

# **WAR IS WHO WE ARE**

**A Collection of Poems  
on Conflict  
with an  
Introductory Essay**



**Completely Revised  
and Expanded!**

**Alan Morrison**

**2nd  
Edition**

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on Conflict  
with an  
Introductory Essay**

**Alan Morrison**



Dedicated to my Divine Master:  
**The Christ**  
who walked this earth in the flesh  
fulfilled His mission  
defeated the forces of darkness and  
who will come again  
with power and great glory





**The original eBook edition** of *“War is Who we Are: A Collection of Poems on Conflict, with an Introductory Essay”* was published by Under the Radar on November 11<sup>th</sup>, 2015, with a major update on November 11<sup>th</sup>, 2022.

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## Author's Preface to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition

For many years, it has been my custom to write a new war-poem each year to be published on November the 11th, the memorial date of the Armistice signed at the end of the First World War. This was surely one of the most unnecessary debacles of the 20th century and maybe even of all time, with its estimated 20 million deaths — the massacre of “*half the seed of Europe one by one*”, as war-poet Wilfred Owen put it in his poem, “The Parable of the Old Man and the Young”. My impetus to do this was sparked not only so that the futility of war would be implanted in people’s minds but also to be in memory of that beautiful war-poet who I greatly admire, who died from hostile gunfire at the tender age of 25 while holding a bridge over the Sambre-Oise Canal in France, exactly one week before the Armistice was signed.

As eight years have passed since I wrote the 1<sup>st</sup> edition of this work — which was a much shorter essay with less poems — having grown a tad wiser and increasingly world-weary, and as November 11<sup>th</sup> once more looms, I present this 2<sup>nd</sup> edition to you as a book, with 73% more input and ruthless editing of the 1<sup>st</sup> edition. It also now contains 24 poems and sonnets instead of the 14 which were in the 1<sup>st</sup> edition. I bring this completely revised text before you here as my offering for this Armistice/Remembrance Day, 2022.

The 1<sup>st</sup> edition of “War is Who we Are” — due to my own intensive spiritual questionings and more than a few dark nights of the soul at that time — concentrated exclusively on the *psychological* causes of conflict and war. This 2<sup>nd</sup> edition expands on those *psychological* causes, while also providing a thorough exposition of the *spiritual* background which has given rise to those psychological causes.

**For the psychological cannot properly be understood without immersing oneself in an understanding of the spiritual.**

A German lady once wrote to me to say that she highly disapproves of the way that I am memorializing the First World War with war-



poetry each year, claiming that we should all “move on and not be fixated on the past”. However, her haste to airbrush history from the human mind is misplaced and naïve. **The role of the war-poet does not involve a fixation on the past but instead provides vital lessons concerning the hideousness and evil of war which can then be applied in the future — lessons which the powerbrokers of this world and the ‘masters of war’ have never learned.** For while Wilfred Owen’s declared poetic subject was simply “*war and the pity of war*” (as the preface to his collected poems states), the mission of the power-elite warmongers is war and the necessity of it to fill their coffers, to kill off so many of the populations who they regard as mere ants, and to consolidate their satanic powerbase of evil, ‘*while sipping sherry and Vermouth with the generals at the garden parties on their lawn*’ —a conflation of lines in two of my war-poems at the end of this book. This entire work has therefore been written as a massive explosion in the faces of all those who contribute to the evil of war.

Until we recognise that *war is who we are*, which can only come through a spiritual transformation, we will either perpetually create conflict ourselves or, at the very least, we will aid and abet the conflicts of others and of the bellicose culture in which we abide.

This 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of “War is Who we Are” (a deliberately provocative title) includes a sonnet which has been specially written for this particular 11<sup>th</sup> November, entitled “Uncivilized”. I now commend this little book to you, on this Armistice/Remembrance Day of the year 2022, in the hope that it will deepen your understanding of war as the macrocosm of the microcosm of our own conflict-stricken natures. Until those natures are totally transformed — for which copious guidelines and pointers are given in this book — war will tragically continue to be who we are.

Alan Morrison,  
11<sup>th</sup> November 2022,  
Mexico.

# INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

## Prologue: The Ancient Fall of Humanity as the Source of All Conflict

**W***ar is who we are.* What is your response to those words? Perhaps you would assert that you are a peace-loving person and that you detest war, therefore war could not possibly be who *you* are. That may be true if we think of war only in the way in which it is usually portrayed in the classroom, the media and in movies. But the whole process of thought and action which — if carried through to their conclusion — ultimately gives rise to war, goes far deeper than that. For what we usually refer to as war is merely the inevitable visible macrocosmic expression of many microcosmic situations of conflict which are firmly built into the very foundation of our civilisation as well as forming the warp and woof of the structure of the society in which we all participate. To imagine that war occurs in a vacuum is naïve, to say the least. We live in a universe of consequences. For everything has consequences — the fruit of countless concatenations of events and human actions. Thus, every action has consequences; and war is the logical and inevitable consequence of the way that every one of us conducts our lives in this so-called ‘civilisation’. For so much of what we do and say is rooted in a maelstrom of conflict of which most of us are blissfully unaware. I am speaking here about the everyday behaviour which most people would condone as being natural and even beneficial but which, in reality, is destructive towards human relationships and personal or societal development. **It is in this sense that we are all responsible for war, whether we like that idea or not.** Thus, the manner in which each one of us lives our lives filters through to the collective conduct of humanity, for which we are all therefore responsible. It is for this reason I say that *‘war is who we are’*.

Of course, in this present aeon, there are powers behind the scenes in this world, over which we seem to have no control, who have no regard for life or love and whose sole intent is to wage serial warfare incessantly and to manipulate the world's population to their advantage. But even that, in a sense, is the inevitable manifestation of the way that we all live, as we shall see below. On one level, one could speculate that if everyone in this world would live in a totally different way to the prevailing norms on the planet today, the less such evil would be likely to proliferate to the extent that it has. But proliferate it does and, indeed it has to. For utopia can never be achieved in this present creation. There are reasons for this, as I will demonstrate below.

### **The Catastrophic Consequences of the Fall**

In this present aeon, our genetic make-up, working in tandem with the madness of our conditioned selves, determines that we adhere to anciently established norms of life rooted in conflict which will always ultimately lead to chaos. By this, I am referring to the Fall which occurred through the rebellion of the first humans who preferred the lies of a fallen archangel to the promises of their Creator. **Due to the equally-promised Divine judgement which was meted out, this had catastrophic consequences which affected not only the humans directly involved but also the nature of the entire creation, and all this has ricocheted down the aeons and genes of created life on earth.** As a result of that, instead of being united in connection with the Divine being, humans are born into this world cut off from Him.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This was the significance of Adam and Eve being expelled from Eden and thereby denied access to the tree of life (Book of Genesis, chapter 3, verses 23-24). To be in Eden with its tree of life was representative of being in an unfettered relationship with the Divine, which was forfeited through rebellion. In the new creation to come, that relationship will be restored, as signified through the declared presence of "*a tree of life*" being "*on either side of the river*" of "*the water of life*" (Book of Revelation, chapter 22, verses 1-2).

Additionally, as a result of the Fall, instead of being *at one with each other*, humans became divided and in conflict, competing, having to survive against all odds. It is stated in the sacred texts that humans would be in conflict with nature itself as a result of the Fall.<sup>2</sup> Therefore, instead of being *at one with nature*, they have to battle against predators, diseases and the elements in order to survive. For the same reason, humans have had to endure famine and other anomalies from the struggle with the natural world, while volcanoes, earthquakes, meteor strikes and countless other destructive geological events have plagued human development.

By nature, because of our dimensional limitations, human beings experience a fragmentation of consciousness which leads to a distorted manifestation of the way that ego operates. As inheritors of the Fall, we find ourselves as individuated ‘clumps’ of consciousness with no real connection to the Divine. But rather than developing just enough ego-awareness to maintain our existence, work productively and cooperate effectively — which one must do in order to remain alive in the world and fulfil whatever is our destiny — we have primarily identified with the physical mass of our individual bodies and the distinct histories and unique experiences of our fragmented minds to such an extent that we have isolated ourselves as wholly separate entities, not even as peninsulas but as islands!

**As a result, we have essentially become increasingly narcissistic, slavishly self-serving human acts of war — divided not only from others but also from ourselves.** Right there in the creation story we see the man blaming the woman and the woman blaming Satan, while taking no personal responsibility for their actions whatsoever — the perfect setting for conflict.<sup>3</sup> And immediately after that, we read about Cain coming into conflict

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<sup>2</sup> Book of Genesis, chapter 3, verses 17-19.

<sup>3</sup> Book of Genesis, chapter 3, verses 12-13.

with his own brother, Abel, because of jealousy, and then murdering him.<sup>4</sup> **This was the immediate fruit of the Fall recorded in the previous chapter and is plainly intended to convey how separation from God inevitably breeds conflict.** This was the genetic and natural inheritance of humans as a result of the Fall, cascading down the aeons like a storm-driven waterfall. War is *literally* who and what we are by nature.

The only way out of that is to seek salvation from God Himself, as we see right at the end of that fourth chapter of Genesis, when it is pointedly said that a time came when people “*began to call on the name of the Lord*”.<sup>5</sup> **Finding one’s way out from this Fall-induced alienation from God by crying out to Him to show us the way and bring us back into relationship is the only remedy for the human dilemma.** God Himself was manifested in the flesh as the unique and extraordinary man, Yeshua ben Yosef, who we call Jesus the Christ, to consolidate this and ensure it is declared globally and show Himself to be the one intermediary for that spiritual quest of restored alignment with God, our Creator. **The whole of life should be devoted to finding our way back to God.** This is the only panacea for conflict and war because, unless that transformation happens, *war is who we are*.

Because of an over-identification with our ‘selves’ (our *false* selves), each one of us imagines that we are the centre of the universe with everything else revolving round us like planets around a sun. We compare when no comparison is necessary. We judge when judgement doesn’t have to be made. We strongly identify with certain groups, regions, countries, nations, continents, ethnicities, ages, skin hues, or religions and then imagine, in our utter ignorance, stupidity and naivety, that there will not be any consequences. But war is the natural macrocosmic

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<sup>4</sup> Book of Genesis, chapter 4, verses 3-8.

<sup>5</sup> Book of Genesis, chapter 4, verse 26.

outcome *in extremis* of this microcosmic human division. **In our narrow three-dimensional world, conflict follows division as surely as night follows day, if we are not interiorly transformed.**

At the very heart of life in this present aeon, for reasons that science alone will never be able to grasp, there is a fundamental maladjustment in all atomic/molecular/neuronal/cellular life. This is the 'curse' of Divine judgement which blighted this cosmos and the inhabitants of earth from the dawn of human history onwards, which we see spelled out in telescoped form in the third chapter of the Book of Genesis. From then on, even microbial, bacterial and viral infections have waged war on human and animal life forms in battles at levels beyond our everyday perception. **Thus, conflicts, struggles and battles are built into the very system of base matter itself, in the currently imperfect state of this fallen three-dimensional cosmos in which matter inevitably corrupts.**

It always interests and amazes me how everything (and I mean *everything*) becomes corrupted (and conflicted), to a greater or lesser degree, in this beleaguered world of ours. It is as if there is a scientific law which overrules and thus programmes that to happen. In fact, there is such a law! For this is the nature of a material universe in this fallen lower-dimensional form. It is known in science as the Second Law of Thermodynamics, wherein all energy (and thereby all matter) degenerates through entropy, thus creating decay, apparent randomness and even chaos. This affects everything in the universe — including human activity and interaction. **We are therefore trapped or, rather, *perceive ourselves to be trapped, in a physical dimension of limited possibilities, countless corruptions and myriad conflicts.*** War is therefore who we are *precisely because of who we are* and what we are part of in this fallen human creation.

#### **All Humans are Born with a Corrupted Heart which is Inclined to Evil**

It must also be said that this corruption of the human heart means that, contrary to popular belief, everyone is not born innocent and good. This is a difficult one for many to accept. But the fact

remains that *“the heart is deceitful above all things and incurably sick. Who can understand it?”*.<sup>6</sup> Jesus plainly acknowledged this intrinsic corruption of the human heart when, after discovering that a group of people believed in Him, He

“did not entrust Himself to them, because of what He knew about all people, and because He had no need that anyone should testify concerning people, for He Himself knew what was in people”.<sup>7</sup>

This is why Paul could say to those who had become disciples of Christ in Ephesus, *“You were dead in your trespasses and sins, in which you used to walk when you conformed to the ways of this world and of the ruler of the power of the air [Satan]”*.<sup>8</sup> That intrinsic human state of spiritual deadness and being in compliance to the power of Satan is what gives rise to our corrupted nature. It is in this state that we are born and it is in this state that the vast majority of people on this earth exist.

So do not be fooled by anyone’s ‘babyface’, no matter what age they are. **From the womb, we are inclined to evil by nature.** That does not mean we are all monsters! The level of outward evil will pan out in different ways for different people. But we totally underestimate the nature of evil in this world and in our lives, imagining that it only applies to tyrants, serial killers and blatant worshippers of Satan. However, the true meaning of ‘evil’ is that which is not in accordance with God’s will and law —human beings just going their own way doing what they *think is right in their own eyes* (known as ‘situation ethics’) which always leads to personal catastrophe and spiritual disaster because such a one is under the power of Satan, even if he or she appears to be otherwise

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<sup>6</sup> Book of Jeremiah, chapter 17, verse 9.

<sup>7</sup> Gospel of John, chapter 2, verses 24-25.

<sup>8</sup> Letter to the Ephesians, chapter 2, verses 1-2.

‘well-behaved’. This is the exact wording in the seminal prophecy of Christ and His sacrifice on the cross in the Book of Isaiah: “*We all like sheep have gone astray. Each one has turned to his own way; and the Lord has laid upon Him the iniquity of us all*”.<sup>9</sup> **We may not think that failing to live in accordance with God’s will is evil and that it leads to spiritual disaster, but that is because we are stuck in a subjective quagmire of disobedience towards our Creator which, without spiritual transformation, we cannot even begin to perceive. This is the human dilemma.**

However (and here’s the good news), we need to be aware that we now live in a very special time which is so much more privileged than it was prior to the coming of the Christ, whose coming is the pivot on which the entire cosmos turns. For, before His coming, God “*let the nations go their own way*”,<sup>10</sup> and “*overlooked the ignorance of earlier times*”, which He will deal with justly in the judgement. But since the coming of Christ, there is no case to plead ignorance and “*He now commands all people everywhere to repent*” of their godless egocentric ways. Repent here means sincerely renouncing one’s former folly and then vowing to turn one’s life around from darkness to light — and to call on His holy name through the Christ, our intermediary with God.<sup>11</sup> The Greek word translated as “repent” here is μετανοέω, *metanoéo*, which really means a sea-change in the mind and heart so that one turns away from moral failure and a new way of life begins through the indwelling Holy Spirit. I will be going into this whole process in more detail in the Epilogue.

In tandem with that intrinsic inclination to go one’s own way, leave God out of the picture and get lost in a mire of darkness, it is also a fact that “*the whole world lies under the power of the evil one*

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<sup>9</sup> Book of Isaiah, chapter 53, verse 6.

<sup>10</sup> Book of Acts, chapter 14, verse 16.

<sup>11</sup> Book of Acts, chapter 17, verse 30.



[Satan]”,<sup>12</sup> which is why the whole world (unless one is spiritually transformed) also hates Christ.<sup>13</sup> Unless we are profoundly and utterly transformed, that is the state in which we will remain: Under the power of Satan, hating God in Christ, going our own way, inevitably engaging in conflict, and being at enmity with all those who follow Him. We may not like the sound of that, but it is true, nevertheless.

So, the human being who is disconnected from God and who is not living in sync with His will, His laws and His being, is also going to be disconnected from his or her fellow human beings, as we saw earlier when I mentioned what happened with Cain and his brother, Abel. Friendship, marriage, sexual relations and ‘siblingness’ are not in themselves going to mean there will be that full connection. They can simulate it. They can give one a glimpse of it. They can maybe even approximate it, if one is fortunate. But they cannot generate it for real. For this reason, those relationships are generally used unconsciously as a form of compensation for what is missing interiorly on a spiritual level, which in itself leads to many problems.

### **The Division and Subsequent Conflict Caused by Truth**

It is this disconnection which makes it so easy for conflict between people to develop. **Added to that is the extraordinary fact that truth divides.** It does seem astonishing to say that; but any attempt to insert truth into this world will inevitably create a conflictual reaction from others. It is for this reason that Christ said: *“Do you think that I have come to bring peace to the earth? No, I tell you, but division”*,<sup>14</sup> and *“Do not assume that I have come to bring peace to the earth; I have not come to bring peace, but a sword”*.<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> First Letter of John, chapter 5, verse 19.

<sup>13</sup> Gospel of John, chapter 15, verse 18.

<sup>14</sup> Gospel of Luke, chapter 12, verse 51.

<sup>15</sup> Gospel of Matthew, chapter 10, verse 34.

These are extraordinary sayings and one will very rarely hear them being honestly preached upon in most of today's churches. **For they signify that the presence of Christ as the embodiment of truth will naturally bring division and conflict because the fallen minds of untransformed men and women resist truth at all costs.** Truth will always divide in a corrupt world. This is a major factor in the bellicosity of so many in this world.

Thus, as soon as a human being becomes a disciple and follower of Christ, he or she will inevitably become the object of the world's prejudice because those disciples now carry the torch of truth. It is in this sense that Christ can say that He came to divide and bring a sword. Just by being in the midst of this corrupted world, that becomes so. Eventually, when the Antichrist is revealed, most of this world will have "believed the lie" which the Antichrist will represent,<sup>16</sup> and only those who are disciples of Christ will know and declare the truth about that lie. This will lead to a massive pogrom and genocide against the disciples who are alive at that time,<sup>17</sup> and will ultimately lead to the debacle of Armageddon — the ultimate spiritual showdown between Christ and Antichrist.<sup>18</sup>

As depicted in the four horsemen passage in the Book of Revelation, one of those horses and its rider represents war which — alongside the other three horses and riders which represent inequality/social strife, various causes of death, and the 'spirit of the Antichrist' — are the elements of life during the present age which Christ as Ruler of this cosmos 'manages', oversees and administers.<sup>19</sup> So, while microcosmic conflict and its macrocosmic

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<sup>16</sup> Second Letter to the Thessalonians, chapter 2, verses 9-12.

<sup>17</sup> Book of Daniel, chapter 7, verse 21; Book of Revelation, chapter 11, verse 7; chapter 13, verse 7.

<sup>18</sup> Book of Revelation, chapter 16, verse 16; chapter 19, verse 19.

<sup>19</sup> For a complete explanation of the Book of Revelation, see my free-to-download 2022 655-page commentary by [clicking here](#) .

equivalent, war, are disruptive human traits, they are still overruled by God and can be used for His own inscrutable purposes in this fallen world.

We are currently living through an age (the period of time between the ascension of Christ and His second coming) during which a vast spiritual battle of cosmic proportions is being waged and then mirrored in the physical realm.<sup>20</sup> In particular, the *Ekklesia* of Christ, those who are His disciples and who are being transformed by His power, are the object of demonic and human enmity and hatred.<sup>21</sup> This will build to a tremendous climax of conflict as the end of the age draws nearer.<sup>22</sup> At the instigation of the Antichrist, the nations of this world will wage war against Christ Himself, though they will, of course, be defeated.<sup>23</sup>

So this is an age of “*wars and rumours of wars*”, nation rising against nation, with “*famines and earthquakes*”, and “*pandemics in various places*”. It will be a time of betrayal and hatred and a “*multiplication of wickedness and the love of many will grow cold*”.<sup>24</sup> All this is active to a greater or lesser degree throughout this age, building to a climax of global conflict and war, having huge fallout on the human mind and its behaviour.

**But what if it was possible to transcend the conflict-based dimension of the present aeon and enter another dimension where conflict would be a redundant anachronism and thereby dissolve?** Before answering that vital question in full, which will be reserved for the Epilogue, let us press ahead and examine the

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<sup>20</sup> Letter to the Ephesians, chapter 6, verse 12.

<sup>21</sup> Book of Revelation, chapter 12, verses 7-17; Gospel of Matthew, chapter 24, verse 9; Gospel of John, chapter 15, verses 18-19.

<sup>22</sup> Book of Revelation, chapter 13, verse 7.

<sup>23</sup> Book of Revelation, chapter 17, verse 14.

<sup>24</sup> Gospel of Matthew, chapter 24, verses 6-7, 10-12; Gospel of Luke, chapter 17, verses 11, 16-17.

actions and thinking which, through their consequences, ultimately *lead* to war (and for which we must vouch to take responsibility). For in our fallen state, without the spiritual transformation which is necessary to transcend useless human conflict and the wanton waging of war, we are always and inevitably going to indulge in the kind of worthless division which leads to that conflict and war because of our resistance to truth and our rampant egocentric behaviour.

So, there are three principal human psychological actions and ways of thinking which inevitably lead to war. **First**, there is *the dissociation of our personal thoughts and deeds from the whole process of war* — a phenomenon of which we seem to be completely unaware. **Second**, there is *widespread sexual immaturity, repression and suppression*. **Third**, there is *a global scarcity of self-awareness*. Let us now look more closely at these three primary psychological harbingers of war together with their causes and outworkings.

## I. The Dissociation of our Thoughts and Deeds from the Process of War

**E**xternally, we are all participants in the process of war in one way or another, unless we are living alone completely outside the system and off the grid. **Either we are the manipulators who deceive people into waging war or we become passive pawns in the wargames of the power-mongers who do the manipulating.** If we protest that we are opposed to war and would never engage in it, does that mean that we bear no culpability for the pandemic of conflict with which this world has been afflicted from time immemorial? Most people vote for a political party which habitually wages war. We all pay taxes — a huge part of which goes on military spending. **But what if there are other internal processes in which we are directly involved which contribute hugely to a conflict-based world which will inevitably be plagued by war?** If so, have we examined every process of conflict which could manifest in our personal lives? For war is merely the end-product of a world which has been built on conflict right down to the personal level. War really *is* who we are! You may now be wondering to what kind of processes I could be referring. I am speaking about thoughts, deeds and attitudes which contribute to war but with which we have not necessarily made the connection to war in our minds. We fail to associate them with war but yet war is their inevitable by-product or end-product. Thus, we are actively dissociating phenomena which are nevertheless inextricably linked to war. For all conflict is war in microcosm; and war itself is the macrocosm of those microcosmic conflicts. In this way, we are all responsible for participating in warfare at many levels of our lives in one way or another. Here are some of the many examples of this that can be given. First, there is...

## 1. Narcissism: A Divisive Ego Disease

The first dissociated element which creates conflict is Narcissism. Because we think that our fragmented consciousness as individuated beings is “normal” or is the only possibility in terms of how we perceive ourselves, we are blind to the fact that, unless our perception is forcibly altered through a transformative process, it is actually dysfunctional and a potential harbinger of war. For **war is division taken to its final extreme in a flash of destruction.** Therefore, if we trace war back to its roots in our personal or interpersonal behaviour and attitudes, we will see how our thrusting, fixated little selves constitute the *real* war machine.

On top of the faulty genetic encoding of our fallen natures, these behaviours and attitudes have been cultivated further through a mixture of conditioned reflexes, poor education, indoctrination, the outworking of dead but potent memories and a false understanding of reality — **though all of these can be transformed, if one really wants that with all one’s heart, as we will discover in the Epilogue.**

It would seem today that vanity and narcissism have come to be regarded as “normal”. Indeed, anyone who refuses to partake in this obsession with self and who instead does everything possible to keep themselves clear and unsullied by it is regarded as ‘standoffish’, ‘snooty’, ‘aloof’ or even ‘creepy’! I know self-aware, spiritually-transformed people who have had this said to them angrily: *“Your problem is that you think you’re better than everyone else”*. **So far are people now removed from a non-egocentric way of life that authentic-living people are now regarded with suspicion, resentment and fear rather than admiration and attraction.** How have we reached such a vulgar celebration of egocentricity in the development of this so-called ‘civilisation’?

### **Narcissism is a Symptom of Satanism**

I have written about this many times in various articles, but I have to say that in a world which is declared to be *“under the power of*

*Satan*”, as I showed above, one can expect that those who are not transformed out of that power will be functioning as Satanists to a greater or lesser degree. **For to be living and functioning under the power of Satan is Satanism! Therefore, narcissism is surely a symptom of that Satanism.** Many will find it utterly shocking that I should make such a claim. But this is because we have been brainwashed into regarding Satanism as worshipping a horned god in a black mass while sacrificing a virgin, or some other hellishly dark activity. **However, Satan is the ultimate ‘gaslighter’ who has secretly convinced the world which lies under his power that his real and most prolific actions are seen as beneficial because he and his fellow fallen angels (demons) successfully pose as ‘angels of light’.**<sup>25</sup> The *real* Satanism actually involves a celebration of the individuated self (narcissism) and the denial that Christ is God incarnate (thus making oneself “wise in one’s own eyes”), either explicitly or implicitly. Through these two elements, he maintains control of the mass of people.<sup>26</sup> Thus he can lead the world in countless ways that fit his kingdom-building agenda; and war plays a very large part in that agenda of his.

### **Narcissism is Identification with a False Self**

Apart from the fact that the world is moving fast towards a cataclysmic denouement, it seems that the more ‘sophisticated’ we imagine we have become, the more we identify ourselves with the ‘false self’ which revels only in egocentricity, superficiality and conflict. When we put our little egos on a pedestal, we are actually priding ourselves in something which has no basis in reality! For the ‘self’ that we think that we are is merely a convenient construct which we have devised in our own heads, made up of nothing more than memories, ideas and experiences. **If we could perceive all that in a flash, then the strutting nature of our narcissism and**

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<sup>25</sup> Second Letter to the Corinthians, chapter 11, verse 14.

<sup>26</sup> See my article “[The Real Meaning of Satanism](#)” .

**the associated sense of self would be exposed for the ludicrous fraud that it is.**

Very often, the sum total of a relationship is little more than ego-strokes through mutual flattery and confirmation — the ultimate in co-dependence. In this way, the two people concerned will never go deep enough to sense what lies beyond the veil of vanity which their false selves have woven together. **For example, when we gratuitously post serial “selfies” of ourselves on a social media website in order to gain attention, we are contributing to a world of intensely shallow ‘glamour’ — a world in which the external or superficial aspect of the human is glorified at the expense of internal depth of being.** Setting out to receive flattery for our outward appearance contributes to a world in which our already over-individuated consciousness is reinforced at a base ego level. To glorify or glamorise the individual ego is divisive. When we push ourselves forward in this way, it is *always* at the expense of others because — whether we believe it or not — it creates a subtle sense of competition between individuals, which is conflict and is thus ultimately a harbinger of war. *War is who we are.*

### **Perceived ‘Super-Spirituality’ is a Harbinger of War**

Maybe you think that you’re such a super-spiritual person that you could not possibly contribute to the process of war in this world. However, if you are using your alleged ‘spirituality’ [sic] to boost your ego or you are bragging about how ‘highly evolved’ you are, flaunting your yoga poses (apt word!) on Fakebook — which is how it very often manifests in the world today, especially on social media — then you are right at the forefront of a conflict-based lifestyle. In fact, you are spearheading it because you claim to be more highly evolved than others. So many ‘spiritual’ people measure their spirituality by how much more spiritual they are than other people. This, too, is part of the pandemic of narcissism overtaking the planet.



## 2. Envy, Jealousy, Resentment and Taking Offence

Each time we are envious, jealous, resentful or becoming offended by something, we are contributing to this world of war by creating conflict where there was none. Instead of envying another person we should be joyful at the other's success. There is nothing about which to feel jealous. Feelings of jealousy are merely exhibitors of the jealous person's poverty of heart and destructive insecurity. Resentment also changes nothing and is merely the bluster of a self-righteous ego. Taking offence shows immaturity, an overblown sense of self and a 'professional victim' mentality. Envy, jealousy, resentment and feeling offended are all expressions of egocentrism — the indignation of a falsely-constructed self. **What is the point of a 'false self' claiming to feel indignation? It is farcical!** These things are also some of the primary root causes of war. *War is who we are.*

Most of us spend our entire lives wrapped up in these egocentric, conflict-producing postures. We feel slighted when our egos aren't being stroked or massaged. We become insulted if people don't pay sufficient attention to us. We feel a failure if we get a low mark in an exercise or exam (instead of feeling determined to do better, or simply accepting that this may not be our *forte*). We feel peeved if people won't behave as we want them to. We get 'touchy' if someone looks at us the 'wrong' way. We get defensive and prickly, or even downright nasty, if we sense someone is at all critical of us. We become exasperated if we don't get our own way. We become crestfallen if we don't get enough "likes" on Fakebook for a picture of our breakfast, cat, face, cleavage, or ass. We get resentful if we perceive ourselves to have been 'disrespected'. We feel indignant if the boss or our partner doesn't compliment us constantly. We are 'extremely offended' if people make fun of us or insult us. We feel piqued if someone makes an uncomplimentary remark about our hairstyle, make-up or clothing. We develop road rage if someone overtakes us in a cavalier fashion in their vehicle. Our hackles are raised if someone

says something that we disapprove of. We go off ‘in a huff’ or ‘go off the deep end’ at the slightest provocation or perceived snub.

So many people today are offended, so it seems, by everything and everyone and become outraged at the least little slight. Twitter is a veritable rat’s nest of that! Our reactions are mostly one vast combative, egocentric knee-jerk. We let people and situations get to us in an entirely preposterous manner. How many wars or conflicts have started through this smorgasbord of attitudes — whether on a personal or international level? **These are the seeds of conflict which come about directly because we never ‘track’ where our reactive feelings are coming from.** Most of us are just ‘reaction-machines’. This honest ‘tracking’ of our madness is vital if we are to avoid causing a war of any kind — whether personal or international.<sup>27</sup>

### **Playing the Victim is Narcissism**

This “self” which is so prickly and so easily offended is merely a conditioned set of ego-reflexes based on historical experiences (no doubt including some early-life trauma too) and accumulated perceived ‘discourtesies’. If we allow these to build up, then we start to take ourselves far too seriously and those maladjusted circumstances and perceptions take root in us and become who we think we are. This turns us into someone perpetually in ‘victim mode’, which many consider to be perfectly normal but which, in fact, is humanly dysfunctional, conflictual and a clear precursor of war. **For playing victim is just another symptom of narcissism.** If I keep playing the victim (and thus become a ‘professional’ victim) then everything is all about *me*. It becomes just another version of, “*Oh poor me!*” The only way to deal with this is to ‘track it’ back to source. Once we have ‘rumbled’ and uncovered our stupid and antisocial behaviour, we undermine these conditioned

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<sup>27</sup> We will examine this in more detail in a section below, entitled “The Scarcity of Self Awareness”.

reflexes and they begin to dissolve so that we can then discover who we really are. That is a process which sabotages narcissism, encourages authenticity, nullifies conflict and therefore also considerably lessens the possibility of war in the conventional meaning of the word. **It also has to begin with a spiritual process, as I will outline and divulge as we pass through this little book.**

### **These Characteristics Attract Demonic Interest**

Another aspect of this which most people have probably never considered, nor even *would* consider, is the way that the demonic realm, the forces of darkness, take advantage of various aspects of our minds through which we give them an opportunity for exploitation; by which I mean demonic interference, or in extreme cases, actual possession. Alcohol inebriation, under the influence of drugs, debauchery, addictions of all kinds, obsessive or compulsive behaviours, sexual perversions, depravity, terror, promiscuity, enmity, cowardice, selfishness, obsessions, phobias, greed, narcissism, competitiveness, projection, jealousy, infidelity, betrayal, mendacity, dishonesty, untruthfulness, deceit, fear, envy, anger, rage, conflict — all these and much more are taken by many as being standard aspects of human behaviour, even if people disguise them behind outward manners and the veneer of ‘civilisation’. Yet those are precisely the human attributes which attract the attention of dark forces — though many would ignorantly label you ‘insane’, ‘delusional’ or ‘paranoid’ if you believed that. As I wrote in my autobiographical book, “Narrow Gate ~ Pathway Strait”:

“In extreme cases, those forces can even take over people completely (and I have encountered some of those folks in my time). We will certainly come to the unwholesome attention of the forces of darkness if we do not purge our ‘selves’ of their falsehood (that is, the ways in which we ‘live a lie’ or wear a mask). We will

come to the attention of the forces of darkness through the baggage of the traumas which have ‘engrammed’ themselves into our unconscious minds and bodies and which those dark forces very easily exploit, for these leave trigger-portals by which they can enter, if we are not cleansed of them. We will come to the attention of the forces of darkness if we habitually indulge in any of the extremes of debauchery and emotion mentioned in the paragraph above. For demons feed off the terror, anger, fear, chaos, murderous instinct and chaotic lack of order which resides in the untransformed human heart and is projected into the collective unconscious of humanity. Fallen angels (aka archons/demons) are extremely mischievous, malicious liars and arch-deceivers. Human beings in their natural state are no match for them. Demons behave like a pack of wolves tracking a prey. They constantly look for weaknesses and zone in on them. Those weaknesses provide them with ‘footholds’ in our lives from which they can carry out their dastardly work”.<sup>28</sup>

It is most important to understand this process, for it is foundational to the fomentation of conflict and, ultimately, war, which is very often initiated by immature humans with a mass of footholds tailor-made for demons to latch onto.

### **3. The Competition Disease**

Another human process in this present aeon which we have foolishly dissociated from war and which creates conflict is competition. From birth we are inculcated with the idea that

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<sup>28</sup> “Narrow Gate ~ Pathway Strait” is available for free download [here](#) .

“competition is healthy”. In fact, the words “healthy” and “competition” are regularly placed alongside one another. One could even say that the two leading hallmarks of this present ‘civilisation’ are consumption and competition. The two seem to go together. Yet they are both symptoms of a poverty-stricken mindset, giving rise to conflict and are therefore major harbingers of a society at war.

It is assumed today that competition is natural and leads to progress and so we have allowed it to infest our culture completely. We live in a world-system which is almost entirely based on competition. Sibling rivalry is encouraged in families. Children are mercilessly pitted against each other in schools, having to score a certain mark, egged on by their parents, or be a failure. People speak of “having to compete” in the ‘job market’. And everywhere the spectre of competitive sport is thrust in our faces. The winner takes all, while all others are merely losers with all the stigma that entails. **We take all this for granted but such competition is really euphemised conflict and is one of the main harbingers of war on this planet.** What follows here is a cover picture I saw on the profile of a marketing guru on Facebook:



The connection between competition and warfare could not be more explicit! Truly, *war is who we are!* And the world of marketing and business is the perfect playground for competitive people.

Let's now examine more closely the world of sport, which we take for granted as being natural. The language of sport is the military language of war. Football commentators tell us that "The Hammers got Hammered!", "Spurs Battle it out Against Arsenal", "Liverpool Routed!", "Red Devils Massacred by City", "Slaughter at Goodison Park", etc. Am I saying that it's bad to do sports? No, not at all. However, why can we not perceive sport as being played solely for the love of it rather than in a spirit of ruthless competition, with 'winners' and 'losers' always being the *primary* emphasis. Let me give an anecdotal illustration:

### **Let's Play for Real!**

I love playing table tennis. But people always want to turn it into an official contest. Somehow they *have* to win. Why? What is it inside them which drives this desire? I remember playing with a guy once — the father of a friend of one of my children — and we were having great fun with spinners and smashes and we were well matched. I was enjoying it. We were playing for the love of the sport. He was at a level that made it fun for me to play. Then he said "Okay, let's play for real now." I replied, "We *have* been playing for real." He said "No, I mean a match." I said "Why." He said, "because there's no point playing otherwise". He wanted to get into a situation where he could be satisfied to beat me. He suggested I was resisting because I didn't want to get beaten and thereby to 'lose' — even though that doesn't bother me in the least. In the end, I reluctantly agreed. Well, we played a whole match and I won every game. So I suggested we have a break. He wasn't having that. He wanted blood! So he insisted on another round. I agreed. Then I won every game again. Now he was getting mad. So it went on like that through about twenty matches — which is a lot of games! — and the same thing happened each time. He was covered in sweat and extremely red-faced. In the end we had to stop because he had to leave. But he went away with his tail between his legs — the vanquished loser!

Personally, the winning meant nothing to me at all and, in fact, it had ruined what was a good session previously. A short time later he asked if I wanted to play normal tennis. I agreed. I knew he was better than me at tennis and of course as soon as I arrived at the court, he insisted on going straight to matches. He won and he was dancing around with delight as if he'd won the lottery! He had got his revenge. Now he was satisfied. Such is the stupidity of competitive sport: The satisfaction of a dysfunctional ego. Incidentally, I speak as someone who has played at inter-club level in regional competition for a table-tennis team in France. All the time I was playing I was continually questioning the set-up and watching my reactions and never felt comfortable with the cut and thrust of competitive play, even though I 'won' a great deal.<sup>29</sup> It seemed so primitive to me — a throwback to some primordial need to prove oneself. In the future new aeon and new creation, the desire for such combativeness will be utterly obsolete.

### **Competition is Only Satisfying to a Destructive Ego**

People say that competition is healthy. In the way that it pans out in the world today, I do not believe that to be so. I believe that the encouragement of such competition is a major harbinger of war — a microcosm of the macrocosm of the process of war. *"But it spurs people on to do better"*, so people say. That's only because they are so unimaginative that they think they can only seek excellence in a setting in which they are pitted against someone else. Competition is only satisfying to a destructive ego. To want to win may be part

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<sup>29</sup> When I was winning in these competitions, some of the French resented it because I'm a foreigner! This is yet another strange conflict-based attitude that I experienced muchly in France. When I first joined the club as the only foreigner there, upon being assigned to a game of doubles, the partner with whom I was to play asked me if I was English. When I replied in the affirmative, he added, "Mais vous avez brûlé Jeanne d'Arc !", which means, "But you burned Joan of Arc!" I was gobsmacked. A conflict from hundreds of years ago was still alight in his mind. C'est bizarre, hein ? La guerre est qui nous sommes.

of human nature as it is presently constituted; but that is human nature in old aeon terms, the fallen human nature. When we let go of the dysfunctional aspects of the ego through transformation (which we can do, as I shall discuss in the Epilogue), then competition is no longer necessary and will be seen as tiresome and a rather dystopian obstacle to peace and harmony. This is the only way that war in one's life will dissolve. Protests, education, diplomacy, conflict resolution and so on are merely papering over the profound need for change at the very heart of the human being. **Nothing less than a total revolution in the human soul will suffice — going well beyond the mere psyche, reaching into the very essence of who one is.**

The school system is one big warzone too. As soon as one grades people, one has created conflict. *“But it’s just healthy competition”*, people say. That is old-aeon thinking. It is *not* healthy to pit children against each other. On the contrary, it treats children not as individuals with different talents and abilities but, rather, as dogs vying for a single bone. **In this way, schools are merely social conditioning environments to ensure that a populace is confined to the limited-dimensional mentality of a corrupt and ego-crazy world.**

*War is who we are:* This is the underlying foundation of this ‘civilisation’, which has spoken historically of “the survival of the fittest”. But that is merely an expression of competition and conflict in a dying aeon. This is the natural fruit of our life at the level of individuated consciousness and base physicality. To want to compete with the other — win, beat him or her — rather than cooperate and share, is the mindset of the old aeon. For competition is just the sick assertion of the disconnected heart and dysfunctional ego of the fallen human. There will be no place for this in the new aeon, for the ‘curse’ of the Fall will be no more.<sup>30</sup>

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<sup>30</sup> Book of Revelation, chapter 22, verse 3.



#### 4. Possession and Acquisition of Things or People

How many wars have been fought over a mere piece of land — even just a field or a patch of turf the size of a postage stamp? Invasion of territory has provided many a premise for waging war. But can we all look dispassionately at that process and claim that we would never behave like that too? I think not. How closely we guard our ‘stuff’ — so ready we are like kindergarten kids to clutch it to ourselves and proudly declare “Mine!”

We all accumulate a vast amount of mostly useless or status-symbol possessions in our lifetimes. We also buy a huge quantity of toys for our children — most of which they will never use or will discard in very little time (mainly because they are plastic junk which is of no interest whatsoever to an intelligent, curious mind). We accumulate and compare. It is as if we go out of our way to create a climate of disparity between people, thus creating yet more division with the potential for conflict.

##### **There is a Need to ‘Hang Loose’ to ‘Stuff’**

It is clear that our consumerism, possessiveness and acquisitiveness — especially the way in which we positively groom our children to indulge in such behaviour — create the perfect breeding ground for a combative mindset. An important way to avoid being unhealthily or unnecessarily attached to people and things is to ‘hang loose’ to them, to detach oneself; but not in an uncaring or impersonal manner. You will still love people and still kind of ‘own’ things (in the sense that you take responsibility for them because they are temporarily passing through your hands as their ‘guardians’); but you will not be *needily* related to them. Thus, we should ‘hang loose’ to our stuff, relinquish all attachments, be generous, self-sacrificial and look out for the lack in the lives of others in order to help them.

**One can still passionately love a person and be wonderfully involved with and committed to him or her yet, somehow, still ‘hang loose’ — in the sense of not being self-destructively**

**dependent on the connection.** So many people think that their entire world will collapse without a certain someone in their lives. When one has developed self-awareness, one may wistfully miss a person's presence (and still get on with life) but one will not be devastated by their absence. The self-aware person is comfortable in his or her own skin. The clingy, conditioned ego will have been loosened — a process which deepens exponentially the more one becomes aware of unhealthy attachments. **Moreover, when two people are together who have both committed to being self-aware, a most exciting relationship can then ensue.** However, if only one of them is on that pathway, then any meaningful, lasting relationship will be fraught with difficulty and conflict. But two together is a magic combination as the adventure is shared and conflict is annulled. They will be like mirrors reflecting each other in a fertile sea of empathy, support, fidelity, wonder and mutual adherence to the Divine. Doesn't that idea warm your heart?

### **We Are Merely Custodians of 'Stuff'**

Similarly, with one's material objects, if one practises self-awareness one will not be overwhelmed by their loss. Through 'hanging loose', you will know what is your true relationship (mere temporary custodian) to any material assets and this will ensure that you will not be devastated if they disappear. Even if someone drives into that brand-new shiny car parked outside your house, you will inwardly smile to yourself because you know that everything is a test and that all material things are transitory. For if we take pride in material assets and wealth and see them as extensions of ourselves (in fact, of our *false* selves) and attach ourselves to them, we will experience misery and foster an attitude which is conflictual and ultimately leads to war. 'Pride always comes before a fall'. Once we embark on a pathway of self-awareness, the flood of epiphanies is unstoppable. There are lessons needing to be learned and let me tell you that the God of this creation has some amazingly creative and inexorable ways of

teaching them to us. Oh yes, indeed! Light blue touch paper and stand well back (as it used to say on fireworks). We are not alone.

## 5. Unnecessarily Divisive Cultural Seeds of Conflict

In this section, I'm going to gather several elements which are unnecessarily divisive seeds of conflict in our culture. Maybe you will find these surprising. **For this is where we must ask ourselves whether or not we are engaged in any activity, practice or mindset which leads to division between people.** If so, then we are propping up the system of conflict and are therefore being harbingers of war. I am speaking here about movements, groups, influences and attitudes which — whether knowingly or not — promote division of gender, race, nationality, competition, sport, politics, religion, social class and so on, which then result in conflict in those areas and thus ultimately in some way contribute to war in this world. Let us explore this further, taking six different areas as examples:

### *i. Gender Wars*

There is already so much misunderstanding and division between men and women, often referred to as 'The Battle of the Sexes'. Why add to what is already broken when we should be removing all division and thereby removing all conflict in this area? We should be seeking with love to bring more understanding and togetherness between men and women. But to look around the world today you would think that many want an all-out war — a gender war, between the only two genders possible! Why can people not see that the division of which I am speaking is massively emphasised with provocative titles such as 'feminism'. This is a real conflict-raiser. Imagine if men started a movement called 'masculism' and began to teach about it in universities and colleges across the world under the guise of 'gender studies', with the hollow claim that they are only seeking equality. Not only would it create a firestorm (especially among women) but the movement

would easily be exposed as tendentious, adversarial and combative. **In this respect, there is a case to make that feminism is as divisive and conflictual as male chauvinism, having very little to do with ‘equality’, whatever claims it may make to the contrary.**

A problem is that once people have invested so much energy and fervour into a divisive movement or group of which they feel themselves to be a part, and even take ‘pride’ in it, it is very difficult for them to view it objectively, observe its divisiveness, realise how destructive it is and then abandon it, because it provides a psychological prop which they cannot afford to lose. I fully realise that I am walking right into a minefield with these words; but that is of no concern to me, for I believe that they need saying. The Stalinesque way that people are somehow forbidden from discussing popular modern movements or belief systems should not intimidate us. I have no desire to argue or create another conflict here. But to remain silent in the face of intimidation is not the way of the hero. Neither should it be the way of the human.

It has been said that men especially are not ‘supposed’ to speak out on this issue; but I also know that many women are now feeling the same way, realising that feminism leads to conflict and gender war rather than mutual understanding. Even the feminist symbol contains a clenched fist salute — the ultimate in conflictual imagery.



Believe it or not, it is possible to be a liberated woman yet not be a feminist! *Liberation unites — ‘-isms’ divide.* I am not interested in tendentious social movements which seek to divide, regardless of how much they claim to be into ‘equality’. I am only interested in such things as truth, justice, love and peace and discovering what is conducive to their furtherance. We live in a deceptive, mendacious, unjust, unloving and pugilistic world on so many levels; and we have largely become unaware of how so many of the

things we do on an everyday basis are contributing to such a world — even though we may think we are doing otherwise.

It seems today as if so many are hellbent on generating division with its reactions and counter-reactions. This is the result of an unrestrained dysfunctional ego on the rampage across the world. *War is who we are.* But when the ego is being refined in the fire of self-awareness, distilled and decontaminated by honest self-examination, then one seeks only harmony and love — above all, between men and women for, when it functions naturally and without ideological interference, **there is a sacred relationship between the two, for male and female have been created to fulfil different roles and to complement and complete each other in perfect balance.** Nothing less will suffice. Anything which divides or adds to division will seem to be accursed and therefore will become anathema to the truth-seeking, peace-loving person. **For the transformed soul is neither feminist nor chauvinist but is unflinchingly and unifyingly integralist, in the name of love, peace and harmony in the world and to further the plan of God.**

If a woman is carrying hurt and pain from early abuse or poor fathering, then rather than channel those powerfully painful feelings into an aggressive, divisive, conflictual ‘cause’ or social movement which seems to offer relief and justification to her victim mentality, it is infinitely more altruistic, rewarding and conducive to peace in this world (not to mention removing the negative effect on her loved ones) for her to face her darkness and discover the source of the emotional baggage which has travelled with her into adulthood. This is the necessary work. **And here is a spiritual law: If we chase down the darkness we will always find the light.** By that I mean if we trace our fears and hurts back to their source, and expose them to the light, there will always be release. This need for catharsis and freedom through self-examination and self-awareness is crucial if we want to nullify so much of the conflict in ourselves and therefore in the world today.

Even in many churches I have observed so much conflict and combative behaviour because — despite claiming that they have been ‘born again’ — they are still conformed to this world and have not done the necessary work on themselves and the associated dismantling of their corrupted learned behaviour. **Spiritual transformation does not change every part of us in every way overnight. It takes work and commitment and is part of the process of sanctification,** though if the metamorphosis has been initiated and the transformative process of *metanoia* through discipleship to Christ has begun, this will give us the impetus and desire to undergo the subsequent and necessary renewing of our minds.<sup>31</sup>

Divisiveness or creating divisive movements can never be a solution to any problem where there is already division, for it only compounds the issue. (There will be more about this in the penultimate section on self-awareness).

## *ii. Skin Deep: Race and Colour Wars*

One of the big dividing-points in the world has been over race or, to be more precise, skin colour; for ‘race’ is not such a clear-cut topic. There are people who take issue with those who have a different skin colour to their own. Then those who feel berated despise those who berated them. One could say that in this area is a huge battle, with people playing the parts of either oppressor or victim. Even in the apartheid days of South Africa, it wasn’t merely brutish white Afrikaans types who were apartheid in their outlook. There have also been complex divisions there based on subtlety of skin shade amongst the various types of so-called “coloured” people, some of whom feel they are better than others. I remember my shock when I visited South Africa more than fifteen years ago

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<sup>31</sup> Letter to the Romans, chapter 12, verse 2.

and this was explained to me. Such snobbery is built into the system to such an extent that it continues to this day.

The White/Black “problem” has now become a big industry. You can even take university courses studying it. Yet it is one of the many ways that people will create conflict *where there is none*, using petty divisions based on the flimsiest of reasons. But let me ask you a simple question: Are you proud of being black, or white, or brown, or pink, or whatever other colour you imagine yourself to be? Then, whether you know it or not, you’re at war! It’s divisive and combative. I have never seen anyone who is properly *white*. I have never seen anyone who is properly *black*. I am not white. I am sometimes various shades of brownness. Sometimes pinkish. Sometimes sallow. Depends on the time of year, my health, the weather, etc. But I don’t identify with my colours in any kind of way. What’s the point? For my colours are not who I am; they are merely a shifting barometer of my current pigmentation — a melanin manifestation which only a dysfunctional ego would count as important. Imagine if I said, “I’m sallow and proud of it!” Then I join up with other sallow people and form a society or group with a motto and an aggressive little hand-sign (e.g. a bellicose clenched fist salute). I can see it now! “The Sallow Society”. Then, if someone criticises sallow people we can play the victim and start a turf war with whatever colour of person offended/disrespected us. And so it goes on. Ad infinitum. *War is who we are*.

I am very aware that people have been treated terribly because of whatever colour other people have thought that their skin was. Those that think and behave that way are usually unstable people with massive internal issues who crazily identify with a certain skin colour (which isn’t usually even the real colour of their skin!). So why pander to them and propagate the very division which those sick people have caused? **Surely, the time has come to adopt a completely different mindset which doesn’t even see a skin shade but only the soul which lives behind the flesh.** The processes of either having a divisive attitude towards someone

else's race/skin colour or being offended by such racial/colour attitudes are both the worthless actions of dysfunctional egos. As soon as one becomes 'offended' (i.e. has knee-jerked into defence-mode), one has created or exacerbated an already existing conflict. *War is who we are.*

So instead of following old patterns which have their roots in an old and dying aeon, we need to develop a completely new way of 'seeing'. This is especially the case in such controversial areas as gender and race or colour where the received thinking has become so entrenched that it is longer objective or rational. It will take nothing less than a personal transformation at a deep level of the whole person to defuse the conflict in these areas. For that, one needs courage and a willingness to step off the usual pathway and venture into the unknown, as I will explain in full in the Epilogue.

### *iii. Nationalism: My Country, Right or Wrong*

Another contributing factor to conflict and war is nationalism or its subtler twin, patriotism, which is seen to be beneficial and even noble, as there are many issues of 'pomp and circumstance' in this whole area. But country boundaries are merely lines on a map, drawn up arbitrarily for some geo-politically tendentious reason. They can keep changing — especially if war has anything to do with it. Certainly, they are convenient for administrative purposes; but to identify oneself so completely with a patch of land is a divisive action which ultimately leads to conflict. Identifying oneself in one's mind, and to other people, as being British, Scottish, Swedish, Dutch, French, German, American, and so on, is not only a fictional idea with no value but it is also just another component of the false self which we imagine that we are. Nationalism is also a harbinger of war. I am deeply mindful here of Wilfred Owen's stunning war-poem, "Dulce et Decorum Est", which concludes like this:



“If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*  
*Pro patria mori.*”

The ‘old lie’ there is taken from a line of the Roman poet, Horace, who wrote: “*It is sweet and honourable to die for your country*”. When one has seen war from the inside — especially a corruptly-started and corruptly-prosecuted war like the First World War — and lived in the trenches, that ‘old lie’ just seems contemptuous for the life of youth. That line is, in fact, a perfect example of gaslighting and mind-control. **To die for Christ, for God, or in the immediate, instinctive protection of one’s family or closest friends, if necessary, yes. But to die for a country run by a corrupt government, and in a war conducted for corrupt reasons, no.**

Jingoism and nationalism are conflict-causing blights in this world. It is true that the concept of separate nations around the world has been put in place by God to prevent the premature creation of a one-world government, back at the time when nomads had similar hubristic ideas at a local level through the debacle at Babel.<sup>32</sup> One day, the conceit of a truly global one-world government, effectively Babel 2.0, will be permitted, but until then we are to live in a world of nations. However, it is not the role of transformed people to amalgamate themselves in their heads with a nation so much that it becomes their identity as nationalism. Nations merely involve a useful administrative function and nomenclature but nothing

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<sup>32</sup> Book of Genesis, chapter 11, verses 1-9.

more. When one makes them part of our identity to such an extent that they take over, then we are on the treadmill to conflict and war. Let me expand on this to show how over-identifying with a nation is part of the false self which we create.

Over our lives, we build up a false image of ourselves based on our nationality, regional habitation, historical and learned experiences, achievements and events. But none of these have any real substance whatsoever. They are all simply 'in our heads'. The past is dead. The future is merely potential. Even what we think of as 'the present' is just an elusive (illusive?), continually fluctuating micro-feature which cannot be grasped as time puts paid to it! The only 'solution' is to live fully in the present moment, as that carries the torch of reality. However, one needs inner transformation to be able to carry this off.

So really, as long as we remain stuck in the false-self viewpoint, *we are all just figments of our own imagination!* (Can you hear me laughing?). Nationality is a part of that imaginary figment. It isn't really something which is tangible. To identify ourselves with a nationality, with its corny, jingoistic anthem (which is always a military-esque march or a pseudo-melancholy dirge), its flag (nothing more than a coloured rag), its idiosyncrasies (learned cultural behaviours), its history (mostly bloodcurdling, deceptive, delusional and oppressive), its government (merely a rubber-stamp office for the power-elite) and its institutions, is the height of spurious activity based on fictitious circumstances. It is also a major harbinger of war. Naturally, governments want us to be nationalistic and patriotic so that they can manipulate us into paying taxes to support their wars as well as signing up to be pawns on their battlefields (which only exist to extend their interests and those of the power-elite and to bolster their coffers).

This tendency of humans to identify with a group, of which they then take on the mantle, with all its touted attributes and activities, is a remnant of old-aeon thinking. They are narrow and divisive and conducive to war. **Therefore, the prevailing mindset in the**

**aeon to come will be rooted in being beyond the limitations of base matter (however it may then be constituted) and living in the energetic oneness of everything, as indeed it will then be, without divisions of any kind.**

When we see people from other places (or of other colours) as vibrating atoms and neurons just like us then the thought would never occur to us to wage war against them and kill them or plunder their lands. When people have no need to adhere to the delusions of nationalism (nor to the vagaries of race, skin colour, political hue, religion and social class), then there is only harmony and peace — a state in which war has no place, for then there can be no division!

#### *iv. Politics: Entertainment Division of the Power Elite*

Do you support a political party? The entire realm of so-called ‘democratic’ politics is the ultimate harbinger of war — even though it claims to be a contributing factor to peace through allegedly giving “power to the people”. (I’m laughing again at the contrived madness of it all!). But the realm of politics is just another conflict-based competition, rooted in the flawed concept of ‘dialectics’, which claims that through the interaction of two opposing ideas or ideologies (thesis and antithesis) a satisfactory compromise (synthesis) will be achieved. But **no useful synthesis has ever been achieved in the world of politics. Neither will it ever be. It is just one long endlessly repeated ideological battle with alternating winners of ‘left’ and ‘right’ every few years and a raft of unfulfilled promises.**

Not only is the entire theatre of politics a diversionary tactic on the part of the power-elite to keep the masses entertained and subjugated to an impotent system of administration — which itself is subjugated to the real power-elite who operate well out of the way of voting processes and the public eye — but it is also yet another factor in the conflict-conditioning process leading to an inevitable manifestation of all-out war. **Politics is not about**

**creating peace and order in the world because it is itself rooted in an adversarial system of conflict, with parties and individuals pitted against each other in bitter exchanges.** It is for this reason that elections are spoken about in the media with the language of warfare, with their ‘victories’, ‘coalitions’, ‘defeats’, ‘routings’, etc. *War is who we are.*

### **Democracy is Gaslighting of the Public by Governments**

When you vote in a national election, what you put on that ballot paper means absolutely nothing and is a complete waste of your time and energy. **For the people who really run the affairs of this world and your country — the power-elite — will never be subjected to any vote.** Neither will they be affected by any election or anything else that you can do, say or think. This is not conspiracy theory but reality fact, openly available to be checked and confirmed. Because I know that some will be scoffing at these words, here is some proof in support of them. In a book by a Professor of International Law and former Legal Counsel to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the author shows why nothing really changes from one government election to the next, regardless of the professed political ideology of any of the parties involved. This 260-page book is entitled “*National Security and Double Government*” and was published in 2014 by Oxford University Press. Although primarily addressing the situation in the USA, it is plainly applicable to any other nation. In its pages, Michael J. Glennon shows that the roles of President, Congress and the courts are a complete illusion built up by propaganda in the minds of the mass of people. Quote: “*Presidential control is nominal, congressional oversight is dysfunctional, and judicial review is negligible*”. The image of the President handing out orders left, right and centre, while those around him wait on his exclusive wisdom with bated breath (“*Awaiting your orders, Mr. President*”), is a silly Hollywood myth propagated especially in disaster movies such as “*Independence Day*”, etc. In his book, Prof. Glennon proves that “security” policy has nothing to do with elected leaders

and governments but is really created by several hundred prime movers in the military, intelligence, diplomatic and law enforcement agencies — hence, the idea of ‘double’ government, which clearly implies a ‘shadow’ or ‘secret’ government — the power-elite which we know, in fact, exists.

Those who have reviewed this book have been entirely convinced of its veracity. Jordan Michael Smith, in his “Books of the Year 2014” in *The Boston Globe*, under the headline, “Vote all you want. The secret government won’t change”, wrote: “*Elected officials end up serving as mere cover for the real decisions made by the bureaucracy*”.<sup>33</sup> Andrew J. Bacevich, Professor of History and International Relations in Boston University, states: “*In our faux democracy, those we elect to govern serve largely ornamental purposes, while those who actually wield power, especially in the realm of national security, do so chiefly with an eye toward preserving their status and prerogatives*”.<sup>34</sup> Faux democracy. Exactly. If even staid academics can understand this, why does everyone else participate in such a flagrantly bogus process?

Thus, we can only conclude that, whereas the law enforcement, military and security services are responsible for implementing and enforcing the plans of secret government (the real power-elite), the politicians and senates or parliaments provide the theatrical entertainment to the masses for it, so that they imagine they are participating in some kind of ‘democratic’ choice of government. Alongside of this, the mainstream media is the propaganda division of the secret government.

So there is a kind of ‘triumvirate’ of departments or divisions acting outwardly on behalf of the power-elite to further its dastardly plans in this world: *Enforcement* (law enforcement,

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<sup>33</sup> See <https://www.bostonglobe.com/ideas/2014/10/18/vote-all-you-want-the-secret-government-won-change/jVSkXrENQlu8vNcBfMn9sL/story.html> .

<sup>34</sup> <https://academic.oup.com/book/36260/chapter-abstract/316313509> .

military and security services), *Entertainment* (politicians, government, parliaments, senates and congresses) and *Propaganda* (newspapers, journals, TV and news corporations). For the real power in this world does not lie in the elected people in your parliaments and senates. **Elections and the subsequent workings of those parliaments and senates are merely one huge conflict-based adversarial charade, acted out in order to anaesthetize the mass of people into a crippling mindset of ignorance and illusion.** Thus, if one really examines this subject in some depth, one can only conclude that **democracy is entirely non-existent on this planet** and those who believe otherwise are the recipients of a masterful dose of gaslighting and mind-control propaganda.

### **Almost Everything One has Been Brought Up to Believe in is a Lie**

Up till now, in the present aeon, power has always been seized on by a various psychopaths and then used against the mass of people with greater or lesser obvious oppression. This happens in small groups or on a national and international level (when it gets to be called “government”). One only has to be willing to examine what is really going on in this world, instead of wearing blindfolds or blinkers, and it becomes glaringly obvious. This is not a conspiracy; it is plain for all to see! It only seems like a secret conspiracy when one is not willing to do the research and find out the facts for oneself. The power-elite counts on the fact that most people will not bother to do the most basic research necessary to see what is really happening. Then, because they are wilfully ignorant of what *is* really happening, folks will then invoke the bogeyman of “conspiracies” and never really open their eyes. That’s actually how the self-perpetuating concealment works. But it is not a conspiracy — it is all in plain sight.

Of course, if one is very attached to an ideology which brings conflict and division into being (e.g. capitalism, Marxism or socialism) and wants to believe that the ideology can be achieved in the world through the present system, then it is *impossible* to

admit that the real power in the world does not reside in either the people or the parliaments and senates but in privileged family lines, secret societies and occult organisations, banks, mega-corporations, military might, intelligence networks, etc. — all backed up by a pharmaceutical industry to keep people drugged up and unhealthy and a media to condition the minds of the masses!. **It takes a huge step to admit that almost everything one has been brought up to believe in is a lie.** But that is how it is; and that lie operates in the service of conflict and, ultimately, war... which is who we are.

Thus, the law enforcement, military and security services do not exist in a vacuum to promote only their own internal affairs. For those affairs are derivative of the plans and policies of the banks, quangos, secret societies and corporate conglomerates, existing primarily for those plans and policies to be enforced. *This is what government is really all about.* Anyone of influence who gets in the way or who tries to expose what is really happening will be calumniated with smears or even exterminated as quickly and efficiently as you may swat a fly. For death is the regular business of these organisations in their relentless and heartless accrual of wealth and power. This is what people vote for when they support these corrupt political parties. That is the system of conflict and war which they endorse. *War is who we are.*

This whole rotten system will play itself out until it disappears up its own backside, as it surely will. For we are fast approaching the climax of the old aeon — an order which is the result of the fragmented consciousness and dysfunctional ego in a fallen world which we have spoken about earlier. The jostling, the combative faces that you see in suits and ties on your TV screens and on election platforms and in senates and parliaments are a manifestation of all that. This projection of fragmented human consciousness is the real reason behind the *overtly adversarial* nature of politics. The hustings, the heckling, the backbiting, the sniping, the arguing, the talking over one another, the divisiveness,

the derisiveness, the political parties at each other's throats, are all the natural outworking of a human consciousness which is dysfunctional, , fragmented, broken and cut off from its true source, who is the Creator of this cosmos whom the majority ignore. Just as we are separated from the Divine in our natural state (i.e. unless we are transformed), so we are also separated from ourselves and from each other, leading to conflict and war. *War is who we are.*

### **Elections Are Wars by Proxy**

Thus, what happens in elections is of no consequence to the direction in which the country or the world will be heading, apart from creating a body which will rubber-stamp and bring to pass the desires of the power-elite. Election processes are a classic example of the literary device known as Bathos — when so much is made of something which is so meaningless that it becomes a manifestation of insanity. **The campaigns are insane, to take sides is insane, to vote is insane.** Not only is it all a manifestation of staged insanity, but it also shows how much people love to wage war, even if it is by proxy.

Elections are wars. The highly popular TV programme, “BBC Question Time”, is a classic example of this adversarial, conflict-based mentality and is excruciating to watch for any sensitive spiritual soul who has left behind the manufactured hustings of human combat. **Until we relinquish ourselves of this conflict-based way of thinking and living, conflict will escalate and war will proliferate.** Yes, that is what we propagate if we partake in that circus, celebrating ‘victory’ or going into meltdown at ‘defeat’. All the political snobbery (or reverse snobbery), the greed for big wages and pensions, class hatred, tactical manoeuvres, propaganda, vitriol, partisanship and euphoria or disappointment (depending on whether your party wins or loses) are merely indicators of that fragmented consciousness and dysfunctional ego-driven mentality which came into being through the Fall at the start of human history.



## **Politics is Spearheading the Satanic Strategy of Warfare**

The reason I am treating the subject of politics at such length here is because it is a major harbinger of the conflict and war which play such a large part in satanic strategy at this significant time in world history. Sometimes one needs to pull back and see the big picture in order to discern the magnitude of the smaller ones. **For as far as the evil political institutions and their lackeys are concerned, one can say that ‘this is their hour and the power of darkness’ and has been for some while now.** They are being permitted (so far) to fulfil their work with their serial wars, their deception, their disinformation, their social engineering, their power-mongering, and their mind-controlling psychological operations (psyops) — all plainly at the behest of the forces of darkness, the demonic realm. But it will not always be so. For evil must come to a head so that it can be revealed for what it is and then toppled in Divine judgement, which I can assure you is coming. **When this present aeon has been wound up as simply as rolling up a parchment scroll — having served its purpose in the movement from darkness to light — then a new world, aeon and order can properly begin in a new creation.** However, we can start living that new aeon in advance, right now, through a spiritual transformation leading to self-awareness and a refusal to be railroaded by, or participate in, the politics, wargames and conflicts of the old and dying aeon. More on this in the Epilogue.

### ***v. Religion as Harbinger of Conflict***

Are you part of a religion, sect or cult? That, too, is ultimately a harbinger of war. Religions are painted as being spiritual and beneficial to humanity. But nothing could be further from the truth. The history of religion is as bellicose as it gets. From antiquity to the present, this planet is spattered with the blood of those who are the enemies of one religion or another. Even the religions which New Age types romanticise, such as those of the warring Aztecs and Mayans, thought nothing of ripping the heart

from a sacrificed child then skinning that child in order to appease some alleged deity or improve the harvest.

**Most mainstream religions have occurred as a result of a wise person uttering some nuggets which then get mangled into a systematised set of rules by obsessed followers.** Thus, a religion is born. One doesn't even have to be a peace-loving guru to have a religion made out of one's aphorisms. Even an aggressive Middle-Eastern warlord has had a world religion made from his banal utterances! And you know exactly who I am speaking about. (Peace was never upon him!)

Religions and their scriptures are wax noses which can be turned in any direction one wants, according to variant interpretations. In every religion, there will always be those who are liberal moderates (who are religious in name only and adhere merely to the outward trappings of the cult), others who are the fundamentalists (who take their scriptures 100% literally, have a siege mentality, believe theirs is the only true religion and aggressively seek to convert others) and off-the-wall extremists (who will take a "be killed or convert" attitude to evangelism). Some will say their religion is peaceful; others will use it to justify aggression. All over the world, we hear about people of various religions oppressing or even killing people of other religions. A man I know in Myanmar (formerly Burma) is currently living in fear of his life from so-called "Buddhists" hellbent on killing him. Religions by nature are going to be divisive because they each claim to have the answer to matters of life and death (even if they contradict each other) and, contrary to claims, they do not "all worship the same god". Even a modicum of research will show the lie at the heart of this claim.

**Religion is an influence which can be used by the power elite and priesthoods to suppress and control people.** It is also, as has rightly been said, "the opium of the people" who are desperately trying to quench their feelings of alienation and anomie in a cruel and heartless world through the rules and rituals of their chosen religion and 'get-togethers'. In a religion, one does

not have to face reality. Everything necessary for life is laid out carefully in a multitude of rules and regulations. **Religions are therefore a control-freak's paradise!** However, it is really much darker than that; for when one closely examines the ruling institutions of the major religions in the world, one finds a cesspit of cultish corruption, obscene wealth, crippling ambition, sacerdotalism and stultifying control, gargantuan cruelty and utterly wacky claims and tenets.

It is understandable why people may perceive that a religion is necessary. It's a big, bad world out there and the only certainty is death, with the threat of hunger or homelessness always hanging over our heads. It is in this sense that the aphorism "Religion is the opium of the people" comes into play. Religion provides us with an off-the-peg apparent panacea for these seemingly threatening issues, rather like the way that painting by numbers provides children with a convenient portrait that someone else has designed. (Remember that from your childhood? A page would be presented to you with shapes containing a number which you would colour-in to make the picture). The problem there is that we are not learning the lessons we need if we are to grow. **The difference between false religion and genuine personal spirituality is like the difference between a blind person having someone describe a sunset to him and a sighted person actually being there.**

### **Christ Never Came to Start a Religion**

Bear in mind that Christ never came to start a religion but to create a counterculture which should be a thorn in the side of the world, an affront to the powers of darkness, while all the while — alongside that affrontery — drawing in new disciples to form God's enigmatic *Ekklesia*, known also as 'the body of Christ'. This will bring one into conflict with the world but that is the fault of the world because of its opposition to truth. Christ's disciples do not seek conflict but they will be subjected to it as soon as they open their mouths. I have even known situations in which a

disciple only has to stand in the midst of a room and somehow others will sense that s/he is different and inwardly vibrates a very different tune to that of the world. I believe that hostility is stirred up by demonic entities and those who are controlled by demons will respond accordingly, without even realising what has induced them to behave in that aggressive manner.

The so-called religion of ‘Christianity’, which is believed to stand on a par with world religions such as Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, etc., is *not* what Christ came to create. For those religions of the world (including the religion of ‘Christianity’) do not really challenge world culture in any meaningful way. People can easily follow them and remain relatively unchanged; whereas if one becomes a disciple of Christ (which has nothing whatsoever to do with any religion), change at the most profound level is inevitable, for such discipleship is a supernatural event leading to a new human creation. All the religions (including the religion of ‘Christianity’) have been absorbed into the culture of the world and have even become tools of the state, with their nabobs acting as co-collaborators in the evil of those states, blessing them whenever they go to war (whatever the circumstances), ministering at the inauguration of mendacious national statespeople, and even eulogising corrupt leaders and war criminals! This is completely misaligned with what Christ initiated as the *Ekklesia*. War is who we are!

**Starting and maintaining religions is Satan’s province.** The false-church organised religion that people call “Christianity” is surely satanic — full of lies, in-fighting, sectarianism, dilution of truth, compromise, malicious error-spotting, paedophilia, a false representation of Christ, even atheism.<sup>35</sup> Tell me all of the above

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<sup>35</sup> According to a 2014 ‘YouGov’ survey, almost 20% of clergy in the Church of England admit that they are either atheist or agnostic! The real figure must be even more.

is not satanic! For Christ never came to start a religion but “*to destroy the works of the devil*”,<sup>36</sup> to gather His people in and to herald “the new heaven and new earth” in the coming new aeon.

Observing how His teachings have been compromised and castrated in the way that they have been by modern ‘Churchianity’ would make Him turn in His grave if He were in it (which, by the way, He isn’t!). Being a disciple of Christ is not at all like being in any of the so-called world religions. For they are predominantly culturally-based and always idolatrous, swathed in endless mythologies and the imprisonment of mystery in rituals, seeking a mythical ‘enlightenment’ or an imagined ‘god within’, purporting to explain spiritual phenomena but simply creating a safety net or featherbed for those who want to assuage their guilt or who refuse to accept the bare simplicity and challenging nature of Divine revelation or prophecy. **Religions are really just empty, ignorant caricatures of spirituality.**

So, discipleship to Christ is not about forming a global religion, and most certainly is not about merging the religions into one, as is already in formation. Discipleship to Christ is about effecting an inner transformation in people which inevitably manifests in outward action and brings one into a spiritual battle, which is the real warfare that should be waged:

“For though we live in the flesh, we do not wage war according to the flesh. The weapons of our warfare are not the weapons of the world. Instead, they have divine power to demolish strongholds. We tear down arguments and every presumption set up against the knowledge of God; and we take captive every thought to make it obedient to Christ”.<sup>37</sup>

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<sup>36</sup> First Letter of John, chapter 3, verse 8.

<sup>37</sup> Second Letter to the Corinthians, chapter 10, verses 3-5.

Thus, disciples of Christ are involved in a *spiritual* conflict but not a material one.

“For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this world’s darkness, and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms”.<sup>38</sup>

All human conflict stems from what has been initially set in motion by the satanic realm, from the Fall to the present time; and it is maintained by them too, through innumerable personal and global conflicts and wars, in their continual thrust as they jostle to set up Satan’s kingdom on earth. But how many want to hear about this? People just do not want to be disturbed and would rather live in a little bubble — either a New Agey “love ’n peace” one, or a “you’re-so-negative” one, or “don’t be ridiculous you’re just a conspiracy theorist” one.

### **Please DO Disturb!**

Once we’ve got past being children, anything which we use to make us feel secure and comfortable must be challenged. If we’re really serious about life and growth, we need to let go of all anchors and life jackets and swim out to sea. We need to put a sign on our door saying, “Please DO disturb!” We need to steer clear of comfort zones such as religion and head out towards the rocks. **Then we will come face to face with the combative rot within ourselves and we will desire to become the human beings we are really meant to be — transformed interiorly by the power of the One who has been sent to earth for this purpose — instead of how society or our parents or our partners or our high-priests or our governments or our bosses want us to be.** To quote a poem which appears later in this little book:

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<sup>38</sup> Letter to the Ephesians, chapter 6, verse 12.

“Into the maelstrom with much boldness we must go  
(a sign we then should hang upon our own back door:  
“Please DO disturb! Please challenge me some more”).  
For comfort is not artificially created in this life;  
that only comes when we’ve removed all our  
unnecessary strife and striving, anger, lies to self,  
conniving, bitterness & fears of being left upon the shelf  
(whatever that may mean) and then determine that  
within we will be light and clean, devoid of dirt,  
our ego blown to smithereens and then whatever’s left  
will be devoted to the healing of the universal hurt which  
stunts all growth, so living full and go(o)dness can begin.  
No more to think of winning, losing, warring, using, bruising  
others on our path and no more pointless wrath which,  
in all the self-made chaos that we’ve been, confused us,  
gave us nightmare thoughts and dark despair within”.  
[Extracted from my poem “*Life is a Gymnasium*”, which is below  
in full on page 125]

#### *vi. Puffed-Up with Pride: A Means to Divide*

Yet another contributing factor to conflict and, ultimately, to war, is that of pride. Yet, this is the action of a dysfunctional ego, for none of us has anything of which we can be, or should be, or even need to be proud. **Pride is merely the masturbation of a dysfunctional ego.** To be proud of anything is just an ego worthlessly revelling in itself as a fragmented entity. One can take pleasure in something one has done. One can feel satisfaction with it. One can feel glad that it exists or has happened. But the moment that pride bursts into the picture, it becomes an assertion of self like a spit in the face of others. **Pride is the combative action of anti-social self-assertion.**

Would social media exist without pride? It is doubtful. For it seems to be made up of people incessantly boasting to others about their humdrum activities, mundane meals, dubious gifts,

predictable pets, short-lived relationships and minor achievements, coupled with incessant name-dropping and bizarre poses for the camera.

### **Self-Love the Harbinger of Pride**

An almost insane kind of pride has plainly become *de rigueur* at this point in history. We have reached the stage where *not* to have pride and *not* to be full of oneself makes a person seem bland and strange. In fact, if one takes no pride in one's attributes or activities, it is assumed that one "lacks self-esteem" and one is then encouraged to attend 'workshops' in order to learn to "love oneself"! Self-respect is admirable. But self-love is a harbinger of pride. For all that will happen is that you will develop a 'self-love' false self, which utilises techniques to paper over one's problems rather than eradicate them at source. This can be seen in the way that those who have learned those techniques will usually be even more defensive if someone questions them in any way. I have observed this repeatedly on social media. They will immediately feel undermined and become aggressive. All that alleged love will crumble in an instant, thus proving it is only based on some flimsy learned techniques rather than being an intrinsic quality which arises naturally from the soul of a being who has been truly transformed from the warlike ways of the world.

One very often finds, in those who are always speaking about the need for "self-love", an exaggerated sense of self. **It is, in a way, the identity equivalent of positive thinking!** Because they are utilising techniques rather than unearthing truths about themselves and having their foundations rewired through deep spiritual transformation, they have to "big themselves up" in front of others. Thus, on social media you will see them continually having to attract attention with personal photographs in a variety of poses (often yoga poses!), status updates which announce how much they love themselves, coupled with copious quotes from positive-thinking gurus, "manifesters", and self-help "experts". All these are mere props designed to bolster their image of strength



and self-confidence. However, it is rather like doing a paint-job on a car-wreck.

**In spite of their professed self-love and enlightenment, there is something empty there — an uneasy desperation to garner attention and ‘strokes’ from as many people as possible.** You will not find that such a person ever practises genuine humility (though they may announce how humble they are on social media); neither will they know how to be quiet or to stand aside and hold back when wisdom calls for it. This is because their “self-love” is based on acquired techniques applied externally (rather than on a complete rewire or spiritually-genetic overturn from within) and is dependent on continual confirmation from others. However, it is not “self-love” that they should be seeking to acquire but self-respect, which comes through the honest filter of self-awareness and a sincere journey within in order to explore and remove the darkness which gives rise to the pride in the first place. *If we chase down the darkness we will always find the light* (more about this in the Epilogue). Truly, if they had self-respect they would not need to prostitute themselves as slaves to attention on social media.

**Better to Say, “I’m no better than a Cockroach” than “I Love Myself”!**

Frankly, if I may be so bold, if a lot more people said, “*I’m no better than a cockroach*” instead of saying “*I love myself so much*”, there would ultimately be a lot less war. I can feel your hackles raised by those words; but those raised hackles do not negate or annul them.

“Barely having climbed out from the swamp  
(or so it is portrayed through evolution lies),  
we dumbly think that if we don a suit and tie  
we earn the right to peer down our noses at the  
cockroaches and flies we claim in all our ersatz glory  
to have overtaken long ago and left behind.

But we are worse by far than they will ever be,  
masquerading as the pinnacle of the family tree —

proof our shatterfractured consciousness disjoins  
the human heart and mind and issues in hostilities”.

[Extracted from my poem, “War is Who we Are”, which is below  
in full on page 127]

In truth, we should love the Divine rather than ourselves. For when we love God, we will find ourselves immersed in His love in return. Then we will have no need to love ourselves. I would far rather bathe in the clean waters of the mutual love of God than wallow in the dubious mud of love for self. Then humility rather than pride becomes the dominant force in one’s life.

**The epiphany of realising that humans have mostly behaved in this world no better than the cockroach is a more preferable starting point for genuine growth and humility.** This is how peace begins in the soul: A stark recognition of the truth about oneself, the godless, narcissistic manner in which one has behaved, followed by the dismantling of that false self which can only come through genuine spiritual rebirth. *Out of the ashes of darkness comes light, with Christ to aid in the fight.*

### **A Veritable Pandemic of Pride**

People not only take far too much pride in themselves but they do so in their children too. If we brag about our kids and want them to be admired by others so that it reflects back on us, not only are we declaring our own poverty of spirit but we are also creating an aura of competition with other people’s kids, as if ours are better than theirs, which is conflict and a microcosm of war. The pressure this puts on children to ‘achieve’ in order to satisfy their parents’ pride-lust is harrowing. **Our children come through us not from us. They are not little puppets to serve our insecurities. To use them as a way of getting kudos implies a deranged ego which needs some serious realignment and re-education.**

This vast pandemic of pride on the planet is the logical outcome in a world full of dysfunctional egos. It is astonishing to see how far we will go to avoid admitting our acute moral failure. We hold

numerous different “pride days”. Pride in sodomy? Where will it lead to next? We are proud of being obese (“Love me as I am, honey, I’m only curvy”); we are proud of imagining we have changed genders (the ultimate delusion). We are proud to be this, proud to be that, proud of our kids, proud of our cars, proud of our houses, proud of our husbands and wives, proud of our achievements, proud of our clothes, proud of our football teams, proud of our hairstyles, proud of everything. **We have been conditioned to believe that this is perfectly natural and healthy. But it isn’t. It is dysfunctionality made respectable.**

It is one thing to ‘take pride’ in a job well done (which means satisfaction with diligence), or to be pleased at our children’s laudable achievements (a sign of our good parenting), or to feel deep gratitude for what we have been gifted with in life. But the moment pride creeps into the picture, we have lost the plot and turned life into a circus.

There would be a lot less war in a world full of people who naturally practised humility, who do not take offence at the least little thing, who know themselves at the deepest level and who acknowledge that any pride which they might feel is merely a symptom of a dysfunctional ego in need of transformation. But one needs to walk in Christ’s footsteps (figuratively speaking) to even begin to understand this. Sadly, *war is who we are*.

The next primary psychological harbinger of war, together with its causes and outworkings is...

## II. Repressed Sexual Expression

Having looked at a number of conflict-based actions and ways of thinking, we now come to the next principal human action and way of thinking and being which inevitably leads to conflict and war — though we have also dissociated it from that.

While recognising that some few could be called to celibacy permanently, and many may be called to it temporarily from time to time, because of their life-calling, in balanced and transformed individuals that would not be an issue. But for the rest, there are indeed issues. For added to all the above processes of division and microcosmic conflict is the huge tension caused by the sexually repressed unconscious (personal and collective) of the mass of people in this world. I am not merely referring to the widespread practice of casual sexual relations which is devoid of love. Neither am I referring to an over-zealous sense of prissy prudishness which is misplaced and inappropriate. But I am referring to the way that sex is perceived, projected and performed. There is nothing smutty, shameful or vulgar about intimate sexual relations within a committed long-term relationship based on love. It is a powerful form of bonding.

Many men, however, seem to be unaware that good sex (i.e. sexual practice which brings a mutual unifying and bonding experience for both the man and the woman concerned, in a legitimate and loving relationship) involves more than racing to ejaculation as if that was the centrepiece of intimacy. Similarly, many women are unfulfilled sexually — partly because they experience sex with the abovementioned types of men and partly because of their own baggage which they bring with them into the ‘bedroom’ (e.g. fears, tensions, Daddy-issues, abuse experiences, stress, attitude, etc.).

The whole subject of sex in our dysfunctional culture, with our fragmented consciousness and maladjusted egos, has been horribly mangled by commercialism, wink-wink-nudge-nudge

snigger-behind-the-hand situation comedies, pornography and a subject for the therapy couch with feelings of guilt and dirt.

Sex addiction is also now a huge problem — using sex in order to satiate feelings of insecurity and alienation. Many see sex activity solely as a substitute for genuine intimacy and the closeness of friendship, which it never can be. Damaged women become prostitutes and inadequate men seek sexual release through them. But all that just leads to the most appalling emotional and spiritual fallout. However, it was never meant to be this way. But the Fall has interfered with human relations; plus if one is not operating in sync with God and carrying out His will, one will inevitably find oneself “up the Swanee without a paddle” and in a dire state of anomie.

Much of this involves our failure to move away from our grasping, fearful imaginary selves to become those who realise that sex involves vast energy which can reveal to us much about ourselves behind all the dross and posturing. Making love should not only be a physical/emotional experience but also a deeply spiritual one, in which the man and woman meld into one another in something which is far more than any basic orgasm, whether clitoral, vaginal or ejaculatory. **Failure to enjoy deeper human connection through sexual experience leaves us as incomplete and unfulfilled people every bit as much as being deprived of it.** And this is precisely what contributes to war as our repressed, misused, unfulfilled sexual expression is channelled into something as earthly as *hardware* — namely, weaponry.

### **Weapons as Sexual Symbols**

The spear, the knife and the gun are classic phallic symbols which are readily recognised in the world of the arts. For example, in Roman Polanski's early film, “*Knife in the Water*”, during a seduction scene on a boat we see a knife in the woman's hand fall into the water (itself a symbol of death [like an orgasm] and deep emotion). Remember also the Beatles' song, “*Happiness is a Warm Gun*”, which John Lennon admitted was about his sexual desire

for Yoko Ono? Small wonder that we should find aggressive weapons represented as phallic symbols in a civilisation which is so messed-up sexually and so predisposed to conflict.

Why do you think there is a pandemic of knife crime in the UK these days? It is spiralling out of control because there are so many fatherless families with young boys suffering emotionally because there is no grown-up penis in the household to give them the missing masculine authority and security. Not only does that create an authority vacuum in the family but the very symbol of the father — his (comparatively) big penis — is missing. Is it any wonder, therefore, that those lost, fatherless boys should carry the substitute penis of a knife to “big themselves up”, as it were? They have to tough it out and play the big man in the absence of their dads. The act of stabbing is an aggressive simulation and caricature of the penetrative act of sex. Essentially, they inwardly and outwardly need a father to give them boundaries, authority and a role model. So the anger of those boys is channelled into wielding their knives as a simulated penis in a simulated sex-act in order to simulate some power and control in their chaotic, fatherless lives. War is who we are.

### **Bombs, Shells, Explosions = Simulated Orgasms**

It is also no coincidence that the slang weaponized phrase, “shooting your load”, refers to the ejaculation of semen. Every time one fires a gun, that is precisely what it is doing: Shooting one’s load. To be a gun-toter is to be a surrogate masturbator and ejaculator. Similarly, an explosion is a fitting symbol for an orgasm — especially the transcendent, unifying, bonding orgasm we never had. The sexual inadequacy and erotic disconnectedness of people is evidenced in every gun people fire and every bomb which they cause to explode. The desire for total explosion in orgasmic oneness with another — thereby going some way towards bridging the individuation of consciousness and overcoming the separation which leads to conflict and competition in humanity — is being simulated in the priming of explosions through bombs and shells

(which are also fired from a phallic cannon!). One would have to be especially dense to be ignorant of the fact that even the shape of the kind of bomb dropped from an airplane approximates the outline of a phallus!

**War is who we are because we are not the complete beings we are meant to be.** The monsters who are the masters of war in this world are sexually dysfunctional people who destroy and massacre with their guns, bombs and other weapons — not to mention the fact that many of those in positions of power are paedophiles and sexual perverts in many other ways, though any public inquiries into such matters are always quashed so that those villains are never indicted. And it isn't difficult for villains to enlist the help of (mostly) dysfunctional young men (mostly) from the lower social classes — many of whom would be fighting on the streets in their towns — to carry through their dastardly plans. In some circles, they are even called “grunts” to signify their role of lowly acquiescence and obedience.

There is clearly an underlying relationship between sexual expression and war. **If one can visualise war as a volcano, we will see that the lava, steam, sulphur, ash and broken rock pieces which erupt into the world from its magma chamber are like the repressed sexual expression (and the resultant internalised anger) which explodes from the collective unconscious of humanity into the bloody obscenity of war.** Guns, spears, knives as weapons, and bombs. The products of a sick humanity. Truly, *war is who we are*.

The next primary psychological harbinger of war, together with its causes and outworkings is...

### III. The Scarcity of Self-Awareness

If you examine all the elements that have been mentioned so far, there is one overarching aspect which links them all: The dearth of self-awareness. One of the main reasons for the development of so many influences which lead to conflict is a lack of awareness of self — the ability to observe ourselves honestly and thereby to see through our folly by detecting our internal reactions and counter-reactions and tracing them back so we understand why they occur. We tend to be so wrapped up in the minutiae of our external lives and worlds that we fail to realise why we say and do the things we say and do. We make such a drama out of everything but without ever seeing why!

#### **Our Multiplicity of False Selves Blind us to Who we Really Are**

The self is a complex phenomenon, operating on a number of possible levels — mainly because we make it far more complicated than it needs to be. One could say that it is almost as if we have developed a kind of Multiple Personality Disorder! At the most superficial, external level, people often develop one or more different personas. For example, one may develop a self which only operates at his or her place of work, or in the church pew, or in a women's group, or school, or on the soccer terraces, or in a marriage, or on a social media network — in short, any place where one is expected or feels coerced to conform to a collective norm. We have tailored various 'selves', or parts of oneself, for different situations — often without realising it. Many fail to maintain their own individual character in such situations and, instead of bringing something of their uniqueness to them, end up quashing themselves and kowtowing to the group identity. However, such conformity is contrary to authenticity and genuine selfhood.

The selves that we develop in those environments each have a complete set of traits, desires, fears and actions associated with them. They will even have their own adapted way of talking (e.g. accent, timbre, inflexion, intonation, etc.), manner of dressing,



banter, comportment and so on. Often, the characteristics of those personas are learned behaviour — either imprinted in us from significant people in our lives (e.g. parents, relatives, lovers, close friends, colleagues, teachers, peer groups, etc.) or are the result of cultural conditioning (e.g. nationality, regional affiliations and influences, dialect, accent, parental inculcation, religion, social class, etc.).<sup>39</sup>

In this way, a variety of different personas can develop *in tandem* in the same individual. Often those personas can be conflicting. However, they are intrinsically false, ersatz — mere strategies we devise so as to cope and interact with specific situations: Creations of convenience, add-ons, ornaments, accoutrements, costumes we can don or remove at the drop of a hat — mostly without even realising it. Truly, as Shakespeare well said, one's life is "*a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage*"!

Then there is the self that we think of as ourselves — the 'me' that is in our minds when we think of who we are. That is usually the self with which we identify. If we examine it honestly, we will see that in our minds that 'self' mainly consists of the sum total of all our thoughts, experiences, education, work, achievements, accomplishments, and our history, often even coupled with an identification with our primary possessions and acquisitions (e.g. house, car, etc.), relations (especially partner/spouse/children) and immediate sphere. Again, this is not really our *true* self but is an acquired one. All of it is mere thoughts, ideas, memories and accolades. That particular 'self' did not exist before we came into

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<sup>39</sup> I am not saying here that one should change one's accent or dialect. Those are a rich part of life and extremely interesting in their origin. But very often one's accent can dictate more than merely the way we speak, as if we are taking on a whole mantle of local characteristics and attitude, such as gruffness, or moaning, or being critical, or being snobby. I'd better leave it there and not reveal to which dialect I think each of those characteristics corresponds before someone gets offended! lol

this world and it surely will not exist in the same way in which it does now after we have left it.

As I stated earlier, as long as we remain stuck in the false-self viewpoint and way of life, *we are all mainly figments of our own imagination!* On one level, one can find this thought-provokingly amusing; but on another level it is something deadly serious and about which we need to ponder very carefully. To do such pondering is in itself a highly efficient way of undermining this undergirding false self and thus being able to step into a more authentic realm of existence.

So, all the personas in which we dress ourselves for work or play, for home or friends — together with the one that we equate with our thoughts and experiences — plus our nationally, regionally, religiously or culturally conditioned selves, constitute the overall false ‘self’, a deftly adaptational impostor, which we need to turn upside-down if we are to arrive at the marrow of life and living and dissolve the war which we have become.

### **The Need to Deny Our False Sel(f)ves**

Casting off that ‘false self’ or ‘false selves’ is thus the necessary beginning of dis-illusionment — relinquishing ourselves of the mountain of illusions, ideas, hurts, concepts and engrams which we have built up in our minds over the years and which we have falsely come to see as the ‘me’ which wallows in its own over-inflated importance. I believe that this is part of the work of the disciple of Christ in relation to his or her sanctification process. **In a way, this is the very essence of spirituality: A kind of initiation into one’s own ‘death’... before we physically die!** Death to self — the false self — the stripping-down of the superfluity of the ego. For it is plainly a part of what Christ referred to as ‘denying ourselves’, which He said is a condition for true discipleship. *“Jesus told His disciples, ‘If anyone wants to come after*

*Me, he must deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me*”.<sup>40</sup> The force of the Greek in the word translated as “deny” means to strongly reject, disown or repudiate that self.

To deny oneself is not about resisting eating some ‘goodies’ during Lent, or taking a vow of poverty and wearing a goatskin loincloth in the wilderness, or living up a pole for thirty-seven years. To ‘deny oneself’ means consciously shedding the baloney which has conceited us into what we imagine ourselves to be — what Paul referred to as “*casting off the old self*” and “*putting on the new*”.<sup>41</sup> We then leave behind the ‘worldlings’ that we were before the repenting process of *metanoia* and begin anew. This means cutting out anything egocentric which stands in the way of ‘us and God’ and also in the way of ‘us and them’: Essentially, becoming a whole new creation. Because “*if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation. The old has passed away. Behold, the new has come into being!*”<sup>42</sup>

There is a major way in which we do absolutely become that ‘new creation’ from the moment one’s discipleship to Christ begins for real — from the very instant that one’s process of *metanoia* transformation begins. **But there still remains all the dross that we have taken onto and into our ‘selves’ which needs to be sloughed off.** Some of that will go immediately. Some will go quite quickly due to our new-found perception and awareness. But some will be more stubborn. Plus there is a whole new learning process which will predetermine our reactions to prospective inappropriate mantles presenting themselves to us to take on board. We will make mistakes and we will learn from those mistakes — a process which never ends this side of our transition of physical death.

Overall, one should not generally need a whole lot of effort in this cleansing process because it is then one’s pleasure to strip oneself

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<sup>40</sup> Gospel of Matthew, chapter 16, verse 24).

<sup>41</sup> Letter to the Colossians, chapter 3, verses 9-10.

<sup>42</sup> Second Letter to the Corinthians, chapter 5, verse 17.

down to the essence of who one is, freed from the encumbrance of the false elements of self developed over years of egocentricity. For in the transformed soul, that wholly new being has already come to pass. But the more 'sticky' elements will need work. All this is part of the process of sanctification — our inner work as the saints of God.

Here is the stark reality. **Part of following the spiritual path is like setting out on a vast journey over hugely challenging and unexplored terrain in which the goal is the exposure and destruction of the false, acquisitive selves and masks which we have developed during our lives and discovering the kernel and essence which is being renewed daily in love and sanctification.** For only then will we dissolve the 'war which we have become', because that war is wholly embedded, engrammed, in the falseness of ourselves.

### **We Must 'Catch Ourselves Out' in Acts of Folly**

Thus, we need to get in the habit of 'catching ourselves out' in the way we act, react, behave, comport ourselves and so on. If we watch ourselves out of the corner of our eye, as it were, we will become increasingly skilled at observing our actions, thoughts and reactions. This is not identical to self-analysis, which is more of a hindsight intellectual activity. It is more about subtly but scintillatingly observing ourselves in real time in an objective, detached and ego-undermining manner — a process that takes place 'on-the-fly', every microsecond that we go about our business. It means calmly and quietly observing ourselves objectively as we live our daily life, interacting, thinking and being. **This is not about subjective self-obsession but about objective self-revelation.**

What one observes is not for broadcasting to others but is strictly in order to 'catch ourselves out' and gain vital self-knowledge so that we can change in a meaningful manner. It is as if we are discovering whatever it is about ourselves which lies behind the 'me' that we imagine who we are and then observing ourselves

through that purer filter. As I have said earlier, we are not who we think we are and once we embark on the pathway towards self-awareness we will start to have glimpses of who we really are, the real self, the kernel of our being which lies behind all the dross and which also should astonish us. As the peace-loving, market-trading, stone-selling troubadour sang to his detractors (extracted from the prose-poem, “Squabble Over Stones”, which appears below on page 111):

“Why do we do the things we do  
and say the things we say?  
Why do we think along a track  
which only goes one way?”

Self-awareness means observing and understanding the reasons behind all our words, actions and thoughts. Does it not intrigue you to know why you should speak, think and behave as you do? How much of that is authentically ‘you’ rather than some learned behaviour which has become an unnecessary and superfluous part of yourself? The troubadour then goes on to sing:

“Our actions and our words reveal  
the source of our control:  
Either what we’ve carried from the past  
or purity of soul.”

That is the essence. For our thoughts, words and actions can have only two sources: Either **a)** our fallen nature along with our baggage that comes from the past, plus the false ‘self’ that we’ve fed over time (the sinful self of moral failure) *or* **b)** a purified heart which spreads throughout one’s whole being. This process of undermining our false ‘selves’ through the aperture of self-awareness will inevitably lead to wonderful epiphanies (which arise out of the inevitable and necessary pain of ‘death to self’). The more one practises it, the more one will find increasingly that one’s normal repertoire of stupidity (for that is what it mostly is) is increasingly eradicated and consigned to the dustbin of history.

We will also be chatterboxes far less than we were, realising how many of our words are superficial, empty and wasted, as irrelevant to the tide of life as flotsam washed up on a deserted beach. When that realisation comes, we will no longer speak because we *have* to say something but because we have *something* to say.

In the meantime, we do not have to be passive observers of the world's charade. For being a 'couch-potato' is as fruitless as being a duped participant in the conflicts which inevitably lead to war. A global network of careful education, revelation, forthtelling prophecy and in-depth understanding comes through those who have seen beyond their tattered egos and dysfunctional selves, which they are in the process of shedding like the skin of a snake. This is the inner work of the true *Ekklesia* — the body of Christ, the true Church. For among that body of people, there should be no place for the manipulation, worldliness (adherence to the satanic world-system), nastiness, plotting, conniving, cultishness, sectarianism, rigidity, narrow-mindedness, tyranny, heavy-shepherding, and outright false teaching which one even finds in so many gatherings of those who profess to be Christians today.

For over the years, I have seen all these elements in many churches in people who presented themselves publicly as 'godly' men and women. Plus, I have counselled many over the last thirty years — both pastors and members of flocks — who have been at the receiving end of the pastoral subterfuge of these impostors. For years, it was a real stumbling-block for me to understand why all that should persistently exist for so long after they had allegedly been 'born again'. **The only way that I could reconcile it was to realise that there was no 'denial of self' taking place in them and no 'sloughing off' of all the accumulated dross of their acquired false selves.** They just plainly hadn't even bothered. This accounted for why, when I was dealing with these people, it was like trying to keep a grip on a bar of soap in the bath. One had no idea which 'self' one was dealing with — the smarmy 'Christian' self who they tried to project to the world (and which most people

believed was true), or the manipulative degenerate self which they used towards those who had seen through their public persona.

**This is why the process that I am describing in this section of the book is a vital part of sanctification. For without it, one becomes a quietly destructive force among the people of God who is cut off from himself or herself, unable to perceive what one has become.** It is also why I have longed to create a local gathering of disciples, a real *ekklesia*, where people are encouraged to have gracious and loving hearts alongside healthy teaching from the sacred texts. From my long-time mailbag, I can see that many are crying out for just such a gathering.

Eventually, I came to realise that I had to experience these secretly disruptive people and their poison first-hand — both as a pastor and as a congregation member — in order to believe that it really happens and also to understand it. This is why I have been able to counsel others who have been on the receiving end of such outright evil. Some of the victims of this treatment — both pastors and congregation members — were almost destroyed by it, emotionally and spiritually. This has convinced me that this kind of destructive force posing as a ‘Christian’ is one of Satan’s most fiendishly clever strategies to undermine the good work of the *Ekklesia*. **Deception easily invades the minds of those who are undisciplined and dishonest with themselves.** This is why self-awareness is vital and a mighty way of preventing oneself from being a source of conflict in the *Ekklesia* and in the wider world.

If we who are disciples of Christ do what we can to ensure the development of our self-awareness, personal growth, spiritual depth, empathy, insight, intuition and understanding — which is part of sanctification — while attracting and encouraging others to hurl themselves onto a similar pathway, dedicating themselves to a lifetime as disciples of Christ (the fruit of both our evangelism and our pastoral diligence), then our work will be done.

Now we come to our Epilogue...

## Epilogue: Those Who Will Say “War is Who we Were”

**M**aybe this essay has not been at all what you expected in terms of dealing with the subject of war, as an essay which is introductory to some war poems. Perhaps you thought I would give you some kind of account about, or alternative interpretation of, the incidents which have led to war in history. But that would be as redundant as a diagnostician babbling about the symptoms of a disease instead of examining the pathology of the patient who exhibits those symptoms.

**We have strayed so far from who we are meant to be and have invested ourselves in so many fictional elements that we have become twisted, dysfunctional, bellicose caricatures of what it means to be human.** Thus, we are a far cry from what human beings can possibly be and should be if they are regenerated, transformed and newly created by the power of the Christ. If you say, “Why Christ? Why not any other?”, the sacred text replies, because *“salvation exists in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given to humanity by which we must be saved”*.<sup>43</sup>

The present dying aeon has involved a repeated tendency towards conflict and fracture — not merely in terms of wars or political infighting but also in relation to group-dynamics and one-to-one relationships. In old-aeon thinking, conflict is viewed as being inevitable and even beneficial from a dialectic point of view (the old idea of ‘thesis – antithesis – synthesis’). The old aeon has, in fact, been one continuous story of conflict, wars, battles, divisions, and subterfuge, as the history books show. Bear in mind that those books not only reveal the mere tip of the iceberg but much of their information is tendentious hagiography about rulers and is very selective with the ‘facts’. The victor is always the one who writes up the history.

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<sup>43</sup> Book of Acts, chapter 4, verse 12.



Conflict has generally been used as a way of manipulating and subjugating entire populations, while life is said to be all about “dog-eat-dog” and “strike first or be struck”. This is not going to change. The world is not going to become conflict-free on any level. The sacred texts show that conflict and wars will increase, reaching a hideous climax in the Endtimes of earth history.

### **This Present Creation is a Testing Ground**

This climax should not surprise us; for this present creation is just a temporary testing ground to ‘weed out’ those who are intransigently disobedient to the will of the Creator and to exalt those who are obedient to His will so that they become the population of the new creation to come — what the Bible calls “*a new heaven and new earth*”; essentially a wholly restored cosmos.<sup>44</sup> The personal transformation necessary for that begins here in the present creation. This is the work in which we who are disciples of Christ must engage. **We are not expected to try and ‘save the planet’. We must first ensure that we ourselves are saved and that we do all that we can to ensure that others are too.** One can only begin that process by submitting to God, believing and knowing absolutely that Christ was sent to earth to pave the way for that salvation through His death, resurrection and ascension, and vowing to turn one’s life around accordingly. This is the process of *metanoia* that some call ‘repentance’, which is not a one-time thing but a lifelong development for all those who commit themselves to discipleship in Christ. **Though we are not here to ‘save the planet’ or any other such slogans, we are here to save as many souls as possible on this planet in order to populate the world-to-come.**<sup>45</sup> To do this effectively, we ourselves must

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<sup>44</sup> Book of Isaiah, chapter 65, verses 17ff; Book of Revelation, chapter 21.

<sup>45</sup> Although we are not here specifically to save the planet, we must still exercise the dominion over the creation that we were originally given and be thoughtful about nature and care for the environment in a responsible manner of

mature and grow in knowledge and spiritual depth, then we will be equipped as prophets of peace — not the peace of this world, which is just the space between two wars, but the peace which comes through knowing one's soul is safe in 'the bosom of Christ'.<sup>46</sup>

### **Eradicating Conflict Begins with Ourselves**

**There is also no point in speaking out against the culture of war in this world if one hasn't first eradicated conflict from one's own life, or we will be hypocrites.** We will find that the more we discover, the more we will realise how much more we need to discover. Self-examination and self-knowledge have no end. This is a lifelong process. I could share countless anecdotes to demonstrate the need for creativity and ingenuity as well as self-awareness to counteract conflict in ourselves and the initiation of its hate-child, war. But, when all has been said and done, the very best thing of all is that we ourselves can change and become a new creation right here in this lifetime. When we have done so, we will discover that we have become the *avant garde* of the new creation coming right into the midst of the present corrupted order, here and now, in real time. That is an extraordinary privilege.

### **Chasing Down the Darkness Issues in Light**

Maybe at this point you are thinking how 'negative' this essay is. Perhaps you think it's too dark or negative to say, "*War is who we are*" — that if we even say such a thing it "makes it into a reality", as the New Agers would claim (though that idea is completely false). However, quite the opposite is true. We have to acknowledge where darkness exists, investigate it, and expose it, as it will then begin to lose its power. *If we chase down the darkness*

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husbandry. The planet is almost like a living being which is perfectly capable of saving itself and if we get too pesky it could easily decimate us and continue on its way as easily as a dog scratches a flea from its fur.

<sup>46</sup> Letter to the Romans, chapter 5, verse 1.

*we will always find the light.* In this blighted world, one cannot get to the truly positive until one has exposed the negative which rudely stands in its way. If we run away from things which people call “negative”, then we are denying ourselves an important realm of experiential learning. **For when we honestly explore the process of war and what had led to it, we are inevitably brought face to face with ourselves.** We cannot talk about war without putting our own behaviour under the microscope. Therefore, we must pose the powerful questions to ourselves: *“What do I do or say or feel or think which leads to conflict of any kind? Am I making any kind of contribution to the world of war, either through my actions, my words, or my unresolved issues?”*

Maybe you think of yourself as a “strong, independent person” — i.e. you have a pushy self-image which you continually project to others. I see this regularly, especially in women. But that is very often a form of defensive, over-compensatory action (to paper over the cracks of one’s perceived vulnerability) which makes someone into a strident, pushy, aggressive person who always has to get ahead. That is conflict. That is war! You see, **in life it’s not a question of being strong or independent in an ego sense but of being authentic and dedicated to truth, courageous, rather than ‘pretend-strong’.** If you perceive yourself as a vulnerable person, you don’t need to compensate for that by bigging-up a phony “independence”. If you are vulnerable, it means that you are sensitive. The world needs sensitive people. Therefore the world needs you as you are, not wearing a cloak of pretended strength. Vulnerability is very beautiful and becoming. You simply need to be with people who you trust and then you can develop an inner strength which is far more in keeping with your true self than all that pushy behaviour of pretended independence and so-called ‘girl-power’.

There is much that we need to do in order to cut through the baloney in our lives. Have you worked out all your inner problems, your ‘baggage’, the leftover engrams from your past which make

you behave in ways which are no longer appropriate and which very often cause trouble and conflict? Are you ‘acting out’? Maybe your father dominated you and even abused you and that has created in you a huge hole which you have channelled into a rugged, defensive, competitive person, full of resentment and you’ve carried all that into your adulthood with multiple fallout in your relationships, your dealings with others, your self-perception, your work, your signing up with pressure groups, etc. That is conflict; and it’s entirely conducive to war. **War will be who you are unless you discover who you are really supposed to be.** Remember that if you are Christ’s disciple then the Holy Spirit is your Counsellor who gets right ‘alongside’ you to help you in that process.

War is the natural outcome of the unregenerated mind and heart, alongside all our conditioning which bolsters it. There are many other divisive artificial constructs of conflict built into our society which we could easily have covered, such as social class (which exists even in so-called ‘egalitarian’ countries) or monetary structures and so on. Let us also not forget that the power-elite of this world (which exists outside of any so-called ‘democratic processes’) has a vested interest in keeping us divided in so many ways. Many of these divisive artificial constructs of conflict have actually been socially engineered by that power-elite in order to keep us in an immature state of being. **They revel in our divisions for not only do those keep us all in a state of being stupidly infantilised but they also render us more easily able to be controlled and open to absorb their disinformation and lies.**

Near the beginning of this essay, I wrote: “Therefore, if we trace war back to its roots in our personal or interpersonal behaviour and attitudes, we will see how our thrusting, fixated little selves constitute the *real* war machine. On top of the faulty genetic encoding of our fallen natures, these behaviours and attitudes have been cultivated further through a mixture of conditioned reflexes, poor education, indoctrination, the outworking of dead but potent

memories and a false understanding of reality — **though all of these can be transformed, if one really wants that with all one's heart**".

This is the moment when we discover that to be true. With a huge surge of desire for inner spiritual change — which, I have to say, can only come through the Christ who was sent to this earth for that very purpose — and a willingness to face what is necessary to effect that change, we can afterwards be deconditioned from harmful reflexes, unlearn poor education and reverse indoctrination, nullify dead memories which we haul around as baggage, and realign our false understanding of both reality and ourselves. **In fact, absolutely everything about us should undergo a sea change when we embark on such spiritual transformation.** Which brings me to a most interesting concluding topic...

### **It is Time to Change your Genes!**

What about our 'genetic encoding'? Can we change that? You see, one of the changes which takes place at the heart of our being when we are transformed through the power of Christ and the Holy Spirit is at the level of our genes. It is plain as a pikestaff that if we are "a new creation", "in Christ", just as the sacred texts state,<sup>47</sup> then there have to be irreversible changes right down to the level of our DNA. When a person enters the kingdom of God and becomes a new creation in Christ an utterly radical change occurs: He or she is "*born from above*".<sup>48</sup> This has traditionally been translated as "born again" (and become something of a cliché), but the Greek there is literally "*born from above*" — rebirthed by God. At that point, there has to be a massive alteration of our spiritual DNA, the 'fingerprint' which is uniquely ours on a spiritual level.

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<sup>47</sup> Second Letter to the Corinthians, chapter 5, verse 17; Gospel of John, chapter 5, verse 24.

<sup>48</sup> Gospel of John, chapter 3, verses 3 & 7.

It is like an etheric lightning bolt blasting us with truth and light. One doesn't feel it happening as an actual lightning bolt (well, not generally), but if we are pledged as Christ's disciples and we have embarked on the 'transformation trail', a radical invisible change has taken place which will quickly begin to manifest itself in our behaviour and thinking.

**Alongside of that, big changes will be occurring in our physical DNA also, which is the interface between our brain and our soul.** This dovetails neatly with the science of Epigenetics, which shows that even any physical, emotional or moral influence which comes into us from outside — whether seen, heard, imbibed, eaten, smoked, absorbed, studied, kissed, or sexually embraced; whether it comes through a fluid (water, beverages, saliva, semen, vaginal secretions), a foodstuff, the air we breathe, words spoken to us, a philosophy, a relationship — in short, anything which we take into our system, whether mentally, physically, emotionally or spiritually, has the capacity to affect our DNA in powerful ways, for better or for worse.

This is not to say that your actual basic DNA sequence can be fundamentally altered, but rather that all the above influences — i.e. everything which comes into you one way or another — **can dynamically change the way that your organism actually reads DNA sequences.** In other words, your immediate environment, by choice or by compulsion, can bring about epigenetic changes that will affect how your genes operate. **Everything that we do, eat, drink, have sexual relations with, think, observe, listen to, breathe, believe or take on board as part of our life journey will alter us genetically, for better or for worse.**

This is life-altering information, for we can no longer play the victim and say *"Well it's in my genes. There's nothing I can do about it"*. Those genes are not completely written in granite but there are significant aspects of them which can be altered by **you** on the basis of your life-choices, and are also altered by God Himself in your regeneration. I have always intuitively known this to be true

from as far back as I can remember. It is surely common sense. But it was impossible to convince anyone else because it sounded so outlandish. After all, genes are genes. Period. However, now that it has recently been validated scientifically through Epigenetics, there is no excuse to deny it.

So, if you spend your time eating lousy food, taking drugs, drinking alcohol, smoking, listening to today's 'unmusic', watching TV as a couch-potato, believing lies, cursing God, scoffing about Christ, having 'one-night stands', indulging in casual or loveless sex, visiting prostitutes, creating idols for yourself (whether false gods or a shiny thing), denying the existence of evil, failing to expose darkness, reading newspapers uncritically, listening to the 'news', failing to deal with your inner 'demons' and historical trauma, having relationships with toxic undeveloped people, your genes will be altered in a highly negative manner epigenetically, and that will affect your whole being, not to mention making you into a magnet for demonic forces who know just what to zone in on and when to do it.

This is why it is so important to know how to be quiet and enjoy the fullness of silence; how to make yourself impervious to incoming propaganda and the tricks of the advertising industry; how to embrace the whole panoply of nature and the cosmos (especially making friends with birds, bees and trees); how to retreat healthily from this world while also being able to have close relations only with those who will enhance you intellectually, emotionally and spiritually; how to become who you are meant to be rather than a clone of your parents or peers; and, above all, how to discover and relate to the Power who created you through life experience and through study and prayer.

**In other words, it is our duty to become serious people who only seek truth, who eschew darkness, and who resolve to discover the meaning of purity in the midst of this corrupt, fallen world and to discover its Divine source for the benefit of our souls.**

Ultimately, as stated earlier, this can only happen in measure when we are ‘born from above’ through the mediatory ministry of Jesus the Christ. We do not need to chase any dubious ‘enlightenment’ (for that is just a satanic ruse to keep you on a worthless ‘treadmill’ to nowhere). We do not need to ‘discover the god within’ (for the Holy Spirit only ‘takes up residence’ in those who are discipled to the Christ).<sup>49</sup>

So there is a regeneration possible in one’s spiritual DNA. The old spiritual nature has been superseded by the new. In the spiritual transformation advocated by Christ, one becomes a new creation. As Jesus put it, *“The hour is coming and has now come when the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God, and those who hear will live”*.<sup>50</sup> The spiritually dead become spiritually alive in Christ, right here in this life. As Paul the apostle put it, *“When you were dead in your deviation from truth and uprightness and in the uncircumcision of your sinful nature, God made you alive with Christ. He forgave us all our falling-awayness”*.<sup>51</sup> I have done a totally literal translation of the original Greek there. It is so plain that this means the complete regeneration of the spiritual DNA which occurs when one becomes a true disciple of Christ. It is complete, it is unchangeable, it is true life, and it is nothing short of miraculous.

Then there is also the change which occurs in the physical DNA. The genetic blueprint of the old fallen self contains an archetypal predisposition to conflict, competition, fear, aggression and war — a pattern which evil power-mongers in this world have ruthlessly exploited, to the detriment of life on earth. We can change that archetypal predisposition now through becoming that “new

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<sup>49</sup> ... and even then, it has nothing to do with your ‘personal divinity’. You do not ‘become God’ (another satanic lie) but you are led by His Spirit and become increasingly devout and open to being changed by Him from the inside out.

<sup>50</sup> Gospel of John, chapter 5, verse 25.

<sup>51</sup> Letter to the Colossians, chapter 2, verse 13.



creation”, so that we take on the blueprint of the new aeon in advance. When that new aeon to come has finally been established in a new creation — after much global cataclysm and the culling of those who choose not to change — with human genetic encoding transformed and even our physical constitution being transmuted into a state beyond what we can currently conceive, then war will no longer be who we are, for there will be a new cosmos which is not subject to decay or corruption of any kind. The Fall will have been reversed, though that will be to an even higher state than it was previously said to be in Eden; because in the new creation there will be no potential for a Fall.

### **It is Revolutionary to Commit to Maturity**

Human problems exist because of a profound emotional and spiritual immaturity. Therefore, the most powerful revolutionary act is for a person to commit to emotional and spiritual growth — finding the key to oneself and one’s place in the whole creation. I say again, for this we must be “*born from above*” — rebirthed by the power of God.<sup>52</sup> That is just the start. From that point on, everything will begin to fall into place for the individual (both internally and how he or she understands the world). Insight upon insight will awaken the heart, if one is open to it and if one is not governed by fear or by human and satanic control. This is the essence of freedom. One will then find oneself saying over and over again: “*I knew that already; why have I never thought of it before?*” One will also be an invincible warrior for Christ and for His light against the darkness arrayed against humanity on the earth today, both internally and externally.

Please do not just take my word for it! Find out for yourself, if you have not already done so. For this is the REAL adventure of the human being. **Just pray to Christ to become a new creation, to**

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<sup>52</sup> Gospel of John, chapter 3, verses 3 & 7.

**be born from above, to receive new life in place of deadness of soul, to embark on the adventure of submission and discipleship to the One who is both the Creator and Sustainer of this cosmos.**<sup>53</sup> I can assure you that all this is real. You will know in your spirit that I am sharing with you the truth. It has nothing to do with joining a religion or checking into a church building. It is about spiritual transformation so that war ceases to be who we are and we understand the real meaning of peace for the first time — the *“peace of God which surpasses all understanding”*, for it *“will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus”*.<sup>54</sup>

Once you have dedicated yourself to that transformation, then you can begin to work unceasingly on yourself in an inner sense. You will increasingly dissolve your emotional and spiritual immaturity. You will become consciously self-aware. You will see yourself for what and who you really are. Decades of social engineering and self-conditioning will have to be overcome, but they will soon fall away like the chrysalis of a butterfly if you are diligent.

This path is not without its rocks and ravines. It can at times be a painful process. But you will rejoice to be on it, as it is the way of love and truth. For then you will not be blown about like a lost leaf on the wind filled with fear and hopelessness; but you will develop a beautiful vision of what can be. You will not rely on conflict-based strategies to live in this corrupted world. Then an infinitely fuller life can begin which is not determined or undermined by the insane bellicosity on this planet. You will see everything with new eyes. This is the real revolution. **You will not be able to transform this world but you will become a transformed bit of the world who will be like a beacon for others seeking to step off the conveyor belt of conflict and war,** and you will become avatars (forerunners) of the aeon which is yet to come.

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<sup>53</sup> Letter to the Colossians, chapter 1, verses 15-17.

<sup>54</sup> Letter to the Philippians, chapter 4, verse 7.

## The Real Revolution

This is a most important function. For by such actions we will be contributing to the build-up of goodwill in the planetary sphere and providing a conduit for virtue and angelic dynamism. The presence of the transformed ones with their indwelling Holy Spirit in the world is what is keeping this planet from falling apart at the present time while an unprecedented wave of narcissism and aggression in the human field feeds on, and gives opportunity to, massed dark discarnate forces on earth. This rebirth through Christ is the best antidote for that narcissism and those dark forces, so that one becomes a truly transformed human being of the new aeon in the midst of the crumbling, dying aeon of old.

**This is the real revolution.**

Whatever is left of my life is dedicated, along with those of many others, to paving the way for that new aeon even now, as part of its avant-garde, in the midst of a world of chaos and impending material destruction — the birth-pangs of that new aeon.<sup>55</sup> When this creation has been demolished (abolished) and the new one established, it will no more be a case of “War is who we *are*” but of “War is who we *were*”. Will you now please join me?



On the following forty-seven pages you will find twenty-four poems and sonnets which I have written over the years on the subjects of conflict and war, including the final one, entitled “War is Who we Are”, which runs parallel to the essay above and provided the impetus for this little book. All the poems and sonnets deal with conflict but a number of them are also about outright war. Thank you for reading this far and I hope that both the essay and the poems will be meaningful for you, so that we will be joined together in a journey of mutual artistry, spiritual transformation and subsequent self-discovery, when war will no longer be who we are.



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<sup>55</sup> Gospel of Matthew, chapter 24, verse 8.

# POEMS ON THE THEME OF CONFLICT

## in vain

Face down in the mud (my newsome  
view of world) brings wisdom's harbour  
neatly to my flapping open door. I spit  
and loudly roar, no more to stand again.

This frailsome new fragility has warmed  
the would-be wasted portions of my  
priestly vision-vine which wistly grew  
and grizzled largely unaligned and void.

Unremarkable razor-marks adorn my  
stifled throat like stuccoed roughcast  
careless flungfast fungalled seizures  
reasoning without success or even cry.

Above my levelled head those bullets  
zinging with a cold precision random  
circus double-visioned conscienceful  
velocity (to some: atrocity) of rhyme.

Poppies like a carpet soon will cover all  
the heinous futile excrement of war —  
a sea of blood and opiates — while  
skylarks inexplicably will singly soar.

My fevered brain like blotting paper  
soaks up unfertility from lifeless earth  
What am I worth? sings every soldier  
dying on a farmer's former golden land.

An oily cricket bat. A wicketkeeper's pad.  
The spireful village skyline pricks my  
crude reality of clay and crashingness and  
corky balls as hard as bullets baffle me.

Hallucination's welcome information  
numbs my broken body but it cannot  
mend my seared and scarful soul.  
A dozen holes. & war is birth control.

What madness ever grazed this earth  
with scars and bloody sackcloth ashen  
screams and dreamless dreams of  
something green and growthsome?

I lie here on the cheerful cusp of chaos  
Mortar holes engore the ground around  
me like a pusful acned pockmarked face  
while generals drink sherry on the lawn.

I am a pawn. They made my moves  
(manoeuvres which they hid). A million  
grieving parents inculcated to believe their  
once were little sucklings did not die in vain.

They did.

## dirt in the wrinkles

It's time to roll the barbed wire out, boys!"  
said the sergeant's raspy singsong voice —  
his Aberystwyth accent sending chuckles  
down the line of threadbare, rain-soaked soldiers  
(all around them potholes hissly smoulder)  
scrambling in the mud with clouding breath.  
[That day 3000 lads or more had met their death].

Old dirt buried in the etched-out wrinkles on his face  
which glimmered like a stroboscope in tracer fire,  
he played his part in loading up the funeral pyre.  
With officers all dead, the sergeant was in charge  
until the reinforcements had arrived to take  
their place (they never did, as you shall shortly see).  
He hadn't slept for days and nor had we.

We pitched the wooden stakes deep in the mud  
then wound the barbed wire round them carefully.  
It's strange how when your mind is broken down  
that everything you see can take on suddenly  
a meaning that you never in your life had seen before.  
The barbed wire seemed just like a featherbed —  
a prickly hammock stretched above the ground instead.

A stutter from machine guns on the distant ridge  
produced some thudly rendezvous in worn-out coats.  
I knew that sound so well. Where once it fostered  
fear and fright (especially so at night), it now became  
a welcome friend, a lover even, sent to end the pain.  
And here, under the rain, my best friend's throat  
was made into a sanguine work of art of note.

Still to this day I suffer shame for what I felt as  
Matthew lay there writhing on that spikely bed —  
his neck a sylvan gurgling brook of foaming red.  
Instead of grief, my soul was filled with envy  
that my dearest friend had been relieved of duty  
for I wished that it was me — yet not so lovely he  
would thus be free from death. I eyed him jealously!

Oh why should he be taken from this wretched plane  
never to make love again or freeze or cry or smile  
or question why or crack a joke about the mould  
or rat shit in our food or act out random scenes  
from music hall revues or write a fevered letter to  
a girl who long since had forgotten how, inebriated,  
they had danced on village greens at dawn, elated?

By then, I'd had enough of being a pawn on boards  
drawn up by spies and generals sipping Vermouth  
on the lawn at garden parties raking in the loot  
from family shares in companies who made the wares  
of war and more... You'll find no valid glory here.  
That's merely made-up jingoness to hide the gore.  
For those who truly run this world and make its laws  
perpetuate the lie that soldiers fight for freedom  
when there is none and there never was. Of that  
they will make sure (though just to make you think  
it's true they'll let you vote for vain assemblies on  
some hill and tell you that's "democracy" and you'll  
believe them — yes, you will!) And here, amidst the  
litany of penile guns and futile tunnelled ratruns,  
I am jealous of my friend who took one in the neck.  
When sunrise comes, the magpies at his eyes will peck.

The charred and blackened bodies in the trench  
were like the dirt embedded in the sergeant's face  
and everywhere the stench of rotting flesh  
comingled with the fumes from bodies freshly  
roasted on the sacrificial stone of war. And there,  
with blood and food and head lice in my hair,  
I wondered what it all was for and longed to die.  
I faced their guns and "Madness!" was my battlecry.

No reinforcements came that night nor ever did.  
Our company was wiped out — all, save me.  
We simply slid down deep into the dormant mud,  
where things once lived and would again, though  
something in me died that day with Matthew's  
screaming spurling form which lay on barbed wire's  
featherbed — his tattered uniform his shroud, which  
one day would be ploughed into a field with walls  
as if no crime had ever happened there at all.

## crumbless

**T**here's treacle in those cloudlike hills.  
(Or so I then was told; experiencing  
for myself how real estate is falsely sold!).  
So in my usual curiositical state of mind  
I climbed and found my feet fast stuck  
in thick and sticky slime. It was a trap.  
I should have known that from the  
all-beforeful times I've walked along this  
thickly blistered track [knives in my back]  
exasperated lack of self-defence in front  
or from behind and now in vitrospect  
I find a cell (my little hell [five walls])  
and on the sloping floor some six-inch



sludgely mess to wrestle with  
no featherbed to nestle in  
but all around those haunting skulls  
which sport that stupid grin while  
snipers prime their firing pins  
imaginary targets in their sights  
imagining that's how to set the world aright  
(not realising first, before such change they make,  
they need to set their hearts alight{aright}  
although it's true my own has less remaining  
glowing embers [me with now my feet within  
solidifying syrup's unseptember wind]).  
I'm back at the beginning now  
the many layers all undone  
and on the plate before my morning face  
there stood there nudely not one single crumb.

## theatre of war

**B**ent-shapen blows of every blasted gun,  
I curse you to your face!  
Not one of you is worth the smelter's sweat  
which fell like cold unsmiling beads of death  
on hot iron's semi-shining overdress.  
Someday you'll all backfire and then be found  
without a trace — as obsolete as rusty bayonets.

You, gun of every size and mould,  
which idiots have bought and crooked merchants sold,  
your penis shape a legacy of twisted form  
made in the foundry of some fool perverted mind  
for stupid man to fondle in his fingers, misaligned,  
and in a long thin frame its phallic counterpart to find  
and hammered on an anvil forged from multi-dollar signs.

Each shot exploding from your barrel's bore —  
an expression of the orgasm men crave but never had  
nor ever will for absent hearts must fail to find that door.  
Your raw ejaculation, a masterpiece of masturbation,  
creams your trigger's cock instead of oil and in the process  
soils the land with blood as so-called humans scramble  
just to claim a piece of mud as if it was their own!

Black Powder's acrid fumes which curl seductively  
like smoke ring plumes from a playboy's sneering mouth  
[with Sulfur's stench as foul as death's own stink —  
Charcoal-coloured black as premonition's darkness ink  
while colourless or white Saltpetre makes the link]  
was first believed in ancient Chinese thought  
to be a new elixir made to bring us immortality.  
What futile puerile wide unguided-missile irony!

The madness hell that we, with misplaced delicacy  
or as euphemistic ploy (like Hiroshima's Atom-bomb  
was nicknamed 'Little Boy'!) have named as War  
is never in the cause of freedom waged  
but is to the advantage of the faceless greys  
whose lack of spine and cruel unmanly ways  
have only one desire: to keep us all as slaves  
(our piercing sharp incisive minds annulled)  
from time to time to make our lives a sacrifice  
to satisfy satanic bloodlust's population cull.

There are no such things as war crimes  
for all war is a crime — not just those bits that we,  
in our political expediency, deem to be substantially  
more gory than we think that war should be.

## the bloody stain

Life is just a brief postponement of death  
for seconds, hours, days or years to come.  
Each moment is a gift — a treasured breath;  
the opposite of frozen, stiff or numb.

We're here to pass through lessons dark and light  
so choices made in liberty can soar;  
but not as pawns in someone else's fight  
or cattle in the slaughterhouse of war.

Yet, solemn mouths will speak of glory days  
on battlefields 'to safeguard freedom's reign'.  
But war's a secret money-spinning craze  
for power-players' games — a bloody stain.

Our lives are not for sale to twisted men  
whose presence here's a dark carcinogen.

## domestic violence

Fists are made for kneading dough when baking bread,  
not pummelling another's face into a gory pulp.  
What sickly minds take pleasure in a fistful fight?  
To watch two men (or, worse still, women, who are  
channels for the gift of life) contuse each other senseless  
(though there is no sense in contests from the start)  
so that punters will be satisfied, The Mob gets paid  
& people think they've viewed a thing of princely sum,  
is malady of soul and signals sunset times have come.

When boxers become heroes, called “The Greatest”,  
used by gangster impresarios to line their pockets,  
damaging the brains of others in their class  
while they themselves will lose their minds  
to entertain a crowd of thirsty bloodsuckers  
(and suckers too for betting on a bloody fight)  
and influencing other men to think it’s right,  
we know the world is fast descending into  
gladiator spectacles, receptacles of dark degrading  
entertainment, like the wars waged by the powers  
of the air which euphemistically speak of them as  
“theatres” for their games, attaining nothing which  
I value or behold as keeping peace, for to those suits  
what they call “peace” is merely space between two wars;  
and violence, bloodshed, gore is what for them allures.

Fists have not been made to place upon another’s cheek  
with force or raised up in the air as if it was a flag denoting  
freedom or the power of a people who’ve been beaten up  
themselves and should know better than to mimic  
what’s been done to them; for fire is not extinguished by  
the flames but by a fountainhead of wisdom in the soul.

So when you told me how your “lover” had laid hands on you,  
I wept to think your silken skin had been assailed by clenched  
and unrepentant fists — the blows of which I’d gladly take  
upon myself instead of you. That “lover” was hellbent on kill.  
If only I could stroke that head on which those blows,  
just like an avalanche, rained down. (Someday I will).  
But in the meantime please accept this posy full of words  
as if it was a healing balm to nullify your bruises  
whether on your skin or (and these are infinitely worse)  
those which your screamful fear has hidden deep within.

## uncivilized

A macrocosm of corrupted hearts  
is war, which microcosmically we own,  
arrhythmic-ally beating fits and starts,  
congealing as a bloodstained cornerstone.  
“How DARE you write that?” do I hear you say? —  
your hackles raised in outrage at my words.  
You think you’re civilized — that you portray  
an image which eschews the thrall of herds.  
But war is phallic spears and guns and knives;  
orgasmic bombs explode and show the souls  
of those who only cheapen human lives  
with weaponry, for whom the death-knell tolls.  
Did Wilfred Owen’s cries fall on deaf ears?  
Why’s war still with us after all these years?

## living in the real world

I’d love to live in a real land and world  
where people say just what they mean  
and mean just what they say —  
Where promises are staunchly kept  
and day could not be meant as night  
nor ever night mean day.  
Where dictionaries could not have  
such words as “fight” or “holiday”  
(for every day is holy in a way)  
Where openness is normative and  
every one of every size and age  
puts value on innate ability to play  
not stupid games designed to hinder  
or destroy or wielded as a ploy

but those reflecting what takes  
place within an atom's heart —  
electrons round a nucleus dart!  
Where family's a cherished word  
not merely used to signal bloody kin  
and people do not merely feign  
an interest in the things you've done  
or who you are or all the places  
where you've lately been or  
where you can be seen or  
judge you by your make of car or  
ogle at some one they call a "star"  
Where coldness in a frozen heart  
will soon be cauterised away  
Where tempers never bite or fray  
and fists are only used to knead  
the bread for breakfast every day  
Where empathy's the quality  
which marks you out as worthy and  
Where sheer manipulation's arts and  
crafts could never hold a soul in sway  
Where people think in colours never  
seen or heard or dreamed before  
and no one ever thinks in grey —  
a world which has no need of doors  
and one where every idea soars  
Where idols, whether pop or made of wood  
and stone, could never have a home  
Where Love & Truth are sacred twins  
and what a person is within is held as  
more momentous than the things  
they've had to go without and  
Where to feel self-doubt is good  
to humbly have from time to time  
far better than the always feeling

everything we think and say is right  
as smug self-righteous socialites  
Where no one ever is or could be  
just a cog in one vast blind machine  
Where there would never be a  
gallows firing squad or guillotine  
Where universities and schools  
instead of always teaching facts  
([which only serve to foster fools]  
and forcing blind conformity to  
social norms employment market  
schemes while giving up achieving  
their potential and their dreams)  
direct a soul with gentleness and  
tact towards a useful source of light  
becoming erudite in thought and act

Where growth is not in bank accounts  
but buried deep within our hearts  
Where all the ingenuity of science  
which can blow the world apart [to bits]  
(while men just slaver over tits and  
women pay for tucks and nips) is used  
instead to fill each mouth with food  
Where weak and vulnerable people  
will not have a life of servitude and  
no one's ever heard the word "mistreat"  
and no one's living shelterless on streets  
Where no one feels 'entitled' merely  
thinking of their "rights" like whingeing  
parasites or glorifying war instead of  
honour (statehood's neat backdoor to  
pull our strings and lure us into horror)  
rather than see beauty in the always  
now lost art of sacrifice or in the extra

long forgotten pathway known as duty  
(now regarded as a dirty word no better  
than a turd you'd slip on in the park)  
Oh, how this world lives in the dark!

I'd love to live in a real land and world  
wherein the sacred core of everyone  
who dwells in it by choice will be  
courageously uncurled and every  
blesséd wing will be unfurled and  
sparkles from our ever-searching  
minds will torch the way, ensuring that  
we'll find the part that always we from  
long before our births were meant to play.

## solitaire

**T**his world is not a realm in which the truth  
sits easily (though it is everywhere).  
For now this crazy place is cracked, uncouth  
and there's no place for softness, facts or share.  
If you should think these words could not be so,  
gaze back with open eyes through history's stink:  
The violence like a hammer blow-by-blow;  
with vultures everywhere and jackals slink.  
You'll tell me that I'm negative and dark  
and how this world is filled with love and light.  
So how come all I want's to disembark  
and leave this hellhole in a flash tonight?  
My work is done; I've fought the fight with flair.  
I've had my fill of playing Solitaire.



## vengeance is not ours

**T**he taking of revenge implies a lack of faith in God's own wonderway to make a person's own wrongdoing bounce right back upon them so they pay for their mistake. Retribution doesn't need incitement on our part. The law of life has decreed we will all receive a just indictment; so we shall reap the way we sow our seed. And now I hear a choir of angry rhyme: "What right have you to judge us in our grief? These people have to suffer for their crime." But all you're seeking is your own relief. For vengeance never can to us belong and justice cannot come through doing wrong.

## wrestle

**H**ow easy it would be to string a noose up from a tree and give that soul of mine to charity. (Though I'm not so obtuse as to from 3-Dimensions disentwine). A voice has whispered long and low to make me interrupt the flow of destiny and wrestle me from being wide-awake to forfeit my alignful synchrony. But having seen the face behind the voice (for spirits in this world aren't only light) I realised those words come with a choice and warfare that's unseen invades my night. I wrestle every day (but not for sport); all charlatans with stealthhood I will thwart.

## grass in monochrome

Some people  
when they want something  
they cannot have  
will want it all the more.  
Then  
when it becomes available  
suddenly  
they're not so sure.

How does this situation come about?  
what fans the flames  
of such desire  
when greenness of grass  
on other sides  
sets hearts afire  
yet when that grass  
becomes the grass of home  
it loses its vivacity  
extinguishes its flames  
and turns from green  
to monochrome?

Here's one way  
how that comes to be:  
When they were small  
they longed for something  
which they could not have.  
Example is a parent  
who just one day  
quit the home  
which left their little children  
with a yearning heart

desiring that their  
roaming mum or dad  
would reappear and start  
once more  
the happy clappy family  
idealised in their unformed minds.

But if they did come back  
they'd always wonder  
if one day  
that dad or mum  
would disappear  
off the grid again  
and leave them feeling  
once more  
overcome with pain.  
And so a conflict is established  
in their childish hearts  
of wanting something badly  
which  
if it restarts  
they know could cause them anguish.

Thus, an engram is laid down  
which will determine that  
they put themselves  
in situations  
(not just once  
but time and time again)  
where they want with passion  
elements they cannot have  
(especially people  
who are unattainable  
in every way).

Yet, if those elements  
or people  
suddenly  
are there for sure  
and open to be had by them  
they'll run a mile or more  
or take themselves  
to any distant place  
where their imaginary peace  
could never be effaced  
and equilibrium  
would not be hassled  
by the rude obtrusions  
of the all-consuming  
naked hand  
[but yet, to them,  
a bandit-ridden borderland]  
of love.

Thus  
whatever thing they want  
they never get  
and everything they get  
they never want —  
a life of unfulfilment  
blights their schemes  
and all they ever live  
is [unaccomplished] hopes  
and never to be realised  
[wholly abstract] dreams.

## i will not wear a poppy

I will not wear a poppy on that celebrated day;  
though many others then will feel obliged,  
as if by some strange law, to wear that flower  
commemorating war. Each year it is revived.  
Then one who claims to be offended by the  
lack of paper flower pinned upon my clothes  
and thinks that all should be like him or her  
will be red-faced and full of rage and sternly say:  
“How could you scorn the freedoms won by  
those who fought so you could live another day?”

Then will I swift reply: What freedoms do you mean?  
The “freedom” to be overseen in every little way  
and spied on by your disingenuously “democratic”,  
pederast-permitting, plastic, gymnastic government?  
The “freedom” to live every day enslaved by  
drudgeful work, extorted mortgages and rents  
and subsequently have no unspent time to play?  
To what freedoms could you possibly refer?  
The “freedom” to inscribe your X upon a form,  
when several years have passed since last you  
X’ed that form before (to no avail, of course)  
and take part in another manufactured war they  
call “election-time”? (You think this is the norm?)

Even children spend all day in prison places, overseen  
from morn till night; their minds collectively conditioned  
to conform to mediocrity, uniformity, political correctness  
automatic-al-ly, socially prepared to join the fray of  
drudgeful work & buy things which they can’t afford  
& then be told by pervert priests to pray unto the Lord,  
donating to their “worthy cause”, to save themselves

from hell (which, in lesser form, already ravages the earth) but serfs are made of humans from their time of birth until the grave, as parents' little dolls (extension slaves), teachers' puppets, government muppets, employers' pawns, before all of whom they bow and scrape and fawn unless a light goes on and something deep within them dawns.

The childish human's like a lump of dough that's moulded by dark forces into where they want those lives to go. Along the long conveyor belt of strict conformity to death disguised as "life", those little sausages (for that is what they will become) are processed then to live a life of debt. Their peer groups pressure them to smoke their cigarettes, dope themselves to death, drink themselves to stuporville, and other legal forms of slavery (all government approved) then, if they go to war, they don't investigate (that's if they knew at all) just how the premise for the prosecution of that war was masterminded secretly & long before a drop of human blood was spilled & never question why they kill to benefit their masters (arms producers, wheeler-dealers, sharp industrialists, their pawnful politicians and the lords who sip their sherry with the generals at their garden parties on the lawn, while squaddies in their ignorance are told they fight for freedom (though that platitude is rather worn). And when they die, the cliché then is said that those poor soldiers "gave their lives so others profit from their sacrifice", implying that we all gain freedom when they're blown to smithereens upon the chessboard theatre of some crazy war which had been engineered in the secret corridors of power. Please, let me hear such clichés from your lying lips no more! The only ones who "profit" from those soldiers' sacrifices are the very types who plan and fund those warring enterprises.

The warping and perversion of the young begins at birth with precision-bombing of our children's minds with propaganda wars designed to blind with orthodoxy, dumb conformity and clonelike acceptance of a military-industrial complex which possesses people, owning them with cultlike cleverness. I tell you: they will never let you grow. Their mind-control will never let you go.

Then youths are later partnered with some spouse who also is enslaved and who they hardly ever see [for slavery, so it seems, will always take priority, which kills the oversight of love, fraternity, sorority], with whom they make some babies to be fodder for the nanny-state which mollicoddles them like helpless infants from the cradle to their proxy lived-out, self-mutated destiny where freedom dies & angels (if they could or ever wanted to) would cry. [as, indeed, do I]

For what freedoms did those fooled, deluded men lay down their lives on battlefields in bloody mud? The "freedom" to be captives of Fluoxetine, Paroxetine or Sertraline? The "freedom" [sic] to always own the latest car or bike or fashion clothes or wash machine? The "freedom" to become enthralled and mesmerised at such a tender, easily manipulated adolescent age by empty stars of pop and film? Celebrity's a killing field of mind [control] to steal your heart away with *glamour* as the magnetizer leading souls astray. The "freedom" to announce yourself 'disinterested in negativity' so you can be a safe-space-slave entrapped upon the featherbed of your volunteered captivity? The "freedom" not to wear a poppy when presenting news or programmes on TV? Good luck with that!

The torch and pitchfork trolling mob on social media  
will hound you with their hateful words compelling you  
to wear your paper poppy with what they claim is “pride”  
or your career will be finished (better save your hide!)  
Freedom is a quality the poppy folks have yet to try!  
The freedom to allow the TV’s amorality to twist  
your frozen minds in every way (except sagacity)?  
For there that TV sits within your sacred space,  
full of characters with which your home should  
not in any way be graced. Beelzebub it truly is,  
his tail up on your chimney stack, his eye within  
your living room; your life it tracks, enslaving you,  
false-flagging you, depraving you & disinforming you,  
preparing you for preconfigured hyper-ersatz doom.

How scathingly we view this misused word and  
have no concept of what FREEDOM means and live  
instead in secondhand redundant dreams, realities  
created by the men and women wielding power  
through politics or fake news hour, their many spies,  
twin-towering lies, while Truth flies to a place more  
fitted to its mission, such as nebulae & solar systems  
far across the heavens where my lovelight dwells  
(which now with you I share). {Please take me there}

“They died so you can now enjoy the freedoms  
which you have!” That’s what they say and also  
how they say it too. This is their little ploy to fill you  
with a wholly manufactured guilt and shame you all,  
to close you down in your dissent, your ideals bent  
by them so much that you become a shadowland  
of what you true could be if you were truly free.  
They do it so your mind can be remade, according to  
their dark, deficient, vicious, unde(r)licious serenade.



There is no freedom in this world, for all is fake and everything's "a number" [US slang for fraud] and almost everyone is on the take and only really int'rested in what they make (no matter how much they may dress it up in fancy words) while frozen hearts are rarely thawed and gaudiness and kitsch (those children born in blood and shit and shot with fashion's louche pretentious lodestones thru 'n thru) will vie with plagiarism on this hellish earthly barbecue.

But deep within the nothingness of everything [tickling the bosons, leptons, quarks and any other so-far-yet-to-be-discovered bits of stuff-of-allness], if you can shut your self (and everybody else) up long enough to hear the sound of all creation's continuity, you'll see that poppies made of paper are the military's version of the ancient art of origami — a flower reduced to empty propaganda for the army. Soon, into that dreadful silent space will flow a mighty rushing wind, such as has never been before nor ever will again. Its magnitude will make all war seem nothingful as, like an angel's sudden robe of death upon this earth, it will bring vast destruction (also known within the trade of prophets as a reconstruction when we see and understand that chaos is a muchly needed deft precursor for the arc of destiny unfolding boldly) to this dirty mess we made — this Hades which awaits refurbishment — on which with arrogance so much mere folly we have spent with all our hubris and with all our pomp & circumstance, immense presumptuousness and... above all else... our voluntary wilful ignorance.

So when you put that bloody poppy on your clothes, remember that it is a symbol of a cancer in this world which grows in those who've sold their souls to war.

That's what it's for: to dumb you down, to shut you up, to make you acquiesce to go to war when power elites decide they need some more to plunder in the field. Their artfulness in engineering wars is second to none; you are the pawns upon their chessboard game of fun; & when your jingoistic flags (or rags) have been unfurled, they reap their darksome harvest on the battlefields, in blood, in fear and death (on which they and their dark masters in the secret corresponding ether gnashly feed), to satisfy their greed. So, unto their poppies — which with pseudo-pomp solemnity they sentimentalise and glorify with subtlety the heinous act of war — do not ever yield!

So, finally, I say: No freedoms ever have been won by war, whatever PR propaganda they present before your eyes. Limiting the awesome scope and breadth of freedom's sense in human being's minds is where the true conspiracy lies. May that be your meditation for today and everyday and soon you will awaken full of revelation, open, wise.

## the everywhereity of war

The failure we call war has many faces other than the battlefields and trenches that we normally associate with bellicosity. For conflict, enmity, hostility, and animosity can also thus be classified beneath the banner of what I would term 'a targeted atrocity'.

This poet once declared within his poetry  
that “War is who we are!” in our humanity.  
Imagine how that utterance went down!  
In many eyes, it was a mark of his insanity,  
his inability to find ‘the good in all’ —  
a sign of his irreverence and profanity.

But if we only think of war in lesser terms —  
of dressing up in camouflage and helmets,  
using guns and bombs against an enemy —  
we will severely limit its diversity; and only if  
we broaden how we see war’s field of view  
can we begin to see what parts of war are true.

Just look around this world with honesty at all  
the myriad examples of what I believe is war.  
In parliaments your politicians impolitely roar  
at one another while the football fans decry  
each other’s teams. Rivals vie at work to gain  
advantage, trashing reputations, so it seems.

Taking sides is now the megavirus of our time.  
Contest, struggle, rivalry — the latest paradigm.  
Left OR right, or black OR white, or red OR blue.  
Ladies & gentlemen, please designate your hue!  
You’ll say I’m neutral, and therefore bland & grey.  
I’ll choose a far more worthy hill 2 die upon 1 day.

Families and teachers pressurise the children  
to conform to what corruption has established  
is the norm — essentially they’re waging war  
against what children have been put here for.  
Governments wage war against their ‘subjects’,  
forcing them into a mould. DO AS YOU ARE TOLD!

All this, to me, is war. For *war is who we are*.  
Compulsive arguers we have become, unable to  
accept when someone tramples on our toes:  
We'd rather we indulge our triggered souls,  
never able to resist a 'pop' or bite our tongues;  
and Twitter is a battleground of smoking guns.

So I will say it yet again: *War is who we are!*  
And if you think I've gone too far, I ask you  
why that thought should bother you at all.  
Try thinking on it for a while; and if you do not  
like my style, why so anxious here to scrawl?  
I'm 0, just a speck of dust, and no one, after all.

## seeds of tomorrow

Sitting mournful in my ivory keep while  
gazing down on every broken quantum  
leap I glean that mostly all imagine they  
are free though in reality their grooves  
of mind are trapped in philosophical  
obscurity [concocted by an otherside's  
degenerate elite] eschewing any sense of  
how-to-be-a-human-being's purity or  
decency (an elevator ride to nowhere)

Or else (enveloped in some fantasy in  
which they think that all and every little  
thing is well in every way and evil has  
no role to play except as a projection of  
a weakling's inability to whitewash out  
veracity) they featherbed their feelings  
while their blood of life congeals over

only things appealing to their hearts'  
convenient smoothed-out icy fables  
As human playtime inexorably builds  
its fleshly crudesome crass materialistic  
bellicose unthrills towards the final  
beat of drum in war there is a snowy  
mountaintop of cast iron ways which  
guarantee to keep one's centre pure  
in conscience and in deed no matter  
what your creed or point of view may be  
on this or that or any other life affair

The next world war will be the fourth.  
The third has gone unseen for years  
in which the glue that makes our lives  
remain in tune with cosmic mores has  
been unstuck while darkness forces run  
amok undoing every louche tenebrous  
should-remain-full-battened door which  
like Pandora's Box of old has now alas  
unleashed an uncontrolled invasion

The scenes we think are natural today  
(like television's glitterpool of dung  
designed to hypnotise our minds away  
or papers filled with fool distractions  
[truth and honour mostly go unsung]  
or any addict thing which rules our life  
the loud untidy paper-trails of strife  
our cold undeeptful hearts rejecting  
perfumed strands of love unless we  
stand to gain some crude advantage)  
are merely ways of breaking us so we  
will be unwilling to resist and thereby  
fodder for the fray when blood-red

jackboot spatters have become the dreaded but inevitable order of the day  
This cuspal era's leading theme is "take whatever elements you can — so long as they're unclean (as one example: shit suspended floating in a poisoned stream) — and make the people eat it for their diet every day" and very soon there'll be a serious blockage in their passageway. Unable then to get it out so filled with it they'll be that every thing they breathe and say will make a contribution to the drought and dearth of culture clean and smash the glow of lovely nature's face to smithereens

And so I say do not believe a single claim presented in the hologram naively we refer to everyday as *life* unless you test it first to see its worth. Trust no one till they've proved they understand that most of what we witness here's a sham (not merely all the stuff we see but even what is touted everywhere as poetry!)

The weather's closing in, the sea is rough; we need to grow rhinoceros skins to keep us tough (but always wear our heartbeat on our sleeves). On top of which we need to nurture love of truth with wisdom long in tooth; for when the wars are over (that is, World Wars Three and Four) and the absurd roar of foolish guns

and bombs and all the deadly prongs  
which undermined the decency of  
where our so-called 'civilisation' could  
have gone with all its songs without  
the wilful ignorance and wrongs, we  
will be left with just one thing on  
which to cling with all our might:  
That in and of ourlittleselves we're  
merely flybynights with finite sight  
who disregard the signpost-pointing  
glow of Light in peril of our souls.

## squabble over stones

ONCE UPON A TYME, in an insignificant town of little renown, there was a commotion caused by heaven-knows-what. Like a whirly-wind, it came and went and ruffled feathers, blew some fences down, flossed the plot, turned some stuck things round, brought some haughty faces down... But let me start at the beginning...

It all began at the market which, in that small place, was every day and every stall had been the way it was from further back than any could recall. Until a stranger came to town, dressed in clothes which made folks look askance (he was no stranger, though, to this reactionary dance). His name was Rex. He always has the same effect wherever he in all his glory treks. Before he'd even made a move or opened up his mouth, alarm bells jingled in their minds — his very presence seemed disturbing, made them miffed. They primed themselves defensively and clenched their fists.

The stranger set up his own market stall: a table covered in some stones. Nothing more and nothing less. To most observing eyes

they looked like ordinary smooth and roughly hewn uneven pieces anyone could find. But yet to some (the people who were unafraid) they seemed like pearls and amethysts and topaz, moonstone, sapphire, chrysolite and turquoise, onyx, emerald and jade. The other market traders selling stones were watching like a hawk to see what prices he would put upon his wares and if his stones would sell and thereby steal their custom which, because they'd always ruled the roost, they were not about to share.

Imagine their disdain when not only did he offer them for free but some of their regular customers were queuing at his stall — for suddenly, as if by magic transformedly, those precious stonesome qualities many of the people present now could see. Enraged, they stood before his stall, assailing his new customers with how his stones not only were the same as theirs but theirs were tried and tested over time and thus they were superior and how could all these people be attracted to a heap of new-made stones which, probably, this man had stolen from some other hapless chap; and viciously they went on the attack.

The stranger stood his ground and mildly smiled. He'd seen this strange reaction many times before. He marvelled how a bunch of stones could kindle such a dark furore. He turned towards these other traders, closed his eyes as if in thought, pulled his lute into his arms and then these words in song before their scowling faces quietly he brought:

Why do we do the things we do  
and say the things we say?  
Why do we think along a track  
which only goes one way?  
Our actions and our words reveal  
the source of our control:  
Either what we've carried from the past  
or purity of soul.



With eyes tight shut and ears closed  
we wander in a daze.  
Instead of being blind and deaf  
our hearts should be ablaze!  
The time has come to wake ourselves  
and no more be asleep  
To see things as they really are  
will take a quantum leap

*The world that we think we see  
is only a dream.  
This transient entity  
is not what it seems.*

Why must we thrive on conflicts made  
when here there should be none?  
Why can't we revel when we see  
another's works well-done?  
There's pain enough throughout our lives  
without the dross we make.  
In anger we will live and lose  
until to love we wake.

We take positions in a patch  
of ground we think is ours.  
But no one owns a scrap of earth  
or grass, or trees, or flowers.  
And if we freely give to all  
who need, we will receive.  
There's nothing for us to defend;  
possession's make-believe!

*The world that we think we see  
is only a dream.  
This transient entity  
is not what it seems.*

So let's all gladly give our hearts  
to ramblers in our field.  
Each time we act with grudge and gall  
our vanity's revealed.  
It's folly for us to engage  
in any kind of war.  
Our self-awareness is the key  
and selflessness the door.

Sensing that his words were sung of them, before another verse could grace his lips they rushed at him as one and overturned his stall. But yet (I swear that this is not a lie) the harder that they hit the dirt the more those stones shone, even sparkled in their eyes. And so they stamped on them incessantly — as if possessed by evil spirits, demons, imps which hate the arts — until those stones were hidden in the ground and thus were hidden from their hearts. Some in that crowd who stood around and watched as if transfixed, benumbed, by all that they had seen (for never in their lives had they observed such spite), stepped forward, tried to dig those stones out from the dirt but to their huge surprise no stones could find. And then that stranger — suddenly as he had come — had disappeared and left that town behind.

The people then (the ones who'd loved the stones that man had brought into their marketplace) determined thus to seek him out with all due haste. For just a few, it only took a briefsome search before they found their goal. Although I have to say that happened in a very unexpected place; for the one who has those stones does not dwell where you think he would (if I may speak in code: one has to travel to a secret place to find his lightfilled neighbourhood). Because of this, by far the most of those who've set off on a pilgrimage to seek him out have spent a lifetime climbing over mountains, hills and dales and consequently what they've sought has been to no avail.

So, thus, there comes a time when such an expedition, odyssey or voyage is no more undertaken on a road which one can see; and then we will discover who are members of our rightful family. For fleshly consanguinity is only for the sceptic who decries the stones of Rex and at all costs defends the earthly businesses that he or she protects. The moral of the story here is plain for all to see: To understand the preciousness of Rex's stones and thus receive them as one's own, will mean a journey Godwardly; and there we'll find the market trader's treasure stall and thus fulfil our destiny, receive at last what's meant to be — our all...

## the trenches of our time

**G**as-masks on! In the trenches, lads; spritely as you can", the Sergeant said, as a pungent yellow cloud then spread across the desolate ruined landscape with indecent haste. Into those stinking shovelled rancid rat-run holes we ran and hurled ourselves without a second's time to waste. I saw men fall, their gargled gasps and cries... & many died.

How different now those death-holes have become.  
The trenches of today are never made of soil and clay.  
Instead, they're fashioned furrows in our minds  
gouged into us over time by countless shovel-wielders  
recruiting us as footslog squaddies in their curséd wars.  
(To tell the truth, to serve as drones is all they want us for).

They threw those boys into the trenches long decades ago,  
so they could die like rats caught in a drainpipe's reek —  
their chances of surviving being almost naught and bleak.  
But I refuse to shelter in those sewers, waiting passively  
to be a bloody sacrifice to make the devil wear a smile,  
trooping into hell in single file — victim of those evil-doers.

I will not stay in any kind of trench those clowns have made;  
and all attempts to coerce me will be soundly disobeyed.  
For war today is not one fought on poppy fields or moors,  
nor on the beaches, in the seas, nor on any distant shores.  
All you who think (imagine) you have power in this world  
will have no place in worlds to come but into fire will be hurled.

I will not live in trenches. I meet the enemy fair and square  
on battlefields everywhere, and say, "I do not fear you!"  
Then they, surprised, grow pale and filled with righteous zeal,  
declare me a seditionist (against that charge I won't appeal).  
I say, "I will defeat you with my words [they are my sword]".  
Their faces show me they're incensed. I truly struck a chord!

After all these years of their inventions, whether good or ill;  
all the weapons they've concocted, human beings to kill,  
they've forged no sound defence against the many truths I tell.  
For every word is so much more than just a paltry shell,  
and words can spear the brain (from spilling blood I will refrain).  
What they call 'normal' in their world (not mine) is just insane.

So now some final words I give to all the masters of the war:  
"I need no trench to hide me from your malice, that's for sure.  
For greater is the One in me than that which bolsters you,  
and thus who truly masters you — determines all you do.  
The trenches which you throw souls in can have no place in me.  
The A.I. world you make will not succeed, as you will truly see".

And so do not ever let yourselves into their holes be thrown.  
The trenches of our time are not the same, as I have shown,  
as those into which lads were put until they awfully died.  
They thought it would be over quick but soon were horrified.  
The power-elite want all entrenched down in their dirty holes;  
But one day they will pay the price and pay it with their souls.

## only a dog

[sonnet for the former inmates of  
Abu Ghraib ~~Prison~~ Torture Chamber, Iraq]

**H**e's only a dog, said the withered voice,  
the words intoned in a dark monologue.  
[Only means one-ly, uniquely a dog,  
deserving of love — in this there's no choice].

This was after the boot had descended,  
sending his blood spatters over the wall;  
blow no harder than she had intended —  
“he's only a dog”, as you may recall.

Why should this creature (who issued no threats)  
be treated with hatred, hounded away —  
his corpse on the pavement now in decay —  
while she who had kicked walks off and forgets?

Crimes against nature can *not* be ignored;  
love for all living; so bury that sword.

## cessation of hostilities

**T**here has never been a true “cessation of hostilities”.  
For those three NewSpeak words can only ever be  
a gassy smokescreen made to mask the secret liability  
of those for whom all peace is all ways merely just  
the disingenuous space that comes between two wars.

In every dirty hushful place where vulture salesmen  
gather to be pedlars of the means of our destruction,  
a canny nose can smell the dirt not only of a paper trail

which lead\$ to hell but also of their hijacked verbal sale: Security, defence, deterrent (for whatever all your parroticians say, the goal is always arms production). And while we sit here as a lightless line of couch potatoes speaking out our fauxsome rage against the war machine, some frozen men and women housed in concrete bunkers underneath the greenness of this yearning patient Earth are making dark devices such as no one yet has ever seen.

So many speak of their abhorrence for the horrors of a war; but yet they fight amongst themselves over the colour of a rosette worn — the reds and blues of sporting frays, or at election-time when people speak of battles at the polls and victories (and on their enemies pour scorn).

I once wrote, "*War is who we are*", but that just rankled all the pompous flesh which seeks to glorify that which can have no glory here; while proudly wearing paper flowers on their coats, the colour of them red like blood, a crimson flood dishonouring the names and heirs of those whose wasted lives they gave, as generals sip their sherries on their garden party lawns. But no one really cares. For if they cared, the wars would cease, the growth of real flowers would increase, the congresses and parliaments would crumble into dust or, better still, be ground into the earth; for every politician is a weapon of the devil's breath and with our votes we are accomplices, facilitators and enablers, aiders and abettors of the bleaksome battlefields of death.

Hostilities have never ceased; and neither will they stop until no more we are the docile architects of war through our passivity, stupidity (existing in a stupor), mindless cretins, know-it-alls & ruthless world polluters, OR, at last, we work out what we're on this planet for.

## sonnet to a soldier/ette

Dear soldier boy, there's nothing to defend.  
Your masters have decided what has worth.  
[Dear soldier girl, what irony to send  
lives to their death. The womb's for giving birth!].  
Your gun's a penis which ejaculates  
the semen from an angry, stolen mind.  
The orgasm you seek now masturbates  
itself out through your bombs on humankind.  
It's time to see war's just a clever way  
the powerful maintain their status quo  
by mesmerising lads into the fray  
who think they have no better place to go.  
You'll find no glory face down in their dirt.  
I call on every soldier to desert!

## the black and scarlet tide

When I survey the hollow earth beneath the feet  
of actors shuffling in and out of mortal coils,  
the not so gentle scent of some things future  
creeps into my nasal tubes like latent molecules  
in which some atoms have been bonded chemically  
(under duress [though true to form it's never what it seems]).

When I was small my Auntie Gert once said,  
on seeing that a stubborn wound of mine refused to heal:  
"It will get worse before it can get better".  
Aware her wisely words were right,  
I've since applied that saying  
to the many other branches of my life.

And now that I have grown (2 far and far 2 fast)  
and look across the brightly-textured paradox  
we call the planet Earth, I note that  
Gertrude's aphorism serves us well.

For, far from hurtling straightly to a golden age  
of love and peace (as very many wishful thinking  
minds believe but which a full and honest study  
of the hidden facts would *otherwise* reveal),  
there first must be disturbances which culminate  
in cataclysms more distressing than  
our world has ever known before.

I share this with you not to paralyse your heart with fear  
but so your sacred strings of life and love  
will not be pulled by some  
deceiving, thieving, unbelieving puppeteer.  
The not-so-gentle scent of some things future  
is the odour of a world pretending to be new  
but yet, in truth, it represents a war in heavens  
older than the hills below involving beings of another kind  
which one day we will come to know.

The good and golden angels help us through  
the vales and shadowlands of life and death.  
So we are not alone and to their subtle intimations  
we must not be blind or numb or ignorantly deaf.  
Neither must we foolishly be martyrs to our cause  
before we've had a chance to do our duty full;  
though someday just because the truth has set us free  
we'll then be dubbed felonious outlaws or even killed,  
for darkness cannot tolerate the light, you see.

A force of evil sprays the good with tar  
and if we carefully look we'll see  
they left their cellar door ajar



through which with stealth we peer  
and then our darkside education can begin.

But if we bluntly then refuse to face  
the ugly naked truths that basement holds within,  
our stark surprise will all the wailing worseful be  
when every lying darkness-posing-as-the-light façade  
erected throughout history is stripped away like leaves  
blown by a typhoon from a tall but vulnerable tree.  
Please do not be afraid or wither up inside;  
the time has come to take our places  
standing fast before this black and scarlet tide.

By this I do not mean that we can change it  
with some revolution dreams  
[for the dark must wholly run its course,  
as evil always must to reach its fullness goal.  
For only then can all the power of God's great light  
enact the righteous fight so justice then can be consoled]  
but rearrange the mindfulness of those  
who now through ignorance deny this diabolic force.

The time will not be very long for now  
before the period of trial will come.  
Exactly how long we don't know  
and neither can we know the full duration  
of those dark and dreadful days.  
But come they will and those who know  
and understand must now prepare while light prevails,  
following the folded paper trails left for us by angels  
from beyond the veil signalling what deeds  
our future may involve and how we will prevail.  
Yet always in the knowledge that when every trace  
of darkness has been swept away we'll hear  
the dulcet songful soulish passion of

a risen-from-the-ashes phoenix-like  
internal universal nightingale:  
newful heaven, newsome earth,  
no more madness, sadness, pain of birth,  
disease, or violence, ignorance or curse.

## choose your side

In the beginning there was no beginning  
for the beginning was a has-been blank page  
blinding light-beamed stowaway  
arrayed in fine unrandomed stardust  
blowing on a wind of ceaseless change  
without deception  
outside human stuckintime conception  
made of matter darkly hued  
infinitely airbrushed out of sight  
and view and mind or any other signs which  
under normal circumstances anyone can find  
so only those determined to apprise themselves  
would reach inside the clues.

And so the treadmill unbegan  
and round and round its cogs then spanly  
wound themselves and out of one thing  
came another and another like a paper tree  
of circumstance begetting multichild  
just like the trees which children's party  
magicmen produce as overtime,  
much to the glee of all the kids who,  
crosslegged on the carpet, almost levitate  
to see the sprouting of this tree  
augment itself in frivolry and gravity  
...and so do I.

But some day in the line along the plot  
X marks the spot where wakeup comes  
and strangely followed closely by an  
eerie unbelonging feeling in this field.

And while Houdini-wannabes go chasing bliss  
(through tacky money-spinning techniques  
learned from hackneyed hucksters of the soul)  
declaring blisters on their feet to be a crime...  
{the feet of which I speak are not the ones  
with which we trudge this earth but those  
which seekers of all truth run with when they  
have realised that birth and death are not  
beginnings and/or endings but parentheses  
round wide-eyed growing pains of which  
awareness only makes them even worse}  
...the ones who leave such fashion trends behind  
eat righteous agony for breakfast, lunch and tea,  
and know that all advancement comes  
when coiled up serpent stretches on the rack  
those souls to whom its torture is administered;  
[viz. those who question everything  
and never leave a stone unturned]  
and for such ones there is no turning back  
as patterns past are in the furnace burned.

It's challenging to dedicate oneself to truth  
imprisoned in a globe of lies  
and self-delusion, pompousness,  
and ponerized, lobotomized,  
imaginary image of oneself  
[I know that all the world's a stage  
but even actors sometimes have to rest]  
and all the phony outrage

and offendedness, unblendedness,  
injustice cruel nonendedness  
refusal to accept the test  
whereby we cease to be the puppets,  
robots, wanted by the rulers of the air  
(or those who false declare themselves  
to have the right to pull our ragged strings).

Into this life we bring the latency of genius  
yet, drawn upon the chalkboard of the  
school of artifice is mostly schemingness,  
pretence, avoidanceness,  
defence and unbelievingness  
instead of finding out what's real  
[the only goal of spirit truly understood]  
for peace is an illusionland unless we joust with dark  
and ignorance is never bliss  
but when sealed with a deadly kiss  
it leaves the door of heart ajar  
not for the angels of the stars  
but for some other ones whose filth is so immense  
but yet whose time is now  
whose specialty is merciless pretence  
whose power is permitted here to rise  
until the time has come for every curse  
to be undone and after which  
the work of ages will be won  
...so choose your side.

And in the end, there was no end  
for endings are a blank page  
(like beginnings too)  
but made from holes in space  
(if space can have such holes)  
it masquerades as déjà vu.

And so, you see, in spite of all the misery  
and butchery and bitchery, bewitchery  
and errancy and irony and tragedy  
and savagery and coverup gladragsedly  
of treasons wrought galactically  
(the practical annihilation of all good  
which never is extinguished, neither could it be!)  
this letter is a cry of salty sigh  
and wrestling rue and hearting hope  
from latent me to lovely latent you.

## life is a gymnasium

Everyone we face upon this earth —  
whether a friend or a supposed foe;  
a stranger in the night, someone who deems  
you special, or a mate with whom you've grown;  
some other guy or girl with whom you disagree,  
a lover, boss or someone spooky in your dreams;  
a good companion, enemy or beau; or anyone  
who seems to be a thorn thrust in your heart,  
or one who comes into your life just briefly  
and from whom you soon are torn apart;  
a character with whom you often fight;  
a crass deceiver who you think is of the light;  
a president or public figure who you hate;  
a TV personality who on your nerves does grate —  
all of them are given to us as a lesson to absorb,  
not run away from, turn our eyes from with a frown,  
say harsh words about, with bitterness cast down,  
or do battle with (for that's not what we're for)  
and neither with them must we generate a war,  
(for peace is integrally part of love's own law)  
nor should we cover up the pain we've felt,  
or kick against the cards which in this life we're dealt.

Into the maelstrom with much boldness we must go  
(a sign we then should hang upon our own back door:  
“Please DO disturb! Please challenge me some more”).  
For comfort is not artificially created in this life;  
that only comes when we’ve removed all our  
unnecessary strife and striving, anger, lies to self,  
conniving, bitterness & fears of being left upon the shelf  
(whatever that may mean) and then determine that  
within we will be light and clean, devoid of dirt,  
our ego blown to smithereens and then whatever’s left  
will be devoted to the healing of the universal hurt which  
stunts all growth, so living full and go(o)dness can begin.

No more to think of winning, losing, warring, using, bruising  
others on our path and no more pointless wrath which,  
in all the self-made chaos that we’ve been, confused us,  
gave us nightmare thoughts and dark despair within.  
For life in this strange world is just a vast gymnasium  
wherein we learn and exercise our long-forgotten souls.

There’s nothing for us here to be (for we imagine we are  
what & who & where we’re not and never will be in reality)  
and nothing for us to achieve, apart from making sure  
we by all folly are incapable of being deceived and only in  
the power of love and giving of our hearts we must believe;  
and then the real comfort we desire we will receive with  
token signs from angels rustling hintingly within the trees.

Until we see our life here as a precious sacred school,  
we will continue with our posturing, disguises, ruses,  
wiselessness, uncleverness and always act the fool.

## war is who we are

War, the wanton mascot of a catastrophic aeon;  
disfigured, numb, decaying, steeped in slime.  
Barely having climbed out from the swamp  
(as evolutionary fantasists would gobly say)  
we dumbly think that if we don a suit and tie  
we earn the right to peer down our noses at the  
cockroaches and flies we claim in all our ersatz glory  
to have overtaken long ago and left behind.  
But we are worse by far than they will ever be,  
masquerading as the pinnacle of the evolutionary tree —  
proof our fallen-fractured consciousness disjoins  
the human heart and mind and issues in hostility.

The oddest thing of all to me is that there's not one  
person in this world who claims that war is good;  
but yet, being cowed, we allow ourselves like fodder  
for the cattle (though those cattle types are us)  
to be thrown into the abattoir and herded roughly  
to some frontline farce where then we die to satisfy  
the twisted lust and dysenteried minds of dark unmen  
who drank a toast to victory upon gardens green,  
sipping sherry on the lawn and eating caviar,  
while lads (and even lasses now I'mlostforwords) were  
spattered round the theatre walls. I've seen it all. Again.

Though one may scoff with venomous disdain at all  
these words of mine and vigorously claim they only  
represent a narrow-minded trigger-happy nasty few,  
that's where we go awry, exposing crassly how we  
cultivate deliberately a skewed contorted point of view.  
For every single one without exception on this sphere  
has disengaged our consciousness and cells

each time we thrust our crude disjointed selves  
in self-assertive mode, to carve out for those “selves”  
a baser, third-dimension, fleshly ego-centred road.

Everything you love is run along the lines of war,  
where battle’s done as if to prove that one is better  
than by far another — though, in truth, he is your  
brother or your sister, husband, friend or just some  
other dude with whom there’s never need for pointless  
competition, contest, bout or other opposition.  
Olympic So-Called Games, your sport and football teams,  
promote a conflict-ridden world to me (that’s how it seems).  
“City Thrashes Reds!” the headline in your rag proclaims  
with chauvinistic gusto and some irony and hype.  
Maybe you are not the sporting type; but vote instead  
for parties drawn up for a vicious and protracted fight.  
It really doesn’t matter if you’re ‘left’ or ‘right’ —  
it’s all the same; blue or red, you’re just two sides of one  
dirt coin rolling down a dark and twisted lane where  
nothing changes but the faces and the clinging stink  
of mould; and when your own has won the race you drink  
then jeer the loser for some light & sporting fun. How bold!

In Boy’s Own comic books the blasted bowels  
are airbrushed from the page. A soldier’s rage  
at what he’s seen and friends he’s lost at such  
a jingoistic cost are veiled by all the glorytalk & tales  
of how the enemy was routed and destroyed.  
Alliances are formed, deployed. They come and go  
& all I see is one vast endless needless flow of blood  
(while countless faces lie face-down in filthy mud)  
of those allegedly who “gave their lives for freedom”  
so that you and I are free to vote for murderers  
to take their place and coldly plan another war  
for all the hearts of evil in this world to ask for more.



There is no freedom; neither has there ever been.  
Democracy is engineered consent so powermen  
and women too (who campaigned for “equality”  
to kill and vie in corporate wars and shun the doors  
I open for them out of kindness and to show that  
I revere their wombs) but all they want is freedom  
to participate in sending young lads to their doom.  
There’ll never be equality for equal’s not the prize  
we’re meant to seek. I’ll never match the talent  
of a painter; but I will rejoice to see her work excel.  
If everyone was made a millionaire, within no time  
at all, because there will be those who share and  
those who keep it for themselves, no more will they  
be equal in the means they have to buy and sell.

“It’s natural!” you cry. “It’s just survival of the fittest!”  
Yes, within the baser terms of older aeon’s scheme  
that scrambledom to beat the other down has  
been the central and predominating theme.  
“Dog eat dog!”, you say. “Nature red in tooth & claw!”  
The time will come (and not so very long, I hope)  
when these will be our careless epigrams no more.  
For everything on earth’s about to change  
and how I long to see the tides of evil wane  
and stars fall from the heavens on a fallen world  
which had its chance but chose a broken path, insane.

Peace is just the briefsome space between two wars.  
And war is seen as glorious — a theatreplace  
where man can show his worth and even women  
now partake in ersatz glory fights as if to prove  
equality, whether or not the war they make is right.  
There is no real glory in a war, no matter how much  
we romanticize its gore. As Wilfred Owen rightly said:

“My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
to children ardent for some desperate glory,  
the old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*”.  
“To die for one’s country is honorable and sweet”.  
A lie as old as the hills which run with blood  
and in which the flesh and bones of billions  
have made the milk of cows which fed upon the cud.

How twisted we have all become; a nightmare  
to ourselves when all the trash is said and done.  
I won’t cry out for truth today, for who will care?  
I shan’t cry out for peace, for who would hear?  
Who will see that conflict starts within ourselves,  
not in a politician’s office or a house upon a hill?  
(Although it’s true they rubber-stamp the war).  
For every time, if we’ve not cleansed our souls,  
we think or act or speak unconsciously, we kill.

We play our little games of life, imagining that we,  
in all our trite supposed superiority, are liberal  
in thought and deed. We quaff our wines, commit  
our bourgeois crimes (such as hypocrisy and  
reverse snobbery), and all the while our minds  
are merely improvised through imitating what  
we think is cool and trendy (intellectually we are  
little more than frankensteins) who claim to be  
opposed to war, to which we say from out of one  
side of our mouths “No more!”, yet from the  
other side we nasty whisper all our gossiping and  
character assassinations and sell pretended love  
in bottles by the score (yet never noticing that  
conflicts from within eventually project themselves  
across the globe in war), refusing to release ourselves  
from victimhood (as those who have professed to  
be opposed to warring rightly should) we then

recite our writtenforus parts and poems as if our  
virtue-signalling means even more than truth itself,  
then vote for parliaments to fight our proxy wars &  
keep our false concerns as ornaments upon the shelf.

Deep disheartened by this miasmatic human abattoir,  
I vomit hard... for truly *WAR is WHO we ARE*.  
So I console myself with filigreesome thoughts  
that we must look within and see things as we ought.  
This world is just a fancy hologram made up of energy  
and light played on a cosmic canvas for our waking dreams.  
It's Mighty Maker has created it to be some kind of liturgy  
behind which truth impales itself on suffering, or so it seems.  
Yet, if we peel away that grief and find what's true,  
that all this world is really but a stage on which to find  
out who we serve instead of all the silly roles we play,  
we'll see that life without that Maker leaves us misaligned.  
When bound to Him, instead of to our warring little selves,  
we'll find this way of death will have become a blur;  
and then, at last, we'll say that *WAR is WHO we WERE!*

# WAR IS WHO WE ARE

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*“War is Who we Are: A Collection of Poems on Conflict”* contains twenty-four poems prefaced by a revealing essay. War poetry has always held a special place in Alan’s heart. The pathos and insanity of warfare lend themselves well to poetic exposition. Far from viewing war as a noble or honourable phenomenon, Alan sees it as the inevitable outcome of a humanity whose lives and thoughts are rooted in conflict down at the personal level. He writes: *“If we trace war back to its roots in our personal or interpersonal behaviour and attitudes, we will see how our thrusting, fixated little selves constitute the real war machine. On top of the fallen genetic encoding of our fallen natures, these behaviours and attitudes have been cultivated further through a mixture of conditioned reflexes, poor education, indoctrination, the outworking of dead but potent memories and a false understanding of reality — though all of these can be transformed, if one really wants that with all one’s heart.”* This book, despite its challenging exposition, is about the potential for such transformation.

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*Alan Morrison* is a writer, poet, songwriter and Bible teacher, who describes himself as ‘a cosmic warrior for Christ’. Originally from the UK, Alan is a troubadour who has lived and worked in several European locations and who currently lives in Mexico. Creating profound, thought-provoking writings — coupled with an empathy for the privileges and perils of human

passion — Alan creates messages of love and arrows to stir the conscience, while writing from the heart for the soul. He has a special love for poetry, especially in sonnet-form, and seeks to awaken readers through the medium of his words to depths previously unknown.

