

Poetry Series

Ghost Writer Insomnis

- poems -

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Ghost Writer Insomnis(1807-1977)

Esteemed Conceptual Artists:

True authors of the spirit (poets/writers)

LIVE for the impressionistic ideals of their

do you consider parched, those which just desire, or those who cannot live without an all consuming creative discipline? Those who are called survive willingly in a timeless void, both in and

out of focus. We live and breathe our Stories and poetic verse.

Refined and unrestrained; we develop the behavior of our characters' mark, forged forever by a single paradigm,

'ALL MASKS MUST COME OFF'.

No illusions of grandeur, no attempt to create the perfect from the imperfect.

Genuine or indifferent, the heart speaks clearly. Resolute loyalty, dictates a life masterpiece; an unchallengeable shadow seen in the light by all, misunderstood in the dark by none. Create reasonable doubt in a less than reasonable world.

Allow the depth of critical thinking to permeate all perspective of implied intention. (you must be discerning about the truth!)

How do we attack? With the acumen of Prose. How do we win? With a unified structure of discontent. Listen to, understand, and speak with all authority, that your intention may be brought to attention. Engage the enemy with a verbal onslaught incapable of retaliation. The whisper of uncertainty has just become the voice of reality, up in your face.....

The beginning, an obscure impression illuminates the recesses of darkness, in the void of the ineffectual mind. Now begins the conception of thought. Intense heat, extreme pressure, refine the desired outcome, a multi-faceted gem of perfection; a diamond standard of irrefutable truth, illuminating the clear and focused words of the authors resolve. From the origin of darkness, to the luster of individual standard, the brilliance this gem refracts is a hypnotic allurement.

Words Incise through masks of insolence and pretense to the core of their purpose. Intentionally, skillfully, without flaw, a direct assault of disclosure to the astute mind and perceptive heart.

BE AWARE my friend, your words like the best of swords are double-edged. You are positioned to pierce and cut through all reason in any event or direction. Will you withdraw, wound, or plunge further to the hilt, leaving no hope, sparing no one? Allow room for personal choice or conviction so the reader desires to continue on your journey. Pose questions you already have the answers for,

allowing the reader to enjoy a notorious take at processing the puzzle. The paymaster to the author will however need enough rope to reason with your disciplines for hanging, rather than being hanged in frustration. You can challenge or critically wound by offering an exclusive point of view. But what fun is there in not allowing the reader their own view of the journey? The Ultimate story will always be that of the author, hopefully ever enlightening and never pointlessly oppressing. The sword-bearer must always decide how deeply to trust the decision of their incision. YOUR words will always engage the ultimate success or failure of the piece, at this very point. Choose your words wisely and live well, choose poorly and accept the consequence.

God bless you! Joey d.

The one thing about those who choose to wear masks is that they do so to hide themselves and/or their intentions. The masks are perfectly convincing in every respect and appear to assimilate the ruse of the masker, well. They are however masks none the less, and must come off so others can and will do the same. The game is still played to an ineffectual means as the players become more comfortable in their deception. Who one 'really' is, exacts the truth be told; so allow your true character to shine no matter who brings in the darkness. You will either be honored or dishonored in the minds of most on how well you lived a genuine or shrouded life. Earned respect belongs to those who refuse to wear a mask at all costs, and so negate the reason others choose to wear one. The lead may sting a bit, but the rewards are great.

joey d. respectfully

A Love Worth Fighting For

Foolishness Breeds Arrogance,
Arrogance Breeds Indifference,
Indifference breeds Contempt, a Detachment from Compassion.

We Live in a World Lethargic and Asleep,
The Battle, Your Soul and Who Claims the Keep,
Life Challenges, Our Trials Real, as the Fiery Pit without Appeal.

Come friend, into where no other has been Allowed,
the Captive Heart of this man Who stands alone, cast in a Crowd,
You Struggled into the darkness for The Light, Be Proud.

Remorse Impales my Heart, I Choke on the Regret,
I Feel Displaced, Can Fall no Further, Still I Search for It,
the Pain I Feel, Surreal, Cloak not thy Will, while I still have breath.

Prostrate in Humility I prepare to Discern Your Call,
Each Scourge Overwhelms Me, Your Precious Blood did Fall,
My Master, My Papa Your only Son, Silent, as He Tore down Sins' Wall,
To Sacrifice what no Other Could, Our Debt Paid in Blood, He gave it all.

Now at Last, Together Forever, my Heart you did Elect,
Darkness has Forever Fallen, Thy Will be Done Your Eternal Precept,
My first love never lost, You're blood Our Freedom, the Ultimate Concept,
Fear only that from these Truths, you Choose to reject.

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A Manner Of Domain

NIGHT - A SLEEPLESS INTERLUDE -
MORNING - A WISH I WASN'T THERE,
QUESTIONING MY EXISTENCE - A DOGMA -
NO ONE SEEMS TO CARE,
STOLEN - THE DESIRE TO GO ON -

BEWARE - THE POWER OF THE AIR,
SEEKING HIS VENUE - OUR COMPROMISE -
THE AUTHOR OF DESPAIR.
STEADY MY ANGER LORD -
FOR STRENGTH IN THAT WHICH I FEAR,
WITH EVERY WHISPER I PRAY -
YOUR PRESENCE TO DRAW NEAR,

FATHER - MY DETERMINED RESOLVE -
YOUR PURPOSE TO DECLARE,
GUIDE MY EVERY STEP -
COMFORT ALL WHOM I HOLD DEAR.
I TRAVAIL THROUGH LIFE AN UNCERTAIN JOURNEY -
YOUR GUIDANCE ILLUMINES, ALL IS CLEAR.

ON YOUR CHEST - MY HEAD RESTS -
THE BEAT OF YOUR HEART WE SHARE,
KNOWING I WOULD FALTER AND STUMBLE -
MY HEALING YOU DID PREPARE,
WITH MY LIFE I THANK YOU LORD -
ALLOWING NO GREATER THAN I CAN BARE.

MERCY GAVE HIS LIFE WITHOUT CONDITION -
NO ONE CAME NEAR, NOT EVEN ONE TO COMPARE?

IN THIS AGE OF INJUSTICE - A BEACON TO ALL,
A MESSAGE UNCHANGED - THE WRITING ON THE WALL,
INSOLENT LOVE - THIS MAN WILL FALL,
UNCONDITIONAL LOVE - GODS ETERNAL CALL.

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Boredom - The Abandonment Of Hope

Boredom, a state of mind and a battle.

A contagion feeding upon our pain, hurt, sorrow, despair, uncertainty, distrust, anger, etc. etc... Like a virus, if allowed to mutate it will learn the ways of its host, displaying awesome survival techniques capable of adaptation. Confusion becomes a high priority to gain control of your thoughts, consumed, jaded and suspect. Unchecked the battle initiates a sequence of events deceptively suggesting one to abandon all hope. Never allow superficial trials a place of deepening intrigue into your life!

□

Your life belongs to only One,
completion and healing are only a hearts-whisper away.

He has endured all that we have grown weary of. Have you worried long enough? Are you prepared for peace that you have never known?

□

No incessant evaluations motivated by those who seek your dollars.

No psycho-tropic side-trips to the land of feel nothing. A release from the daily pain that fuels your anxieties, is what He offers.

Be prepared when He touches your life. You will no longer be alone, ever again!
The pain of your despair cries out often in silence, for far too long.

Renewal in life was meant to be challenging, not boring. All of your life-creations however good, bad, ugly or indifferent, every insidious aspect, He knows. Consider all pardoned your crimes of the century, now breathe as never before.

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Bottle Of Coke And A Surprise

About a month ago, stopped into the local Supermercado on my way home from work. I picked up some Mexican freezee pops, guacamole, etc, etc, and there big as life, in the middle of the store, stacked up to the sky, was this awesomely large display of (you guessed it) Mexican Coca-Cola the real - real thing. No ga-geetz in these bottles, just pure unadulterated, the real deal, Coke.... I couldn't wait to crack one open, only .77¢ a bottle. I carefully grabbed and placed (no boxes or cases of course for this unadvertised special, just display plastic) 20 glass bottles of Coke (the elixir of life) into the cart and made my way to the check out.

HOT evening outside and I wanted nothing more than to blast open a Mexican Coke and pour it over ice, AAAAhhhhhhh. Sorry, an A.D.D. moment, ok back to the story.

As I placed the bottles onto the checkout belt, I leaned over, grabbing yet another Coke with my whole hand gripping the waist of the bottle, to then follow in routine. Instantly, time changed, slowing almost to a halt; within that split second I heard and felt a loud 'EXPLOSION', YES, EXPLOSION. In fact, so loud, the woman who was checking me out (lol) , screamed and dropped the bottle she had in her hand, as it shattered all over the floor. I was anxious and afraid to look down at my now throbbing hand where the explosion had taken place. Numb and pulsating were the sensations best recalled. The visibly shaken checker slowly peered down and over the belt to see what had happened. I couldn't look right then, and just asked her 'es mi mano ensangrentada?' if my hand was bloody? She appeared a bit puzzled at the question, and then smiled at me. When I finally was able to glance at what i believed to be an extremely serious wound, I noticed all digits appeared to be intact; my hand still cupping around a piece of glass. Strange, it appeared almost molded to the underside of my hand. I gazed at the shattered shards all over the basket, the food and most importantly, my hand. No blood, no cuts, not even a scratch, just one hand sized cupped piece of glass without a crack or blemish on it.... I then needed and took a few moments to regain composure as I attempted to piece together this unbelievably bizarre turn of events. I just stared at my hand and all I could think and say was 'Thank You Jesus'. The checker re-shopped all new groceries for me, carefully checked my hand, and with a look of amazement in her eyes, grabbed me 20 new 'cold' Mexican Cokes, for free. I told her 'gracias a Dios por haberme salvado la mano' (thank God for saving my hand) , then with the sweetest and most genuine smile, she whispered her agreement. That unforgettable sultry evening will forever remain a testament to my Lord and His ongoing ability to

perform miracles. Elated yet bewildered, I stepped away from the store curb, knowing without hesitation or doubt, just minutes before, the Lord held and protected my hand, plain and simple.

To this day, what caused the freak explosion whether it was heat, inferior glass, or whatever, has not been my concern, all I really think about is being grateful to my friend who protected me that evening. God performs His love all around us each and every day, we need to make sure we take the time to notice it.....

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Come With Me Forever

Beyond the stars is proof our vision is finite.
Infinity is proof our journey goes on˛ forever! !
God is proof there is no limitations! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Seek this day to find your Way,
the journey will prove to be enlightening,
and in the end, your soul a friend, the Love of your King.

So often we just search for our place in life,
some embrace the world, some a wife,
what we take and what we leave, molds our legacy,
soon, we will all answer our call, and live our destiny.

He will give our spirit life form, to transcend the galaxy,
Our hope forever realized without fear, and finally free,
He reaches through the galaxy and stars, we need not roam,
He welcomes each of us with a hug, 'Time to come Home'.

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Consider This

Consider no stipend
monetary or otherwise;
Nothing is worth the regret
of ultimate compromise?

In a dying world rejected and alone,
He calls my name to be HIS own.
An act of selfless devotion,
arise this quotidian notion,
as the world turns, in a malevolent motion.

I breathe by His command
In humbleness unable to stand,
on my face and all alone,
contrite the heart that searches for home.

What is true
can never be through,
In His magnificence of Light
All who seek Vision, He allows Sight.

Ablaze the Fire set in His Eye
Kindled by the Pain, His children cry,
Soon my beloved A new world without lies,
no sickness, no disease, not one who dies.

From death to life, from life to death
a choice until the very last breath.
This day, this moment in time at last,
Your decision molds the life you've cast.

Sorry no primate will ever challenge what God can do?
Sorry, no life can exist without God is true.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Darkness Surrenders To The Light

Can you discern the freedom of unbarring your soul to the only One who asks nothing in return, but love. What can we offer back but our trust and fears?
One day we will weep no more for we will have given Him both unashamedly.

□

Truth creates a meaning for our dreams. Ask the questions I may have missed.
Write, scribble, highlight, document, journalise, whatever! Get the point across!
Do not allow limitations, for life will not hesitate to pass you by.

□

Growing All around us a generation gone blind, unaware as the real darkness shadows their light. Illumination dims the wisdom of their Resolve.
Darkness maintains a comfort zone, A taboo and handicap to the sighted.
There survives a single unrelenting truth; sightless perspective belongs to all who lack vision. Darkness is far more sinister than the absence of light.
There is no discrimination, the desire, the forfeiture of your soul required.

Our world lacks the determination of true sightless visionaries.

(Helen Keller, Stevie Wonder, Andrea Bocelli, etc.) Accomplished individuals having shared the light of their darkness with the world. Do you believe 'things aren't always as though they appear? , Who then owns truer vision the sighted or those challenged by sight? Hold that thought for a moment.

Now, Close your eyes and ask that same question;

only this time in your new world you have never been sighted.

Your entire existence, 'blinded' by the awareness of never having known vision.

□

By an order of magnitude Light engulfs darkness until it exists no more,
consider what lies beyond what your limitations allow you to see.

Each dawn creates a new opportunity for the continuum of life.

Light and Life co-exist whether one lives in the darkness or light.

One needs faith, not vision, to experience the truth.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Darkness The Final Moment

Be Aware, most trip over the apparent yet still refuse to see,
Some conform, some follow, death stalks but will never catch me,
A single hope you can trust, Love God and His Truth will set you Free.

Dare we stand by the power of the son,
In a world of indifference, without remorse, Evil loads its gun.
Amid the sea of accusations he guides a fatal shot,
We know now the face of our enemy, death to all, hatred fuels his plot,
Fallen from favor, challenging our faith until his eternal rot.

Never Challenge the prayer of a humbled man for he hides a double edged
sword,
He kneels and cries out through the darkest of night, Help me my Lord!
In this age of rage, profit and pleasure cause many to steal away peace of mind,
Dreadful words of silence finally spoken, release death of another kind.
The Desolate one accuses all both lost and found who followed his life-script,
The father of lies shrouded in despair, demands your soul to death, the eternal
crypt.

Suffering in anguish every heart confides a cry,
It permeates the darkness while silent tears go dry.
Grant the possessor of your soul,
The spirit, or flesh you've given control.

Papa for so long I've been blinded by the darkness of his masterful works,
The insidious nature of his treachery lurks.
He promised all, the treasures and pleasures of life happen fast,
Now payment is due and these selective memories have passed,
The enticement, the desire, every price paid was made to never last.

Who lays hold of Whom in this felled desire to aspire?
The Narcissism, the arrogance, the no conscience Liar,
Pride without God is rebellion, arrogance feeds this selfish fire,
Never allow challenges to drag you back with those stuck in the mire.

The end of time qualifies the book of life best,
A soul under pressure, creates a diamond from coal put to the ultimate test.

Naive the dreams the perishing store up and blunder,

Yet the Spirit, The Soul, A world the evidence of Gods wonder,
Still blind comes a generation absorbed unto its own thunder,
Unaware and in denial, deceived and blind, no vision of eternity do they hold,
From death unto Life The Love of God remains, the final story told.

Thoughts obsess, each night tighter the talons of fear,
Nary a moment escapes, I concentrate only on prayer.
Exhausted, Running, A final chapter in life only the fool would ignore,
He brings an offer of Hope, wait, who's that knocking at my door?
I dare not look into His eyes, my sins become my cries, as He lifts me from the
floor,
My Son, my son, your heart has chosen wisely, enter the eternal forevermore...

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Do You Wear One?

Once in a blue lunar eclipse man contends with the demons of his grim existence. Newly born, awakening redemption from the solitude of his fragmented heart emerges the conception of God. It may happen while staring death in the face, or exchanging the love One can only hope for in a lifetime. The knowledge freedom brings when you know that you know there is a God; and the time wasted attempting to figure out a concept made simple enough for a child to understand.. The Main event draws nigh, be prepared not late...

A compelling issue about those who alter their guise, its become a natural position to conceal themselves and/or their intentions. The mask is perfectly proportioned, concealing the truth to appear convincing, as it assimilates the ruse of the masked, well. The game is played to an ineffectual means as the players become more comfortable with deception then reality. The heart reveals the mask none the less, and urges against such use. A show of integrity will remove it before others so all can live and learn by its example. Who one 'really' is, exacts the truth be told; so allow your true character to shine no matter who brings in the darkness. You will either be honored or dishonored in the minds of most on how well you lived a genuine or shrouded life. Earned respect belongs to those who refuse to wear a mask at all costs, and so disavows the reason others may choose to wear one. The lead to remove this comfortable disguise will sting a bit, but the following freedom is genuinely rewarding, ask your heart.....

WISDOM comes from the discernment of Gods' willingness to give of Himself unconditionally and our ability to accept without question, his total involvement in a life we've messed up so bad, no one else would even consider the dust we were created from.

Life should never consist of problems to be solved, but rather lessons to be learned, and then taught. A prayer of hope: "My Lord and My God, why have I forsaken thee? " I travel my own journey when I desire your council the most, why? To forgive those who need it the most but deserve it the least, is truly a test of your love and how can I reach this state? I must relinquish all that sets my will above your own until You are in full control of my misspent life... You heal me of life that will fade away and teach me of life eternal. You have my attention...

" GOD " to me: My precious and wayward traveler, wandering life for the eternal precepts. Lost and forgotten is your past in the history of what you once were, before you found me. Recreated daily, perfection in the works. What you are now to me is half the pulse of our heart beat. When our eyes meet at the final reunion

is when you and your journey will be complete. Then, life has just begun.....
Selah..”

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Dreamscape Warrior

An eerie event, an interlude taken place somewhere between barely conscious thought and REM, typically in the dread of night. Be aware of illusive confrontations, for in the absence of light darkness casts no reflection. Your enemy is on the prowl.

A creepy stillness gradually envelops me, as I descend further into obscurity; overcome and overdone by yet another day of illusive thought.

Visions are extreme, my heart pounds into my awareness. Reality uncertain yet quietly persuasive. I toil finding myself incapable of concentration. I trudge through the mire of battle flanked by an evil I have no words to describe. I descend slowly into the inevitable darkness called abyss. My heart sustained a deafening blow, the remnant of my soul, a battles toll. Incredible visuals from the dark-side, images of blood drenched talons slash away at my members, flesh torn to the bone. I dare not even the slightest gasp, for retaliation would prove lethal to both mind and body.

Movement is random now placed under the bondage of anxiety. I must attempt a fight out of this quick mud. Intense pain drags me deeper and further into this unimagined experience. The visuals choke-out my voice and deny me. Words have no recourse in this uncharted territory; only my spirit can offer recognition.

Entering dreamscape this warrior reveals a heightened perception of euphoria. Question is 'can I trust these events as they appear? Is this moment in 'time' as we understand it, reality? If so, in whom do i trust? My heart continues the race onward. The Wraith-like entities that surround me have become shrouded within the blackest rage. A color of fear I have never encountered captivates my soul, laboring every breath. Morphed creatures given life by ceiling joices and air ducts, gaze in mockery from above, challenging my sanity, vying for control of my existence. A game of souls, my demise at any cost.

I cannot move, The Rage of Ages verging upon me. I must release the warrior. Each epic battle draws strength from both the Ascended and descended fighters, adept at securing their masters prize, the possession of each soul.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Home At Last

Each day falls west creating a fusion of color fired by Gods' providence.
Anticipation captivates every thought. Wait for it... Ah, Then it arrives; The quickening! The days' twilight adapts to the darkness of night. Stars premier an eternal light. For the first time I see clearly all that was only envisioned in the past; Soon, The Kings zenith in all of its glory cast.
For all who gain your confidence to tell,
Know, it's always been for them as well. Selah.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

I Am The Troubled One

Your compassion awaits us all in a place where fear can never exist, the comfort of Your arms? Truly this day fix you thoughts concerning paradise. Desperately we seek forgiveness found in His eyes alone. We are the used and forgotten He came to embrace. An embrace of warmth in this frigid world, holding us close, our one and only friend. You've carried me through the sins of my regret. Your word becomes my assurance of remembering them no more. We have always known togetherness even in my unfaithfulness. Your loyalty resolute without condition. You embrace me with a peace that alone can still this troubled heart. I need Your rest from this cycle of chaos, my eternal friend. Lord I give You my life in need of repair, as you bled out for me, and all who will see, the scars that mark our every sin. The Way, The Truth, and The Life ETERNAL; this day extends His marred reminder of our life so far away. All we need to do is reach for it.

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I Have Loved You All Of My Life

You are the Strength of my soul, always on the run.
I have Loved You all of my life, for We share Destiny.
Never been Irresolute questioning motives for actions undone,
Your eyes reveal A Love with condition, while you rest in me...

Abandoned to your desires I can only refrain,
The substance of your Words, Captivate the lonely.
Seek that honey it allures until the pain,
An unexplored heart becomes a Soul stain.

Freely given a gift from Above, The brilliance of it all,
You search all Hearts alas few answer the call,
The gauntlet cast, Love without condition,
One world our battle fought sustained through attrition.
Now then the few and brave, never again captive, never again slave.

Never allow the idleness of uncertainty a place in your time.
It will tear away Life-lessons, and allow for the crime.
Stand steadfast and speak opposition, never yield to fear,
The message is simple even for a child clear.....

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Life Without...

Life without God is:

Hopeless, Faithless and Loveless,
For the Love of God, The World Exists...

Life without Jesus is:

Tempestuous, Evil and Unforgiving,
For the Forgiveness of Man, Jesus Exists...

Life without the Holy Spirit is:

Prideful, Desolate, and without mercy,
For Obeying The Holy Spirit, The Book of LIfe Exists...

Life without satan would be:

Agape Love, Sinless and Gods Intention,
For the Rage of the Fallen, The Lake of Fire Exists...

So my brother and sister

May our Lord qualify your heart

to stand against the evils of this world,

He shapes within you His very own sonship,

Welcoming to the family another eternal blessing.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Light Is The Absence Of Darkness

Into the darkness or the Light

Be Aware, most trip over the apparent yet still refuse to see,
Some conform, some follow, death stalks but will never catch me,
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We know now the face of our enemy, death to all, hatred fuels his plot,
Fallen from favor, challenging our faith until his eternal rot.

Never Challenge the prayer of a humbled man for he hides a double edged
sword,
He kneels and cries out through the darkest of night, Help me my Lord!
In this age of rage, profit and pleasure cause many to steal away peace of mind,
Dreadful words of silence finally spoken, release death of another kind.
The Desolate one accuses all both lost and found who followed his life-script,
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crypt.

Suffering in anguish every heart confides a cry,
It permeates the darkness while silent tears go dry.
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The insidious nature of his treachery lurks.
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Now payment is due and these selective memories have passed,
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Who lays hold of Whom in this felled desire to aspire?
The Narcissism, the arrogance, the no conscience Liar,
Pride without God is rebellion, arrogance feeds this selfish fire,
Never allow challenges to drag you back with those stuck in the mire.

The end of time qualifies the book of life best,
A soul under pressure, creates a diamond from coal put to the ultimate test.

Naive the dreams the perishing store up and blunder,
Yet the Spirit, The Soul, A world the evidence of Gods wonder,
Still blind comes a generation absorbed unto its own thunder,
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floor,
My Son, my son, your heart has chosen wisely, enter the eternal forevermore...

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My 'Things' My 'stuff'

The truth is simple, take a humble approach when you meet the King. Pride establishes an exclusive agenda of self-reliance. No others can enter the domain of self, not even God, unless of course you let Him in. You are your own king and reign in a territory of your own making. How's it working for you? Does the king possess all he desires? When your heart is complete and you possess all you can possibly hope for, give me a call and we'll talk; until then an honest assessment will bring clarity. You are never more alone than the time wasted gathering what you will never keep. 'Things' and 'stuff' you accumulate today, will be scattered and useless by tomorrow. Ever watch a kid playing video games? He will have dozens tossed all about, and still tell you He's bored. Same premise in life once you get older, just bigger toys. All you believe you own will eventually own you. What do you possess that won't be left behind? Funny, the importance achieved by having 'things' will never compare to the time you gave up helping someone in need; the look in their eyes, the shake of their hand, the friendship integrity brings. By helping others, You will never be alone again. When you were a wee tot did you not have the most fun playing games with your friends, and even sharing your 'stuff' for the games. Same premise later in life, an island is beautiful only when you have someone to share it.

Pride is a lie. It will always help you negotiate a plan to side-step the land-mines of sin; remember Lucifer. He was allowed total reign over the gifts God gave him. Pride set in and so did his Fall. Where pride is you will also find rebellion, both of which create a barrier for others in your life. Your greatness or lowliness is God's decision.

We all take our turn through the transformation station, alone. Some seek power, some awareness, some renewal, all seek answers; never find yourself positioned alone without God. Leave your pride with the father of lies. Making good choices in life becomes a desire rather than a chore as the Master humbles us in the palm of His hand. The world will never be devoid of opinions, be sure the guidance you accept from another is verified by God.

We live in the shadow of the almighty, a fortification unmatched in strength and security. We cannot become spiritually careless. 'The Eternal Rage' awaits his prey when they cease to pray. The rules of spiritual warfare are manifold. First, be sure to choose your prayer warriors wisely, for those who live in opposition to God will devour the unprepared. Secondly, be aware of time (or lack there-of) spent with God and the affect it has on your strength and ability to do battle. Never hesitate to do the right thing? Lessons in life demand unquestioning

courage to stand alone as light, while others stumble through the darkness.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Our Existence Is But A Breath

My shadow rushes aimlessly contending with all,
the ending vague, as a tree engaged in its fall.

In my rebellious silence I cry, rescue the only prayer,
Pride dictates "Do as you will", the ultimate nightmare.

Some call me The Wayward Traveler, just passing through,
on a journey to forever, no map, not even a clue.

A brilliant sycophant, lost in my pain is the memory of your smile,
contend for your time, how divisive the trial, how distant my mile.

Before I am called gone - in existence no more,
a story to behold, mind Who's knocking at the door.

Wisdom begs patience through this chaos we call life,
the hatred, the apathy, the unbridled strife.

To stand alone at the end in His sight,
an impassioned resolve did I do what was right?

Now is our life before us, the entrance through it all,
we are given vision by the light, and blinded by the fall.

Resolve not to be shaken by the calling of fear,
search deep my spirit, only truth makes all things clear.

The order is upon all who stand tall knowing their rescue perilous,
not for the weak, the assuming, even those who actually care less.

We will all enter into our eternal suspension in time,
meet with me The Wayward Traveler at the cross of my crime.

Wait, It is empty my friend, the cross of all sin,
absent from me and you and never to be seen again.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Pride The Irony Of Deception

We all share a willingness to reveal our troubled food for thought, he will use this food to choke and devour us. The irony of his deception weighs heaviest upon the cries of those who need truth the most. Upon all captivated by a secular world order devoid of spiritual empathy. We must never become comfortable being blind to the existence of sin in our life, as well as in others. When was the last time you can remember sin being the topic of a major discourse? Does our God-given life communicate a humbleness His son is worthy of?

Slowly, unaware initially, one begins to assimilate the comforts of pride. Fight that which unburdens you from the desire to sacrifice for others. How can we wear the shoes of another while refusing to remove our own? Self awareness (pride) produces a safety zone that exists merely as a persona to pacify the outside world while an inner torrent rages on. Pride changes the way we think about, perhaps not think about, God, ourselves and others. We formulate the ingredients to flavor our pride or humbleness? The thoughts and influence (however generational) this world has made upon us becomes integral to how we undertake resolution. With a changed heart all prior deceptions of the truth become realized. As a light illumines the darkness, a renewed vision allows us clear sight for the first time. 'I once was blind and now I see! ' is God's vision for us.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Rebellion The Mask Of Hatred

We all search a venue in life for the eternal wherein all questions find resolution. Life is experience, the creation of wholeness from brokenness. The alleged finality of death, serves only to bring forth new life without end, and ultimately death's destruction.

We struggle with the past toward an ongoing and unforeseen future. How clearly familiar the vision becomes, the seduction of the old nature in a battle for the gift of your soul; akin to prey being unaware of a predator. The stealth of the attack seduces those who refuse to relinquish their rebellious heart. You are being systematically toyed with as the blade draws closer to your neck.

Prepare to embark upon this quest of enlightenment, an awareness of your hidden gifts and strengths. Breathe the fresh air of altruism as old school purpose and thought are expelled. Good advice entreats us to 'come just as you are, for acceptance relies not on one's ability to please others, but on the refusal to compromise the strength of your values.

Who affects your need for acceptance and why? How well you perform can never gauge your commitment to love, we are not show animals. What of our inabilities and mistakes, do they somehow lessen the sincerity of our intentions? Those who have your heart will affect your judgment the most. We create masks of pretense because acceptance is a desired security. Some go out of their way to please others, how many go out of their way to please God? Relationships fail when both parties resist the need to be sincere with God first, and then with their commitment.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Returning Home

□Who survives the insane aftermath of life, death, love and madness? The tune of this lyrical inspiration will resound forever. The victory here is a life taken from dust; akin to leaving an outer garment fall to its final resting place, knowing the spiritual value is within the person, and never the coverings. What transcends can never be left behind. We will all be taken in time as our decaying vessel gives up its purpose.

A world blessed by imaginative verse, is the same world insane with indifference. Hope lies in the desire of our heart. What will speak of us when we become gone? The only thing that will go on forever; the spirit we were given, and its desire to return home.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Strength And Resolve

No Fear Shall Blind an Eye,
With a Clenched Blade Hilt in Hand.

Commit Thine Heart and Perish the Lie,
My Pierced brow Stains, the Sand of our Stand.

The Day Must Fall into the Crimson Sky,
A Reckoning is coming, A Spoken Command.

As Dawn into Darkness, "The One" shall Surely Die,
Then His Awakening, The Illumination Foretold to be Grand.

Search Deeply Your Laden Heart that no one may buy,
All Time Has an End, And Your Life He will Demand.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

The Darkest Of Wars

BE CAREFUL NOT TO TRIP OVER THE APPARENT,
CONFORM AND FOLLOW NAIVE, STAND OR FALL FOREVER.
THERE IS A CALL, FOLLOW OR LEAD, THE BLOOD OF LIFE SET YOU FREE.

DARE WE STAND BY THE POWER OF OUR CONVICTION,
LIFE INDIFFERENT, WITHOUT REMORSE, HE LOADS THE GUN.
AMID THE SEA OF ACCUSATIONS, WE COME TO FACE OUR ENEMY, NEVER RUN.
FALLEN FROM FAVOR, HE PULLS THE TRIGGER, ACCUSING ALL, ETERNALLY
UNDONE.

NEVER ALTER THE PRAYER OF A HUMBLED MAN,
HE KNEELS AND CRIES OUT THROUGH THE DARKEST OF NIGHT, LORD! HEAR
MY PRAYER
IN THIS AGE OF RAGE, PROFIT AND PLEASURE, TAKE ALL YOU CAN, NO ONE
WILL CARE.
DREADFUL WORDS OF SILENCE FROM MY SWIFT SWORD,
AS THE DESOLATE ONE WRITES YOUR LIFE-SCRIPT ACCORD,
SHROUDED IN DESPAIR, HE LIES, IN OUR WORLD HE IS DARKNESS, DEATH
AND LORD.

THOUGHTS OBSESS, EACH NIGHT DRAWS FEAR,
NARY A MOMENT ESCAPES, I CONCENTRATE ON PRAYER.
EXHAUSTED, RUNNING, A CHANCE TO IMPLORE,
AN OFFER OF HOPE, WAIT, WHO KNOCKS AT MY DOOR?

SUFFERING IN ANGUISH THE HEART CONFIDES A CRY,
IT PERMEATES THE DARKNESS, SILENT TEARS GO DRY.
GRANT THE POSSESSOR OF YOUR SOUL,
THE SPIRIT OR FLESH FIGHT FOR CONTROL!

BLINDED IN THE DARKNESS OF HIS MASTERFUL WORKS,
THE INSIDIOUS NATURE OF TREACHERY LURKS.
WHO FILLED YOUR TROVES WITH TREASURES,
NOW SELECTIVE MEMORIES PAST,
THE ENTICEMENT, THE DESIRE, THE PRICE IS CAST,
WILL YOU SUCCUMB, THE TALONS EVER TIGHTENING GRASP?

WHO LAYS HOLD OF WHOM, IN THIS FELLED DESIRE,
THE NARCISSISM, THE ARROGANCE, NO CONSCIENCE LIAR,

PROUD WITHOUT REMORSE, CONSUMES THE LOST WITH SELFISH FIRE.

IN TIME, ALL QUALIFY THEIR STORIES' BEST,
UNDER PRESSURE, A DIAMOND FROM COAL,
WHEN PUT TO THE ULTIMATE TEST.

NAIVE THE DREAMS THE PERISHING SET ASUNDER,
STILL, THE SPIRIT, THE SOUL, COMMANDS GODS WONDER.
STILL YOUR PRESENCE, IS GODS EVIDENCE,
OF THE GRANDEUR ETERNITY HOLDS.
FROM DEATH TO LIFE HIS LOVE REMAINS, THE FINAL STORY TOLD.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Ghost Writer Insomnis

The Great Divide

Sometimes we need to explore a situation wearing the shoes of opposition; tattered and worn we begin to understand a reason to search and rescue the vantage point of truth, from a diverse perspective.

Rarely believe only that which you see, for the element of surprise exists whether you see it or not, experience it or not, even participate in it or not. Now, how to transcend the great chasm between our willful desires. We create by the way we see life, respectively. Is it any wonder our journeys are so diametrically opposed? Well then, carefully guide me as a newborn craving nourishment, to the milk of a new philosophy; to your special place where eyes have not seen, nor foot tread upon. We've taken desire on a path beyond all indiscretion and into a reawakening, in a world comatose to the truth.

We are slaves of our Word in both honor and deceit. Yes,
We are slaves of our Word in both honor and deceit. How do you wish to be remembered? There is no desire in life more important than the passion one holds for the truth, and truth allows us to stand firm and acknowledge by faith, the perils we face amongst the outcry of injustice; what more can a man stand by, what less can he offer of himself? Honour is the challenge offered by God.

Life is significantly more than an ongoing work ethic. Success is significantly more than the sporadic accumulation of toys attempting to fill a void of loneliness. Was life meant to be truly what we make of it, only to become the dust of forgetfulness when were gone? Perhaps the authentic plan has been lost somewhere between our first friend and our last breath. A special friend who continually hails the call for our life to be fulfilling to ourselves and God.

An insatiable desire for the prize allures us all to distraction. Taken captive by a hypnotic Siren, she fully grants by obsession, all control. You may believe defiance to be your greatest attribute, however, the uncertainty of inexperience will GIVE her unprecedented control over you, willingly. Her song will melt the coldest heart, and eagerly tighten the clutches against any opposition. You are now poised at the precipice of desire. Lust may cause your headward tumble into destruction, tread ever so carefully upon this rocky path.

Search to find the intimacy of an impassioned soul who offers the same. Never be committed to the exclusivity of passion, It has brought down many. Have you been trademarked a player? If so, you will never know, or be allowed access within, the true attitude of one's heart, neither yours nor hers. Is this not what you seek? The mind will always question the sincerity of heart, ' are they

really here for me and I for them, UNCONDITIONALLY? ' There is so much more to envelop than a taste of honey. True Love is Life itself with the honey, not an explosion of temporary pleasure with the hive. Remember being a player and agreeing to the terms works both ways. Each forms their own rules, plays for awhile, while everyone is on their best behavior, and then disposes of their used castoffs at will. To all those incapable of true love, I feel your pain and know there is One who has already suffered so you no longer have to. Just ask.

Putting on a performance has never caught you shy, so the show may appear entertaining for an audience of one. The 'new' one, temporarily enticed with your allurements of grandeur. You fear the consequences of having any too close, so you dump and begin again with a brand new heart and soul, ready to hear all that dribble once again. Are you not tired of fabricating tall tales to ensnare the less than cunning? Unwittingly fallen prey to your outward attraction, when indeed the decay lies from within. Congratulations on the loss of so much more. The use and abuse have no meaning to those incapable of love. To hold in your heart a conscience that puts another before yourself is a blessing you mock. Sometimes all we truly need in life is for someone to trust in us, no lies, no games, no judgments, just to believe in, period. To care as never before. To know the challenge and accept the mystery, unconditionally. Can You?

The gifts that make you a true visionary, captivate many. They define you as unique in a world of followers. My valued friend, remember, I will always believe in you enough to care, even knowing your game. However, the eventuality of all games is that they end. So wise and steady my friend, for a lapse of concentration will cause pride to snap the snare quickly, to your discontent.

Ghost Writer Insomnis

The Nazarene

His mocked covering depressed, the two inch thorn,
scourged flesh, bloody, ripped and torn,
The Sacrificial Lamb, innocence born,
we all lived life, in hope forlorn,
new life eternal, never again to mourn,
the father of lies, his world forever scorn,
rage, the essence of evil, caustic and stillborn,
the Truth my friend, a Nazarene unshorn,
extolling visuals of paradise for all to adorn,
be adept and aware, from sins enticement, forborne,
He gave it all for us, this life freeborn,
His love for all, the indifferent, the lost even the lovelorn,
His blood for all, the ultimate call, and never outworn.....

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Thoughts Of A Son Visions Of A Father

Outside my dream the spirit calls me to leave,
come back from this toxic journey so that you may breathe,
For Him that watches over my every breath,
I give my heart, my mind, my soul unto the call of death.

Be anxious for nothing in this temporal life,
Neither my heart nor my peace, elude the worlds ungodly strife,
Challenging fear, I escape in the night visions of flight,
but no place to land this tragedy of temporal sight?

Many slumber under the illusion of living a dream,
The reality, truth comes in the morning, things are seldom as though they seem.
How do I deal with this bittersweet sorrow,
I abhor the concept of forever running till the morrow.
I live together with sincerity care and love of all who bid me stay,
The choice I make is mine alone, life from death the ultimate price to pay.

Living the dream confines me within a nightmare,
Paying for all the struggles, the torments, even for those incapable of care.
From my foot to my head a deepening color of crimson red,
The insanity of it all will become apparent once I AM fills the heart left for dead.

I can become the freedom you seek but cannot find,
I will take for you the torture, heal your body, soul and repay those who mess
with your mind.

So let us not belabor the point any longer, the time is at hand,
Will you recognize my blood poured out for your life
as your freedom dissipates within the crimson sand?

Respectfully Yours Ghost Writer Insomnis

Ghost Writer Insomnis

Who Has My Back?

My Friend has my back..... sometimes we stumble over the connecting link joining us in covenant. Somewhere lost in the confusion is our own little world we attempt to control without a rudder. Now and here lies our journey. Take time enough to care I'm told it is the essence of fulfillment. So many issues struggle to survive drowning in a sea of indifference, so little effort so little time. Draw close without hesitation to feel the The Masters heart pulsating with the assurance of eternity, how can anyone ever leave the love that bled out for them unconditionally?

Faith calls to me daily in expectation of His will, a world overwhelming and desiring, strange treasures captivate me still. Yield your heart give rest to the weary, time is short desolation never tarries. My best friend reveals a bridge from my shattered life into the palm of His hand where the healing of my world first began. I live each day to trust Him in a different way, to find and honor him as a friend who saved my life and that I can never repay.

Peace is the reward of His friendship. He promotes the genuine in their determined search for life. His love is our example of truth, a favored bride and wife.

Never use another and help them understand the proof of God surrounds us it is the beauty of our precious land.

Undisciplined, and arrogant our world continues in the dark, working hard striving for that unobtainable goal of never enough, a hunt for the peculiar treasures of man a diamond in the rough, and then comes the mark.

The greedy keep others around for personal pleasure, show and gain, A self indulgent lot until the last King takes reign. Pride skillfully plays ALL in a game of no winners. The desolate one prepares a new plate and invites them to dinner. Help me to show your love Papa in the desperate spirit upon this final darkened hour, keep our light bold my hearts majesty and power. Lord as the strange pleasures of this world loose interest and fade into unrest, May your light extend to all who have played too long in the darkness.

Joey d Respectfully.....

Ghost Writer Insomnis