

The  
Words  
of  
August



by

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*Poetry:* [poh-i-tree]

*The art of rhythmical composition,  
written or spoken, for exciting pleasure  
by beautiful, imaginative, or elevated thoughts...*

with Love

i am not the Last Poet  
and i am not the first  
but can you hear my music  
laced within my verse

we all do have a song  
within our heart to sing  
open thy door and let it out  
let thy love bell ring

the beauty that you have inside  
was given by God to share  
i need your joy, we really do  
that this world we may repair

with love . . .

i looked upon the face of the waters  
and my face i did not see  
for there was a stranger  
looking back at me

i then came to the realization  
that i know not who i was  
for the face looking back at me  
did not look as it normally does

i could plainly see  
that my eyes were closed  
all my features were surrealistic  
nothing as it was supposed

there are worlds within worlds  
we know not of  
a bit more complex  
than below and above

'tis but one degree beyond  
the little that we know  
from darkness to light  
move they to and fro

transmuting their being  
that they may blend  
seekers of souls  
to perhaps befriend

be mindful my fellow  
the path that you walk  
for the dimensional gateway  
is where they stalk

for within thy own darkness  
there are holding on tight  
but supremacy is yours  
if you cling to your light

then One and All falls

the brother didn't want to be a brother no more  
for he just wanted to "BE"  
he no longer could embrace the divisions  
because of the differences in humanity

how inane was the premise of  
this ludicrous path given to him  
for if one wished to embrace differences  
then the light of life grows dim

for uniqueness is life's glory  
like the petals of flowers fair  
each one colours and brightens life  
like the rainbows of the air

so let me not be the brother  
'cept it be to one and all  
for when we toil over the differences  
then One and All falls

i sat in the midst of the still night air  
and i could smell my God  
the slumbering scent of Honeysuckle sweet  
resting within it's pod

the crickets were chirping a twilight song  
that harmonized the dusk  
creatures creeping to and fro  
the still pond shared it's musk

the stars did twinkle upon the veil  
that covered the beyond from sight  
i sat and gave thanks to my Father  
for He is still with me in the night

the trees were resting from a long work day  
providing us the air we breathe  
all was part of Father's handiwork  
it's amazing all He conceived

i still see the clouds drifting  
adding their unique mystique  
i am thankful for this reverent moment  
i am thankful for this peek  
for these wonders which i speak

His lust and his desires  
were as the grains of sand  
beyond that which can be numbered  
beyond the damned

the valley of his passions  
were beyond the deep  
where the rapid rivers run  
and the virgins do weep

cause came not  
for one could not resist  
the heat of the fire  
the pathway to bliss

upon the journey  
to quench the thirst  
there was but one step  
no last nor a first

so he gave his soul  
to fulfill the deed  
for that is the way  
of the lover's creed

my stone

upon my spiritual path  
i found a stone in my shoe  
it troubled my walk so  
what to do, what to do

so i stopped along the wayside  
to relieve my pour sole  
but as i sat to gather Self  
temptation did unfold

there were illusions of beauty  
and such alluring sights  
in the horizon beyond  
peeked fading bright lights

i was caught up in  
a place of ill will  
for the briefest of years  
time just stood still

it seemed like only yesterday  
when i was on this noble quest  
now i don't know me  
surely they jest  
my greatest is less

Ya think ?

all religions upon the earth  
have become a lie  
for their prime objective  
is to separate you and i

they all want to control  
how, why, what, and when to think  
and they all profess to possess  
that direct divine link

ya think . . . ?

lay down

lay down thy darkness  
set foot in the light  
enter the New Dawn  
the end of all night

lay down thy weapons  
for what are they for  
in the dawn of eternal peace  
there is no word for war

lay down the anguish  
put thy pains aside  
embrace loves joy  
for the darkness has lied

lay down and rest  
embrace thy love's dream  
bring from within without  
be whatever you deem

. . . lay down

## The Young Man's Asp

There was a young man walking along a path through the wood. In his travels he came across an Asp who was trapped between a Rock and a Tree. The Asp spoke . . . "Young man will you assist me in my plight ? . . . for i am caught as you can plainly see "between a Rock and a Hard Place". Though i have struggled this way and that, i am unable to free myself" Now the young man knowing the dangers of coming to close in proximity of the deceitfully wily creature pondered. Going against his better judgment he reached to free the creature where upon the Asp bit him. As it would, and should, the young man immediately became ill with the poison and fever overcame him where upon he was consumed and shortly thereafter died.

Epilogue :

For the goodness of his heart, the young man was received in heaven.

Analogy :

Follow your instincts, for that is why Our Father endowed them unto us !

Moral :

Never reach out to an Asp between a Rock and a Hard Place !

Suggestion :

Read in between the lines.

inspirations  
aspirations  
to go beyond

the Black Swan  
Duck and Ducklings  
upon the pond.

... LOVE ... ONE

every thing of magnificence is within me  
i open to you my heart that you may see  
go inside and embrace your own love  
and from the dark you too will be free

as i come forth i enfold myself  
into you arms with mutual acceptance ...  
as i penetrate the heart of your flower,  
i feel my self melt into the abysmal ocean of love.

i gladly relinquish my individuality and we become one.

your essence in my essence.  
your scent is my scent.  
your warmth is thine also.

i will sup of thy divine nectar of love,  
that i too may be of that graceful vision of "Self",  
that loves thee and that thy loves ...  
as the breath of your life is found in me,  
as you are thine.

Our beating hearts will dance  
to the rhythms of our Father's "Word"  
... LOVE ... ONE

loving lust aka lustful love

the lust for love or the love of lust  
each one does have a call  
for within the heart of life  
is there room for one and all

one they say leads to death  
as the other brings us life  
one leads to bondage and service  
the other sets you free of strife

when you stop to ponder  
you may discover the paradox  
if you can solve this light's riddle  
we'll let you out of your box

. . . love the lust for love

or

lust for the love of lust

as there are  
grains of sand on the beach  
there is so much more  
that God can teach

but we must  
yearn to learn  
within the eternal  
fire that burns

we must but keep  
our eyes on the prize  
in the walk of faith  
'tis no surprise

for the walk of life  
is our love within  
it will keep  
thy foot from sin

imagine how bright  
life could be  
if we enjoined our light  
you and me

there'd be no stumbling  
in the dark  
to the joys of all  
we'd be that spark

for a union of love  
'tis never sublime  
'tis the music of life  
the harmony and rhyme

so let us attempt  
to be that light  
that to all the world  
we be the bright

. . . light of love.

Who is this . . .

Who is this  
that loves us all  
Who is this  
that makes the call  
to our souls  
before we fall  
Who is this

Who is this  
that always hears  
Who is this that knows all fears  
Who is this  
that holds us dear  
Who is this

Who is this  
that knows all of me  
Who is this  
who sets me free  
Who is this  
in eternity  
Who is this

Who is this  
who owns the night  
Who is this  
who gives us sight  
Who is this  
my heart's love light  
Who is this

Who is this  
our best friend  
Who is this  
which we depend  
Who is this  
with us beyond the end  
Who is this

Who is this  
for which birds sing  
Who is this  
that can do anything  
Who is this  
which to my heart doth cling  
Who is this

Who is this  
that made the mountain  
Who is this  
that rolled the plane  
Who is this  
who keeps us sane  
Who is this

Who is this  
that i call on  
from the darkest night  
to the brightest dawn  
Who is this  
where life does spawn  
Who is this

Who is this  
that provides a way  
as we awake  
to a brand new day  
Who is this  
whose name we say  
Who is this

Who is this  
who gives us smiles  
when we've been crying  
for quite a while  
Who is this  
who has no guile  
Who is this

Who is this  
who knows but love  
Who is this  
i'm thinking of  
Who is this  
that sends the Dove  
Who is this

Who is this  
that's always true  
Who is this  
that cares for you  
Who is this  
within the Pew  
Who is this

Who is this  
who always knows  
Who is this  
where rivers flows  
Who is this  
who owns rainbows  
Who is this

Who is this  
that gives us hope  
through life's trials  
that we may cope  
Who is this  
the best of Dope

Who is this  
who resides on high  
that gives us wings  
that we may fly  
the loving apple  
of my eye  
Who is this

Who is this  
that calls you name  
Who is this  
the eternal flame  
Who is this  
for which He came  
Who is this

Who is this . . .  
do you know ?

just another dream . . .

As he sucked on the teat of life,  
drugged he forgot all of his strife  
though nothing was what it did seem  
he electively clung to his dream  
though his soul's anguish was very real  
the milk he supped allowed him not to feel  
after all he voted to enact this illusion  
and where truth treaded not there was delusion  
but there was a fire within that burned hot  
some how reminding him of what he forgot  
a power divine he wished to deploy  
that he knew would return his state of joy  
so he took another pull at the teat  
and chose to live within the realms of defeat  
but the flame within forever burns  
whispering of things for which his soul yearns  
he heard the words of magic his heart spoke  
and just at the moment of understanding he awoke

from . . .

just another dream.

the Lorde maketh a thing  
the Lorde taketh a thing  
the Lorde forsaketh a thing  
i did with no heart

the Lorde sizeth a thing  
the Lorde deviseth a thing  
the Lorde riseth a thing  
to set me apart

the Lorde is aboveth a thing  
the Lorde loveth a thing  
and this thing loveth Him  
for thou art.

never less

might i remember her kiss  
may i never be amiss  
from the feeding of bliss  
we shared together

may i always remember  
from December upon December  
in my heart burns the ember  
forever and forever

. . . never less

in each man's heart there is a poet  
and a man's heart does know it  
all hearts seek to show it  
in all the things they do

some hearts seek to grow it  
as the river does flow it  
just wishes to bestow it  
upon the hearts of me and you

i made love to an angel

last night i made love to an angel  
in her arms she held me close  
she attended all my desires of heart  
as she flowered as a rose  
why she came to a wretch like me  
a thing only heaven knows  
last night i made love to an angel  
and she still holds me close  
and she resides in my heart still now  
as my flowering love for her still grows

Me or I

i looked to my left  
and i saw movement  
i looked above me  
and i saw movement  
i looked to my right  
and i saw stillness  
i looked below me  
and i saw stillness  
i looked before me  
and i saw  
the convergence of my illness  
that i depended on sight  
to confirm me  
while within me  
i am for I AM

. . . so

i looked behind me  
and i realized that  
i was always here

. . . with me !

Me or I ?

let us chose

what is the virtue  
of teaching children hate  
as their zeal for love  
does dissipate

their diamond of visions  
turns back to coal  
for the hate seeds we sow  
darkens the soul

but soon come the day  
of cosmic retribution  
for which my friend  
'tis no absolution

for all of our actions  
carry their own reward  
some souls sent back  
and some will go forward

so in life "Here and Now"  
we must take a stance  
let us choose love  
let us choose to enhance

. . . let us choose !

## My Angel

give me my flowers and blossoms fair  
while yet i still am alive my dear  
wait not for our last breath of air  
let us share the smiles and tear

celebrate love while yet we live  
give all the love we have to give  
that we may never doubt or ask "what if"  
our souls and journeys love filled with

all we had to give we did give of  
as we soar to the heavens as the dove  
our grace impressed below and above  
for we lived our purpose with naught but love

so . . .

i give you your flowers and blossoms fair  
while yet you still live my dear  
let us draw each breath of air  
let us share each smile and tear

. . . my angel

... know that I Am !

i shall never die  
for I Am eternal  
like the "Maze" that ever seeds itself  
I Am but the kernel

i shall never pass on  
for on does pass by me  
as does off and all other things  
from change I Am free

i shall never ever not be  
for I Am with you forever  
for I Am beyond the eternal  
i embody all endeavors

know that I Am all things  
and i exist in you  
all else is but illusion  
and what's left is true

... know that I Am !

the righteous direction

everyone thinks themselves righteous  
in the shadows of their mind  
but search the marrow of the soul  
and you will see in kind

there is that righteousness of self  
with which we diminish our light  
we dance the song of the deluded  
for we have not yet the sight

in time our eyes will open  
if we with earnest hearts do seek  
the meaning of the life-death paradox  
of which all nature speaks

for we are created for service  
inhibit not thy soul's quest  
living love is the righteous direction  
North, South, East and West

He turned me on  
and now i speak  
of the grander things  
that all hearts seek

peace, love bliss  
and absolute truth  
i've been searching  
since days of youth

i feel the vibe  
i'm on the go  
to that place  
where the spirit flows

as the river seeks  
it's deep ocean home  
it's path is sure  
and knows not roam

can you feel it  
the love divine  
it's ours to claim  
yours and mine

i'll never be a saint  
and the wayward know my name  
we've shared the ups and downs  
for the paths we share's the same

from dark to light and to dark again  
'tis our journey on this road  
every so often come a time  
when we can lessen our heavy load

fret not my friend for here we are  
we share our quest together  
no matter all life's ups and downs  
I Am with you beyond forever

this morning

i walked outside and i could smell th3e morning  
as i embrace the new day  
i give my prayers of reverence  
and now i am on my way

my heart is a flowing fountain of love  
my eye beholds life's wonder  
the worries and trials of my yesterdays  
have long since been cast asunder

so stop to smell each morning  
the beginning of your life  
walk the path of light this day  
walk not the way of strife

. . . this morning

some and all

some call Him St. Issa  
some call Him a Prophet  
some call Him the Son of God  
some know Him not yet

some call on Him daily  
some are in denial  
some believe not at all  
some denying their inner child

some seek to know Him  
some think they know it all  
some are lost in the wilderness  
some are ready to fall

some put themselves above Him  
some alter His Word  
some turn away from His love  
some never really heard

some are totally dedicated  
some know not the way to turn  
some think they are the shepherd  
some lead their flocks on to burn

all should pay closer attention  
all should be quiet and listen  
all should just embrace Love's Living Word  
and . . .  
all hearts would twinkle and glisten.

every night the stars are calling  
i feel them whisper my name  
urging me to come back home  
to the place from whence i came

i can not explain this sensing  
the resonance dwells inside  
as i seek fulfillment to my wonder  
from which i can not hide

my quest is that of urgency  
for i long to be whole again  
i know i'm not the only one  
for i sense this too in you my friend

i know Time's fabric has a fault  
within Space's illusory mind  
while i diligently seek the divine key  
of which i'm sure i'll find

let us unite our forces in love  
let us unite as One  
united we may conquer all that is  
as we let thy will be done

let us solve this paradox  
as we march to our soul's drum  
and soon come we'll be back home  
in the Stars where we are from

sometimes

sometimes we lose touch with ourselves  
sometimes we touch ourselves too much  
sometimes we fly solo  
sometimes we go "Dutch"

sometimes we feel alone  
sometimes there's too many folks  
sometimes we're a hard boiled egg  
sometimes we're scrambled yolks

sometimes we know where we are going  
sometimes we just don't  
sometimes we just "will" ourselves  
sometimes we just won't

sometimes we are very sure  
sometimes we are weak  
sometimes we just run away  
from the thing we seek

. . . sometimes

from "Self" is borne a "Family"

from "Family" is borne a "Community"

from "Community" is borne a "Nation"

from "Nation" is borne a "World"

May all aspects carry forth  
that which "Self" was borne into

Humanity with Love !

the whispering voice of the Birch  
as the breeze drifted by  
caressed my Soul's ear  
and evoked it's sigh

the Birds were busy  
this early morn  
embracing the new day  
for the night's fabric has been torn

the Sun was rising  
and the Clouds were still  
embracing the Heavens  
yielding Life it's fill

for the bounty of  
the new day has come  
revealing the splendour  
of the Heavens we're from

all Life was smiling  
spreading it's joys  
abound with no limits  
for all girls and boys

we all are the children  
of the One Holy One  
yield to Light's truth  
let thy will be done

Proof and Confirmations  
require One to "Look Back" or "Reflect"

"Trust" and "Faith"  
have no such inane needs,  
for they reside in the

"KNOW"

~ \* ~ \* ~ \* ~

The leaf falls to the earth and decomposes . .  
thereby releasing all it's essence to the Mother ,  
that it may provide nurturement  
to the Tree from whence it fell.

Willingly or Not, . . .  
It still "Is" !

We can elect willingly !

Life yields unto Life,  
therefore  
There is no death . . .

just transitions !

so you thought love had no expiration date  
perhaps not, but the contents are not fresh  
some where along the line we forgot to refrigerate

so what do we do now?, i don't know  
just how do you wake up the walking dead  
you think prayers will help, or do you think it's too late

maybe we can take it back and exchange it  
or perhaps we can trade it in for a new flavor  
you go ahead without me, i'll sit and wait

i almost . . .

i almost kept Thy way Lorde  
i almost kept my faith  
i almost kept Thy commandments  
and lived the way You saith

i almost kept my trust in You  
i almost understood  
i almost lived my life in obedience  
while wandering through the wood

i almost always lived with love  
i almost reached out my hand  
i almost kept my way from judging  
the way of my fellow man

i almost did not have regrets  
i almost did repent  
i almost thanked You for all You do  
and all the blessings You sent

i almost have a righteous heart  
i almost learned to pray  
Lorde, please don't almost save me  
don't almost love me this day

i almost . . .

i i have so much to tell you . . .

t hurts so much so deep inside  
now that you have gone away  
a am down on my knees at all times  
praying i see you again some day

there is so much i forgot to tell you  
about the plans and love i have for you  
now i have this empty aching  
for now i discovered you were my love true

i try to understand, truly i do  
the way of the Lorde's hand  
the children and i still have each other  
perhaps that was His Master Plan

we'll do our best to hold on  
perhaps this is but a test  
if we pass, is there a better place  
we'd rather have you here now i must confess

so, we'll hold on for the promise  
and one day our love will be redeemed  
for i have no choice but believe in heaven  
as this nightmare is just something we dreamed

i have so much to tell you . . .

who can tell me they really know the pain  
of being stuck where you are  
no matter what life does handicap you  
you just can not get your game to Par

sometimes you hit a good shot  
an almost "Hole in One"  
then you just can not find the line  
you triple bogey and you think you are done

for in the spirit you've given up  
though you can not admit the truth  
but you trudge through life's game anyway  
with no fight for "Nail nor Tooth"

but then along comes that magic  
and the light clicks on inside  
you start to believe in yourself once again  
and you're no longer willing to hide

to be damned the world of circumstance  
out of the Bunker to the Green  
i think i can, i know i can get back to Par  
for in my minds eye i've seen

my old Self pack and leave  
no longer pulling me down  
i'll make this stroke just like before  
and claim my victory and my crown

perhaps . . .

perhaps the path before us  
is cluttered and obscure  
be this the way we travel  
sometimes we're not sure

perhaps you hear the calling  
beckoning you to continue on  
but doubt has laid its weary head  
for the absolute faith is gone

perhaps you need a guide  
some one to shed the light  
in silence simply look within  
and step forth from thy night

for Joy comes in the morning  
that i know for sure  
perhaps darkness does flee the light  
when you open up your heart's door

. . . perhaps

hear the music . . .

there is a song of beauty  
i feel it in my heart  
i will follow it's composition  
from the score i will not part

we all are a melody  
and a harmony alike  
open thou up and sing the song  
as you step up to the mike

we all need to hear it  
as it dances to our ear  
the magic of the song is  
it gives love where there was fear

just listen and dance with joy  
help us harmonize the world  
let the love life has for you  
in it's beauty fully unfurl

hear the music . . .

stuck . . .

my mind is stuck in my dreams  
where all is as it seems  
my spirit constantly redeems  
the I O U's of life

i cling not to the strife  
for i have sharpened my knife  
as i march to the "Snare" and the "Fife"  
exacting the best of joy

which i have practice since a boy  
for i was never good at being coy  
for all my dreams i seek to deploy  
is not that the way it should be

please don't crowd in on me  
for i just wish to be free  
to see whatever i can be  
in my mind that's stuck in my dreams.

~ wsp ~

imprison not thy beauty

imprison not thy beauty  
let the music of the heart flow  
as the rivers fills the oceans  
that it's fullness shall always grow

the Ocean's yield to all life  
and to the heavens yield it's love  
and the clouds gather and sow their tears  
bringing it's grace from above

showering all with loving grace  
for life yields unto life  
by way of the liquid life spirit  
as we uncloak ourselves from strife

~ wsp ~

a requiem for a day of love . . .

The morning Sun burns brightly,  
bathing me in it's warmth.  
The Trees of the Wood are awakening,  
to reach for the Heavens once more.  
The Birds begin their Song of Celebration,  
singing of Life's utter grandeur.

and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .  
a requiem for a day of love.

I hear a gentle breeze,  
caressing the leaves.  
I see the shadows dance across the field,  
for their time for play has come.  
The Crow caws across the semi still morning,  
and the creeping ones of the Earth,  
stir about with the rhythms of the Mother.

and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .  
a requiem for a day of love.

The Flowers slowly open their petals,  
that they may impart their blissful fragrance,  
to the world of us all.  
The Morning Breeze becomes urgent,  
can you hear her call?  
Why even the vagrant Weeds are dancing,  
without a fall, as they too paint a picture,  
upon the landscapes of life.  
They hear the music, can you ?

**a requiem for a day of love . . . (continued)**

**and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .  
a requiem for a day of love.**

**The Butterflies flittered and fluttered,  
across the grass,  
while the Bees began to awake,  
and commence to collect,  
their bountiful “Rent of Love”,  
As the Squirrels foraged as Squirrels do,  
mixing the play of Limb Jumping with their work.**

**and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .  
a requiem for a day of love.**

**i saw the Worm slowly inch himself,  
across the ground,  
gladly offering himself for Breakfast.  
The Flies a flying ,  
and the Crickets still crying,  
as did my Heart full of understanding,  
for Life has embraced me in Light.**

**and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .  
a requiem for a day of love.**

**~ wsp ~**