would have found a cure!

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Drunk On Heaven's Floor

Blasted from earth's sphere, wasted on Heaven's floor.  
Astounded by all the smoke, and the stillness, in His door.  
He said He was the Way and so I stepped right in.  
Floods of Living-water came and cleansed me of my sin.

'Man I loved intoxication, ' but this was better still-.  
The heavens swirled around me as the angels did His will.  
Yes, I heard about Christ's miracle 'turning water into wine.'  
Yet here He was turning 'anew, ' within me, heavenly divine.

How could such a thing happen to 500 kids at a gas station?  
We were Brownsville kids 'a worshipping, ' lost from human ration.  
Laid-out on the gas pump floor, the 'laughter high' did source.  
Oh the joy of being wasted, as Heaven strikes an awesome score.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Dynamic Ones

Creating dynamic equilibrium macro theories that do revolutionize  
Enthusiastically, they're courageous and clever, who will win the prize  
Imagination is the fabric dynamics which influence beyond position  
Focusing on priorities, so right; cause there'll always be opposition

Champions travel many paths, along their route for par excellence  
Nor are they swayed from the prize when bullied with ill dominance  
Note their 'potent impact' by means of their straightforward expression  
As their dominant motive can be played-out with hardly a confession

When things get tough, the dynamic will forcefully move mountains  
Nerves of steel and a will of iron, a catalyst is calm in a vortex fountain  
Whether a stimulator, motivator, an activator, or creative originator  
They personify the dynamics of being dynamic, as a valiant alleviator

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Egotistical Predator (Competitor Of Hell)

You're locked-in by closet practices, camouflaged to gain.  
A chameleon blends into its surroundings, but you're insane.  
Some, unaware of Hell's assignment, lie, steal, and destroy.  
You glory in selfish takers, lusting after others for your toy.

You need vulnerable pigeons for tyranny and cruel catch.  
While you, yourself, hate the most; envying what yah thrash.  
By instigating you regulate, and even play God, so you'll rule.  
No one near knows you; your deception is vain and cruel.

Liar is your name; a con's your game, killing all you maim.  
Hate inside, you hide; God there's too many actors to blame.  
Your gifted façade, crippling your prey, like vinum to an asp.  
I knew you once; til God turned me, His Loving way, to grasp

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Embryonic Explosive Impact

Like a "time-bomb" getting ready to 'explode...! '  
People- get out of the road! ! !  
Ok, "so never say never-, '  
Because that's just what people will do!  
Even friends don't seem to" see the whole,  
Nor, do they, the proper time' to avoid you! "

Talk-about-the-straw that broke the camels back!  
For intense, my beloved cat; 'No kids, no-bliss-no-bleez.'  
I couldn't convey enough to- 'stay-out-of-my-way, please.'  
Right, never-say-never; for that's just what they'll do.  
No one seems to care, when you're hanging-by-a-rope,  
Or in the air, and have reached the living-end, too-!

No; not friend, nor prophet-, nor apostle too-.  
'Jesus' is the only-one-I-know who'll take-care-of-you.  
So, what-do-you-do, when 'hell's-gait' is opened wide-?  
Well, for one thing-, don't look for a saint to confide!  
I reckon it's not wise to put much confidence in a friend.  
Only God has promised- to be with you, until the very end.

This one thing I know; no friend-, nor dog-, nor toad-,  
Will ever take the place of the King!  
Cause when it comes down to the 'crunch'  
He-, alone, 'delivers' and will make your heart sing.  
This, I know and this I'll show-, for all humanity-.  
Someday I'll be famous, but what is that without the Lord?  
There is no relationship that's more important.  
Fame and gifting cannot buy 'peace of mind.'  
As such, from all my travels, 'indeed I was blind.'

No pain-no-gain, they say- and 'true.'  
Yes the pain has humbly brought me to you (Father) .  
With tears that stream from a 'true-heart-cry'  
From rags-to-riches, I humbly die.  
Now I lay-me-down to rest, upon thy cross, You know best.  
Who knows this pain; you were pierced clear through!  
Oh- for the 'Garden of Gethsemane' to be at it's end.  
To rest in your confidence of- 'well done, my friend.'

I love Thee Lord, please help me now.  
My entire life- I, somehow, bow.

Your "Metaphysical Trunk, ' The ROSE...

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Escaping

I was just escaping from the norm when I ran into a tree  
Strange how it turned into the Door of Life for my reality  
Flabbergasted, and shaken, I stepped back to comprehend  
Life in general is too overwhelming to ever understand

Then that Door seemed to transformed into an old rugged Cross  
Thought I'd been to hell and back, once I thought I was lost  
Guess I thought I was an expert, like Houdini, who could escape  
Looking for love, all wrong places, I developed a protective cape

Who needs a pill, when I was the thrill to escape man's game to win  
Never found love, you see, but Christ was my Victor and true Friend  
Pain has a game of camouflage, a defence, for Roses do have thorns  
I escaped into the Arms of the Almighty; safe am I from man's scorn

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Etiquette Progressively Of Wisdom

Grace period is up for fathers and husbands of late.  
God holds them accountable for the wrongs on their slate.  
The mothers and children will be cut-off from their skirt.  
They'll no-longer cover God's little-ones who bashfully jerk.

Not hammered by projections or limited by man;  
Father God judges and takes onus for He understands.  
Perpetuity (forever) He offers time without end.  
A new and better way for those who've sacrifice unto Him.

Now an annuity payable indefinitely comes through double doors.  
It was promise from the ages, this Latter Rain of Rainbow's floors.  
It's coming, it's here, to bring Joy with Peace for Mercy's sake.  
God is near the homeless and widows; and orphans He'll not forsake.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Everlasting Evolution...

Everlasting evolution  
Never equalization  
Always contemplation  
Perhaps reservation  
Creative imagination  
Your words of elevation  
Never exaggeration  
Comforting my depreciation  
Cleansing rain of regeneration

How gallant your resolution  
Silly salutations  
Redeeming revelation  
Despite our conversation  
Consequently revolutionary  
Perhaps even constitutionary  
My choice is God's glory  
Your glory will tell this story

By his own qualification  
Trusting only his elaboration  
Only love's beautification  
Blossoming ornamentation  
This is no prefabrication  
This emblematical representation

For your serious investigation  
Thanks for your preëminent kindness  
Endearing eloquence from blindness.  
Unequaled affection in my direction  
Displaying destinies intervention  
Divinely played for intercession  
Foretelling events as prefiguration

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Every Little Beat

Mary kept secrets of her locket stories  
Parallel destinies for Sapphire's heart  
Prayerful ecstasy of history's glories  
A rainbow-land where Christ will impart

Every little thing He does is classic  
Everything, surreal, just turns to song  
Even though my life's been sadly tragic  
Now I can dance in rapture and live on

A rhythmic samba captures new flurries  
Words can't express, so my feet break-free  
Praise for a 1000-nights eliminate the blurry  
What is man to find such a Holy Ghost liberty

We don't see developing cuts of a diamond  
Music-streams, like wine, flows down as grace  
'Rose-needle grooves man's heart' said LeMond  
Yes the mirror of one's heart-stance a work of lace

Every little angel thing God does is classic  
Everything, emphatic, just turns to song  
Even though 'some lives' are born to tragic  
There's a Rainbow-end for the repentant throng

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Every Seed-Dream Dies...

In cryptic melancholy tones I hear my heart calling for hire.  
Even martyrs, of the dark ages, sang in the intense fire.  
I can see the breaking of my seed-dream from green earth.  
This dead-love was all wrong; it had to die for a new birth.

I'm not sure; has anyone ever dived into a love-seed on fire...?  
Has there ever been a "divine and enchanting love" of such desire?  
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes-, every seed must fall inevitably down.  
Please, isn't there one who will tell me-, "who turned off the lights? "  
Will I ever 'sing and dance again, ' on humanities lost sea in the night? !

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# Evil Created By God?

Challenged with this university question,  
One researched Truth's 'whole confession.'

How many, to such a question, might dare say yes;  
If God created evil then He is evil, one might guess.

But, then, one student did profoundly asked:  
'Tell me professor, does cold exist to last...? '

The professor replied, 'Of course it exists.'  
What was this brassy student's logic, or gist?

Amazingly, the bold student retorted, 'That's not true.'  
'With laws of physics, cold is the absence of heat (for you) .'

All can succumb to a proven study, as energy will transmit.  
Cold does not exist; the word only describes how we feel, to fit.

The calm student continued, 'Sir, does darkness exist? '  
The confident professor retorted, 'Of course it does.'

The student replied, 'Again, Sir, that's not right;  
Darkness is actually the absence of the Light.'

Newton 's prism is used to break light into colours of aura.  
Wavelengths cannot measure an unilluminated area.

The light's ray can break a world of darkness, illuminating it.  
Darkness is termed to describe the absence of light, present.

Finally the youth asked, 'Sir, does evil exist? '  
A bit unsure the man said, 'Of course (not wanting to resist) .'

At last the youth replied, 'Evil does not exist Sir (neath God's rod) .'

Evil does not exist 'unto itself, ' it is simply the absence of God.'

'God did not create evil, He created beings with free-choice.'  
The youth was Albert Einstein; I am 'only relating his voice.'



# Extended Family Members~ One

Dysfunctional conditions of family fractions diminish the whole.  
Smaller mindsets diminish by cutting off limbs from God's goal.

Judgmental and sectarian ways of mindsets from pride's evil.  
Medical injustice of legal drugs brought a mind altering level.

Satan put his finger on works of the flesh from my circular area.  
One by one the family's rootlet wheel pointed as if I had Malaria.

I recall the lyrics: if the whole world forsakes me I'll take Christ.  
Never once counting, nor ever could I imagine such a sacrifice.

God's Word says He takes the solitude and puts them in a family.  
As of now my extended family consist of one, and a sweet reality.

Why is it so easy to cut off a limb, one precious soul from kin~?  
In the name of God, for control, walking a line with God so thin.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Fabulous Dancing Feet

Yeats said: How can we know the dancer from the dance?  
Men oft' do love an artist's work, minus his personal stance.  
I dance for excellence, not that I have perfectly attained.  
I dance to rhythm and rhyme but not to distraction's game.

Here am I, believing God alone knows how to dance the best,  
Valuing the difference between ones' fruit and gifting to rest.  
So I dance in gratitude for fruits of labour, salvation freed.  
Not alluding to the past, failures, or all that's lacking in me.

He's given me dancing feet, and songs so sweet, for romance.  
Please excuse me while I throw these old shoes off and dance.  
Life to me is colour, texture, and truth's complexity profound.  
At times I think Wisdom, also, dances with me on the ground.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Fashion Tops Overlay

It started with a dream and ended in a scheme  
My interest in design, fabric, and style, so keen  
My love for fabric, and design, to shine and to display  
Loving colour, style, nothing too wild, with lace and trim; ole

Imagine short and fancy 'crisscross tops' to elegantly match  
Matching one's perfect ensemble takes work for a hatch  
I'm thinking lime, translucent bright, and ones shining at night  
Of course black & white is always in~ for a touch-of-class in sight

There's not a shop out there to service this accessory demand  
Yet there's a cross-block in the centre of Christchurch which can  
Many people there set-up their wares under the clouds in mid-air  
Father, God, has graciously given this dream alive with tender flair

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Fly-Fishing 4-A Dream\_Date

Women are opposite to the dating theme from a male's scheme.  
Men relate this to the clever patience of the fly-fishing tactic dream.  
Thus, one usually catches more fish with flies- than spinners..."  
Is it safe to call it the "bait-and-date" diversified tactics of a winner?

The basic skill of this fishing has its defining attributes to war or fate.  
Enchanting in summer, this game for some, "casting to control the bait."  
You need a strong and accurate cast; for the mastery of this skill is vital.  
A French lady once passed her love-secrets on from "a training dog book."  
The intricacies of this may be complex; but you should have a serious look!

Timing's best with wisdom's apple-key; as the right angling is for reality.  
Though Out-back Jack liked another approach, catching reactions fallacy.  
It's the processes for selecting the fly that allows you to catch the intent!  
Leaving you more than just a memory, for the right Rainbow-trout sent-.

Location-&-allocation is for dating nets- "with proficiency for fly-fishing."  
Amateurs don't apply; pros for Rainbow-trout-gem do more than wishing!  
Wisdom's compass will lead your way, proverbs 8: 27, doth clearly relate!  
But please don't talk of destiny, without harmony of God's will "as fate."

Chose divine reliance for steps to abide, leaving the old while he leads.  
Fishermen, as in serious daters, should act by least resistance to help feed.  
Patterns may be fished 'sub-surface, ' with a 9-ft. leader to secure latches.  
Downstream troll is effective and anglers-in-springs can expect catches.

This biological ritual, diversified of males, is delicate with such strategies.  
As fisherman with a sin-tip line, or a floating line, with elusive flatteries!  
My challenge is to the brave, the clever and bold; catch-me if you're told.  
For Rainbows of the divine, transform dreams in God's light of pure gold...

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Forgive Me If I Play

Can't say I'm all that insecure  
Just wanting validation secure  
So I asked Father-God for options  
Not thinking two would be up for adoptions

Guess two lovers are better than one  
In the pursuit, of the unknown, of destiny's run  
One is brilliantly mature and a genius of passion  
The other brilliantly young so I keep my heart ration

It's not that I'll not commit  
Many other's are prone to quit  
Yet I know I can have either one; it's true  
Where it not for knowing God's dream-clue

Now I find, the other man's become single  
While the younger is realigning to that jingle  
Silly notions of our egotistical frame of acceptance  
Neither has the courage to proclaim, out-right, reliance

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Free-Wheeling Across The Floor

"[Style is] that which indicates how the writer takes himself and what he is saying. It is the mind skating circles around itself as it moves forward." ~Robert Frost

Get me some wheels, fixed on shoes, watch me cut a rug or two.  
Dreaming bursts into view, as Motown hits create heart's new.  
Lost, in majestic rhythm, entranced past a lonely crowded room.  
Feeling like I own the stars, and could travel past the moon.

Always longing to gracefully fly, but nothing else is so plausible.  
These wheels, of majestic wings, ignite emotions so inaudible.  
Some amateur skating may be technical expertise, without heart.  
With 'a Natural' expression is easy, creatively stepping apart.

True, some go to a rink to socialize, escaping from family-ties;  
Others joyously greet the spacious floor, to physically vocalize...  
I'm in heaven's bliss rhythmically flying such inspirational wings.  
Even this as an idol, I humbly surrendered to my Lord and king  
.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Full Circle

Now, God is the God of the Whole~ not just a part.  
He never created robots but free-will for each heart.

People don't want change or to see things a new.  
Til they come full-circle, then they have a chance or two.

In the circle of life's choices the wheel of fortune turned  
Few recognize structural lines- for lessons to be learned

Some take leaps of faith and some are pushed in extreme  
Kids have limited views (not of the whole) of history theme

No one breaks God's laws; instead, they'll break you  
Forgiving wrong clears the slate and make old things new

There's nothing like a band of hope, secure in loving ways  
Rare that one comes full circle, with gratitude that pays

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Game's Over

"Remember those in prison" is what I heard God say.  
"As if you yourself were there, in lost reality, this day.'  
This world's grovelling, impartial, their sins have a sway.  
Here I stand before you, my Judge; what more can-I relay...  
Life is a rat-race; its schedule keeping me from intimacy.  
I know I should've gone deeper- 'into my closet's reality.'

No I wasn't always a-fence-sitter; I had goals to obtain-!  
Compromise is a part of life 'how else, Lord, ' could I gain?  
The poor has always been; am I my brother's keeper, Lord?  
I hated being rejected, guess I was indifferent, not adored.  
King David's sin 'at the top' caused innocent ones to fear.  
Why am I held guilty for rulers actions that brought me here?  
I'm a pawn, a puppet; knowing that, at least, filters down.  
You know the world feeds on Death, when victory's not around.

Truth, implied, with rebellously rejection; what was I to-do?  
We survive, with little preference in how, isn't that true?  
We justify, say we love you, being partial to actors 'tame.'  
I've cast out devils in your name, despite my ostrich game!  
So busy with tapes and teaching, I knew not the need's sigh.  
An affinity for the familiar, I pursued man's vote 'to rely.'

Unsympathetic gestures aren't sin; I was busy lending a hand.  
Obligingly I did the best; it's the same all across the land!  
Said Christ: 'Your defiant ways of indifference is at an end;  
For once you pass Death's Door, my final judgment begins...  
I never knew you; when I was naked and poor, where were you-?  
When you did-it not unto the least, you did-it not to Me too.  
Love fulfils all my law; its opposite isn't hate but apathy.  
No grovelling shall help, with your withdrawn controversy...'

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Glamorous Witchcraft

Hey, there's nothing wrong with witchcraft; it's everywhere you go.  
Yet Jezebel promoted witchcraft as religion, to try and steal the show!

They say all is fair in love-and-war; witchcraft control defies all rules.  
Step-right-up for this renown game; the criteria is of a sold-out-fool...

Biblically Jezebel's spirit lives on-, in ones whose hearts are cold.  
Few think the righteous are as bold as a lion, while darkness is so bold!

Witchcraft can be a spiritual structure of manipulations implied score.  
Its mask is that behind control, with glamour, riches and much more!

Few know the-way this kingdom came-to-be, denying God's golden-rule tool.  
Icons are skulls, snakes, and lewd lasciviousness, to burn lust's fuel.

The US disowned 'God-and-prayer in schools, ' witchcraft was story's fame!  
With a print of Christ, made of numbers, I was rejected from a class-game.

Viewing the whole, in life there's light/positive and a darkest/grey.  
Even America says: 'each have the right to believe their own way...! '

This occult was banned by Jewish Kings; destroyed by prophets of fire-.  
All control starts first with flatteries, of the flesh and human desires.

Truth is rarely seen these days; that is, 'true-love and Wisdom's kind-! '  
Seems rebels-of-flesh are promoted and 'ones humbled-n-truth are blind! '

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Glory Streams Of Victory's Dream

Rushing streams and glory dreams central of the Lamb...  
Long awaited Victory hits Leviathan by the Great I-Am.  
The roses bloom with rhythm tunes, a key to paradise...  
Holy Light, supreme and bright, defeats the counterfeit light

Bright songs of praise for each new day fill His waking hearts  
God's new path and love is clear~, redeeming Door that starts  
Now I lay me down to rest~, beneath God's Apple Tree...  
Living Words, 'they vitalize, ' nurturing possibilities

Safe from harm, fear of alarm, I'm free for Victory's dance  
All my baggage now is His; I'm free for His romance  
Stop, can you hear them; oh~ how the angels do sing...  
All's been dealt with of my plate; now victory bells do ring

ArmourQuill Hunter

# God Of My Fathers

God of counsels, and Holy Administrator, what can I say~?  
For Wisdom against my foolishness, you help me every day.  
God of my fathers, I knew You, s a child, Redeemer Friend.  
Loveless and alone, there wasn't any to help; but You, in the end.

El Shadi, Jehovah, Ancient of Days, how majestic are Your ways.  
I love Your Counsels with Wisdom's jewels to influence my days.  
Still, I questioned You ~ as to why I should so pursue Your Peace.  
Varied aspects of Pride 'trouble others, ' for strife's bitter release.

You so cradled me, and delivered me, from Death's deadly grip.  
You took wheels off the Egyptian's tires~ and let the waters rip.  
How marvellous, Mighty One of Israel, is Your power still shown.  
Past the Red Sea and Jordan, now into the Promised-Land to roam.

I'm drinking of the Fountain underneath the cloudless sky...  
Here's me abiding in Living-waters~ that never shall run dry.  
Glory hallelujah, I am free; oh, how Christ is the Victory-  
Everlasting Father, Lord, Prince of Peace, I love Your reality.

~Milly Hunter (17 September 2006 7: 33 a.m.)

ArmourQuill Hunter

# God Paints Secrets Of The Atom

My Father-God painted a diagram once, as if to say:  
You wanted to know TRUTH- and uncover most riddles...  
Draw a large circle... Now draw a vertical line through the middle.  
Can you see... the part on the left- is "LOST-reality...?  
Now look again... the part on the right- is "LIFE-eternally...?"

But from man's point-of-view "it's the same, " naturally...  
So I drew the circle, I did what he conveyed; "what's this about? " I relayed.  
You asked about ESP, through the "whole-pie perspection, " you will see.  
Now-, draw a horizontal line through the middle of the circle, right-to-left.

Now you have a summary, of each atom in a tiny human cell, can you tell?  
In every Plumblineline, of every structure, LOVE is the cross @-the-centre point!  
Yet, for every "true prototype" there is a counterfeit to the contrary.

Recall that all things of opposites, Light and Dark (and all the rest) , to test.  
See the top Right side as Light, and divided below as light-shades of gray.  
Now picture the Left side the opposite way. Later on it will really pay.  
Then you have opposing Light-bright to Dark-Black, and grays similarly;

The Light is Heaven's kingdom; the Dark can only be that of pure Evil's darkness.  
Yet the gray, betwixt, is interesting; and more positive on the dark than light.  
Both side connect, in some way or another, at the centre-point of the CROSS.  
Yet, for the two divisions of Light and Dark,3-levels are 30-60-100-fold seen.

Each levels to degrees of commitment, of ones on either sides of the drawn line.  
This descriptive prototype of Zach.4, seen over Ezekiel 10, is Heaven's design.  
1 John 5: 6-8 is where Heaven-and-Earth, God's Gateway meets merging  
energy.  
This isn't just spiritual symbolic truth; it's of the sum-total, the Ark's reality.

This diagram brings a 'transformation to hearts' circumstances for the good.  
Twice this diagram was showed to 2-different ones; each time they were  
changed.

Though this revelation came as a result of a question I had asked God at eight-  
teen.

"Is what I have ESP? " "No, " he said, "You can call it HSP! " "What's that I  
replied? "

With Holy Spirit Perception, remember in all things there's a counterfeit of true."  
So I did what God said; while marvelous revelations came, as his true prototype.  
Even to this profound day, luminous light continues still, as I know his name.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# God Told Noah To Build An Ark

God told Noah to build an ark  
Build it high and build it smart  
Earth's cycle of grace had come to an end  
But not for Noah's family, His friend

Still, today they say popularity rules  
That God wouldn't create Hell, or fools  
Once saved always saved, and such dribble  
Earth's Blueprint is really not the Bible

In fact, it's said that we've evolved from apes  
That church wars were of control, and rapes  
True knowledge comes from the whole, not part  
God gave 'Jezebel a space to repent' from the heart

Though Scientists prove- the earth was once destroyed  
Documented in the Bible, in Genesis 1, when all was void  
God's judgment is individual and collectively of the whole  
Why build 'a comfort zone, ' in God's zone, without His goal

My point is- catastrophic reports are escalating  
One may think that God is angry while contemplating  
Perhaps we, like Noah, should ask Him to help build  
An Ark, that is, for His blessing and safety to yield

ArmourQuill Hunter

# God's Blank Page

Early in the morning this Parchment yield to Ink  
I'm fit for a Royal decree that sets me 'in the pink'  
I'm soaking in the sun with many trees of yore  
Once there was too much on my plate, galore

All I had to do, for change, was walk into God's Book  
He turned the pages of my life, emptied me to look  
Now I'm in love with the greatest Author ever known  
He walks with me, liberating, in the Mighty One's throne

Never thought I'd be a Page, from heaps of rubbish within  
Christ the risen King has written on me, His kingdom to win  
Now, each brand new morning's dawn I wake to gladly sing  
Evening time, I serenely yield 'empty' for my Author-King

ArmourQuill Hunter

# God's Radical Proclamation

'Gather up the wounded, ' I heard God thunder once to me.  
'The religious have set limits on My Grace that I give free.  
For I Am the Great Physician who longs to fulfil man's need.  
Hypocrites serve Me with their lips and the hungry can't feed.'

'Yet I've told my people that they can have what they say...  
My people are speaking and saying what they want, anyway.  
Record for ages to come: 'I am Lord, and sin's to be shunned.  
The bed's too-short and the covering's too-thin not to be stunned.'

'Hark; hear the angels gather for the mighty judgement day?  
Multitudes are in the valley of decision, untold excuses to relay.  
Many have forgotten my Sword is double-edged for a dual task.  
The cup of abomination, for the unrepentant, is about filled at last.'

'I'm the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the Mighty of Israel.  
Though hand-join-in-hand the rebellious won't prosper, but fail.  
There is a way that seems right unto man, but the end is of Death.  
I Am meek and lowly, come and I'll give you My Life's Breath.'

~\*~

ArmourQuill Hunter

# God's Youngest Explorer

Quite early in life, I was determined to ruin Satan's day.  
With a few kids gathered around me, I rigorously dug away.  
'He's down here and, by God's help, I'll find him for sure.'  
They believed every word, but I was only four 'with my cure.'

'He's the one causing all the pain in my family and the world.'  
'If it's the-last-thing-I-do I'll find him, ' I told the girls.  
We tired yet my zeal was strong; I think I focused them to live.  
Imagination transported me places, but all I wanted was to give.

Never did I know my sickly mom; so I grew up on the streets.  
Neighbourhood kids followed me everywhere; 'that was sweet.'  
Roy Rogers's nephew was my best friend at the age of twelve.  
I put on plays, filmed movies, made sand castles and elves.

How I admired my Pastor Grandma, she told gospel tales best.  
The Holy Spirit hugged me at four, I felt loved and blessed.  
I was an explorer climbing hills- and creating things to do.  
The kids and I made cardboard sleds; down the hills we flew.

Bored, once I talked a friend into asking others for materials.  
I didn't like dolls but I loved to create outfits with frills.  
Exuberant zeal came easily, I-did-it-all and felt 10-feet tall.  
A silly commercial, of kids flying, convinced me I'd never fall.

Looking back now, guess you could say I haven't changed my game.  
Still exploring, creating, climb mountains, and sharing the same.  
Life's been one exploring expedition, internationally, at a time.  
I still find ways to defeat the Devil, with God's Spirit divine.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Golden Dragon Of Religion

She rides the golden beast, "the Dragon, " with her lust...  
She killed the "true prophets" then, and she still does.  
Seducing with her counterfeit light "shroud over nations, "  
Controlling pawns, kings, and perpetrating aggravations...

This "doctrine of the dragon" of self-pious defense,  
With such simple "gang tactics" of upper-echelon elegance...  
For the Wisdom of God's truth is balanced with love...  
Not "this counterfeit of self-worship" never from above!

The Social structure, and money game, has crept into the church.  
With self-righteous, happy-clappie do-gooders on fences perch.  
Religious wars cry-out for blood, as two women did with Solomon,  
Fighting for "the one (born-child) , " each had known a few men.

Wisdom, she cried-, from the heart of this wise renowned king...  
'Divide the child in two; we'll know how the real mom will sing! '  
I tell you, it's 'religion' that kicks the weak when they are down.  
Religion has no moralistic "healthy humor" in a God-forsaken town.

Religion binds to imprison, rituals and rhetoric of disarray not to console.  
Religion is a mind 'blood sucking Leech' that makes zombies; a bit like Reno.  
Religion is void of 'Serene PEACE' and operates on GUILT to win a fight.  
Religions, full of good works, are really "white-washed tombs" of light.

Religion was once on Mt. Carmel, with 400 false-prophets of their weak king,  
Against one "man of God, Elijah, " who mocked them all for his victorious ring!  
He designed the test, he knew them all best, and he challenged them everyone...  
"Go ahead, do your religious thing; perhaps your god is on the toilet, for fun? "

If you think I'm being bold, just ask yourself: "how-many wars fought for gold? "  
Religion is tax deductible, occults promoting to win; real winners are rarely told.  
Golden-winged Dragon loves blood to disdain the Mighty One of Israel's name.  
Jezebel (of old) rides the "golden money system, " to kill, destroy, and maim.

Each nation has their emblem; yet America's is the Eagle, seen on the dollar bill?

Religion defies rhyme-and-reason, it defies by manipulating choices of one's will.  
'In God we trust, ' next to 'the eye of the pyramid, epitomizing man's subtle

vener.

That coined phrase, of it's money system, is America's true intent, vaguely clear.

Proof of Watergate, and Bush 'declaring war' as TV zoomed in at his church,  
I'm seeing Religion 'a Golden Dragon' leeching life; then piously finds a perch.  
To prove my point, God died for sinners yet the church doesn't want them.  
They want "sinners dressed and fit" for their ulterior motives and terms.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Gossip, Decoys And Stolen Goods

People see, on the whole, will just what they may  
While God sees through each heart each and every day  
Gossip is a front to cover the filth that's on one's plate  
It kills, nonetheless, and is a true form of apathy's hate

There once was a woman who had a watch of gold  
The Salvation Army took it and cut it up to be sold  
Each cut piece was a fragment of her broken life left  
Her very own daughter was taken, kidnapped by theft

God has placed WANTED on the Sallies for sure  
When you rob from the least, there's no other cure  
Beware taking 'in God's Name' for your advantage  
God speaks for the poor and afflicted to give a bandage

A defender of the helpless, a comforter of the weak  
Father seeks out the lost and is a defender of those meek  
Gossip is the greatest tool of witchcraft, aiming to destroy  
This admonition should not be used as another subtle decoy

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Granted... (Peace...!)

PEACE, be still.., from this storm-tossed sea; beneath your water's edge.  
Let "this kiss" chase your blue-gray clouds away, from destruction's ledge!  
Please "sir, " join me in this spot of time, safe in the eye of the hurricane...  
I know no human Savior, and my lot is not great, though God keeps me sane.

In the name of Christ, for all that is good, "peace to your whirlwind and pain-! "  
Didn't you know that all have prison cells; there's little comprehension to gain.  
Everything is "free-choice." My promised beau left me for a "bird-in-the-bush! "  
Only the "divine wine of destiny, " being anchored in his will, helps with a wish.

Those with nothing left to live can "bring a new birth of the greatest fight..."  
Revealing all the problems that one can face; perhaps clears the slate for light...!

Please sir-, "who ever had a happy life; " when we go "from prison cell to hell? "  
Take this kiss, with thanks for what you've shared; "you've eased my lot of  
shell."

Only Christ can lead us through life's maze; to enable us to "finally find love..."  
"Oh, come Holy Spirit Dove, and take this one to mountain heights up above-! "  
Love need not always speak of the problems; love sees "the answer in a gaze..."  
When it's just too hard to see through your haze; just try thankfulness for praise.

It's true; we so often mistake one's greed with misgiving, for true-love, then  
bleed.

Are there not the walking-dead; just going through the motions for such greed-?  
!

"Live, I say; all you old dry bones-; live in the Rose of Sharon who's not worn! "  
Live in life-, love in war; forgive and relive-, from all that's been so deeply torn...

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## He Whose Deadly Wound Is Healed (Rev.13: 12)

Now is his propagating madness, legalizing sin  
You see witchcraft displayed on TV time and again  
Israel's priests speaks of building of their temple ways  
Prophecy foretells a world superman who'll bring hell's days

Soon a Peace Treaty with Israel; then it's broken 3-yrs. later.  
This ruling dictator will set himself up there, like an alligator.  
Like Leviathan, none can defeat him but God (minus pride) .  
Religion majors in appearances but Believers in Christ abide.

This religious economic genius makes war with saints as well.  
He whose covenanted by sacrifice reigns over darkness of Hell.  
Life-styles, however, will be radically changed and altered.  
Anchor child against the sea, in Christ you'll not be flustered.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Healing Is A Choice

"Will you be healed, " was what Christ the Lord said?  
This brought "excuses" from many of fear, and dread.  
We just don't see things as our Father God.  
Don't even use His tools properly, like His Word/ Rod.

Compared to lost Sheep, we're so easily led astray...  
We don't know "Healing's a choice" in Salvation each-day.  
Even after God led His own~ into the Promised Land...  
God left some giants so we'd not get lazy and comprehend

We're lost and blind as a bat without Christ, to really see.  
Salvation of body, mind, and soul, is what He offers you and me.  
Not in the name of religion, but by all that God is call-by above.  
We want what we want when we want it; without discipline in love.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Heart-Sent Message In A Bottle

I have waited all my life for your love, and yet you don't even know my name.  
It's not that I've never known love (of a sort): still, I long for destiny's frame.  
I've not told you; but you are always in my waking, and "longing of dreams."  
Watching the TV's "Message in A Bottle, " isn't a bad-idea for reality's scheme!

Men have always loved me for elusive reasons; my judgement's been all wrong.  
Yet I feel your strength of love, and understanding, will revitalize my song!  
Didn't know I was short, 5 ft. 4 inches on-the-wall, but I know that you are tall...  
How my lonely heart aches for your gentle touch, revealing God's fiery call.

Perfect people aren't suited for just anyone; that's why I've asked God's help.  
I never thought it would take so long, 'cause I've turned fifty needing kelp!  
Though I've an-inkling that computers is your style, for surely it's not mine...  
If versatility, from lots of travels, makes me wise then we could toast with wine!

Here's my message, sealed in a bottle, with "prayers and blessings of LOVE..."  
Before my green-hazel eyes can see you coming, "I'm trusting the Holy Dove! "  
And If I meet you at the skating rink, art gallery, or at the park "for a stroll, "  
Just know that, there'll be no doubt in my mind; you're in my dreams, I know!

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Hell Paved "good Intentions"

The young man thought his rescuing angels would always be there;  
Despite God's warnings, and his rebellious lack of righteous prayer.  
Hell is paved with good intentions of the ignorant and the weak.  
How many warnings before hell is no longer a hide-and-seek?

Church cathedrals are full of do-gooders who hide behind works.  
Man's concepts are built on appearances and rather selfish quirks.  
Many put off, tomorrow, what should be done sooner than later.  
With God given seasons, even Grace runs out~ when one turns traitor.

We've heard: truth is a bitter pill; thus, so many substitutes for what ails.  
Religion is man's attempt to reach-out to God; even Christianity can fail.  
Much is based on free-will; ignorance is bliss, leading to hamartia or error.  
Lifestyles can cause hamartoma, or ills, with hassling unconfessed fear.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Highlander Highlights Scarecrow-Man

The glory of this Highlander's imagination is of great expression  
Inspiring a mind to drive itself completely to reflection  
A watchman, for Master's vineyard, against the unclean ravens  
Scary to the black plumages for croaking cries, not of heaven

Surely he has the angel with the ink-horn by his side, as a guide  
Absorbed of ancient poets, watch as he leads a magic carpet ride  
Heart of fire, passion of steel, cast upon the brazen wall, for real  
If crimes are committed, imprison his quill, for his run away zeal

Who can resist the golden flow of word on parchment-net, keen  
Projected chords of sound awaken many from dreamscape scene  
His stately view paints imaginative and inspiring demonstrations  
In each line the Scarecrow hits a rhythmic dart of consolation

ArmourQuill Hunter

# His Jute Box Dancer

Creative words, abounding, dance in my head  
Quill's a ready writer, so sovereignly lead  
No music box dancer can turn me around  
So free from all puppet-strings, complete in this town

The cuts of this Diamond reflects the Holy King  
Multi-faceted, this Blue-Nile signet gold ring  
Great beauty is balanced by Wisdom's own poise  
Eternally destined to dispel from the noise

This Jewel, God's dancer, brings light as she sings  
A lively 'dancing Cross' filled with magical things  
Majestic, Armour is brilliant and bright  
A final gaze upon her, she will dance through the night

Some wind a-doll-up-tight, nostalgically born  
You've been there before, alas, heal from what's torn  
So dream of the future, and let go of the past  
Life, here, is a stage; live it whirling at last

My soul's filled with fire, the room with praises  
I laugh, and I sing at night, for all that God raises  
Bring joy to the watcher, peace to the frayed  
His music heart-dancers are never to stray

So sing to me, King, of your masterful will  
No other love so worthy with power to thrill  
Heaven's window open, great bounty abounds  
Effervescently she elevates 'His ruling' sound

Such a brief moment for excellence sought  
Her dancing can show what her music may not  
Though real life seems plastic, nature's unfair  
Answers to questions, how can we share

All knowledge and insight hidden in tombs  
We're all reflectory dancers alone in our rooms  
On comfort-zone, shelves, we sit to reside  
We must allow God's music to get right inside

Every heart dancer given wings from His Light  
The winter Rose still blossoms in the dead of the night  
How long before the kiss entwines love in spring?  
My life will now be witness, and gladness shall ring

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Historic Ancestors Of The Royal House Of Britain

Joseph of Arimathea was tied into the Royal House of Britain.  
This uncle, of Christ's mom, was a progenitor of royals written.  
Bianca his sister became grandmother to John Baptist and Christ.  
Though Celts lay claim to the Holy Gail miracles more than twice.

The Bible foretold Judah having the sceptre, for Genesis 49: 10.  
2nd. Sam.7: 16, how David would have his man on throne again.  
Israel would assume it's new land, II Sam 7: 10, for Christianity.  
Now, they assume to give part-of-it away, to their false reality.

Legendary King Arthur descends from this Arimathea of Jews.  
Also the Daniel Boone who pioneered America and lit her fuse.  
It's as if God Himself planted this uncut gem, in Britain's land.  
Joseph is my famous ancestor so I'm destined for a great plan?

Biblically, a remnant of Judah escapes taking root downward.  
God assured King David that his bloodline would go onward.  
Joseph pardoned, from imprisonment, who gave tomb to Christ.  
Reaping for Judah, selling of Joseph, I've paid more than thrice.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Historic Grand Saint Graal (Grail)

Of ancient deeds this Holy Grail my inherent legacy claim  
Since finding Joseph of Arimathea, a royal ancestor name  
Mighty King Arthur from his line, a far distant cousin, mine  
Quests for the Grail shaped lives on history's pages of time

It's romance opens with a prologue boldly ascribed to Christ  
Telling of Mary's uncle not needing to ask for his body twice  
Only a family member could attain from Pilate that body seen  
Joseph scripturally hidden, as Baptist was to Christ, redeemed

John, Christ cousin, never saw Him before his holy baptism day  
Nor anything said of the death of Christ's dad, if he went away  
This devout Israelite of the Sanhedrin was released from prison  
Incited to build 1st. church of Glastonbury, romancing Briton  
Generations of my royals passed on their giftings as with a baton

Traced from David, King of Israel, both sides of Christ's line  
This chalice handed down 5-generations from Joseph, to shine  
Nor don't I think the Rosslyn Templar Chapel houses that cup  
Renowned rulers of this line shaped destiny for life's better sup

Delivered by Vespasian, baptized by Philip, Joseph lived by Grail  
Angels led many to Briton, the Grail disappear neath God's veil  
Then Joseph is engaged by Crudel but delivered by Mordrains  
Grail keepers descend this line, as Arthur, as victory just grins

ArmourQuill Hunter

# History's Worst Nightmare

History repeats itself, Nebuchadnezzar, Hitler, Hussein,  
Is this the "mystery of Babylon" coming back again and again?  
Thus that "Mother of Prostitutes" that seduces and gains a church? !  
Interesting how she makes 'bad look so good and evil look worse.'

Though good can seem protected by evil for a larger plot or scheme.  
Powers of darkness behind it all- "to control subtly" every thing.  
Prophecy foretold in stages seen as history's puzzle picture-frame.  
The Mafias controls governments; some by occultic imminent domain!

Stars seduce the media while the economy rocks foundations to wane.  
Drugs, sex, and gambling taking it's toll as teens are going insane.  
Justice tossed in the streets; there's no loyalty anywhere to be found.  
Wisdom cries on deaf ears, for discipline and true-ones aren't around.

Thus, corruption's in high places, spawned by Sectarian-seeds produce.  
People get out-of-the-road; the Anti-Christ spirit is on the loose!  
Virtue is victimized with disdain while abusers are slapped-on-hand.  
Aren't there any gallant of Arthur's court, in this God-forsaken-land?  
This vicious cycle festers, still fostering more violence in vain.  
Psychopathic 'narcissism' goes undetected, for institution's shame.

Millions in the valley of decision, with not a worry bout their souls.  
Watch the Cashless Society come in with 3-digit marks for control.  
A world's religion, Jezebel's beast, repeating Nebuchadnezzar's page.  
Hussein thinks he's Nebuchadnezzar returned, wanting Hitler's gauge.  
After the kings of earth do-away with cash, Hell will be man's game.  
Is it not becoming that way now, with identity issues of one's name?

A Peace Treaty will seduce the Jews by proverbial world Superman.  
Foolish virgins of church are left behind in darkness of Shadowland.  
Violence, greed, everywhere; now kids betray folks for their sins.  
Hitler's methods will be nothing when this Monster of power begins.

Woe to the envious born rebellious and 'woe to the 'deceived.'  
Woe to those who spoil the innocent, horrifically, for greed.  
This lot will mock 'The Holy One of Israel' daring God to shame.  
Faithful Martyrs will be delivered up, as sport for their fame.

People are numbers now anyway; but then all must take the Mark.  
Pity ministers who didn't keep their lamps filled from the start!  
One's who cry for Justice are blessed with great power to run.  
Lots of bribes will be taken, allowing the wicked false liberty.  
The innocent will be locked away "for callous greed and vanity."

Unfortunately virtue is rewarded by death, for deviates revelry.  
God will make that seeing-man blind and the foolish-Blind to see.  
Light's come to the world but man loves darkness for their deeds.  
He who does evil hates Light and will not come to The Light.  
There's away that seems right, but that end is of Death's night.

None is greater than their master; Redeemer's love-slave I'll be.  
Once I was tall, a Tree of pride, now I reside by Calvary's sea.  
Like the Master, to his servant, like the Shepherd to his lamb;  
As a king over masters, Christ is the Answer the King 'I-AM.'

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Hostages Emotionally Blackmailed

It started in the Garden of Eve  
Where sin split the apple and our family tree  
You were only children back then  
Things were strained between your dad and me  
How could you ever know or comprehend  
Time passed, and your dad needed leverage free  
Sorry to say, that you were a handy tool  
Blackmail is often used in many families  
At least ones without God's Golden Rule  
Can I release you now~, from being held hostage  
You don't wanna know 'the why, ' just as an ostrich  
I'm not tossing blame, just trying to give my side  
I wanted just to know you, hoping to be a friend  
But history does repeat itself more than often  
I'd give any thing to change this for a better end  
See, whatever's at the top will always come down  
Be it apathy, resentment, or unforgiveness, unsound

ArmourQuill Hunter

# I Breathe Your Name

I breathe your name, for jewelled Wisdom leads the way  
Angels of destiny sing and proclaim true-love's sway  
His Sword of fire quickens love's stance for the seer  
When you call my name, can't help feel my dreams clear

Chorus:

Every beat of my heart savours the sounds of your name  
Every time I dream, with you, the magic I can't complain  
Listen to your heart, and mine, taste Heaven's plan divine  
Love's preparing a table of delights, a time of life's wine

I hear you call my name, nothing's the same, He'll take us there  
Destiny's dream surreal, and I can't help feel you near, to share  
Intoxicating musical of rhythm inspires; can you see me dance  
In flames of fire, magical radiance transpires for true romance

Chorus:

Every beat of my heart sounds out your name  
Every time I dream with you I can't complain  
Listen to your heart and muse; taste Heaven's plan-design  
Love prepares a table of delights this night, with new wine

Lilly be wise, you can't disguise the way you really feel  
Wisdom's time is best, anchoring within Her compass real  
Who said life can't be lived out as an awesome dream  
No greater matchmaker than Jehovah-Jireh supreme

Chorus:

Every beat of my heart sounds out your name  
Every time I dream with you it's hard to complain  
Listen to your heart and mine, taste Heaven's plan divine  
Love's preparing a table of delights this night of new wine

ArmourQuill Hunter

# I Buried My Rose Today...

Strange how I've never been here; here 'where the air is so fresh and clear.'  
I can see forever at this height, resting on my knees near this white rose.  
Far above the Red-rose city, the ancients travelled and lived in these hills.  
Now I'm quietly very still, attempting to bury the dead, what a thrill.  
The sun gently smiles on my tears, where love's Rose pricked me here.

Though it's not quite the grand-can, it's spectacular, peaceful, without fear.  
This rose- a symbol of love, for which you half-pie cared, regrettably died.  
This rose, with your distracting thorns, for which I now am saying goodbye.  
This "snow white rose" is as deep, as any love, as the ocean, or width of the sky.

To this love, the delusion, the enchanting divine choice, I am saying "don't cry.'  
He rocks my soul now, the grief I can't bear; I leave everything to him in prayer.  
No- you won't tell me you love me, when you love another too; yet I still care.  
All hail the power of the elusive Rose, many have succumbed to your flair...

ArmourQuill Hunter

# I Lied, So Sue Me

I said: "I wouldn't say a word, if you'd not hurt them" but I lied...  
Needing to tolerate your selfish whim, although my patience died!

You wanted a magic carpet ride; but then I saw how Turtles do hide.  
I've changed my mind, I was so blind; this isn't Love, it's suicide!

I said: "all we need is love, " but you couldn't even love yourself.  
Projectory Parrot, thank God- this page is dead, God redeems my wealth.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## I Scared "mr. Perfect" Away...

What can I say 'I did it? ' I even remember "the day...! "  
Even after I'd developed such friendship camaraderie...  
Times I'd visit him, after socializing from the pub and we'd have coffee.  
Once, while listening to beautiful classic music we even had some toffee.

Even after, he and his friend chaperoned, I "danced the night away..."  
Weeks later he shared his new-found interest in a girlfriend, that sad day.  
Not till then did I realize what I'd done; knowing I'd miss-him, and our fun.  
Knowing I'd sabotaged my chance for romance with this perfect gentle one.

He had the perfect job, modern home, caring ways, and the perfect charm.  
What I did- was tell him only the bad about me; nothing of my heart so warm.  
Hence, while he watched, I danced with every good looking guy in sight-!  
Was I hoping he'd know that he wasn't the one or just fooling myself for  
another's bite?

Hey what can I say; I was a wild-child of destiny, running even from God, you  
see...  
Though it never occurred to me that I'd, inadvertently, obstruct love for fear's  
reality!  
I thought I was safe from love; fearing little, and change wasn't one of them.  
Times for what we find about ourself can be costly, within a grey-fog dim.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## I Scared 'Mr. Perfect' Away...

What can I say, indubitably I did it; I even remember the very day.  
After all the memorable moments, I blew a chance for love's sway.  
Times I'd visit him, after socializing in the pub; we'd have coffee.  
Once while listening to classic music we even had some toffee.

Even after he and his friend chaperoned, I danced the night away.  
Weeks later he talked of a new girl-friend, to saddening my fray.  
Til then I hadn't known what I felt; knowing how I'd miss our fun.  
I'd sabotaged my chance for romance, with this perfect gentle one.

He had the perfect demeanour and caring ways with the such charm.  
What I did was tell him only the bad and not' of my heart, so warm.  
And so he watched, I danced with every good looking guy in sight~!  
Hoping he'd guess he was the-one or fooling myself for a bigger bite.

Hey, this Wild-Rose of destiny was running even from God, you see.  
Never thought I'd inadvertently obstruct love, for fear's reality.  
I felt safe from love; fearing little and change wasn't one of them.  
Things for which we find of ourself are costly, within a fog so dim.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# I uprooted myself

I uprooted myself from the past and took from it the memories of one thousand springs and one thousand autumns. Thus I planted the tree of my soul in another place; it was now in a field afar from the path of time, where I left the noisome city to sit in the shadow near one solitary old oak tree, in a golden field, far from life's path.

By the springs of living water, I sat speechless in the solitude of my thoughts which were quietly soothed by the rippling sounds of life all around. Resting in the light of the great sun, I fell asleep and dreamed a dream...

Years had elapsed... When I awoke from that dream- the pure essence of impossibility had become possible. For the sly little man, of Irish folk lore, thought he'd escape- "as before..." Now, opposed to my catch, he reluctantly gave- "all the gold to me...! "

That's my story; though now, I live- high above the mountains- by the peaceful sea.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# I'D Dance

I'd dance in the morning  
When the world has begun  
I'd dance in the moonlight  
For the glory of His Son  
I'd dance for Heaven, dearly on earth  
Sweet of frankincense, and gifts, from birth

I'd dance for Father, Son, and even the Holy Ghost  
I would love to dance for he who loves me most  
I dance for the God's fishermen  
Of the Gospel clan and Redemption's plan  
As I'm sure, they'd all come with along me  
We'd dance, together, on humanity's great sea

I'd dance on Sabbath, the Religionist to distain  
I'd cure all the wounded, blind, and also the lame  
I tell you: I dance in the Cross, for Victory so bright  
For what's central to beauty and void envy's flight  
If given a chance~ I'd even dance on the devil's grave  
For oh, I do love dancing for my Lord God and KING  
I'm awesomely restored; how can I not but dance and sing

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Igniter Of The 'Move Of God'

My heart's igniting good, as His Quill is on fire.  
For things, as touching the king, with such desire.  
Say I'm fairer than sons of men, grace on-lips a-bit.  
Girded from on high, riding prosperously with grit.

It's 'cause of Meekness and His Truth that I yield quick.  
My arrows centre target hit, some a bitter-truth to prick.  
'Cause I love Rightness, hating evil, He anoints with joy.  
From Queenly daughters, it's the Almighty that I implore.

None so worthy known, for this beauty from His leverage.  
I'll watch ones of Tyre bring gifts, from soul's salvage.  
The king's daughter is all glorious within, wrought of gold.  
Tried in fiery furnace of affliction, see her shining untold.

In raiment of needlework, I was brought before the king.  
His virgins, my companions, beside me as I began to sing.

Chorus:

Creator of tapestries, rhythm and flair, I', dancing joyously.  
Fire encircles all around, lost in the music of His rhapsody.  
His anointing brings 'surprise, ' where none was in a cell.  
Fire consumes all dread, taking back God's gems from hell.

His tremendous skill-base unlocking such opportunities.  
Knowing of Evil's influence, as a child just infuriated-me.

All's possible with the Lord Almighty, before whom I stand.  
With keys to unlock doors of opportunity, catalyst to fan.  
His Igniter of Fires of the move of God, glory of His Name.  
Brought where none thought any fire could burn, or tame.

\*\*\*\*\*

There's some people that have actually thought that you've been a bit rebellious; because you're a bit different. But THE LORD SAYS TO YOU: "It's actually the gift of God." And people didn't understand- "what's on your life." This mirrored reflection is from a prophecy given by my New Zealand pastor, Brent Douglas.

Hope you enjoyed.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# In, Through, And Around

In through and around, Mighty Lord  
Defeating evil all over town  
I am in Your Dot, anchored divine  
Holy, Holy Father, Spirit of Pure Wine

River of Life, reviving, Living Love of rife  
Spirit Wind, victorious Friend, against all strife  
Wondrous Peace, sweet peace to heal from distain  
Wholeness~, all to the glory of Your awesome Name

In, through, and around, mighty Master-Saviour supreme  
Wholly I have given You 'my all, ' literally, my every thing  
Let the Man-child, victorious over Death, reign this Day  
Oh Mighty One of Israel, ruler majestic over man's sway

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Internal War Of Glory

Old man's rubble reigned til Christ miraculously came  
I, my own player, never needing this God-maker to gain  
Now, everywhere I go the Lamb of God is all I see  
The dream-world withdraws it's eclipse; now I'm free

Impossible things are transformed by His awesome power  
The war between 'the carnal and spirit' is won by the hour  
Feeding on God's promises, I'm anchored in his Rock  
He pilots me against the storms, I'm sheltered in His flock

Oh thou Lover of my soul, Eternal One, Redeemer  
Keep always in Your arms, needing not but-to-be Your dreamer  
Sing me back home Father, where the roses do always bloom  
Fill the longing inside this heart, of zeal, to fly over the moon

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Inter-Numeral Dimensions Of Change

Systems are part of a core system for numeral, dimensional, change  
This is true in principles of prayer, activated and divinely arranged

You needn't understand a potatoe for it to, ultimately, feed you  
How symbolic of the Bible as it nourishing the soul, to be a-new

Thank God for the dimensions of the whole, in the centre of His Will  
Amazing the inter-numeral dimensions of His power to cure and thrill

It's the desperate people which look for divine revolutionary change  
Religionist~, in their comfort zones, are wilful and only rearrange

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Iron Age Warrior Queen

The Iceni Celts lived in the flat fenlands across E. Briton.  
Their Queen had a fearsome way for anyone to alight upon.  
Romans tried to cut a deal with her war torn king husband.  
When the king died, she was ridiculed by evil guardsmen.

Stately with flaming red she was clad in a rainbow cloak.  
Her piercing voice and fiery eyes did make her foes choke.  
Blazing a trail, in her war chariot, she led 100,000 to war.  
From the House of Briton, her legendary deeds would soar.

She defeating over 70,000 Romans and also Romanized-Celts.  
Boudicca's clan rid part of a Roman legion, triumphantly felt.  
Opposing forces met at Midlands near the village of Mancetter.  
Her words still echoes through books, they say God-blessed-her.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Is It Associate Or Friend

Defuse my wondering soul of riddle and linger not thy reply  
A friend may be a slow-ripening fruit, but one relates by-and-by  
No distance is too far between, but friendship gives wings to heart  
None has ever known me better, who stutters for words to impart

Destitute of friends and song, for so long, except for one dear-one  
I'm a dearly invested friend to self, and Father's Eternal Son.  
Will you endure through time-, pestilence, and Hell's high water?  
So few relate to balls of courage, for test that can makes us falter?

Nothing's worth the wear of winning as laughter and true friends.  
Though based upon the terms of equality, it value never ends.  
Oh how I thirst for your openness and inspiring known favour.  
Though life can cheat, fool'd by hope; deceit of men I'll waver.

Let's plant seeds of fond goodwill in fertile soil for radiant life.  
Am I not a wondrous tall Tree, laden with fruit that nourishes rife?  
Faithful is the friend, like wine, whose laughter works like medicine.  
This unique Fir of fragrant ointment splendidly contains fine balsam.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# It

It's not about how big it can get  
Nor about what happens without it  
Never was it about its quantity  
Actually, it's more like its quality

If you think you've got it, without passion  
Chances are you'll quit, void of it's ration  
The X-factor's not in the market  
For all those who haven't a target

Although, "it" is rather diverse from "if"  
And it's nothing like a design of a gif  
It's the core, the heart, of the valid issue  
Like one's target scale, without a tissue

Analytically, we want the sum total of it's parts  
Pragmatically, let's try and consider its heart  
It is a colour, a taste, a mood, or a dying sense  
Does it set the tone, the mood, or fragrantly rinse

Either you have it or your time's spent to attain  
Without this "it-factor" lives are ruined to shame  
No one knows why some are born naturally with it  
Others strive all their lives to find its perfect fit

All I can tell you is~, it doesn't come in a bottle  
Nor can you retain it by being selfishly quite idle  
Sin~, the essence of selfishness, destroys it bitterly  
Boudica~, of Icenis, my ancestor had it victoriously

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Jehovah-Jireh My Praise

Jehovah- Jireh, my provider, You made a-way 'across the Sea...'  
Jehovah- Rophe, my great Physician, I was blind 'but now I see...'  
There is power-in 'Jehovah-Nissi, ' whose Banner It is Love...  
There is power-in 'Jehovah-Nissi' whose Banner- 'It is LOVE...'

## CHORUS:

Eternal Word- of all the ages, you've Redeemed us by Your Blood...  
Emanuel, our redeeming glory, how you've filled us with Your LOVE...  
You're the Manna-Bread from Heaven-  
You're The Light-, The Truth-, The WAY...  
And you came to make us Holy-, as we walk with you each day...

Mighty Father, Eternal Wisdom, You're the 'Rock on which we stand.  
Lead us Shepherd, in all your wonder, take us to-that Promise Land.  
Your are Je-ho-vah God, Al-mighty; who is worthy to-be- praised...  
You are the Rock of our Salvation, the 'Strength-of all-our-days.'

Emanuel-, Lord God who's with us, purify this House-of-clay...  
For we honour- the least among us; You're the Potter, we're the clay.  
You're The Potter; we're the clay.  
You're The Potter, 'we're the clay....'

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Jerusalem's Dying Rose

From the root and offspring of David came Life's purest Rose.  
Perfect in nature, it took on the blackness of sin's deadly pose.  
Slowing, in Jerusalem's garden, it blossomed wide to inspire.  
Never was a transforming Rose, whose very life respired.

The Hybrid clan had other plans, despising this lone threat.  
They took glory in the sun and were envious with no regret.  
Now there were many diseased roses, whether near and far...  
Life's Rose of Jerusalem was once the Bright-n-Morning-Star.

From a Kingly line, though dying, it spoke of Love so true.  
Flowers gathered under this Rose where life was born a-new...  
Seeds from this Rose's branch had spread out far and wide.  
These grafted-in seeds, now of Jerusalem, grow lovely to abide.

His Dark, transparent, petals turned through death's dark veil.  
Some saw his grace as gentle 'pink' against evil to assail.  
In his Father's own image of white he blossomed without sin.  
His death brought a crimson-stream, for flowers, white within.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Jobe, The Patriarch Of Uz

Once in Heaven's council, a wager was made of Lucifer and God.  
Consequently, my piety of nature was accused of Satan's rod...  
Unbeknownced to myself, I'd become "duly noted a pawn-! "  
4-Years I'd cover my clan with prayers; seeing now their life gone.

My enemy received permission to deal me a low blow, off shore.  
With missing cattle, and children, of which I prayed each day for!  
Within one hour, within one-day, my cattle stolen, my children dead!  
7-days of silence, cursing when I was born; mates did accuse me instead.

Yes, I might've implied 'God was to blame; ' such is the futility of man.  
Naked I came into this life, and naked shall I eventually leave, again.  
These awful boils-, in ashes and dust I sit; my mate can't abide me a-bit.  
Under the worst calamities, who could abide; although, in faith, I sit-!

There I was, in Uz, with a title "a position, " with wealth, and my kin.  
A helper of the poor, cleansed by the blood of the Lamb, I had no sin.  
Endless tribulations, constant and too much; now my family's lost-!  
Although, I am grateful, as any Jew, I argued and asked why the cost?

Who'd ever think a semi-tragic state could have a happy end...  
God says "my child you are right, but prayers for foes should begin."  
'Twas then I found, my "life as a Pawn" was greatly turned around-!  
Now, I have kids galore and a lovely mate whom I adore, in town.

Now the wise virgins rejoice in the dance, both young and old together;  
God has turned my mourning into joy; and he comforts me so, forever...  
Thus, no one has ever succeeded in the land of fame without humility.  
This now "my Pearl of wisdom" I leave to ALL, for life and posterity-.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# July Paints Of Winter

July paints masterpieces  
kissing my canvas with lively breezy strokes  
July paints what she sees  
adding intrigue to yellow folks  
She paints a cold numbing winter  
adding icicles on Christchurch trees  
She paints a briskly Tasman salty sea  
Sitting at a window overlooking her muse  
July can't see colour til summer's shines it's hues

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Kaikoura's Seal, Really Sea-Lion

Part-1:

From majestic shores I travelled far from LA, and visited across the vast sea-, " To Kaikoura's enchanting place of NZ, where the air, there, is freshest to breath. I watched 'waves of the sea-beat' against the shore; a sea lions was resting there.

I dove into the waters, swam to the rocks, and a few sea lions there just stared.

Thus as I worked my way towards one-, I had a "sudden sense of fear and danger-! "

Logically, I knew I was trespassing on their property there; I was no royal ranger.

I swam back to shore; there I found a sea lion that I reasoned was now on my island.

Tourists taking photos, car-lengths away, as I carefully approached the sea lion.

One cried: "hey, they're as fast-on-land as they are-at-sea; they'll grind-you a-bit? "

"No-, he doesn't have teeth and he's got puppy-dog-eyes." Then I had to quit. Carefully I approached, not taking my eyes off of him; nor did I shriek or sigh. Strange, he didn't charge me! I a foot away, looking deep into his eyes...

He looked at me, as if to say: "really, you can't be AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK...! " Intently, I watched thinking: "well, you can't be as dangerous AS THEY SAY-! " Yet cautiously I withdrew thinking: "he didn't know how dangerous I was-! " Later realizing, I hadn't known 'he was a sea-lion' or I wouldn't have gotten close.

Part-2: Lion Tamer Reveals 'My Seal- A Lion-! '

Hostessing at Denny's, a friend pulled me aside to meet her friendly guests. "These are friends of mine wanting to talk to you of your great tale, at best.' Thus I mosied on over and saw them a lovely kind, with a lion trainer friend. Often I was encouraged to tell "my tale; " for the smiles they would lend! In Kaikoura was I-, "seals everywhere" so I just dove-in near the rock island.

There two were 'a matched-pair, ' but I got a danger-sign on the rocks so fine. 'Spite the gentle sea-breezes, and large beasts, I thought I'd go back on shore. Soaking wet I warmed in the sun; there was one on my territory, but I'd not run. Slowly 'eye to eye' we stared; then one called-out 'danger, ' but this was fun!

Beautiful seal (I thought) with your puppy-dog eyes; at which time, he did roar-!

I should've known the danger, for ones car-lengths away; I slowly leaped back,  
Miraculously standing (eye-to-eye): after gliding backwards "I gave a sigh..."  
Realizing "never a moment would be as this' for all time; I tell you no lie.  
He looked at me, as if to say: "really, you can't be AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK."  
Still my stared intense, thinking: "well, you can't be as dangerous as they say! "

MY GUESTS stunned, till a distinguished man spoke: "how big was that seal-? "  
"Oh-, " I replied, "about a yard in length and height.' Lady, he began to reveal-,  
I have worked with lions, of all kinds, you see; that wasn't a seal- but a SEA  
LION! "

"Well, had known that-, perhaps I would have been more afraid of dying.'

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Kingdom Righteousness, Peace, And Joy

What an empty parched Well I've become  
Toils of this life have drained me from fun  
Spring up oh Well of Salvation, in my soul  
Living Waters, joy supreme, make me whole

Kingdom Righteousness, I'm grateful for You  
Yielding to God's Will changed my course anew  
God's Peace is that which I needed to seek  
Now that I've avoid evil, and ran after the meek

Joy, it's been awhile since I've heard from you best  
Violent storm elements have kept this ship from rest  
With my all yielded, I receive these three with Grace  
Restore, Father; I want Your Goodness in this place

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Kiss Of My Soul

Majestic fresh dew, from morning's light, isn't new  
God spoke to Job bout 'night-drops' of Heaven's dew  
Bringing birth to Revelation's night-drops as rain  
I need your awesome Heart-kisses to revive me again

Magical mist 'sweet fragrance' of Heaven's garden  
Straight from the heart of my Valentine's pardon  
In through the latticework His hand stretched forth  
Anchored in Mount Zion, on the sides of the North

Beauty for ashes, the joy of all my expectation  
Faithful and true, I love you without reservation  
Then will the virgins of God rejoice in the dance  
Sorrow and sighing will flee from my our stance

Kiss my soul, for your kisses are better than wine  
I'll love you forever, Father, until the end of time  
Shelter me from harm, my Rose of Sharon from above  
For You are my Valentine, like no other kind of Love

Notes\*~.....  
.....

'Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries' (Song of Sol 7: 5) .

GWT: I sleep, but my mind is awake. Listen! My beloved is knocking. Open to me, my true love, my sister, my dove, my perfect one. My head is wet with dew, my hair with the dewdrops of night. (GOD'S WORD®)

Dew:

Jobe 38: 28

NASB: 'Has the rain a father? Or who has begotten the drops of dew?

GWT: Goes the rain have a father? Who gave birth to the dewdrops?



# Lassoing Men To Corral

Take men trying to lasso, hogtie, and even brand me  
Men must think I'm gullible, to digest their small reality  
My Father hold the reigns of my domain to date  
Let them stand in line, take a number, or better yet wait

When my Soul-mate comes in I want doubt or make a fuss  
There's be a calm knowing confirming Fathers plans; His plus  
What is it with men, do they really think they can just lasso  
It's the same old song with ones serenading as a basso

Glad to say God is launching me way for His commission  
Men seem to carry old baggage for selfish transgressions  
What's with 'corralling yah' before getting to know yah  
God give me one focused humbly, before seeing his flaw

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Let It Rain, Let Love Reign

Heaven's open doors to gain, "let it rain Lord, let it rain."  
Come and melt the 'brass of hearts' to no longer abide.  
Tear open the shutters and throw open the window sashes.  
Move my Love, from the horns of the unicorn, to reframe.

Oh where has he gone, my Love, after his beastly kill?  
Always waiting, pondering myself with endless questions.  
Seeing me smiling, times he walked away dreaming alive.  
This, his spirited-dream, apart from the arms of fleshly thrill.

I heard You say Lord, 'I'm the part that makes him whole.'  
Blow the winds with destiny's vortex around my love.  
Let Your Sword divine betwixt soul and spirit making clear.  
Give Your revisionary reliance and revive 'dreams' to console

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Life's Like An Apple

If I could reach the Star and pull it down to you...  
Would you know who you are, even have a clue.  
If you knew who I was, from the stars above...  
Would you weep for me, out of just pure love.

You've got to take a chance, lest it slip away;  
Live life like romance~, avoid what some may say...  
Feel earth's pulsating heart, give what you need back.  
The best comes from the top, and then there's no lack.

We've all been dealt a hand, to make or break the plan.  
We need a saving-touch, God's Gift, and angel's hand~.  
Every time, there is a crime, I bow my head to understand...  
Focus on His PEACE with rest; learn of excellence 'grand.'

Reach His star  
Get a clue  
From above  
God love you

Take a chance  
Find romance  
In giving~ receive  
More than your need  
PEACE, rest, is the best...

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Lifestyle Risk Factors

Psychosocial demands limit a healthy lifestyle  
Corruption at the top filters down with guile

One needs fruit, vegies, and physical activity  
Quality's important but varied with productivity

Attitudes speak volumes, without garbage in or out  
Golden Rule limits hypocrisy; it's what Love's about

Focus for one's goal or priority takes discipline to fame  
All the greats did know this; and now we recall their name

Experience is the best teacher, if Wisdom is your friend  
Never leave home without honest introspection to ascend

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Lily In The Fool's Court

Lily Bluebell grew-up in the court of a most foolish king.  
Her fragrant petals were full of life despite his nagging.  
At times she danced in the breeze neath the sun`s light  
Til her fellow plants were spiteful, despite her sad plight.

She worked harder than most to take-in all the glorious rain.  
That warlord was callous with his garden, no prize to gain.  
She cried to the majestic Son who brought such sweet relief.  
He helped her, in that fool's garden, giving fragrant belief.

Many roses have thorns but hers were few and very bright.  
When her garden-time ended, there, she rested from the night.  
A princess of the King of kings saw those petals laying there.  
Carefully she gathered each one, for Rose-jam 'new, ' to share.

Alas, in that garden villa, Lily Bluebell did finally fade.  
Springtime brings growth there each year, colours of her shade.  
Some say she died of neglect from that wicked, foolish, king.  
I was last that saw her, and oh how her petals bloomed to sing!

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# Loneliness Makes Loudest Noise

Found on a pedestal, or hold, loneliness bends to isolation.  
For silent walls to speak so comfort, felt with validation.  
Feel the waves of silence as apathy chills you to the bone.  
Few relish in self-centredness, or a self-sufficiency cloned.

Imagine all the comfortless-ones lost in the system's cracks.  
Nothing is as crystal clear for deeper introspection's facts.  
Sorrow, the time you've taken, you'll not be here tomorrow!  
Loneliness makes awkward quirks of intentions so shallow.

Life dies inside when there's no others willing to befriend.  
A non-existing of self-worth which begins to condescend...  
There's no pleasure without communication for possibility.  
Opaque gray clouds can permeate, hiding love's true validity.

What good is skilful listening for loquacity, or laryngitis?  
It's like slapping a bandaid over the colour of Yellow-Jondus.  
Sadness comes when we're forsaken by those sadly threatened.  
As empty fellowship declares to annul its claim to rescind.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Looking Into The Seer's Well

Daydreaming, I felt myself sink into the 'Well of Beholding.'  
Within minutes my whole life before God was unfolding.  
For how does one plan without purpose, or life's map, to guide.  
I needed the Holy Seer's vision to direct my life where I would abide.

Never knowing truelove, there in God's mirror I found Beulah land.  
As I looked deeper, in the eyes of His loving, I saw my future so grand.  
All the books I'd written, a wealth of income bought a mountain retreat.  
My books had recipes to cure and I was the challenger none could defeat.

Within this Well of Beholding, I foresaw man's willful debauchery state.  
Just like in the movie 'Demolition Man' a counterfeit peace doth wait.  
There were untold adventures of escape where the law pursued my ill.  
After God used me to heal millions, as Christ; and me, they would kill?

Ruling structures crumbled as one world leader did manipulate his way.  
Gospel leaders would rally to hide me from the control of that evil day.  
Unbelievable scenes rolled past, as wonders of God's hand were revealed;  
At the last, I saw God's army stand-up tall and Armageddon was fulfilled.

Just as Hagar, Sarai's maid, biblically, was driven from her own kin;  
The angel of the Lord met her 'desert place, ' she's my ancestor friend.  
Scriptures for historic or biblical ones are fulfilled in our own time.  
As Joseph Arimathea or Cyrus the-great, my life was a revolutionary wine.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Lost Children Lost Dreams

Jesus to a child, lost from unspoken words of apathy  
Broken lives, where do I begin to ascribing their fragility  
Oh the couscous ones, caught up in their thoughtlessness  
I feel their needs, my heart bleeds, for these who regress

In this proud and rebellious land we strive to be strong  
So many wounded and so many left to themselves alone  
I was taught to fight in the night, Christ taught me to win  
I never thought I could fail til, once, all Hell broke in

Little fight's left, at times; love has compacted my dreams  
Dreams fade without signpost of light, as a robbery theme  
How often does the river flows but nothing breathes  
Transitions like trains, arriving but never seems to leave

It's a shame that life, as love, can start take a dive  
Only when True-love survives does faith vibrantly thrive  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, for the lord God Almighty reigns  
Maker of the humanity's dream, let love rain from stains

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Love Above The Grand-Can

Far upon the majestic grand,  
My voice echoes across your land...  
Is your head ringing with such wonder?  
Do you hear the sound of thunder...?  
I am older but wiser and still beauty wanes...  
Words and love, grown from the heart, remains...

I hear your whisper in the quiet of the night.  
Lord, heal "such wounds" for the soul to take flight!  
You are unique in God's greater scheme of design.  
Can you smell this enchanting Rose and taste his wine...?  
I never thought such a memory would thus wane...  
Life is for living victoriously, not worrying about a game.

Not that I'm heartless, but that I chose love, and love's best fit.  
There is no profound or enchanting love story, without true-grit.  
Can you hear words of my heart, without the ego undressing its fear?  
There are no obstacles or unwanted distractions conjured up here...  
Can you hear these melodic tones of love, as I dance on Heaven's floor?  
There is no wind up here, this majestic night; so marvellously adored.

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# Love Supreme And Unconditional

Show me the man with God's own heart  
Not one~, with gifting, who'll later depart  
Mr. Right will graciously receives me as God's gift  
Asking my hand, divinely; supportive through a rift

This type of man will see past the small negatives  
He is programmed by God~ for ultimate positives  
Once I would have settled for second-hand, at best  
Without such a man, though, my search will finally rest

I just don't want to know the average man, anymore  
This lady's got no baggage; only God's awesome floor  
Hear me, one and all, short and tall; you weak and undone  
With more than meets the eye, I want God's choice~ or none

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Love Without A Blueprint?

God accomplishes His purposes heart to heart.  
Though unhealthy games make love depart!  
A gen'rous heart repairs a sland'rous tongue.  
Yet fools can't be honored, any day that's done.  
Heart strings need light of appreciation;  
Apathy brings dust-in without conservation.

With our musical notes, not of God's blue-print,  
We mirror our emotions in losses of stubborn flint.  
We go marching, around the merry-go-round...,  
Like a top spinning repeating patterns in town.  
As cups we need filling, of comfort we seek,  
Then we have games of: hide, don't look, or peek!

Ignoring boomerang's golden-rule, lusty kids at school,  
Fearful of love, what's secure, dominated-so, we rule!  
Hearts of casualties denying's loves best,  
Hungry for love but settle 4-lust and second guess.  
Shrinking-hearts in voiceless sorrow,  
Escape with virtual reality, drugs to borrow.

Solitude's not golden, when apathy's near.  
Even though perfect love casts-out all fear.  
Expecting ones to give- what never 1st. was given.  
If keeping love takes forgiveness, why don't we have heaven?  
God says only to the degree we love can we give...  
Without love's blue-print, and life in prayer, can love live?

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Love's Cloudy Day

Oh that time might mirror my sadness and transform this loss for a brand new day.

That every writer's ink pen would drain the ocean dry; for my love has gone away.

No one can bare such sorrow; this love and loss is worst than "truth's bitter pill..."

I look into the Living Word (God's mirror): He comforts me from what's revealed.

Now that all that's been tossed and forgotten, within God's grand rubbish bin...

The air is fresher, my taste buds are thriving, all because of "his victory from sin!"

With this new page, I'm still engaged to the one who rules my heart with his throne.

I need not follow "any yellow brick road-" for right within me "God is my home! "

You take one step, He'll take two; perhaps it's sort-of a-waltz around one's shrew.

I've traveled thousands of miles across the sea; learning what "and what not to do-."

Never known a true love but one; in the heart of the Creator, in the light of his sun.

See me step lightly this cloudy day, on stones across this ravine, by the Holy One."

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Love's Fire

I knew you, when I thought I'd never be like you...  
Learning how you "think-clear-through..."  
You're the "Brightest Star" in the darkest night.  
You're the Rainbow across the cloudless bright.

You're the Prize, the Mark-, and Key-, my reality.  
You're my dreams "locked-up" in a mustard-seed.  
You're a "Map in the Sahara Desert, " when I scheme.  
You're the "Painting of love" of all my day dreams...

Rose of Sharon, "You're the garden" of my heart's desire.  
You are the "A-to-Z of me; " The Living Catalyst of fire.  
You're the only support-, void of flattery, I have ever had.  
You're my Battery-charger- against most battles so bad.

You're my Mentor- with loving patience when I'm blue.  
Tell me, how shall I ever know-, a tender "love so true..? "  
You took me higher, and further, than the great-red-grand-,  
Through waterfalls, streams, fun things; you still held my hand.

Enlightening my eyes to comprehend the pain, very clever too....  
Though my poem ends; this love for you is "never ending..."  
Thou great Creator, my sweet Soul-maker-, "my Friend-, "  
I will love Thee always, until the Heavens roll back- "and end."

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Love's Rose

Talk about a Rose picked, laid to rest, an mirrored of a man's test  
And I'll tell you bout the blue Red-rose sheltered by Wisdom's frame  
A Love-rose that Father did call by name

Those velvet-soft pedals protrude a sensitive unique style  
Consequently, the Master Creator who formed her without guile

Fragile at best, such a challenging conquest to 'capture the blue-red Rose  
For never did such thorns protrude and adamantly oppose

Radiantly blossoming neath the sun, her reflection resembled just one  
What a special gift of love portrayed, such a vulnerable thing of beauty  
For only true-love brings commitment's rewords, with said duty

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Love's Sea Of Bottled Tears

PowerOfLove and I are about at our wits-end  
Her heart gave out a few times in the night again  
Our great Physician miraculously revived  
We'd be gone if it weren't for Him keeping us alive

Though we've grown weary of waiting for direction  
As Daniel of old must have been, for prayer's correction  
Heaven must be an awfully full bottle for our tears  
Though tribulation's made us stronger with less fear

Those bottled up tears, from children lost  
Even bottled up tears, from betrayal's cost  
Too many tears, enumerable, to even count or number  
Loads of tears, devastations, that trial's thunder

Each fallen tear of loneliness under hateful lies  
Lots of tears of isolations from a marriage disguise  
Then there are tears of horrid demonic attacks  
Constant tears of grief, to Father-God, for all I lack

There are tears of victory and also some of joy  
Horrid tears of shock from friends' ploys to destroy  
How bout lost tears of frustrations and ones of grief  
When so many could be lessening with God's gentle relief

All these tears are bottled and kept by Father God  
What benefit could they be, beneath His given sod  
'Twas over five years fighting immigration  
With constant betrayals of deprivation  
Always stoned by friends' subtle implications  
Hardly consoled when rescued by God's intervention

Alas 'twas another big hurdle within transition's span  
Finally, Heather and I 'know' that we're in God's hand  
Like Pilgrim's Progress, the strangeness never quite ends  
Pray for us, all of you, believers who're Heaven's friends  
There's no comfort quite so grand as an empathetic heart  
Isolated, hardly able to stand, to Christchurch we depart



# Loving Dreams Of Neverland

Peter Pan's Neverland of Wendy, fairies, and dreams  
What wonders fly neath those magical stars of themes

What child hasn't wanted to fly to dreams of adventure  
Paint me invisible, dreams of love past cruel winter

Love never grows-up does it; nor should I dare say  
Yet many might relish leaving parents, likely I shall stay

Besides fairies, you'll need angel-dust to be able to fly  
Every time someone loses love, another dream-heart dies

Hook's mix of hate, jealousy, and failure worded it's evil  
Now the test for true-love comes, after the night, to revel

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Made Without Hands

The Builder came; I knew not his name, till I let Him in.  
At the age of five, sins were alive, I needed free of sin.  
There were fighting and struggles, and much insecurity.  
I knew there had to be a better land, and help for me.

Haven't you ever heard the blessed Truth of Calvary?  
I took it to heart, right from the start, and given victory.  
When God's representative, the Holy Spirit came in...  
My life, then, began; a whole new creature in Him to win.

But compared to Father-God I was in need of His Rod.  
I studied His Word, the Bible, daily for life's dreary sod.  
Yielding my all, for His call, I developed strong rapidly.  
I still wanted more, so Wisdom was at the door royally.

God's handiwork displayed~ all of my days, of reality.  
Little did I know, His Ark in me would grow, in totality.  
What a blessed house, this life, this place of my abode.  
Life accelerates sin minus God's work of Grace to unload.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Make Me Your Quilt

Make me a log-cabin patchwork of variegated colours of gold  
Majestically correlated as a Rainbow Garden for Truth to untold  
Frame each work with angel's delight, unique in every way  
Father (of Creation) it's your handiwork I desire to be, each day

I see threads of living wonders, works so astoundingly wrought  
Your Word's sown in splendour from chosen vessels, and not  
Wash me in Your Fountain and iron-out what's not meant to be  
Your work, in me, is a thing of beauty, an awesome thing to see

A Rose, within the Rose of Sharon, 'establish' please dear King  
With Your translucent Rainbow-works, so joyous, make me sing  
Let my hands display Wisdom's beauty-, moving hearts to cheer  
Envelope me in such duty; for Your Words, Lord, I long to hear

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Man's Thought Factory

In my Thought-factory I have a foreman named Mr. Defeat;  
And one named Triumph-, of which I like to greet.  
Mr. Triumph is always positive-; he gives me reasons why I can-.  
But Mr. Defeat has depreciation thoughts, and is really not my fan.

Yet I can signal "either one" to my beck-and-call...  
If my signal is positive, then Mr. Triumph will take the ball.  
But if I say- "It's a lousy day-, " Mr. Defeat will make it pay...  
For he's a "great picture painter too-" and proves to me that it is true.

And if I say "it's such a fine day, " though it's raining all around-,  
Mr. Triumph will say "how refreshing- we need this rain in town."  
Been thinking of firing Mr. Defeat-, he uses so much space and time.  
For if I would let him-, he'd take my whole Thought-factory over...

And that's "no friend of mine-." Mr. Triumph is so much kinder.  
He's encouraging and shows me "how to succeed..."  
Mr. Defeat suffers from a mind "deadening disease..."  
It's called "excusitis-, ' of which I should be freed.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Mask Of Betrayal

Let's talk about betrayal,  
Let's talk about a Fool 'who will rail, '  
Let's get to the root of the problem:  
'Teachers, of the Golden-Rule, ' whose lives betray and rob'em.

Let's talk about Pride's deceit and envy it's bottom line.  
Let's talk about jealousy, the root of that same kind.  
Let's talk about that which is hidden, beneath the hearts of men.  
Let's talk about some actors, who'd claim to be a friend.

Let's talk about those that kill, yet rarely they are seen.  
Like, one who mars the image of kin, appearing bright and keen.  
What about ones who- do all the right things, for the wrong reasons?  
Many now-days are distracted from upright ways, amidst the seasons.  
Let's see the fruit of those who teach, not self-righteous deeds.  
Let's talk about the wounds that fester, and seem to always bleed.

Let's ask some serious questions:  
Why are there no books of 'Jealousy...? ' Nor 'Envy' as well? '  
Why are there 'such pretenders' that make life living-hell?  
Why do we not learn from history, without repeating it trail?  
How about we see 'Life's fragile, ' focusing on where we'll sail.  
Where are all the Heroes and where is 'Integrity's style-? '  
Where are those who stand for right, who can't abide man's guile?

My heart is sunk; it's weak from pain.  
The enemy I've seen, again and again.  
He's an actor; he's an angel of light,  
He's a devil in the night.

The Deceitful betrays in subtle ways.  
He hides behind love's shallow scam.  
Appearances are his centre stage.  
He's a Wolf (I tell you) , he's not a lamb.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Men, Who Love, Perfect And Not

Men who love perfectly "and not, "  
Reflect love, in what, "they think they've got! "  
No one-sided fondness does "philia denote..., "  
But friendships, with benevolence, doth gloat!

I Erode (love) you "for-the-way" you make me feel.  
Is it not my projection, in affection, "my image ideal-? "  
Ideal love, cognitive, as if flowing of its own accord,  
With no exertion- (or wishing) , reflectively adored!

If only it's Platonic, then doomed to abstract of flair,  
Troubadours might futilely sing-, desires lost, mid-air.  
Unconditional is agape; pivotally it cements "the above."  
1st. there's value of self; then neighbours know one's love.

To what degree I love me-, to that degree I can love "freely."  
Else how can one "give" what they never received, in reality?  
Perfect-love casts out fear; love can be void of bonding path.  
Impartiality "loves- for Wisdom's zest, " and thus avoid wrath!

Hence, you can tell a great man by his compassionate deeds...  
Thus from the lowliest of men, they are courteous and will feed.  
Don't tell me what you have is who you are; love's so deep...  
More of me than meets the eye; agape is what I have "and seek."

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Mindsets Disconnect 4-Creativity

Creative genius draws upon purity of perception void of stereotypes.  
As Savants see the world as it really is, not bound by mindset hypes.  
The brain can turn=off from the crowd to preform creatively.  
More than half of savants are autistics; what's vital sense or sensibility?

My child never talked before age of three; his brothers talked for him.  
One child had his head full of math problems; later great music to begin.  
Mindsets are disconnected in the brains of those so cleverly inclined.  
Perhaps to become pro-active not re-active to excel in works of art divine.

What's the difference from living on the edge or creating a cutting edge?  
Perhaps the Faith-quake is the answer; when one sees from God's ledge.  
When surrendered to God, the mind's not hindered by mindset's facade.  
The carnal mind's enmity against God, related in Rom.8: 7; God's Rod.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Miracles, I've Seen...

Holy Spirit laughter, sweep across each one like a wave  
A demoniac, after prayer, 'scream' then cry like a baby saved  
Children dance to the beauty of God's children celebrate  
Father God disarm bullies who were about to stone me with hate

A neighbour boy 'cry with delight' cause he could finally hear  
My X, pointing a loaded gun at me, ultimately run for God's fear  
One of unbelief set-free of jail by prayer but not from her known sin  
A tiny oil-container, about empty, never run dry when poured again

Water turned to oil, to pray for a young troubled girl acting crazed  
Fierce beast made quite calm, near me, despite my childish phase  
Incurable diseases healed, and arms and legs grow some inches  
Believe me when I say, I've seen the power of prayer in trenches

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Misconceptions Of Low-Wage Workers

America is no longer the land of opportunity for millions.  
Nor has She face-up to Her outstanding debt of billions.  
Perhaps legalising homosexuals and abortions made God mad?  
One whole state wiped-out, like Katrina; Oh my God, how sad!

Yet blinders stay-on, since 30-million workers are in poverty.  
Living from pay-check-2-pay-check and drowning quite loudly.  
And only a 'drug infested neighbourhoods' many can afford.  
I'm talking about professional people, serving others, adored.

The US minimum of \$5.15 hasn't been changed in ten long years.  
It's not three strikes-and-you're-out, for 1-miss-hap of tears.  
Free clinics are limited for what they can financially achieve.  
One trip to the Doctor is often a day's wages with no reprieve.

Oprah had a couple show us what it's like with limited funds.  
After 3-months they were 1200 dollars-off and wanting to run.  
Affording only a drug-invested area and risk travelling a bus.  
So many people don't need a hand-out but a hand-up is a must.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Missing Gaps Of Love And Myths

I only knew love as a myth til Christ came to me, the child.  
As selfish young parents, self-absorbed, revealed love's guile.  
Growing up I conquered most fears but that of Love's glue.  
Excusing makes one whole; but what of one division by two?

Most do fear change; but my exploring made me a challenger.  
None can break from the nine-to-five lest becoming a voyager.  
I used to danced around Hell's feet while shaming fool's deceit.  
Childhood-love for Christ taught best yet little kindness sweet.

Rarely ill, this spirited maid aspired to gutsy, witty, and strong.  
Men avoided me as a true friend; but followed to hear my song.  
So I climbed Jacob's ladder and conquered hierarchical beast.  
Redeemer brought me out of Hell to attain Love's great feast.

I'd walk beside the ocean's tide on cold winter days of fog.  
Alas I kissed a youth, in dreams, to awake rolling-off some log.  
So quickly my love went away, dreaming of wedding plans alive.  
Still I awoke empty, longing, needing only him to be at my side.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Mistletoe And Wine, C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S Divine

I'd love to sing a Christmas song, and make it true for you.  
With lots of words of hopes and dreams, wishes all grand new.  
Some heard angels, that day, baring Bethlehem's new birth.  
Like: away in that manger Christ brings Peace of Love's mirth.

Let carolling bells ring-out echoes of joy this fine New Year;  
For you and I, and each girl and boy, with living wine of cheer.  
Like the Chipmunk Song: 'Christmas please don't be late'  
We'll have a party at Manuka Cottage behind the see-through gate.

Let's dance the Sugar Plum Fairy for a ding-dong merry good high.  
Don't forget to feed the reindeer for their ride in the sky~.  
Of course bring Frosty the Snowman; he'll have fun outdoors.  
We'll gather round the Christmas tree with presents on the floors.

Let Christmas Bells ring wondrously clear for you and yours...  
Hope no Hippopotamus shows up; unless, he's dressed for lures.  
Let dreams be spiced from Mistletoe above, and kisses oh so grand.  
May the God of Heaven and Earth bring joy and Love over every land?

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Mommy And Daddy's Book Of Love

Long ago, from the book of Love, came Daddy and Mommy's dream  
The greatest gift, from Father above, "with magical smiles so seen."  
For on that special day, that you were born, the angels danced all day.  
Family came to give us cards; hearts were merry with Heaven's sway.

See "Heaven's window opened wide, " on the day we first saw 'you.'  
From that 'special Book of Love, ' He'll carefully guide us through.  
Storm clouds come and folks get lost, without God's light to shine.  
He'll help us with our garden, dear, and give us music like wine.

You are our little sapling tree, so we'll plant you in good rich soil.  
We'll carefully watch-and-pray, each night, so the sun won't ever boil.  
Resting now safe, while angels sing, for every good is of Father God.  
All your tomorrows He'll bring; we pray 'you're sheltered by His rod.'

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Mr. B

Hello, Mr. B

You may not know me

Here's me wanting to give you a chance

If business is your cup of tea, there might be romance

There's no beating around the bush, though at times I rap

I've fallen into your grove and stepped into your Map

I'm a representative of His Majesty's estate

My Manager (and King) does abolish hell's gate

Could you tell me of your land, dear Mr. B of Birmingham

What's it like in the "Magic City, ' borrowed from England

How does a state maintain a decline in violence each year

How does one maintain a balance industry, lessening fear

I'd be honored if you'd take me to the Jazz Hall of Fame

Mr. B, of His Promised Land, Nat Cole was best in that game

Hearing of your City-Stages, and picture Festivals, how grand

My Dad's making the arrangements for me to come to your land

I know you're busy with gardens, streams, and the city's lake

Thanks for your birds-eye view to avoid ones that are fake

Strange, but I saw your Water-park in a vision-like-dream

Visionland, is that what you're call? Now I'm really keen

Wow, I never knew so many songs were written about you

My favorite, perhaps, is: 'You are my rock-a-by Baby Sue.'

Well, got to run; but I'll look forward to seeing you soon

Save a spot in your Hall of Fame, Love's best under the moon

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Mr. Paparazzo Papadopoulos Twist Nonsensically

Twisters unlike Supercala-fragilistic-expealidocious  
Imagining dreams he was socialistically-unrealistic  
Can you imagine an imaginary menagerie manager  
Or try imagining managing an imaginary menagerie

Ev'rything can be satisfactch'll for Zip-a-Dee-Doodah  
Of course some make a hoo-hah over tiddly-boo-yah  
Reggie's chilly cheap chip shop sells Daryl a freak dip  
Frightfully silly of her for, he flamboyantly let it rip

Her croaking Frog cost truly a princely sum of snobbery  
Forgotten hopes, forlorn, besotted froglips of buffoonery  
When the bleak breeze blights the bright blighted blossom  
Betty beat a bit of butter to make a batter better awesome

Such a floozy to improperly expect a decent cup of coffee  
I made it in a proper copper coffee pot, served with toffee  
Later I saw Esau kissing Kate; at least me' thinks I saw  
The sorriest saw I saw was rustic on sawdust in Arkansas

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Murder's Cloak Of Mockery

With dysfunctional affairs of the insecure, they market elusive control.  
Few see behind Murder's cloak and ridicule disrespect to maim the soul.  
Thinking they're above the law, jesting for ill, their mockery to kill.  
Shallow pits of 'unfaithful liars' are promoted with style and thrill.

Ablaze with insults- they ardently tear the soul, limiting Love's intake.  
This insane humour insults parody for mockery's venom and Evil's sake.  
Devoted to taunting they goad victims to murder, as they're reprieved.  
Their constant drip-of-teasing is testing the game of control far eased.

Full of disdain, they boast blasphemy, as if they're better than the rest.  
Noted fools 'think themselves wiser than 7-scribes' of Wisdom's zest.  
'Abuse of power' sadly reflects a loveless society-, for All Christ bled.  
Who can stand against belittling, especially at vulnerable times, to dread?

Hussein made mockery of weaponry inspections, defames, justify his plea.  
Isn't beauty of sex, legal mystique, marred with contemptuous mockery?  
The gifted 'played-down, ' exposed to mockery, for artificial things given.  
Comparisons aren't of truth nor is it masterful for love within living.

Heaven lifts the Faithful to survive-, escaping the wicked buffoonery.  
Surrender ALL for the Master's plan, when surrounded by evil scenery.  
Adhere to sample of the wise, in multiples of counsel there's safety.  
A wise idiom is: there's safety in numbers, for excellence of suavity.

Avoid disdain with relationships wronged, bury the hatchet, live on-.  
Futile regrets saps future-Love; best to live singing a grateful song.  
Trifle not with offences; pursue Peace and escape sudden catastrophe.  
Life's business is to enjoy; you must know that all else is mockery.

Odd that murder is born-of-love, which attains its intensity in murder.  
Then again, who can attain peace of understanding without God's order?  
Few are wise to run from evil, even of kin, rather they turn to hate.  
Mockery is rust corroding all, best to run from wicked jester's fate.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# My Love Has Gone...

My love cannot find me. He has gone to fight the wicked beasts.  
However that may be, I'll wait for him in Beulah's well at least.

He calls to me, from my heart, in the gentle light of my quiet day.  
Oh how my heart longs for him; thus, while he is so very far away.

I calm myself to listen; though while the ocean's tide comes in.  
As with 'the song of Solomon, ' I'm weary of love's Love, again...

ArmourQuill Hunter

# My Personal Trainer

Being a conductor is like being a coach, an editor, and a director.  
This is what the Holy Spirit is like, delivering me from detractors.  
Being the best means work, and a good manager plans ahead.  
It's like praying the answer~, not the problem, by Wisdom led.

The workout's intense because of war and 'lies' believed true.  
My routine includes a walk around the block to pray for the New.  
God wakes me, fills me up with wine~, and keep me on track.  
Few believe in me as much; God enables me for all that I lack.

Totally set on winning but this can't be done with a full plate.  
Dying to my will (to do His) comes with a price, even of late.  
Knowing God's plan isn't enough, perseverance takes the prize.  
When you have a gifted Trainer there's help against evil's guise.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Myriads Of Angels Around

Myriads of angels around me each wondrous day  
The God of Commerce is now with me always to stay  
The Lord, my Shepherd, makes me not 'lustfully' want  
He leads me beside still-waters where goodness is taught

Creatively I'm inspired by Creator-God my dear Friend  
The Captain of the Lord of Host delivered me to amend  
He's my Comforter, Counsellor-, and Mighty God supreme  
I walk with Him~, in the depths of His 'Deep, ' serene

Myriads of angels~ do carry out God's every Word  
People don't listen, but rebel, and think this absurd  
But He's the God of my Fathers, the Great Prince of PEACE  
He cancels the false-destiny-god bringing brilliant release

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Mysterious Humorous Antics

I awakened to the dreary foreboding and whistling of the wind;  
As sighing intervals portrayed "don't go to work at Denny's tonight  
'Twill surely be their humour antics that will kill thee out right;  
New Zealand's Harold will cover it all and those here will exclaim:  
"Ah yes, I remember her quite well~, ah~, what was her name...? "

Maybe it's enough to stay in bed, indeed, and introspectively wonder:  
"What if it should be...? "

I knew of Caron with her charming bold wit~,  
And Margaret, too, who sneaks up on you~,  
And of course, Miss Franks~ whose always there~,  
But what evidence could be proved~ to anyone, anywhere?

They all hide~, until in the break room they sit.  
I thought I'd die~, yesterday, and still their antidotes wouldn't quite!  
Yet I survived, but drollery stricken scheme might lay in-store tonight? !  
This is not the normal Denny's, as anyone from America would say~.  
Why shouldn't I listen 'creatively' to the wind; and stay at home today?

ArmourQuill Hunter

# No Discipline No Love

Love is respect for the needs of others;  
With supportive correction or rebuke to attain.

For open rebuke is better than hidden love.  
It's balanced with 'tact' in Wisdom's frame.

God's goodness always leads one to repentance.  
Love drives away fear to graciously teach or train.

In Solomon's time a mom claimed another's son.  
The other mom relinquished her rights, to proclaim:

Love is a laying down of rights- to liberate one's own.  
Her love was sacrificial, without accusations or distain.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## No Love From My Rear-View Mirror

Love would just passed me on the street  
He passed me gloating, even at his feet  
I was always waiting for love to come  
Finally I gave-up the need for love's sum

Parents are usually the prototype of love's style  
Many of them are young and ignorant with guile  
Love always escaped me and often passed me by  
Many years love counterfeited agape; so often I'd cry

Men loved my body, my many talents, and my glory walk  
They couldn't quite handle, though, my God-theme talk  
Not that I'm preachy~, but I hit straight to the heart  
Now I've relinquished my right to choose for God's start

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Of Constantine II, St. Helena Of The Cross

This thine ancient legacy bestowed on lone descendant here  
Helena, empress, victor of The Cross and conqueror of fear  
In a time when all was for one and that ruling alliance  
Constantius the first put away your marriage for convenience

What a focus of that Cross which led you to the Holy Land  
Divinely inspiring relief to the poor, uniting Christ's stand  
Let this 'thy seed' of known zeal revive in me, for prosterity  
Charity towards the people and enemies subdued, profoundly

By thy mercy God, grant true works of faith against ones vain  
As ancestor 'Flavia Julia Helena' proved, again and again  
In your time, the most vital woman in the world then  
And Lactantius thy teacher, heir to teach Crispus to win

History has dressed you substantially into renown Christendom  
Poetry was dead, prose dying; sculpture lost in that Kingdom  
Sadly abandoned and replaced by a royal match and decree  
Quietly knowing disgrace for an archaeological find in destiny

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Oh, Degenerate Man Of Despair

Leaving the Path of Right, was it worth the battles hell's shame?  
Imprisoned by your choices to dishonour the goodness of God's name;  
You sinned against the Light of the Word, grieving the Spirit of Truth.  
Why couldn't you wait and trust God for a mate? Boaz was given Ruth!

By hating His righteousness, you treated His blood as an unholy thing.  
Insulting the Spirit of Grace, with the goodness that God wanted to bring.  
Excluding yourself from His Promises, there remains nothing but threats;  
What profit is there, to gain the whole world, when vexed by soulish pets?

With all the choices of your free-will, guilt doth easily toss blame.  
Yet now, since the aftermath of judgment, you see clearly your shame.  
The desires, pleasures and profits of this world, you held higher than God.  
Thinking your world was your own island, that you'd never see His Rod.

Now every one of those things bit you; they gnaw like burning worms...  
The Crucified Lamb died and lives so that you'd adhere to all His Words.  
Denied repentance locked in an Iron Cage, oh Eternity, how will you cope?  
What else could God do; when He gave His only Son as Redemption's rope?

Notes~

Reversing Direction on the Reprobate Road

How to Avoid Backsliding

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# One Look Will Change Your Life

In the day you seek Me with your whole heart,  
THAT'S the day that I, the Lord God, will be found...  
I took this challenge, receiving a new-heart profound.  
In varied ways, Christ still walks the streets today...  
One day, someday, you'll need him; 'come what may.'

Where are the role-models of gallantry and heroism...?  
Wounded ones are everywhere, too disillusioned to care.  
Lost ones, with faded dreams, are angry with a zombie stare.  
Foundations of heroes are past; are we now losing our song-?  
Behold the Lamb of God, which takes away sin "all day long."

TV news with tragedies all around, perhaps the bible is best found.  
Believers are hurt by religious systems; some are now in isolation.  
Warriors of the futurity, feel God's river revitalizing consolation?  
As he was on the cross I know he bought my pardon, for liberty.  
Unworthy, of mercy, still His blood of victory flows through me...

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## Our Box Of Matches~ Inside

There are so many kinds of lights and fires, inside and out.  
We're born with a box of matches inside, without a doubt.

Matches don't light themselves, not without fire to seize.  
Oxygen, of another, comes from a lover's breath to ease.

Created symbolic of a candle, we're created to shine...  
One's candle can be: a melody, a caress, or a sound divine.

Anything that pulls the trigger~ connects the spark to light.  
The explosive flare of a match divinely feeds our soul, aright.

If our box of matches is damp, we'll not be able to light them.  
There's lots of ways to dry a damp match box; love heals of sin.

The matches must be lite 1one by one, preventing a burn-out.  
A burst of emotions ignites them all~ into wondrous turn-out.

Hence unveiling a bright tunnel of a path we forgot at birth.  
For such a path calls us back to our divine origins of worth.

ArmourQuill Hunter

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If our box of matches is damp, we'll not be able to light them.  
There's lots of ways to dry a damp match box; love heals of sin.

The matches must be lite 1one by one, preventing a burn-out.  
A burst of emotions ignites them all~ into wondrous turn-out.

Hence unveiling a bright tunnel of a path we forgot at birth.  
For such a path calls us back to our divine origins of worth.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Out Of Sight, Under Carpet

Wonder just how many need distractions from their plate  
Excuse-ites is a convenient disease not to clear one's slate

Few contemplate their lot for the circumference of the whole  
Meditate, regurgitate, and eliminate blocks against one's goal

It takes the brave to linger around Wisdom's fine Oak Tree  
Not the Tree of Knowledge but the one of Life for Liberty

Still, spiteful ones need excuses; they simply won't front-up  
They'll drink the dregs of bitterness to the bottom of their cup

I tell you- Silence's not always golden, and history does repeat  
Wisdom walks with the lowly-of-heart, not near Popular Street

So seek not gold's riches or fame, but to know 'your value'  
Men's valuing is slighted by disdain; God's will stir and rile you

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Outside Love's Circle

Just outside love's circle faith becomes marred by fear.  
Souls of Master-Creator are surrendered for a path clear.  
Worry comes from not knowing, yet the Holy Ghost reveals...  
Rightful prayer paves God's way, avoiding what hate conceals.

Anxiety has torment, not to mention 'it's a thief, ' with no relief.  
Believers commit ALL to Father-God, in simple child-like belief.  
Many, powerless, repeat hidden conditioning~ wrestling to gain.  
Unfamiliar of love, many need nurturing times to free from sin's stain.

Christ said "PERFECT LOVE casts out fear, " giving a sound mind.  
Pride is a defence from PAIN which dresses like Fear every time.  
So many layers of Fear's bandaid, a defence against True-Love.  
Your future's in seed-thoughts; best to be modelled from up above.

Fear is almost always hidden, a defence against Pain's reality.  
It programs our computer bank like a virus to harmful legalities.  
God, through Christ within, eliminates Fear when we note-it to let go.  
Lest the dreaded virus leaves panic scares and shudders for it's show.

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# Owning Fraud's Thieving Infidelity

Betrayal is never shy of enlivened egotistical games  
Denial of true intent dressed carefully not to shame  
Times questioning between said bird in the hand or bush  
Men rally for the chance to chase, covering well their tush

Disloyalty breeds unfaithful-acts, a shield for recurrence  
Dare we make comparisons minus commitment's compliance  
Who can find a loyal heart amidst society's prompting of sin  
I'd give all~ for 'a heart of gold' to adore me always within

To note such a signal gives rise to all fidelities undermined  
Partners of mates vanish in elusive apathy while kids redefine  
Is infidelity promoted only for Christian religion to acclaim  
Doesn't flirting fall under this sad classification to defame

When love's laboured we relish lusty act freeing from fidelity  
None so fatal to truth as indifference which is half infidelity  
Zoning hides more of Christ than all callous words of depravity  
Love revives but there's no returning from loathing's satiety

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## Passion Vs. Patience

Passion wants it now, any how, and cannot seem to wait.

'A bird in hand is better than a one in the bush' they freight.

Patience is wise waiting for the best things and glories in the end.

Passion has its best things first, but Patience laughs loudest friend.

First must give place to the last because will have its time to come.

Last gives place to nothing; there'll nothing thus to follow that's done.

Thus it's said to Dives, 'In your lifetime you got your good things.'

Related to Lazarus, who received the bad, rewarded with all God brings.

Earthly things are all so temporary; but the unseen are vitally eternal.

Most things residing so closely to our sin nature will be our infernal.

It's not best to covet things that exist now but to wait, the best to come.

God's best is sanctified holy, bringing Life, through His Mighty Son.

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# Patchwork Buildings Of Cathedral Square

Beneath city cubicles of Christchurch there are many wares  
People passing with hardly a glance, to show ones they care  
Come hither sign-posts lavished, for gifts, to lure or try  
All- for one gypsy centre, that seduce the envious to sigh

Here there's park-like grass patches, to lavish nature grand  
A gourmet plaza, a casino church, and fast food, in the hand  
Varied architectural shapes of gray, brick, two-story or three  
Most all that you'd want is here in Christchurch; but reality

Statuesque Queen Victoria is marbled high in a garden scene  
There's a chess game, half-size of a man, for ones so keen  
Myriads of cosmopolitan identities for art, music, and fun  
And the grandest Library I've seen, for one whose on the run

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## Pausing To Contain

REALIGNING~ the Rose neath Rainbow's edge of conglomeration  
DIMENSIONS~ are always changing, a blossoming reflection  
FIRST~ gift, of greatest gifts, received of Heaven  
HELPS~ rather to eliminate the undesirable leaven  
QUESTION~ love's depths for focused, future, reality  
PASS~ between what's hindering all possibilities  
BETWEEN~ heart-&~head, I can't help taste your love as wine  
LOGIC~&~SENSE~ leave me capturing moments, stealing time  
UNDERSTANDING~ that the rhythm of love does always pause  
INDUBITABLY~ of course I love you; because, because

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# Pausing To Know God's Path

God led me by the cobble-stones byways,  
I could see you down destiny's pathway-.  
Then Wisdom told me to kindly bow...  
Knowing, sadly, "I'd not time to explain..."  
Most likely, you'd think: "what's with her game? "

Though no game was intended, I work for the King!  
Days that I'm not conversing, I can't help but sing-,  
Gifted songs of the Mighty and key-notes of harps...  
The Master planner turned me aside for you to impart.

Other doors were closing, though difficult to conceive...  
Blessings have come to relocate; now, I am soon to leave.  
Some "king's horses" and some "king's men...", "  
Can never put back what God has broken, friend.

After Great Barrier Island, perhaps I'll go to US or Italy...?  
Or Christchurch for just a bit; as rainbow dream's reality-!  
God knows the place where Fairytale Dreams come true...  
If you're willing (dear heart) , my open-page is for-you!  
Come-, hear the dolphins sing, and rest in love's cove...  
Without a vision one can perish; and even thus grow old!

Seriously, you can meet me at Liberty Beach, kind-Sir-?  
Better yet, within my dreams-, at 3-o'clock preferred-!  
Let-go of your shores, of "sun-filled comfort-zones-, "  
Thus walk with me, for just awhile; if you're all alone.  
I've heard that Heaven waits for destiny's dreams to entwine.  
Divinely so, I'm dwelling "on enchanting choice new-wine...! "

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## Peace, Granted...

PEACE, be still, from storm-tossed-sea; near the water's edge.  
Let His Kiss chase your gray clouds away from dangers ledge.  
Please, join in this spot of time; safe in the eye of the hurricane.  
Few Saviours to trust, lest Christ; He's vowed to keep us sane.

In His name, for all that's good, "Peace to your turmoil's stain."  
Many prisons, of diversified, with little comprehension to gain.  
Even with free-will, a future beau left for a bird-in-the-bush.  
Let Destiny's wine anchored into Peace; rest, hush-, now shush!

Lost-and-empty lives, receive 'a New-birth' for Hell's dead night.  
Power- over trials to face; by the Holy Spirit, of Truth's delight!  
Please, who's had a happy life- from varied prison cells into hell?  
Take this kiss with gratitude, Lord, you've freed my load so well.

None better through life's maze, to enable us to victoriously win.  
Come Redeemer, let the needy to ascend to heights, oh Friend.  
Love don't speak problems, Love sees answers despite the haze.  
If it's hard to see past your phase- try thankfulness, then praise.

Oft' ones are mistaken for envy's greed, at love's end to bleed.  
We have walking-dead going through the motions, we'll heed?  
Live, you Dry-bones live, in the Rose of Sharon for love to adorn!  
Live life, love rife, forgive, and relive, from all that's sadly torn.

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# Perfection In Progress For Love

Oh Thou Agape-Love, unconditional, serene  
Set upon my head for Christ; I know I am redeemed  
A sinner saved by Grace, no less, each day I yield my all  
Needy, trusting, leaning, knowing, prepared before a fall

Perfect Love of Wisdom's flair I need more love, from fear  
Wisdom, She doth encompass me and leads me lest I err  
Ever since the day, of childhood, I gave God all my sin  
The Son's bright-rays of hope, promise, did come rushing in

Perfect Door, the Way of Life, and Truth, my Christ each day  
When all else did failed me, You were there to show the way  
No one's ever cared for me like you, Lord, my dearest Friend  
If I could count such blessings, I'm sure they'd never end

With Your Helmet of Salvation and Your Living-Word of Grace  
All faults/ failures tossed in the sea of forgetfulness, and chased  
Clothed with Your Righteousness, thank You for the Belt of Truth  
As my kin before me, redeeming story as that of Boaz and Ruth

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Players Who Love The Chase...

Some women like 'the chase, ' but not Rose Gardena.  
Not very many women get to play, in so-called, man's arena.  
Hence, men implied, "It's like the game of poker...,  
They're not allowed in the game; men see them as a joker! "

It takes a clever one to manage a fool, ignoring logic's rule;  
An 'even wiser woman' to grasp both-sides, of their line, and duel!  
Beauty can be a challenging key; as well as that of knowledge.  
A smart woman can have it all, not losing her pivotal edge.

The taming of the shrew; is that what men really want to do...?  
You can lose your identity in love, ungoverned by God's destiny too?  
Players get played; even losers convey this, and don't always win.  
What does it profit 'to gain the world' to lose your soul in sin...?

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# Playing With Assumptions

In a start-up company you basically throw out assumptions  
When one knows a person better- they make presumption

Are our liberal instincts gone astray, interest fades to fray?  
Assumptions are termites against relationships, lest we prays.

Vast metaphysical assumptions acclaim many paths to God  
Christ said "I am the way, the Truth, Emanuel, God's rod.

Chiefly most have a big reaction against wrong estimating.  
Devaluing and underrating the human connection is grating.

Wisdom considered the whole: 'the start, middle and the end.'  
Cause a positive side to this narrative is a summery to blend.

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# Presentation The Epidemic Deception

God help us, the whole world has become possessed with adherences!  
It's more than presentation; it's a prison trap of keeping up appearances.  
Multitudes are buying into the LIE that~ "you are what you possess."  
Wanting desperately to be loved, lost in the facade for the popular caress.

Starting with kid's pressurized domain, they're selling-out 2-buy-n-cheap.  
Seems everyone equates wealth and possessions to happiness as sheik.  
There's an epidemic of selling one's soul for the magic-carpet ride...  
The magic pill, the perfect thrill, the IMAGE or the temporary high.

Men and women have idolized, unrealistically, their perfect mate.  
Or else they're sold on the bad-ass character, for an Illusionist's sake.  
Fearful of ones not accepting us 'good-&-bad, ' we have a Kodak Moment.  
The times, we even buy into projections and lose validation, we lament.

One, caught for over-expenditures, conveyed reason: obsessed by illusion.  
Thus the dating shows portray importance of presentation for conclusion.  
I tell you, if you can find a real person whose heart is for real 'be true.'  
There are very few totally honest people, who value themselves; do you?

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# Profiling The Prophet

Truth's circumference, in life, is between opposites of the whole.  
In olden times there where 'prophets and seers' as opposites I'm told.  
A prophet is one born, chosen, and destined to "speak" for God alone...  
Positionally speaking, they're higher than kings, yet oft' have no throne.

Often renowned, they challenged normality to bring about God's change.  
Divinely guided on chequered boards for many nations to be rearranged.  
Gifted men, judges, set-up by a Holy God, with no need for a pension.  
Challenging each base of cheap-grace with no agape-type of redemption.

Their mouth is a blazing-sword, before the Lord of Israel they do stand.  
Not needing a bible, the spirit of Truth in them does carry out God's plan.  
Using whirlwinds, stones of fire, and His Spirit Wind baking each one.  
God's tool as fire against the chaff of wheat, God's joy to them was fun.

Prophets are still fearlessly bold, challenging false gods calming divinity.  
Though often hidden, as Elijah was, till sent on a mission for posterity.  
They warn of danger and proclaim God's power over fool's subtle guile.  
Prayer come walking and breathing God's love and life for wisdom's style

They're reviled, persecuted, misunderstood, and threatened by evil-&-good.  
Prophets are born, not made, and to society they can seem quite RUDE.  
Healing's in their veins with concepts of strategies in their heads while led.  
Paying the cost to shake nations, with their gifted divine knowing read.

Living-river faith channelling through Love to comply, with God they agree.  
Uncertain where they'll slept; still, out of their mouth God's word decreed~.  
Prophets are representative of God's will, as gifted eyes of His people to see.  
They're watchmen in the high places who'll know you and your destiny...

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## Profiling The Prophet-2

Truth's circumference, in life, is between opposites of the whole.  
In olden times prophets and seers were opposites, I'm told.  
Prophets are born, chosen, and destined to speak for God alone.  
Fundamentally they are higher than kings with rarely a throne.

Firehouse reflectors of normalcy, they bring righteous change.  
Guided on chequered boards so even nations are rearranged.  
Gifted judges set-up by a Holy God, with no need for pension.  
Challenging the basis of cheap-grace void of agape's redemption.

God's mouthpiece a blazing sword, before the Lord they stand.  
Not a Bible in hand but Truth-at-heart helps finishes God's plan.  
As a whirlwind, His Spirit-wind shakes what's not plumbed right.  
A Brazen wall against the chaff, God brings joy against the fight.

Fearlessly bold, they challenging false gods who calm divinity.  
Times they're hidden, till commissioned for sovereigns posterity.  
They warn and proclaim God's power over mindsets of guile.  
Prayer-walking they breathe His love and life for Wisdom's style.

Reviled, persecuted, and misunderstood by evil and even good.  
Prophets are born, not made; to society they're oft' quite rude.  
Powered by divine strategies, they are upheld by Angels, led.  
What a cost of to shake nations when their giftings are misread.

Faith-quakers channel Love in alignment, by God's Word agreed.  
Hardly a home, their mouth is governed by God's Word decreed.  
Prophets act-out God's plan; being the eyes of His people, see.  
As watchmen in high places they'll know you, and your destiny~.

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# Radiance Of Resurrection Light

Outside the cross it's void, till surrendering all to the Son.  
I was delivered from a tomb to bathe in Light of the Holy One.  
God's glory shines on me, so that Gentiles and Kings will come.  
Sheltered under the umbrella, God draws them for victories won.

Multitudes of sea's humanity "shall be converted' unto me...  
Angels directing, such gifts, His glory transformed in the sea.  
Diverse Vessels minister to my needs, all-n-all, He's glorified.  
We have nourished Him within; patiently awaiting, we abide.

Reconciling, mercy rest- as strangers build walls and kings bless.  
Father has established my reign, so the Lost will come and rest.  
Within 'the hope-of-glory, ' high places will fall by his will.  
There is a way that seems right; the works of man will kill.

Take care to honour his place; He beautifies such at his feet.  
Ones 'harming' are humbled; defamers catch sight of my feet, sweet.  
I'm called by His city, Lord's Sion, says the Holy One of Israel.  
Once forsaken, hated, now 'His grateful Pearl' from sands of hell.

God's Rainbow Umbrella 'overshadows' under His canopy of Love.  
Iniquity isn't heard here; salvation ignites my gates from above.  
Light of The Man-child rules my days; no moon is here but praise.  
Taste- and see- 'God is good' for His Light feeds amidst the haze.

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## Rainbow Visions

Fabrics are stacked and drape my arty shelves with flair;  
Rainbow visions displayed as a royal wardrobe there.  
I even have futuristic visions~ as a survivalist very soon.  
I'll be prepared for anything, even the light of the moon.

Spiritually, I've influenced thousands, but I feel so lacking.  
Yet my friend, and I, dealt with past Strongholds a tracking.  
Geographically I've passed my kin, with each circumference.  
Totally surrendering my ALL from sidetracks of encumbrance.

Romantically; I was an only child growing without guidance;  
Secure in God's hands, His choice with a Mate's conveyance.  
Financially I'm set, content, as any woman of wealth may be.  
The world's my Rainbow-oyster when Lov merges for destiny.

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# Redemption's Song

I once had a dream, or did that dream once have me  
Then I met the Redeemer from Calvary's hill of victory  
I gave him my dreams, confided most things, for each day  
Weathered the change, for Christ's the same, along the way

He's not in a box; doesn't wear socks for I follow his feet  
I don't go to church, He healed me first, isn't life neat  
God's bigger than words or what we conceive; He's my Friend  
He gave his own Son, a gift to us all, where Life begin

Now, I'm not a-part of what sadly ails or even what wanes  
Flying, as his pilgrim, with Destiny's unseen plane  
He took my heart, gave me a start, when all was so lost  
Showed me His love, strength from above, for such a cost

You should call God 'real, ' test His skill; listen to Him there.  
He's at your Door to fill your floor, welcome Him in prayer  
Life can turn around, inside out, minus what's upside down  
Dreams lose their lure minus His cure; living in Him is sound

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## Religion Is...

Religion is of works that the self-righteous might boast  
It's not of Faith or even 'Divine Rest' of the Holy Ghost  
Control, with dos and don'ts, a subtle structure of tradition  
So few are willing to lay down their lives and all transgressions

Lofty walls, chartable ideas, for appearance and righteousness sake  
Their obedience to God is lacking; their 'god of works' is a front and a fake  
Religion is based on the hirelings who work for status attire  
Nor based within God's Ark, guilty ones (against God) do conspire

The guilty work hard and need a front to feel 'ok' about their self  
Millions follow a leader while true Believers (in Christ) find wealth  
Religion is as many social clubs, to feel comfortable about their sin  
Rare is the church who preaches as Christ did, Repent and let God in

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# Respect, When It Is Due

To give what you haven't got is not keen.  
Well, who would do such a ridiculous thing...?  
So, then, I suppose that respect is thus learned...  
Who gave it first, that we appreciate what's earned?

God so loved me first, that's why "I respect his word."  
Transformed by such Light, some still think me absurd!  
If truth acts a barrier of light, driving darkness back,  
The envious projects defensive boasts, for what they lack.

Thus I quite agree with Mark Rickerby.  
We will always get just what we give...  
But what's the standard for life's blueprint...  
When others don't conform to right and are bent?

Respect is learned perhaps, but also must be earned.  
To show respect for a fool is folly that should be scorned.  
I believe in "guilty by association, " not approving of strife.  
Am I disrespectful when I'm so passionate for what's life?

Biblically, even God shows himself froward with the froward!  
I'll give my foes a hardy 'thank-you, ' keeping my pride lowered.  
Respecting, in life, there is duality of balances that we learn.  
Many use their roles to control; I'll not give 'em power to burn!

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# Road Rage To The Finish

Scare-face Dragster had often challenged anyone to a race year round  
Till this stranger named Road-ranger stepped up to the base to confound.  
There were tailgaters and traffic breakers, all sorts at Racegate Village.  
Rebellion was fostered like weeds, so the town was nicknamed Pillage.

Dragster walked up to the intimidating newbie and Road-ranger curtsied.  
Not knowing 'Road-ranger had his fill of town-rebels' and was flurried.  
"Hows about a race, stranger? " said the pious but dubious Road-ranger;  
"Like nothing better" retorted his challenger, showing no fear of danger.

Some were crippled from seeking his coveted title as Road-rage King.  
Dragster had many scares and very little money from his racing fling.  
They say every race has a winner, but this was one time it wasn't true.  
Dragster went too far, and Road-ranger veered into him and blood flew.

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# Rose-Light Full-Bloom

I searched for Truth, and found the Star  
I searched the ocean near and far  
And found its' pain a bitter pill  
The price: 'to pray for my enemies' still

But with all I've gained and all I've lost  
My stubborn will was stirred with frost  
The Son's pinnacle, where I use to rest,  
Seemed too far away for such happiness

Thus I shared the pain of others so fine  
With hearts so true and minds so blind  
It was Beauty's Beast I'd rather have had  
Than the chains of religion and their ego fad

Now up near the ocean is where I'll be  
Searching for my heart's dream reality  
Despite the storms of life that get in my way  
Father's love keeps me strong each day

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# Royal Blood Characterized

Royal? Yes, you've spent generations talking-down to men  
What with pomp and privilege, you question all~ in the end

The world is your oyster; born to rule, you master to excel  
You don't think as others do; analysing each whole to assail

No, never-ever rally the fury of a ruling King or Queen  
They've had many years of DNA intelligence profoundly seen

Well, that is, if a struggle strengthens muscles for a path  
You might survive most anything, but not the royals wrath

Their counsels and experiences reach further than the sea  
Royals have rarely mixed without other royals, in reality

'Course this is not to say that royals always do know best  
There's just generations of DNA genes to rise above the rest

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Scarecrow Highlander

The glory of this Highlander's imagination is of great expression  
Inspiring a mind to drive itself completely to reflection  
A watchman, for the Master's vineyard, against the unclean ravens  
Scary for the black plumage with their croaking cries, not of heaven

Surely he has the angel with the ink-horn by his side, as a guide  
Absorbed in the ancient poets, watch as he leads on a magic carpet ride  
Tongues of fire, passion of steel, cast upon the brazen wall, for real  
If crimes are committed for his run away zeal, imprison his magical quill

Who can resist words of winged-angels, ascribed in gold, on parchments keen  
Deep projections of his theme oft' awaken me from a dreamscape scene  
He is statuesque with vocabulary's imagery, with dynamic demonstrations  
Every line, from this Scarecrow's heart, strikes a rhythmic dart of consolation

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# Scarlet Rope Of Heaven's Life-Raft

Please, throw us a rope "we're drowning...! "  
Some of us are so depressed and "frowning..."  
Won't someone please come; help make "sense of us? "  
'Cause the president's on vacation and God I'd like to cuss!

Some folks are doing their homework but "who's gonna help me...?  
Can I help it if "I was born into a lov'em and leave'em society-? ! "  
HELP, I don't fit into-any-click; and when you're down "they just kick."  
If God's real why can't his answer come; what about his "rod or stick? "

I need something, anything, a miracle would work; or a life-raft for fun!  
Some things are never easy, when you're out there on the run.  
Throw-out the "life-raft, ' please; see me begging-, down on my knees..!  
Didn't the "harlot Rehab" have a rope; God in heaven, you heard her pleas-!

Where are 'the Good Samaritans, ' anyway; God, I need a servant or a rope?  
Some days are diamonds and some are stones; for now I just can't cope!

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## Sea-Horse Dudley

Every so lightly, Dudley, you just waltz right in  
Free of commitment, acting as if you don't sin  
Tiny thinking, tiny degrees, you see only your reality  
Attention-getting ways hides who you, so others don't see

A chameleon, at time, when your out on the hunt for Brunch  
As you hobble and daddle, and flirt, for your next lunch  
Making light of the Biblical gauge, you avoid His rift  
Thinking, undoubtedly, you'll never need His help or lift

You live for the moment, methodically, rather in mid-air  
There are other fish in the sea, dude, greater who care  
Many Sea-creatures of humanity think it's their oyster-bed  
Till a greedy Leach-horse comes along, spiritually bread

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# Seasonal Cycles, Rhythm Of Timing

Seasons change as the beat of a silent drum, in and out of things.  
We take in fresh rain but cannot tell it's effect is for all it brings.

Times and seasons of life's natural rhythm of cycles keep changing.  
Radical events can effect seasonal and human cycles rearranging.

Truth has an opposite or counterfeit to the nobler 'True Destiny.'  
Being in tune takes divine intervention for redemption's eternity.

Life's cycles, rhythms, vibrations, and waves seem to elude us.  
Repetitive patterns, for some, are memorably etched without fuss.

Say as in first time interdictions, last words said or rather not.  
Indians thought it best to be one with their surroundings, a lot.

But the 9-to-5 scenarios have robbed us smelling just one rose.  
We just by the hour and not by seasons, rarely knowing our foes

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## Seer's Lullaby Dance

In, and through, the Lilies, our Father's love is everything  
Running through the valley, of Father's heart, I love to sing

Dancing past the darkness in the Light of Love His music rings  
Singing Light of glory, The-Word of Life that Heaven brings

Angelic harps of glory, resounding age for the power to come  
The Least step-up Love's story, Redemption's plan is truly won

They dance, the angels and I; see Father's awesome throng  
Life so serene as the kingdom of God resounds Love's song

Raining dew astounding, Joy resounds for all Christ brings  
Removing all sad stories, glory and honour to the Lamb the King

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# Shaking You Down

He'll shake you down, turn you around, to see the heart-matter.  
Strip away the shallowness, the facade, lamenting what flatters.  
Every way but loose, boggle our mindsets like marbles in a jar.  
God will shake you down, turn you around, to see from a far.

No bliss, no bleeze, no nonsense please; stay focused to attain.  
You need God's roadmap, avoid many voices, to securely gain.  
Catch a falling-star, put-it in the pocket can't help pave the way.  
The offshoot of David, the Bright and Morning Star guides today.

Christ's the brightest of all stars, who died so you would live.  
Receive life abundantly, with forgiveness, to successfully give.  
He washed my eyes with tears, eliminating flaws of sin.  
And tore things all apart, God looked deep within.

Sweeping away the things that made me blind..  
Till then I could not see- the clouds 'silver lined.'  
So now I understand pride's deflationary reality.  
Christ, alone, will show you 'The Truth's totality.'

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# Single Soul Dwellings Entwined

Life without pals is like the sky without the morning sun  
Comradery lifts, abating misery, when the evening's done  
Blessed silent familiarity~, supportive empathy of friends  
At one's side or apart, so special to the heart, til the end

Omitting my errs and failures, and tolerating my successes  
Empty of inferior while complimenting dream's caresses  
An unconditional gift from up above; thank God for love  
Books and friends must be well chosen; freed by His Dove

We'll not agree on things yet we will see in same direction  
Inspiring others with love, Truth's a sea-breeze reflection  
Perceiving not how far solitude extends void of validation  
Mates, as 2nd. Self, broadening a bright world of consolation

What a wine of friendship ripening amidst the storms of time  
Making me a master at guessing, keeping still within the chime  
Friendship-dance is of true responsibility, yet an opportunity  
Trusting cords of harmony are adorned with gems of reliability

Dual covers doth deaden dull spring against solidifying winter  
Because key-communication and empathy will never splinter  
Dare I treat daintily and thoughtfully 'always' fond meetings  
Ever shall I requite such friends thus with blessed greetings

Sweet satisfaction to self, me thinking aloud, void of reprisal  
Little seems clear on such a relevant theme, hence my appraisal  
Wholly making me at ease to explore this nonsense on the mend  
Love without this base is comparably to a mansion built on sand

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Soul-Mate Supreme

Never thought my soul-mate would finally find me  
Painted images, empty hearts, surround my reality  
How do we find our equal in life's scheme of things?  
Seeing projections reflections of what others will fling

Yet my guy looked beyond my faults, to see me best  
He asked questions that were geared to outlast all the rest  
Wise-men 'know' that women are made to simply respond  
No, He didn't try to enrapture me with any sensual con

He made his side of the planet 'extremely fascinating...'  
Slowing~ he drew me in, into his caring arms awaiting  
My love sought Father of Love to equate His will supreme  
God was my only family, until my Love became my dream

How can two walk together~ unless they respectfully agree  
Even when one agrees to disagree~ they make a fond memory  
There's no striving with our planing, as we laugh and have fun  
My beau will always love me for me; our love won't be undone

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Sowing Seeds Of The Past

Heirloom gifts of Grandmother's seeds are slowly fading away  
We need to preserve non-hybrid seeds to secure our future today  
Sowing the seeds of our past can be a priceless gift of reality  
I wanted to smell some carnations but there was no smell you see

Perhaps, like Johnny Appleseed, we can plant a seed each day  
Even a trig from its nib can reproduce its kind along the way  
This hybrid thing is out of hand, another means to control  
God help us, if we don't start planting seeds to help save souls

It's not hard and can be as simple as pouring the seed on the ground  
We should Plant seeds along the Highways, and byways, or in town  
Perhaps even plant along your fence lines some fruit trees  
Help preserve the continuity for life with seeds productivity

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Sparkling Joyous People

Indubitably, real happy people eliminate detouring hindrances.  
Seeking to find Love's identification for creative with endurances.

Sparkling with vibrant creativity, they find good in neighbours.  
Caring thoughtful people who'll treat you with thoughtful labours.

Bright as the morning's Light, they often sparkle through the night.  
Dancing in the sun on a kite flying day, they do love what's right.

Happy ones take solace in life's refreshing times, not always wine.  
Scenic majestic mountains, green forests, and streams so divine.

As depths of the ocean's gems, these folk revere God and man.  
They envision picturesque settings to draw from, to understand.

As such they gain respect, and adoration as valued Peacemakers.  
Their liveliness is contagiously uplifting to all men, and shakers.

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Steps Extending Vibrant Life

Live longer, vibrant; stay younger; forget the fags  
Eat anti-oxidants, build beta-carotene to avoid tags  
Extend health with colourful foods of garden grown  
Shun the sun, cut calories, chin-up an optimistic tone

Get down and dirty, long loving relationships are best  
Buddy-up with kind, tested, friends happiest of zest  
An intellectual challenging stimuli is worth valuing  
Build soundness of body, spirit, and mind, for tallying

Include spiritual perks, bright positive of affirmation  
Also, said 'puppy power' will bring a calm resignation  
Biblically related: pursue Peace and refuse to assent  
Thus, decrease depression and add valued life to lent

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Stuck On Style Avoiding Inelegance

Just a dash of sophistication~ for a simple fashion flair;  
There's no fuss or hassle when you've got very short hair.  
Though not a supermodel, my focus is on health for top form.  
Walks in the park, exercises of the mind and heart, living warm.

Loving style and romancing in it~ is an entirely different affair.  
Beauty, inside and out, invokes more than just people's stare.  
A Newsboy cap is enough to cause my credit-card finger to itch.  
While other fashion frenzies cross a line, with each vulgar stitch.

Finding some fashion gurus have become fashion editors or gods.  
Others are caught-up obsessed by labels, rather than God's rod.  
Style should be~ a sense of prospect, being uptown not uptight.  
The spectrum of ages and styles differ with attraction's sight.

Lots of Camera Hawks, and flashing fashion, for the media pose.  
Sure I want to look expensive, simple elegant is like the rose.  
Luxury isn't the opposite of poverty, it's obstinate to vulgarity.  
The refined progressively aspire to health, art, and regularity.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Sudden Impact

One moment you're securing your comfort-zone castle in the sand  
And the next thing you know you're world is taken from your hand

Suddenly all that you know and love is so changed before your eyes  
Katrina or cancer from ozone, any unexpected tragedies can surprise

Yah thought that your world was your castle, your special oyster  
Now all that blood, sweet, and tears, seems empty for the bolster

'Never count your chickens before they hatch, ' you often will hear  
Now in dust and ashes, you're all alone in shock and abstract fear

You begin to see ones around you just looking out for number one  
Revaluating the whole takes fortitude and courage, from God's Son.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Swashbuckling Piratess De Lorrain

"Countess de Lorraine Pardon me, madam, your sword is at my throat." "Perhaps you should not have stuck your neck out; as to get my goat! "

Only knowing her before her pirate days, from an upper-class domain...

"If I ever see you again, in these waters, you'll not get a chance again! "

He gazed up at this pirate captain; "how dare the wench defy me like this! "

He knew he could not beat her on her turf; since almost his life he'd miss!

How in the world this beauty ever became a pirate, few would guess.

Her rich, but cruel, folks locked her away; hiding her from any suitor at best.

Legends of her beauty reached the royal clan; but she escaped to a far away land.

With such vigilance of wildness, like a clever animal she escaped quicksand.

No other lady swashbuckler, in her era, ever grew to such history of renown.

For every coast adjoining the English navy knew of her plunders all around.

Towns-people knew of her once betrothal to the Prince of castle hill lane.

They pressured him to capture her and alleviate the embarrassment, to gain.

Tearing off her hat to loose her red curls, proving she wasn't just any girl.

Few could courage such valour among women, as this enchanting Pearl.

'Twas many years before the Prince had finally captured her and her crew...

Countess, I'm tired of being without you; if we don't wed- 'what will I do...! "

Hence, the names have been hid; to ultimately protect this royal Dutch clan.

Still, with history repeating itself; who knows, I might wed a seaborne man.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Sway Me, Lord

When you hear the rhythms start to play  
Dance with me, and make me sway  
Like a lazy river hugs the shore  
Moonlight sway, with 'You' adored

Like a fragrance yielding in the breeze  
Blend with me, come sway with ease  
When you dance you have a way with me  
Stay with me, sway me please

Am I dreaming on Heaven's floor  
Lord, my eyes see only You  
Only You have divine Technique  
By your great power I am weak

I can feel the touch of angels' wings  
Touched by grace, just hear me sing  
Thrill me Lord as only You know how  
Sway me smooth, sway me now

Other dancers dreaming on the floor  
Still my eyes they see only You  
Only You have divine Technique  
By your great power I am weak

I hear the sound of a wonderland  
Painted grand- by victory's song  
You led me, Lord, to that Promised Land  
Sway me smooth, sway me long

Hear marimba rhythms start to play  
Dance with me, make me sway  
Like a lazy ocean hugs the shore  
Hold me close, Lord, evermore

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Sweet Symmetry Of Unbroken Prayer

Last night I dreamt of a universal gathering and I was with a few  
A charismatic lady introduced me to meet her mother from OK, too  
In a Mexican village I greeted her dad with a kiss on the cheek  
"You've unbroken prayer~ in your walk, that is not always meek"

His comment, in my dream, just astounded me; that's for sure...  
I knew that prayer was more than an act or attitude, for God's cure  
But how does one walk with the Saints of God in unbroken prayer?  
Not all prayer is relevant, not all's of excellence under Father care

God delivered me from poles of cursing, on a desert's domain, free  
In God's Book there are phrases: put-on or step into prayer's victory  
Walk childlike in the Kingdom of Creator's great transforming Light  
Silently walk in "the prayers of His Saints" against demons of night

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Take It All Back

Take back pieces of my heart, Lord, which I gave away.  
Take back each and every tear for the times I cried all day.  
Take back all that I invested in misery and lust,  
Take back every foolish moment that I wanted to cuss.

Take back all my failures and make a redeeming story.  
Take-back all the hurtful things I said, for your glory.  
Take it all back Lord; can't You redeem my foolish time?  
Take it and make something transforming, something divine.

Take back all the guilt-trips 'which others projected' on me.  
Take all the sorrow and grief for the beauty of joy and liberty.  
Take it all back Father, and make something wonderfully new.  
Take it, and then give back, a transformed soul to-live true.

Take this heart, it's falling apart, as you did once with Job.  
Redeemer-Life, of war-&-peace, for the Day of Salvation told.  
Transformer, Eternal Word, flesh, have compassion on me...  
I care not for religion, but I do know of Your reality...

Jehovah-Jireh, my provider, there's no one else who cares.  
Prince of Peace anchor me into the quietness of prayers.  
El Shaddai, take from where grapes of wrath are stored...  
Vindication and retribution please; I need nothing more...

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Talking Hearts

Lets talk about the spoke in the wheel,  
The sword or the cross between two opposites,  
And the pivotal point that tips the scale of wisdom's facts.  
So let us talk about the whole- "not just a part..."  
I'm not meaning "the head-, " but the loving heart.  
Let's talk about the true- not just the implied...

Let us now talk, that is if your love is real,  
Can your love "stand the test of time...? "  
Let's talk about the middle, the heart, the in-between.  
Let's talk about the substance, not just the seen...  
Just look into my "eyes..." and tell me if it's true;  
"Do you love me-, to the ocean's depth, like I love you?"

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Tears Of Romance

Waste all your time learning  
It never seems enough  
Just waiting for true-loves' romance  
Such vast distractions  
From reaching such a goal  
Balancing life's struggles this way  
Leaving these day-dreams; oh beautifully seen  
There is always some reason so vain  
That you're not good enough  
And it's hard for all that you say  
Let's make a difference this night  
Oh I hear what you're saying  
Melodic words so fine  
With your heart dipped in beauty  
Your dreams free from fear  
We are pulled from the wreckage  
Of this soundless reverie  
We are sheltered from man's evil  
May you find- God's harmony

Let the rain of this moment  
Just wash away the pain  
To find ourselves clean at his feet  
We'll sail away; with liberty so sweet  
Finding new seeds for all that we lacked  
It's now his purposes; not simply our design  
It's easier this way to believe  
Despite this sweet madness; oh this marvelous sadness  
That has brought us to our knees

So tired from the old life  
Seems that everywhere you turn  
There're rats and thieves at our side  
The whirlwind keeps spinning  
Break away from the lie  
Don't try make-up for all that you lack  
We can make a difference  
Just one moment at a-time  
Much easier to believe- in your sweet sadness

This has brought you to your knees

Through the spectrum of his rainbow

Far away from here

His rain now that's falling, on my love that's so dear

We've been shielded from the wreckage

From this soundless reverie

You are sheltered from man's anger

May you find God's harmony

You are sheltered from these trials

May you find- God's presence here

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Tell Me 'Bout The Good Old Days

The Bible does says: the mirth of the land is gone  
Now, kid's ghetto blasters are blared upon the lawn  
Whole families use to come together and sing...  
Now (divided on issues) , their values thy just fling

As Mac McGovern says: there was a time before infamy  
Long ago when priorities meant sharing with family  
Recalling Jamie O'Hara song, Grandpa, sang by the Judds  
The age of factories turned out wondering youths as thugs

Gone are precious values of family's protective security  
It's every child for themselves~ in a jungle of verbosity  
What happen to the line between right and wrong?  
Now, men glory in their shame for the loudest throng

Are we past turning the tide for such callous ones who hide?  
God makes revolutionists, as Charles Finney, to turn the tide  
Enough with movie makers, and fakers, setting a futile stage  
Let them be struck by The Light, delivered from each cage

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Testosterone Depletion And Aging

Man's Oligospermia depletion also reflects his health and vitality. Recently a TV chief queried experts at his table for such validity. Even Rod Stewart's wife had her say, clarifying their healthy way. Ramsay's approach to food makes his restaurant the best; hey.

Loss of sperm-count reveals loss of energy and sentimentality. Either from a medical or sexual concern, men seek plausibility. Researchers in Hungary now say that mobile phones can impair. Men's fertility has declined by 50% in industrial places unaware.

Yet it's not just about sperm-count loss, there's a bigger view. It's about healthy actions and obtaining quality awareness too. I wonder about attitudes, their effects for life's productivity. Whether this relates to sex, each other, or even God, relatively.

Decline in testosterone are associated with increases in fat cells. Such a decline of man's overall wellbeing fosters wintry gales. Energy loss implies the need for educating diets in excellence. Conditions limit cognitive skills, family, and work relevance.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# That's What People Say

I'm sure I've heard "Too hot to handle, " for what others say.  
"You really make me think, " one said, but then he turned away.  
'She's clever but eccentric-, as if she's come from Mars.'  
Some might've heard me mention my royals, shining as a star.

No wonder Wisdom cries to the simple; oft-landing on deaf ears.  
People fear many things and "the bitter truth" is often feared.  
Also, once there was a wise man- 'who could have saved a town.'  
Townfolk didn't trust his advice for his style wasn't renowned.

He'd no-title but travelled the world, was taught as Moses of old.  
Even leaders (as Moses) are complained against, and some are bold.  
So, can any tell me why 'the words of the wise' are seldom heard?  
Why fools 'resound here-say' for show, as if not hearing a word?

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Apple Of His Eye

I'm the one who Love's you; more than you'll ever know  
I've been your escape Goat, as many are from long ago  
Let me share what time I have~ on earth deepest night  
Within the arms of faith and trusting ones of the LIGHT  
For you- still carry inside you, His love will never die  
And you- are always before Him, the Apple of His Eye

He watches each child and seed, majestic Rose, the King  
The perfect Lamb of God who wants your bad to fling  
Yes some seeds won't do well near us, only He knows best  
Let God help you see the whole, and let your burdens rest

Chorus:

For you, still carry inside you- His love will never die  
And you~ are always, before Him, the Apple of His Eye

You~ are special to God's Love, each one uniquely rare  
Don't let the war go-on, Love; I live to see you share  
For you~ still carry inside you 'His love' will never die...  
And you~ are always before Him, the Apple of His Eye

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Bride's Redemptive Home

There's a pinnacle on Christ's path to Salvation  
It leads to the central source of All that's God  
Straight-up this Holy Highway you'll attain by His Rod

We're called to be Kings and Priest and to overcome  
Who can escape, when we're all dying, from sin's futile home  
Only those bowed and obedient to the Father's Will and Throne

The prayer of the Redeemed is of Love, these dimensional keys  
Forgiveness is the root of Love and surrender brings Liberty  
Yes there's a centre of the whole, outside man's futile duty

You can pray the answer or be part of the answer, to gain  
Religion is of the works of man, not of works of God's hand  
New Jerusalem is for His Bride, where no lie abides in the end

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Cheater's Mirror

Cheaters promote man's innate down-side  
Excuses they have where no accountability resides

They are callous to any toes which are stepped on  
Exceptions, of course, within the eyes of their dear one

Que sera, so history repeats itself, who cares...  
Until, that is, their child's future is mirrored in their dare

Strange how the cheater hates the thieving thieves  
And all who reflect their own arrogant ways and tease

Some cheaters teach their kids that it's ok to steal  
But when the kids steal from them~, then they wanna kill

Observe such children who think: "who gives a damn"  
Then see those youngster's betrayal in light of that sham

Lying, cheating, and stealing, weakens society's desires  
All liars will have their eternal part in Hell's Lake of fire

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Chief Musician

My Quill is inditing such a good matter,  
Of all "excellent treasures" I made for the King.  
My tongue is the majestic ever-ready "Rainbow pen."  
Grace is poured into my lips, making me fairer in face.  
His marvelous golden-grace flows richly through me.

My side is girded with his valiant sword from on high...  
O most Mighty; ride with your glory and great majesty.  
Release your heavenly life-giving river-flow of truth.  
Great meekness and righteousness is within your right hand.  
You are my lordly Mentor of Wisdom's "compass of light."

All my arrows are profoundly sharp against your enemies.  
Thy throne, oh God, is for ever and ever, thy scepter sure...  
You love righteousness, hating wickedness; Physician's cure-  
And I need you; Healer of all that's hate, for my chosen fate.  
Now you have anointed me above my fellows with great joy.

My garments are myrrh, aloes and cassia, out of ivory palaces.  
Your daughters are close beside me; thy most honorable women.  
Even, upon your right hand, the grandest fair queen of Ophir.

All the great merchants shall come and entreat my favor.  
You have made my garments of needlework and rarest gold.  
The gentle virgins of beauty, who follow you, will follow me.  
Humbly I bow surrendering all; "I will make your name great! "

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Dreaded Word, And Mindset

Ones who dwell alone don't mean they are lonely  
Priest who'll wear a collar don't make them lowly

There are many who are, at times, lonely in a crowd  
Faring not to get close to these, for demands to loud

I empathize, once, a muse about this needed theme  
Thus, the crowd scatters like a dreaded scary dream

Inevitably, I'm breaking through mindsets, you can bet  
Dynamically changing the strongholds of the mind and yet

Few weight 'the whole scenario' and come to Truth's logic  
If we can't put some concept in a box then let's dodge-it

My passion of Truth's whole has freed my soul from fear  
Presumption can stir a fear of others lonely, not to care

Language created loneliness denoting the pain of alone  
While the word solitude to expresses the glory of a thone

Little do men know what solitude is, and how far it extends  
A crowd's not company, faces but pictures; talk not all of friends

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Eyes Have It

Visionary people have a purpose in their structured goal.  
They'll not be distracted as their vision nourishes the soul.  
Just realizing the stepping stones needed to gain the prize;  
Oh how they relish and picture the win before any disguise.

What a marvel, what splendour, that: I'm a part of the answer;  
Living, securely adored, with lots of creative time for leisure.  
See, I'm anchored in The River of Life of Prayer quite secure.  
Needs of others aren't mine to bare but God's, who is the cure.

In all things there is a cross, or dot, the mark of each plum-bob.  
Like being correctly, divinely, positioned so not be robbed.  
Christ is the answer for every heart-ill, the prize of all prizes.  
Bowed, surrendered, constant at His feet, He brings me surprises!

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Glorious Bath

Here's me deep in bubbles and fragrant essential oils of cleansing flair  
Similarly to the Name of the Lord, God Almighty, from His Word here  
I don't want to live with decaying dirt but be rinsed white and clean  
Forgiveness, of Creator God, clears the slate and gives life a new ring

People find it hard to forgive and forget; just to let go, and let God...  
And yet, it's really quite easy when trusting Him and His Bible-rod  
Even though, I am like a hippopotamus and can easily stir up dirt  
Bigger than life is what my life's been like; still I'm no flirt

I pursue Peace, and the Righteousness of God, and long to help the poor  
I don't see me any more special than anyone; but it's God that I adore  
The next time you begin to bathe, you should take time to let-it all go...  
I don't know what all the fuss's about, in trusting God to grow

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Gold And Glory

In God's wardrobe there are many elegant clothes  
The Shoes of the Prince of Peace for victory shows  
The Garments of Praise for the spirit of heaviness  
I tell you, truly, Believers are so wondrously blessed

There's His garment of Zeal, when He's at the Helm  
Also the Golden Shoes of Glory securing His realm  
Of course such clothes don't come cheap; that's for sure  
God's sold-out, focused, kids are progressively assured

Still more often it's the enemy who sees these clothes  
Royal garments for one's who rule in Christ's name shows  
For God trust dead people who've exchanged wills for His  
The flesh wants what the flesh wants, til Christ rules in biz

Can you feel the shaking of the Man-child's awesome feet  
Sometimes when I'm bowed before him, everything is sweet  
Today he whispered in my ear of His pertinent recompense  
My heart dance with Joy at His Counsel's common-sense

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Hippo And Armadillos

Long ago a friendly Hippo met an awkward Armadillo.  
His Horse-river mate bet him 'to race' to the Grand Lido.  
'You're on, ' replied the anxious Armadillo, and off they ran.  
They rallied 'town excitement' which spread across the land.

Afterwards they had a respect for what the other could do.  
They became such curious friends that lasted all year through.  
'Say (said the Hippo) , where'd did you ever get such Armour? '  
'Love is an Armour where I'm from, protects from a charmer.'

Mr. Armadillo was grateful for a mate to travel alongside.  
While Mr. Hippo had a huge-mouth he was a friendly guide.  
Respectfully they walked, talking until the evening sunset.  
Who would guess, unlikely mates might be nary a threat?

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Jewelled Smile

No painter ever captured such a smiling, jewelled, glance;  
Til, at a feast, a virgin did smile~ and began to dance.  
Such majestic freedom of innocence radiated in the air.  
This free-spirited jewel of the rainbow dance everywhere.

Sad~ the stance of the envious, the jealousy, and the insecure.  
Many thought to contain such beauty within their selfish lure.  
They perceived her gifted smile, each, in their own selfish way.  
Wanting the love of that angel-child, many did smiled that day.

One rich man caught sight and rallied his best to try and attain.  
None had ever seen such a smile, so pure and bright, from distain.  
All wanted to show her their bait-and-switch card, not their game.  
What Subtle webs men weave, hardly knowing our true-self or name.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Kiss

What's in a kiss; how many there-be...?  
'So many, it boggles the mind's reality...'  
A kiss can be a greeting- "of body and soul-! '  
It's an unspoken language, telling more than "what's told."  
It is sometimes "a spark-, " to light one's flame...  
Or often "self-flattery" to play one's game.

There's the 'kiss of friendship-, '  
The 'kiss of guile..., '  
The 'kiss of SINCERITY, '  
The 'kiss of style..., '  
There's the 'kiss of Life" and the 'kiss of Death! '  
There's the 'kiss that steals one's breath away..."  
And one "that prays it will last all day! "  
There's the 'kiss that frees the soul...'  
Also one that 'detours from one's goal...! '  
There's the kiss of a parent, the "kiss of a child..., "  
The "kiss of curiosity- running wild...! "  
The kiss of respect; and a kiss of shame...,  
A kiss of honor- and "a kiss to tame...! "  
There's a kiss of the reserved-, "perceived amorous- (the same): "  
A kiss of 'the insecure-, ' to win their ball game!  
There's a 'kiss of the stagnant; ' the 'kiss of the free...! "  
Also a 'kiss of those secure-, " as the best there can be...

Yet what's in a kiss-, that's the question still...?  
Maybe, it's how we perceive it to be-,  
A reflection of "our state-of-mind...! "  
But; there's the kiss of harmony...  
A kiss that divides...  
A kiss that is honest...  
And a kiss that hides...  
There's a kiss of the clever...  
A kiss of the mundane...  
There's "a kiss like a symphony-, " with rapturous refrain...!  
There's a plane where "Mercy and Truth meet intimately in bliss; "  
In the plumbline-address, where "Righteousness and Peace kiss! "  
Yet 'still-in-all-, ' maybe the question should be-,  
Not 'what's in a kiss" but "what's in the Kisser, ' you see...

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Lamb's Bride, Dress Of Gold

Married in white, you have chosen all right, I guess...

Married in green, ashamed to be seen; the family's not a rest.

Married in red, you will wish yourself dead; now who would do this?

Married in blue, you will always be true, if prayer is behind grace 4-bliss.

Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow; a cowardly colour at best...

Married in black, you will wish yourself back; some bridges must burn to rest.

Married in pink, your spirits will sink; for it's a sickly weak colour for sure...

Married in gold, wealth to unfold, for it's the dress of God's bride to cure!

This wedding gown, embroidered gold, is the Bride of the Lamb unseen.

No righteousness owned, it's of Christ; all things possible for that clean.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Naked Kiss

The most eloquent silence, that of two souls blending to kiss  
What passionate expression, exhilarating to Heaven's clouds  
Bridging gaps, melting barriers, and feeling totally complete  
Exchanging spirit-breathe, how invigorating and intoxicating  
We are all mortals until the time gives way to a tender kiss  
Feeling the rush of emotions trigger such heat of regeneration  
Words unspoken 'now breathed alive' into life's great infilling  
When two souls touch it heightens the senses so spectacularly  
Since the invention of the kiss none is so fiery as True-love  
One's noted signature is fine, but a sacrificial gift outlast this  
Hence, a kiss of the sun for pardon and the song of birds for mirth  
For even the Lord God Almighty bestows a kiss for souls on earth  
Avoid vain stories, with your love, and always live truth's reality  
Life's best is sealed with a kiss, sealed with a kiss for validity

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Price

There's the price for beauty of one's heart  
And the price of beauty of one's soul  
There's the price of beauty for one's body  
And there's the price for one's eternal goal

There's a price for integrity  
And a price for one's domain  
There's a price for what we say, at all  
Those things that change us the same

There's a price to have loved-and-lost  
But oh the untold value; it's true  
We often learn~ of what we want  
From mistakes, never repeat 'a new'

So there's a price for each truth  
Some pay dear~ with their lives  
There's a price for good health  
And a price for good food  
There's a price for our very thoughts  
Aspects motivating and affecting our mood

There's a price to be alone  
And a price to be apart  
There's a price for Love and hate  
But also jealousy of from the heart

For every season~ there is a time  
For every purpose there is a tool  
For every out-come there is a price  
For every winner~ there is a fool

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Room That God Built

This is the room that Father-God has built for me  
His Word's my Light, against the night, and my reality  
There are so many passages of Salvation's grand Well  
His secret pavilion against pride and distractions from hell

Resting in my Father's will, here's where I dwell content  
For all my foolish ways are bowed at His Cross, as I relent  
There are many rooms in this place where God and I live  
It's not a salvation of 'works' but one of gratitude to give

Upon this house, not of man, I am the child of the great I-AM  
Times and seasons all pass me by while I am part of His plan  
This Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, is my ruling Friend  
He marks my days, yielded ways, with Wisdom's guiding hand

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Scarecrow Parable

Once I said to a scarecrow, 'You must be tired of standing lone.'  
Replying gruffly, "the joy of scaring is beyond depths to understand;  
Nor do I ever tire, it's my heart, my life, my cross, my home."

Said I, after some thought, 'Really, there are many who know such a joy.'  
He said, 'Only those who are stuffed with straw can know life's true-feel.'  
Then I left him, not knowing whether he complimenting or condescending.  
Two years passed, during which the scarecrow turned cross-philosopher.  
In passing thereupon, I noticed two crows building a nest under his hat.

Vain our efforts, for our Achilles heel, left unsundered what does ill.  
Lest, beneath Wisdom's compass we're survivor of the whole...  
Open to Truth's arrows, to piercing, so changing, so cold as death.

- -oOo- -

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Seduction Of Witchcraft

Hey there's nothing wrong with witchcraft; it's everywhere you go.  
And Jezebel, history records, was renowned for a seductive show.  
Though all is fair in love-&-war, witchcraft controls and defies rules.  
But America denied God-and-prayer, and witchcraft cleverly fools...

Biblically indicated, Jezebel still resides in unrepentant hearts cold.  
None have ever ruled over her works, but by Christ's Sword of gold.  
Viewing the whole, all life has a light/positives and grays of night.  
Some think all have the right to believe their own way, of what's right.

It's in the schools, breaks golden-rules, and is thought to be a game.  
Dimensions of its' own are everywhere~ with glorious icons to fame.  
This cult was banned by Jewish Kings; destroyed by prophets of fire!  
Witchcraft promotes flatteries of the flesh and multitudes of desire.

Few open doors for Truth based on keys of love and Wisdom's kind.  
Rebels-of-flesh are promoted more than humble truths thought blind.  
So then anything that's of control first came by Witchy seduction.  
We see what we want to see, some distracts of Truth by detraction.

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# The Testimony Of The Shoe

Anything concerning change or redeeming was acted-out by the shoe exchange. As in the marriage contract of Ruth (the stranger) with Boaz for the Biblical gain. A man acquires a woman in one of-3-ways: money, contract, and intercourse. Such diversified relationships of today; a contract of shoe might not be recourse.

Ideologically, unlike biblical times, this contract is never done with a shoe. A coin was hollowed out to make a ring; its value had to be of solid metal too. Then was emphasis on preserving 'inheritance and name, ' not the power game. Thus terms of that contract, agreed upon, confirmed their path to attain.

The chuppah/ or symbolic bridal chamber was "a canopy" held over the new bride.

No patronizing of the hierarchy, or sporadic outbreak of snobbery, did they abide. This masterful eloquence in ceremony, was the Tallit, which made them one. Referring to such a time when gallantry, of man's word, was more than fun.

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# The Transforming Question

Deep into dream's light, it seemed an aqua-blue-sea-green flight...  
Pastel mosque greens, exotic majesty of wonderment, of the night

I floated aimlessly, unknowingly, then questioning a warrior guy...  
Mystically alluring, consoling, and endearingly he seemed to fly

Still I had to ask "where does your garden grow? " He shook his head.  
I pointed to the throne, in the midst of the sea, as my heart was gently led.

How long have you lived in these pastel waters, of victory over the dreaded  
beast?

I knew by his question, I'd been dead so long to the world, I needed a new  
release.

Thus, when I awoke to reality's dream, I found "a transfigured new" I'd become-!

Strange that a question can bring such change, when it comes from a Father's  
son.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Unjust Mate

In a royal kingdom, so grand, there was a queenly cry...  
Which flew high above the King, and his sovereign sigh.  
Thus, said his advisors to the King; "Send Vashti away~! "  
Throughout the land many "a virgin" was sought for that day.

Truly, she had to be lovely, loyal, and virginal; it's true...  
Then Esther was more than that; she was God's chosen Jew.  
There were lots of maidens, galore, on every high-&-lofty floor.  
Only one, of the kingdom's maidens, could be chosen to adore.

Esther's lonesome beauty outweighed costly jewels of men.  
King Xerxes the 1st., of Persia, favoured her till the very end.  
All across the land, they brought in the maidens "one by one."  
One beauty- was so captivating, but knew little of having fun.

Another, was an exotic beauty, quite alluring, "to say the least."  
There were short ones, tall-ones, voluptuous ones for such a feast.  
Some had brains, others had style, yet many were vainly guile.  
The rarest of all, this one lone Rose stately stood 'a bright child.'

She was chosen, yet not pleased; the future for her clan was grim.  
She rose to the occasion, when her Jewish people's hopes were dim.  
And a foe rose-up against her uncle, to set himself up with ease.  
The tale is mixed with 'dynamic justice' to wondrously please.

Still a bride...? The king had lots of wives; she was tops on his list.  
As Queen, like a warrior, she procured her people's destiny quest.  
He who defied this Rose, for his ego, was hit with God's boomerang.  
The gallows, he prepared, consumed his entire kin on that guillotine.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Walkingest Girl Around

I've dreamt of hiking as mountain woman fit for a King  
Wooded trails of God's own image, breathing in life to sing  
Angels whisper when you walk through God's path of art  
Doctors will tell you that it's beneficial for your heart

A vigorous five-mile walk will happily do the body good  
Producing more than medicine and psychology should  
Going out for a walk, methodical, is really like going in  
Introspectively it brings a balance of peace with a grin

As my legs begin to move~ my thoughts begin to flow  
Our feet are made for walking; wheels are a luxury to go  
The best remedy for a short temper is a very long walk  
All would be better in giving and many would then talk

Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine into trees  
Fresh winds blow a new and cares dropp as autumn leaves  
Civilized man built a coach only to lose the use of his feet  
With an angel for each path of trees, walking near is sweet

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Winter Haven Rose

Down by the river flow of the old shady oak tree  
God sends His pure Love and lovingly sings to me  
Consider My beauty surrounding mountain and streams  
Know love that's abounding in the Word of My dreams

The Snow Fairy rose is delicious, amidst green leaves  
A brilliant Pink Iceberg rose of winter won't cleave  
As the snow-capped mountain tops, this love is pure  
Comparative to those acts of righteous saint's allure

Such a rose, a sweet fragrant nectar attracting pests  
Although life's never a fairytale enchantment, at best  
As trials beset, then time to rest in the Rose of Sharon  
Let hummingbirds naturally rest near and avoid the barren

ArmourQuill Hunter

# The Winter's Rose

Winter's gale beats at my back drifting, blizzard, focus  
Yet one kind word can warm winter months from locusts  
Amidst the footless trail a bone structure hopeless  
cruelly cold is the judgment of man, vainly useless

Emptiness sits on the dawn of a wintry somber smile  
Facing the lonely dark of night is worse than guile  
Thinking: love is for the lucky and youthful strong  
The great sun had turned his face away all winter long

The earth, undressed, goes down into a vale of grief  
All the Trees reach to me with barren sighs for relief  
With Mother Earth leaving her garlands to decomposition~  
Longing for her sun with returning kisses of omission

This cold trys to undress, and bed me, for Death's dream  
Beneath the snow I lie 'A Seed, ' to wake from Love's spring  
Dying for the Son, melting into the wind, for life's stance  
When the earth lays claim to my limbs~, then I shall dance

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# This Warrior's Mirror

From the mirror looking back at me,  
Is- "integrity's beauty bold, " as few might really see.  
The face that sank "a thousand ships" galore...  
This smile shattering eclipsers images, on-the-floor!

No nervous lips are mine, as the courageous doth fall.  
Though many would fence me, as some Trojan wall...  
Still, trapped between "pillar and post" I was framed...,  
As if by some ghostly set-up; and so a Warrior I became...

My trumpet's harp-song through Warrior's great Light,  
Doth challenge "carousal horses" with doom, in the night!  
Outlasting my foes claim-, befittingly their deeds returned,  
Enchanting beauty- (perhaps): "provoking my enemies to learn! "

ArmourQuill Hunter

# This Will Change Your Life

In the very day you seek Me with your whole heart,  
THAT'S the day that I, the Lord God, will be found...  
I took this challenge, receiving a new-heart profound.  
In varied ways, Christ still walks the streets today...  
One day, someday, you'll need him; 'come what may.'

Where are the role-models of gallantry and heroism...?  
Wounded ones are everywhere, too disillusioned to care.  
Lost ones, with faded dreams, are angry with a zombie stare.  
Foundations of heroes are past; are we now losing our song-?  
Behold the Lamb of God, which takes away sin 'all day long.'

TV news with tragedies all around, perhaps the bible is best found.  
Believers are hurt by religious systems; some are now in isolation.  
Warriors of the futurity, feel God's river revitalizing consolation?  
As he was on the cross I know he bought my pardon, for liberty.  
Unworthy, of mercy, still His blood of victory flows through me...

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# Those Quakers And Shakers

Now the old time Gospel, Holy Rollers, had a powerful theme.  
Electrified, when moved by the Holy Ghost, twas a shaking thing!  
That's not to say that God was in a show or wanted it that way;  
They didn't know how to act "as a channel power" of that day...

Katherine Kuhlman and Aimee McPherson were plugged into the power.  
Benny Hinn was shaken when visiting McPherson's grave in one hour!  
Brownsville had-it; then judgement came, a million in damages to claim.  
The Race is not to the swift but the faithful, who stand for God's name.

Many begin the straight-n-narrow road but won't make it to the end.  
You need: focus, determination, right questions, and the answers friend.  
Maria Etter affected a 50-mile radius of ones slain-in-the-Spirit.  
None are perfectly forgiven; some abide in the cross, some wear-it.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Timeline Guideline

The Eternal One will help you to think outside the square  
Not entangled by man's timing or any such burden or care  
Knowing His Word-system establishes his life outside the norm  
Timeless, secure, the Ancient of Days is hot; He'll keep yah warm

With prayer, God directs signpost on your path to point The Way  
By eliminating detractions and distraction you'll brighten your day  
We know little of Tough Love without Wisdom's peaceful domain  
Wisdom will lead yah to what-to-do and how to-do-it in life's game

Timelines on an earthly plane do limit within controlling spheres  
God delivers from the 9-to-5 and will creatively endow for cheer  
For the sake of Peace, please do not put your trust in man  
A curse comes on those that do, for ignorance doesn't understand

I was lost by man's domain, encumbered in the rat-race façade  
Then I got desperate, real, and humbly focused my all towards God  
Timelines can correctly be divinely aligned, as a radio is tuned-in  
Once I was caught-up the world's system, sinking, deepening in sin

ArmourQuill Hunter

# Translucent Colours, Living-In-Art

New fashion swirls and twists with turns in rings inside-out  
Rainbow translucent bright colours is what it's all about  
Wondrous Luminex fabrics in art are so striking at night  
From crisscross or cross-over overlays~ use colours right

I love bright lime green to my Rainbow fashion sense of style  
Yet any bright colours matched can make it all worth while  
Today's fashion is simplicity, based, with colours to enhance  
Course, a belt around the hips does help with a fashion romance

Just dress me up with fruity colours, of lumalive dots and lines  
Black-&-White is fashionably in; mix-match colours compliment fine  
Oh; accessorize your ensemble to compliment your season's trend  
Lumalive fabrics brightens your attire and draws joy in the end

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# Treachery Of Treason Disguised

Let's talk about betrayal,  
Let's talk about a fool, who will rail.  
Let's get to the root of the problem:  
Teachers of Golden-Rules, yet ones betray and rob'em.

Let's talk about Pride's deceit and envy it's bottom line.  
Let's talk about Jealousy, the root of that same kind.  
Let's talk about what's hidden, beneath the hearts of men.  
Let's talk about some actors- who'd claim to be a friend.

Let's talk about those that kill, yet rarely they are seen.  
As ones that mar the image, of kin, appearing bright and keen.  
What about those doing the right things- for all the wrong reasons?  
Many, now-days, are distracted from upright ways, amidst seasons.  
Let's see the fruit of those who teach, not self-righteous deeds.  
Let's talk about wounds that fester and seem to always bleed.

Let's ask some serious questions:  
Why are there no books of 'Jealousy, nor 'Envy' as well? '  
There's an epidemic of 'pretenders' that make life living-hell.  
Why don't we learn from history, without repeating that trail?  
How about we see: 'Life's fragile, ' focusing on where to sail.  
Where are all the heroes, and where is 'integrity's style? '  
Stand with those who stand for right, who won't abide men's guile.

My heart is sunk; it's weak from pain.  
The enemy I've seen, again and again.  
He's an actor; he's an angel of light,  
He's a devil in the night.

The Deceitful betrays in subtle ways.  
Hiding behind love's shallow scam each day.  
Appearances are his centre stage, his shame.  
He's a Wolf, I tell you, he's no-way 'a lamb.'

My heart is sunk; it's weak from pain.  
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# Treasure Of The Sea

Beauty is- as beauty does not as outward beauty looks.  
It's not as the envious or spiteful who robe like a crook.

I dreamt that I was lovely; but on the outside few did see.  
The world sold-out of gifted fuzzies; kindness wasn't free.

Protected, I was rapped in the Pearl of humanity's sea.  
Twas usual that I could see out, but few really saw me.

Eventually, I sank slowly to the very bottom of God's Heart.  
Dust and sand quickly cleared the floor, the ocean to part.

When I opened my eyes, there was I: 'A Lighthouse-Cross.'  
The weaves not longer rocked me and I was sight for the lost.

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# True, Real, Love

True love is tested  
True love is best  
Love is harder than all the rest  
It's balanced in wisdom  
Its judgments are true  
It is not just sentimental of heart  
Thus, governing love with forgiveness' glue

Love rebukes  
Love brings growth  
Love acknowledges what's good for both  
Love weighs "the truth" with event of time  
Love, indeed, is "such a good friend" of mine  
Though, love must start first from within  
It frees the soul from unwanted guilt and sin

Love lives and gives, and humbly receives  
It never harbours resentment for lost realities  
It makes allowances for faults and frailties  
Love loves to recall the best from such tragedies  
Love is so contagious  
It pulls on the heart-strings to win  
Love will always forgive, again and again

Love gives sound boundaries, and security of space  
Love give principles, so wise, for posterity's race  
Love is among equals is most often the best  
Love's quite 'a powerful word' amidst those of tranquil zest  
Love is quite patient, gracious and kind  
Although, love for God's standard is- amore noble find  
I hat evil, but even this takes greater courage and love to do  
But the wisest of all love- is to "love Wisdom's best" for you

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## Two Natures Within

Two natures fighting within my chest  
One aspect is bad, the other's at rest  
Christ now rules the bad nature, so I can gain  
If it weren't for Him~ I would've gone insane

My old sin-nature is subdued by the Cross  
When I acknowledge my sin, yielding all as lost  
Sin matters not, so much, in how others see it  
Such barriers 'between' deters God's best fit

Loving God, I desire to see things His way  
So an empty, yielded, channel I'll be each day  
Biblically, 1 John 1: 10 reveals accountability  
David said: "against you Lord, " twas his reality

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# Upside-Down Dreams

Shelter me quivers, Elhambra Malaysia; it's Shangrila...!  
Elusive pieces darned together; another weird "bon-voyage-."  
Guess dreams come in all multiples of delusions...  
Coloured ones indicate one's smart, with no contusions.

Distance, longing, Pepsi calling, would-be, may-be, or even falling...  
How does one make sense from a sketchy dreams, of fun, frolicking?  
If sub-con is under blanket and thinking be a front-top, non-reality;  
Would that I were a sleep-walker, harping God's divine sea...

That food was grown from seeds of love; and this the only kind...  
And children young, and parents old, would ne'er inflict a crime.  
Pray me sane, or think me ill, "dreams alone can be a scheme-."  
Some wake from dreams to live life's hell; I-wake to live my dream.

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# Validated, My Value

Passionate to please, I'm still quite restrained  
All my faith's in God, this value can't be contained  
Emptying my childhood dreams, and adult, for His  
Christ's Representative has granted Wisdom to do His biz

I've forsaken this whole world to bless His great name  
Mastering worldly schemes, I play well in Christ's ball game  
His eye for the bullseye helped me to never miss His target  
Except for those times like King David when I needed a surrogate

See~ my family was faulty, so I exchanged them for Heavens'  
Comparing myself only to God, I needed help against sin's leaven  
Thinking outside the square came easy, after no fear of man  
I simply put-on the MIND-of Christ, against the flesh, to understand

From the age of twelve my constant prayer was for Wisdom's jewels  
This, of course, goes against the conforming formality of heaps of rules  
Father often show me a key, I humble myself to receive gratefully  
Last night God gave a dream to validate me, against the devil's futility

For I bargained to free God's people who where lost in captivity  
Since I agreed to kiss the devil on the cheek, in that dream's reality  
Thank God, I was able to help free God's kids to see fruitfulness  
All for such a price~ won with that kiss; now, though, I-am-blessed

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# We Danced In My Dreams

Lily-bell, you live in the pastel world of dreams...  
In the real world things are "never quite what they seem."  
Would you tell me of my "true Love's desire...? "  
For I have never known a man of passion, of such fire!

Oh Lily-bell, please sing me your enchanting magical words...  
I know, for me to only meet him in my dreams is rather absurd!  
Do the angels rejoice when we dance on dreams of lily-beds?  
Are rapturous translucent seeds brought to life overhead? !

Where did he come from; this quiet knowing determined man?  
Father God is protecting my heart; from the surprise, to understand.  
So sing, Lily-bell, of days filled with wondrous hope and dreams...  
Your enchanting music reminds me of my love and such things.

Had I listened to all logic, I'm sure I'd never have come to this place.  
A place of true-love's transforming and illumination's embrace...  
This garden paradise has captured my attention and covered my world-.  
How could it not be so, since Wisdom's jewels doth decorate you "girl."

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## What Can You Offer Me?

Eros will have their naked bodies...  
Friendship's fallacies untrue realities  
Agape- love unconditionally, yet divine...  
So what can you offer me of Love's wine...?  
Ludas Love "plays off another, love..., "  
Sadly there's "too much of that around-."  
Storge Love "exudes friendship-based" and,  
Apparently, better than frozen ones in town!  
The "companionship type should be without fear.  
So what can you offer me, when you say love, friend?  
Pragma is of the storge and ludus, but should be clear.  
When you decide "what you want; " leave a message dear-!

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# What Goes Up Must Come Down

Power accelerates up the ladder and then influences down  
Oft' Effecting the middle man and many of the kids in town  
White-collar-crime exploit's the sexes for greed's game  
Not much difference than gang-bangers to morally frame

Violence fosters violence~ so where's the standard to see  
Few pimps and leaders feel responsible for their reality  
So many contributing to the landslide of dehumidifying rage  
Yet angels back heroes who strike a difference with a new page

Folks will ask their kids who did what; guilt then tosses blame  
We're taught to hide behind others, as our defensive game  
Some states say the parents are guilty; few president are caught  
I say: what's at the top filters down; evils, there, are 'now' sought

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## What If...?

IF...~ I swayed you with charm...

AGAINST...~ all alarm

INTOXICATING...~ your fancy

ELABORATELY...~ you could see me entirely

RELISHING...~ past the veneer to this spirited soul

CONFIDENTLY...~ inspired by divinely revealing

YOUR...~ destiny structured clear

INTROSPECTION...~ let it be governed from above

ASCERTAINING...~ confidently my unique frame

INEVITABLY...~ victorious and wondrous splendour

TRUE-LOVE...~ and it's cost, beyond the wealth of man

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# What Is Measureless Time

What if an 'infinite Creator is-, and was-, and will ever be- Eternal...? '  
For every heckler there is 'despicable errors' of dreaded infernal.

What if man, to identify space of time, drew a circle-line from 'A-to-B; '  
A sort-of graph 'to mark the days, ' in measurable ways, for you and me-.

If time's eternal, and atoms are as well, then time doesn't travel; 'it exists! '  
Religionists for the controlling game-frames, 'of do's and don'ts, ' make lists.

Atoms are neither created nor destroyed in chemical reactions; thus eternal.  
Nations caught 'in a rat-race, ' of the mundane, for aristocratic Colonels.

Since the 'relativity theory' is that light speed is the greatest speed...  
Then perhaps there's a spiritual world exists, like the air that we breathe-?

This theory of assumption is wrong; data can be transmitted faster than light.  
Past middle-ages, of any iffy propositions accepted, 'we have modern sight.'

Men talk of killing time-, when 'really time doth inevitably kill us all...! '  
Limitless time comes to reality by each renowned atom, regardless of a fall.

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# What Of Many Suitors

Let's talk about "separating the men from the boys."  
Say there's a prospective lady~ as charming as a ploy.  
Men rally and dally around her, hopeful for affection;  
While a confident other waits in the wings for direction.

Territorial, that's what they say, and I almost do believe.  
Men think they know what they want~ trying to retrieve.  
Some inquire cowardly by others, sort-of second-hand.  
Wouldn't it be better to invest with time to comprehend?

See, there's the bonding thing which true friendship brings.  
Don't have gaps in the process of bonding; you need wings.  
Prioritize to realize the cost and value of such a gift gained.  
Sure women want to be chased, for a while, with time in vain.

Still, men gather to the intended Belle like a moth to a flame.  
They say it's the woman's choice but the man leads the game  
The glory of the hunt for men is to duel or endure for the prize.  
Problem is later-on they neglect their gift for boredom's demise.

Then they're back where they began; hardly a lesson learned.  
Forget assumptions; men could brave that wall, though spurned.  
Give it a shot, have a go, no matter if there are others profound.  
What vast variables of reasons to choose a mate which is sound..

~~~~~

By Milly Hunter  
25 August 2006 9: 44 a.m.

ArmourQuill Hunter

# What Of Special Connections

How do two connect, I really do not know?  
Does a Rainbow have to be overhead for them to glow?  
Does it happen in an instance, or just against the odds?  
Must they be so very honest, to eliminate those frauds?

Or is it similar character, or valued interest and style?  
Please tell me; since I've been disconnected for awhile.  
Do the Angels really weep when such a connection is gone?  
I lost my Lov to a dreaded beast; things just turnout wrong!

Few really think of important connections; now I'm asking why.  
Life is short as it is; without True-Love one could easily die.  
What of ones who deny the connection; do they get a 2nd. Chance?  
I care not of Lov, please; give me one true-friend without romance.

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## What President Smiles That Much?

First he announces, behind the church-tail, his war  
Later discusses war on terrorist as many times before  
Next he defends Irag progress, but that's not best of all  
Now he's validated a pack with terrorist, for a fall

What could happen next from this Jackal of television  
Will he be guilty as Reagan for supporting terrorism  
Who appears that happy while Katrina clears the slate  
Can't imagine one smiling that much for goodness sake

Yet we're to pray for our leaders; God help America now  
You needn't be some politician to logically say: holy cow  
I've been around the world myself and I think I see a sign  
If Leaders say same-things, who's talking among the blind~

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## When Love Loves Most

Jesus relates expectations of others speaking of his generation.  
'As kids in market' men call to you to do them consideration.  
John-Baptist came not eating or drinking; said of him: a devil.  
Of Christ thought a winebibber and friend of sinners 'so evil.'

Howbeit, Christ recalled, Wisdom is justified of her own.  
Then, a Pharisee asked Christ to come and visit at his home.  
Against custom he hadn't wash his guest feet while entering.  
No thought of his guest 'the judge of all Heaven' relenting.

A woman there stood weeping with her alabaster box clear.  
Washing Jesus' feet with her tears, she dried with her hair.  
That host maligned her in thoughts to the Master of Heaven.  
A parable He spoke of two debtors of varied sums, forgiven.

Said Christ: which one will love most, to the Pharisee host?  
Though they had not to pay, I guess: the one forgiven most!  
This prophet then related this to the woman he condemned.  
Easily we judge, in thought, without knowing our very sin

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# 'When You Taught Me How To Dance (Movie Lyrics) '

When you taught me how to dance, little girl with misty eyes,  
Every step in silent glance-, every move a sweet surprise.  
Others must have taught you well, to beguile and to entrance.  
For I wont forget that night, when you taught me how-to-dance.

Like reflections in- a lake-, I will call what went before.  
As I give- I learn to take-, and 'we'll be alone no-more.'  
Other light may light my way; I may even find romance.  
But I won't forget that night-, when you taught me how to dance.

Cold- winds- blow-, but up-on those skins you'll find me.  
And- I know-, you're walking 'right- behind- me.'  
When you taught me how to dance, little girl with misty eyes,  
Every step in silent glance, every move a sweet surprise.  
Others must have taught you well-, to beguile and to entrance.  
For I wont forget that night, when you taught me how-to-dance.

~Written by Nigel Westlake and Sung by Katie Melua

Song Performer ('Let Me Teach You How To Dance')

ArmourQuill Hunter

## Who Sings In The Storm?

Still trying to play God's tunes-,  
"Out of His notes, " not mine-.  
But boy, "what a mess I've made, "  
And "the music I can't find-! "

I know what it is-, "my heart's out of tune."  
Hence, I keep "looking in the dark-! "  
That's why "I can't sing like a lark! "  
The sun has to shine-, "for the birds to sing."  
All I see is "rain, " for what storm clouds bring.

So here I sit-, "resting in the boat-, "  
But "indeed" it has no anchor-!  
And I fear- "it will not float...! "  
So why don't I walk on water-,  
As, once, "I did before...? ! "  
Guess "what we want, " we fear the most-,  
Until we walk- "through that door...! "

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## Who's At The Helm?

Our gallant trim a gilded vessel goes, on the prow at the helm.  
The whirlwind sways each vessel guided from a higher realm.  
Anyone can hold their ship's rudder when the sea is at rest.  
In times of turbulence don't we cry- to God against the crest?

"S.O.S." we'll cry: "please Lord come and take the wheel~! "  
We know Christ walked on water, the winds he did seal.  
Save me from this road I'm on, as You calmed the sea...  
Father, take it, take it ALL, Lord; hear my desperate plea!

For the ship that'll not obey the helm will soon obey the rocks.  
If not for Heaven's hand on the wheel, I'd lose more than socks.  
Even great ships are driven of fierce winds, and some split ajar.  
Look, look-, look to the Rainbow and our 'Maker from afar.'

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# Winter Rose

Winter's gale beats at my back drifting, blizzard, focus  
Yet one kind word can warm winter months from locusts  
Amidst the footless trail a bone structure hopeless  
cruelly cold is the judgment of man, vainly useless

Emptiness sits on the dawn of a wintry somber smile  
Facing the lonely dark of night is worse than guile  
Thinking: love is for the lucky and youthful strong  
The great sun had turned his face away all winter long

The earth, undressed, goes down into a vale of grief  
All the Trees reach to me with barren sighs for relief  
With Mother Earth leaving her garlands to decomposition~  
Longing for her sun with returning kisses of omission

This cold trys to undress, and bed me, for Death's dream  
Beneath the snow I lie 'A Seed, ' to wake from Love's spring  
Dying for the Son, melting into the wind, for life's stance  
When the earth lays claim to my limbs~, then I shall dance

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# Word-Artist, Your Ever Flowing Stream

Touch us gently and we glide freely down your stream  
You are ever-flowing Word-artist enlivening our dreams  
As Net-trees sigh, your dimpling stream runs gleaming by  
Of Wisdom heaven-born sweet waters you ascribe, not shy

Few tales will get onto the main stream for a top choice hit  
When the air laugh with our merry wit, I hug your page a bit  
I question a jet-stream's influence for depths to anchor deep  
From a valley-view of sloping hillsides and sorrow not to weep

I sit on hillside, sprawl wet-legged, with questions a wondering  
Awaiting doors, that don't look like doors, miraculously opening  
A rilled catalyst, a rock in the stream; teacher teach us dreams  
Spirited thoughts, brought from all forms, Wisdom's depths seen

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## You...“the Apple Of His Eye”

He's the one who Love's you, more than you'll ever know  
No greater love ascribe than in His Book, so long ago  
He'll be there to guide you through your darkest night  
For all those yielding, trusting ones of the LIGHT  
For you~ still carry inside you 'His love' that will never die  
And you~ are always, before Him, 'the Apple of His Eye'

He watches over each child-seed, patiently, with the Son to grow  
You are a light of this world, an ambassador for victory to show  
Sure, some seeds don't do well near us; trusting God knows best  
With our works, in His Hand, we 'anchor in Him' to rest...  
For you~ still carry inside you 'His love' that will never die  
And you~ are always, before Him, 'the Apple of His Eye'

You~ are special to Father, each one so uniquely rare  
Braving, daring, trusting and believing, in Him whose always there  
You~ the salt of this old world, preserving and rescuing the lost  
Strength~ of character He gives you, in following Christ the Boss  
For you~ still carry inside you 'His love' that will never die  
And you~ are always, before Him, 'the Apple of His Eye'

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## Your Right, Your Choice

Man can take or break their world around;  
And build or destroy 'other lives' in town.  
Thinking "God allowed evil so evil they'll do."  
So Ignorant of the consequences boomeranging, too.

Queries for violence, 'why evil is done by such hoods.'  
Often questioned by many, why bad things happens to good.  
Doctor Phil related it well, "it's simply because they can."  
Violence breeds violence; sacrificial love breaks its hand.

We see it in the news papers, even on TV...  
No one seems safe, without divine security.  
God help the ignorant, God even help the free...  
Yet I tell you, God does help those for liberty.

The media, and Hollywood, promote it all the time.  
Would seem that crime pays; though cheap for its crime.  
Once I married a gangster and lived to see his sad end.  
So don't tell me that I don't know, despite my innocent grin.

Growing-up, I learnt the way God thinks from the Bible.  
At the age of twelve I rejected religion, and their revival.  
From seven onwards, my prayer closet was clear as crystal.  
Til 1st. hand experience of a gangster made me want a pistol.

We can choose to break evil seeds and deeds of the past.  
Things are made possible with God, to productively last.  
Passion for truth, parables, and key principles of the wise...  
'Enabled me to-go above and beyond the deceitful' disguise.

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# Your, Religious, Thoughts

Your view stem from a Hell-bent crooked tree of continuity.  
Mine~ from form biblical pieces baked as bread for humanity.  
Cemented thoughts, yours seems gale or lightning can shake.  
My views~ as a leaf swaying in all direction, securely no-fake.

Yours are of past dogmas that cannot evolve or bring change.  
My thoughts transforms, testing~, within Truth's grand range.  
You're prone to believe bad comparisons, void of God's alone.  
Mine refract His Rainbow, giving meaning, a revelation shown.

Yours, incite to marry popular views not of acceptability.  
My counsel implores me to cast aside empty futile notoriety.  
All negative-ones hinder better soil far from superiority.  
God-planted life in me is richly empowered for posterity.

Your thoughts aspires you to grand titles of rank offices.  
Mine exhort me in a life of surrender and thoughtful services  
What analytical and impractical view of pious formality, hey.  
I'd rather picture views divinely inspired as a higher cliché.

You want popularity, no commitment to a lover or prostitute.  
Lost of tru-values, not a faithful heart of a pied Piper flute.  
Your thoughts write laws, courts, judges, and penalties blind.  
Mine explain the basics of Loving-all, mankind, as God's sign.

You value skill, the artist, the philosopher, but not the Priest.  
I speaks forthrightly of sacrifice and the Holy Martyrs at least.  
You sing the praises of your futile idols and national heroes~.  
I sings praises of God, not the dictates of a controlling Pharaoh

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