JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2017–2026

A year-by-year reading edition

Wording and source line order retained.

Typography and stanza spacing made consistent.

ASSEMBLED FROM THE POETRY SOURCES PROVIDED

About this collection

Poems are gathered by their stated or editorially estimated year.

The original supplied text is typeset with shared typography and spacing.

Long lines may wrap; no wording, punctuation, or intentional line order is rewritten.

Exact repeated copies and non-poem notes are omitted from this reader.

Sources, PDF page numbers where available, and estimated years are identified.

Soul Joy is separate because it includes writing by other authors.

Outside the Lines remains a separate selected-poems booklet.

Year volumes and individual poems are available in PDF bookmarks.

JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2017

A reading edition

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Typography and stanza spacing made consistent.

ASSEMBLED FROM THE POETRY SOURCES PROVIDED

Contents & editorial note

6 poems in this volume.
Wording, punctuation, and line order follow the supplied source.
Spacing and typography are unified; long source lines may wrap visually.
Undated calendar-year assignments are editorial estimates, not verified dates.
Exact duplicate copies and non-poem publishing notes were omitted.
Untitled is an editorial label, not an added line of the poem.
Where present, source emoji use Twemoji artwork, CC BY 4.0.

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Palm Shadow 8

01 / 2017

Entropy

Plastic sea
Recreate me
Careless waste
Resurrect this face
Saving Mother
Womb to tuck
Life undercover
Aged for a buck
Or two for one
Burning under this sun
Choice define
What’s yours and mine
Plastic pieces
Defining creases;

It all ends
Somewhere

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 1 / year estimated

02 / 2017

Seeking: Ground

Longing for shore
Can not fathom

Spray torrents
At Winds edge
A Frothy fury

Wages on breaks
Savagely on sands
Destined for end

Lapped quite assuredly
Then rush to retreat

Wave of making
Mind to fate

For elemental reasons
The tides that bind

Sparkle! Yet another grasp
At shores impeccable favour

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 2 / year estimated

03 / 2017

Well with my Soul

Thirsty. To this well I draw
Reflections of a will run dry
Time when remembering hurts
Moments of kindness
Drawn in blood
Porcelain fractured fantasy
Deliverance from crevassed
Mystery; strangely devoid
Of perfect illusion
Restless wanderer
Still my being
Soul my solace
Rest I'll lean
Him fully in Christ
Jesus
Is All in All
Quenched bitter
Salt but salve
He is my ever
Deepening Well
Rest now One
It, His Done

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 2, 3 / year estimated

04 / 2017

SMILE FOR ME: STRANGER

I HOLD THIS FRAME
WEAK AND CRUSHED
LONG WIND, COLD BATTLE

SURRENDER ONLY TO
THE CURL OF YOUR LIP
THAT KIND GENTLE SONG
YOUR EYES BREED

AWAKENING A SMALL HOPE
SOMEWHERE DEEP IN MY
RUSTED TORN SOUL

A MEMORY OF CHILDLIKE WONDER
A MOMENT WHEN MY BONES DID PROSPER
A MIRROR OF TRUST, A THOUGHT OF SOFTER
WITHOUT WHICH I COULD NOT
MOVE IN THIS MUD
YOUR SMILE HAS SAVED MY
RESOLVE FOR ONE LAST CHANCE
TO RESURRECT MY CIRCUMSTANCE

AND I THANK YOU
FOR NOT JUST WALKING BY
WITHOUT A SMILE FOR ME TO LIVE, TO TRY

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 3, 4 / year estimated

05 / 2017

It Is

In the Book
Engraved in selfless
Emboldened in grace
Enlivened in acts

My Story
Exchanged in His Story
My Days
Marked by Mystery
Mirrored by Madness
Masked by Murky
Waters run deep
Stoking the Fire
... of My
Restless wanderer
Reunited warrior
Rescued & Won

Story Begun

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 4 / year estimated

06 / 2017

Palm Shadow

Silvery wisps,
windy wants
Fragile crest,
foamy turquoise
Bidding farewell the hardened
Glistening the soft path to new Eden

We rest here
Shaded Being
For Air and Light

Our Breath
Collapses in the comfort
Of Love's redeeming flow

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 4, 5 / year estimated

JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2018

A reading edition

Wording and source line order retained.

Typography and stanza spacing made consistent.

ASSEMBLED FROM THE POETRY SOURCES PROVIDED

Contents & editorial note

34 poems in this volume.
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01 / 2018

Eden's Well

Drawn depths of fire
Mysteries made manifest
Candid reason aloof

In the illusion of separation
The notion of toil
In the depth of Being

The firelight illumines
Burnt maps, hidden treasure
A place of Eden without fear

Harmonies quantum vibration
Rainbow's woven tapestry
Holy melded

Union Heart:
Seek! Find!
Knock! Open!

Grace Be:

Perfect
Presence
Peace

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 5 / year estimated

02 / 2018

Bio mimicry

I have seen the tides obey the moon
As she conducts her symphony
I have seen the mirror image of the endangered ones as tears like raindrops fell
Toppled trees. Brush cut desolation
Bio mimicry
A Dolphins song, a radar for musing
It's not ours to take but ours to behold
Embody memory of Eden
Return emotion toward new earth
Careful what you feel
The cells are copycats

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 6 / year estimated

03 / 2018

Grace Being

your parol officer says you'll have the night off on account of good behaviour

your superior says you can work the railroad instead of the mines for just this one day

your chief says you can ride with the big boys instead of the inmates

your captor says you may eat bread instead of just dirt

your coroner says you can keep yourself whole without moving parts

your Mother says your beauty is more lasting than your bones

your Father says your union with matter is more than just material

your Spirit says you are one with the Divine

your Maker says you are more than Stardust

Stardust says I will return you to Everlasting Love

from whence you were Spoken into Being.

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 6 / year estimated

04 / 2018

In Return to Joy

Her oars have been etched in
Lines and curves of carved in
Longings, trusting that wood in
Sinking one more time in
To thick dark waters with weight in
Resistance yet on the row in
Motion a treasure akin
To Momentum arising sparkle in
Surface seeing turtles and minnows in
fresh water made now salty in
Tears of Desolation Sound In
Too Deep. Quiet. Stars in
So far from shore in
Journey sails of former direction in
Staged vessel. Still. In
Hopes to return to joy

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 7 / year estimated

05 / 2018

Slate

Blank with honour
Tainted with respect
Awash with shades of grey

Spectrum of hope
Blurred lines of brush, stroke
Wrinkles on canvas

Portrayed in the artist
Common shadows mused
Final portrait dissolved

In media we resign
A view of image regained
then
Erased turpentine

Source: poems-2017-2018.pdf / p. 7 / year estimated

06 / 2018

Untitled

Commitment is not a moral choice
It is an innocent act of trust
In the inherent goodness that we can expect from
Benevolence
That heart of innocence that
Births miraculous human potential
And evokes a desire for Peace
So I commit today
Not for gain or religious fortitude
But for humanness
For exposure
And “beingness”
To inspire the same
Vulnerability that would
See us all as equally beloved
Yet uniquely perfect in
Rainbow gifts

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 1 / year estimated

07 / 2018

Winter of our discontent

Breath of water turned now ice
Inside the bitter reflection pools
Traitor.
Melting blossoms faint
Your song to pierce my reason
Mind radiation
sheering darkness
In the eye
Still
Storm watch
Kind killer
Somewhere summer is saving
A place for my rest
I’ll not return.

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 1 / year estimated

08 / 2018

Spirit

Sing to me
Holy fire
Dance with me
Heaven’s song
Laugh in me
Spirit joy
Cover me
Endless grace
Transcend me
Water mind
I surrender
All

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 2 / year estimated

09 / 2018

The Making

Shed molten era
Chrysalis anew
Naked you always
Scene for act two
Plays over yet they
Are still waiting
Errant hope arrest
Escape! It’s time.
Holding you.
Limited illusion
Sense making machinery
Run into the sun
Holy thrones refined
Shades of fears dissolve
Routine revolutions remiss
Moment of Perfection

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 2 / year estimated

10 / 2018

Untitled

Meld solely
Mind not matter
Be still
Held
Cherished
Renewed
Fulfilled
Alpha

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 3 / year estimated

11 / 2018

Nature of the critic

Starved for trees
Breath culpable
Sinew and torso
Pocketed grief
Deep in ethos
Womb of betrayal
It’s in me
A virus held belief
That protection is
Surrounding me with
Swift judgment on my lips
forever entangled in trial
Let Go! Your foe will turn
And grace you with knight’s honour
In face of defeat
Woe is me, my critic and I
Silence “I” now
And turn to wash your feet
Melting
Softening
Healing
Omega

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 3 / year estimated

12 / 2018

Seeking Amour

Taken form
Gruelling task
Surface lips
Sunshine kiss
Taken hostage
Brief encounter
Sabotage risk
Learning over
New falling
Sweet rival
Arch covenant
Grave defeat
Ascension manor
Still awaiting

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 3, 4 / year estimated

13 / 2018

Attacked by labels

Chase me hurry
catch up with me
or I define you
Popups signs
roadways surely lead
Haunt me
right scroll for me
or I
Refine you
This and that,
called my habitat
Crushed by naming
Who started this gaming?

Can the wind speak your mind?
Would the air you breath reject you?

Could a false stamp betray you?
Labels are attacking
Stand guard
Defence is digging the truth
Undercover
The stickiness can hurt

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 4 / year estimated

14 / 2018

Untitled

At the end of the Play
They all took off their masks
And saw only their own Reflection

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 4, 5 / year estimated

15 / 2018

Perspectives

What if spiders were really big
Would we kill them?
What if a pig sat on your lawn, would you serve bacon for breakfast?
What if the weak was here to shame the wise?
What is in us to kill?
We are all murderers of
Thought, weakness, frailty, smallness and insufficiency
“Lord forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

All that is .. and all that isn’t
Is absurd

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 5 / year estimated

16 / 2018

For You

It was Your Love
I gilded Wings
And fanned flame
Easy floating
Dreamworld
Now revolutions awry
I mourn the Heaven
We beheld
You and I

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 5 / year estimated

17 / 2018

Fall

September morning dew
As the bell curve
We await our
Position
In Pythagoras theorem
Longing all forsaken
As bell has rung
New days expectations
No child Is
Remorse from
New days longings

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 5, 6 / year estimated

18 / 2018

End of your daze

All matters
Heart to Father
Salve : Salvation

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 6 / year estimated

19 / 2018

This Dam Grief

Suppressor of Floods
Current
Flow

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 6 / year estimated

20 / 2018

Holy

I am the changing tide
I am the forest floor
I am the soft petal survivor of a million winters
I am the prism of light
Escaping the dark shadows

I am Holy only
Burning firelight
Longing to nestle you
On high perches
Safe and calm
Guided by my Gentle
Reasons for you to still
Be
Here
in this earthen Proxy

Hold on
I’m coming soon
My heart union
To swallow the curse
And taste victory with you
At our wedding supper
I am the Lamb
I am the Light
I am the Love
I Am

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 6, 7 / year estimated

21 / 2018

Untitled

Just the other day we had hope
That the sun would rise again
That the crescent moon would shelter us in knowing
That aloha and art would blanket us with magic
Now we are alone
But not forgotten
Still but not removed
Quiet but not forsaken
For yesterday had its indulgence
And tomorrow has its slate
This. Today. Is too long without you

22 / 2018

Dark Encounter

Her rage like glass thinned the cobalt sea
Her stripes of fire blackened the shamrock fields
Slaying sleeping soldiers
She wept bitter emblems in trance like rhythms of violent ecstasy
For her zeal matched Zeus
And claimed the soul of Eros

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 7 / year estimated

23 / 2018

WaX

Tangy sinew snaps
Reaching depth then
Twisted torso fists
Unleashing fire and fury
I can’t grasp the strings
Any longer
Bony fingers faded polish
The dark under is unfathomable
The bleeding lines
Messy milky melting
Snap
The taut mask crumbles
In pools of unyielding desire
Off and alone Shame
For the real image
Is more lovely
Than the wax

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 7, 8

24 / 2018

Child’s View

Mirror on the wall
When I was young my image
Swallowed them all

In ethereal salt

I could not place me in space
My mind had no retrace

I saw tears down a stranger’s face
A bright blue green eyed beautiful mess that I was not able to reach

A chasm of Mind body I bore

Perhaps creating the actor

That held in store my mantra, creation liturgy

I know that now which I am has been seen by those I have lost to another life

Beyond

In those eyes I have known a countenance that loves all in spite of all and runs counter clocks

To the way of the world

To transcend this way

To way of Home 🙏

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 8, 9, 19

25 / 2018

Glance

Cursory glimpses of origin
Now candid blurs align
For moments caught in string theory together once more
Benign

Be A Stranger to watch engulfed enfolding.., for mirror words are cells that align

Take heed my context, my religion my desire,

‘Tis only a fractal this matter of time

Before us lies two roads

And the road less traveled is the power of your mind.

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 9, 19, 20

26 / 2018

Narrow way

Keyhole passage
Amidst strife and needles
The mettle of honour

For wayward soldiers
Have no fixed palette
Save white crosses
On ruddy ruins

It’s not the doctors who need the sick?
Nor the pusher man who needs the pills?

It’s power of impotence
And importance of potions
Limited only by layers
Of gowned helpless
Making rounds

I’ve witnessed death ignored
And reactions dim
In peril the pearls
Of flesh covered soul
often
Are lost
on clocking out

Robots
That can not excuse
By admonition
We are only human

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 9, 10, 20, 21

27 / 2018

What it is.

It is my wind
Now breathless you bespoke
usurping the past
The moments that made me
“Me
Think unto a higher disorder
Where venue and circumstance play lesser role
Was vain to think a whitewash goodwill
Could rule me over pomp
And laud

‘Tis a vast and disparate tidal
Wave of harmonics and dissonance
Together yet alone

By death a heart yearns
For a beloved now beyond
The suffocations of entanglement
That hold us saints here
Yet longing to Be
Transfixed

Grip a lesser hold on your affections at Bay, ‘tis a season for recompense not repentance

Vital tones may only heal
Souls willing to engulf the whole
That which does not appeal to
Earthly cognition
Set aside
For sake or chance of
Destined
Healing only evoked by

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 10, 11, 21, 22

27 / 2018 / CONTINUED

What it is.

Unregulated devotion

‘Tis the sweetest to
Love those who persecute you
To be beyond the midnight sea of
Dark delusion
Holding only a candle
For feet to walk upon black waters

And in Being, save hope for wounded souls

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 10, 11, 21, 22

28 / 2018

Insights for common man

Mesh caught scars
Ripple downward, draining
Air from the apocalypse

Hush over northern Salem
In a nano the coal melted

Steam choked veins
Running cold and taut
Under scanning fools

Known presence darting

Fossils it’s time now again
Winding back windward

Vessels caressed by
Murder of crows

Take breath
Make silo, flames still

In all is third eye blind

Flicker data
soft spoken

Stench of beggar, rats
Yet familiar sound

Breath is breathing

All that is still in part
Yet in whole

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 11, 12, 22, 23 / year estimated

28 / 2018 / CONTINUED

Insights for common man

Know this
vulnerable Sigh
is also kept
Alive
by trees you burn

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 11, 12, 22, 23 / year estimated

29 / 2018

Death of a Cockroach

Cease.
To stop. The kill.
Mortified.
Observer? Who is?
Vacant in action.
Resident in duty.
Forgo the jury.
Evidence.
Poisoned by reason.
Able doubt.
Random bystander.
Procure possible.
Renounce typical.
Losing battalion
Troops recede.
To go. The thrill.
Glorified?

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 12 / year estimated

30 / 2018

Aftermath

All dust and thin ribbed air
Arises only midst ruddy horizons
As layers of time sand dabble

Drawing out her silent recourse
At an instance the draft
Remembers the finite fire

Insulin for ravaged countries
Was long and tepid
The battle of this and that

Now upon this West Bank
It makes no army prosper
Nor fool lend a hand

For drained appetites
Have no more speech

In the end the war within
waged on want
wouldn’t wait for win

The desert is cold now
Take shelter
There is no more fuel for fight

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 13 / year estimated

31 / 2018

Polarity

Born of the same flesh
Yet espousing polarity
In hindsight we'd forfeit
Our eager attribute to
Be dividends
divisible by debts
and disaster
Heaped upon ourselves
Once, the door marked
first stones, cast
A charge was given.
Yet so was a Lamb

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 13 / year estimated

32 / 2018

Day of Ages

In a time of great ruin, chaos and thieves
The Delphic Oracle arose from Mayan slumber
To whisper notes of one belonging and peaceful ordinance
As the time quickened the loop became narrow
Many wise were confounded
As empires toppled to ruin
It was the last day of dichotomies
Fearful tyrants exposed in plain site
Whilst the young and vulnerable became shielded with a rainbow cloak; invisible and unharmed
A time when the blackness mirrored the light
And the difference was swallowed in lightning Lava
A new earth crusted realm bespoke entrance of union royalty
All heads bowed in surrender to the One and it was declared,
“All Is that is Good and I am that. I Am.”

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 14 / year estimated

33 / 2018

Grace to Glory

Our Father in Heaven
How Beautiful is your creation
Our hope gathered by tides
Our sorrow parched by deserts
Mother of mercy we fall
Drunk of our own fools
Lost in our own rules
Forfeit no more
Open heaven’s door
Time for the awakening
Dancers! torches! thunder!
Calling for a reunion of wonder
The mirror is a same sided coin
Weep for the crystal sea
Is holding you in ecstasy
Laugh for the night
Has welcomed much delight
Mourn for the detached
As broken records clashed
Joy for the mourning
Glory Being
One

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 14, 15 / year estimated

34 / 2018

Presence

Ravenous sands
Escaping through
Palms nectar
Realizing it’s now only
Time for remembrance
And second hand
Removal from
Space matrix
Martyrs
Time has come
And all is rain
Drops of prisms
Enduring complete
Worlds within
Each unmeasured
Tear drop
Exiled far
And near
Tumbling towards
The edge of
Revolutions

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 18

JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2019

A reading edition

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21 poems in this volume.
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01 / 2019

Sunday Folly

With Eden’s courage
Should I forfeit evidence?
My soul drenched in oil
A bite of carbon
Smoked stacks
Was it a mirage?
A fistful of serpents?
Lapping up a luxury
Unearthed from roots
And unheard of cries
Dark Sunday
In the aftermath of
Discontent
Reason for folly to
Believe in dollar for dollar
Where will the paper
Lead us?
Over and over the
Ceiling is higher than heaven’s
Like fools we jest
That luck and liberty shape
The garden path that walks us
Home to the afterglow

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 15, 16, 17, 28 / year estimated

02 / 2019

Justice

Escaping redemption
Try one last tribunal
In proportion
To the desertion
Of retribution
I ask you not to use such linguistics
But settle the manner
In soft tense
A slowing down
A breathing heart
A time of errant
Soul catching
Need you loss to engulf the
Messiness of complicating?
Eternal springs
For tune they echo
Alive not urgent
Only reunion with
Quiet divinity
Can espouse
Peace and strength
To gird with honour
Time spent
In an allocation of perceived
Reality
‘Tis not mine to judge
Yet the betrayer has a foothold
A weighted heart hold for
Trust is not my nemesis
Nor do I suffer fools gladly
But know this

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 16, 17 / year estimated

02 / 2019 / CONTINUED

Justice

We are all “sinners”
And secrets you hide in your heart
Will one day be revealed
So choose wisely today
Who you are and how you respond too
Be audacious in your recompense
Be fastidious in your honour-mind
Always more than meets the eye
The heart of man is often blind
Yet sightless see the obvious
And those who still breathe should not throw stones
Lest we forget

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 16, 17 / year estimated

03 / 2019

Badges Worn

Inked in defeat
Worn out threads
Of badges sewn
With story
Woe and glory
Disdain to refrain
From judges, candlesticks
As scales tip in waxing drip
Of glories sung and fists shun
Would you not bury your head
And bow the knee to
Candour, memoirs
What’s mine is ours
Ragged scars
In union stars
We ignite foes with
Illustrious ribbons
Laying down our ambitions
To each mountaintop reached
The valley beseeched
And arms length
Caters to renewed strength
For heaven’s reward
Won’t fall for sword
Cast down thy crown
And stand below earth
Roots, weighted girth
It’s water, soil and air
Lightening & thunder share
In our part
Not to throw the dart

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 17 / year estimated

03 / 2019 / CONTINUED

Badges Worn

But to respond by heart
And pledge free banners
Not badges, nor bystanders

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 17 / year estimated

04 / 2019

Make a Wish

There is something you can not see
&
To know to ask for it
Will Illumine All

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 23, 37, 38 / year estimated

05 / 2019

Untitled

I want you to read my poem;
And slurp it
And spit it out
And swallow it whole
And whistle while you blow
Bubbles with its aftermath
Burning hot in your metacog
Boiling over with caution
Babbling with better metaphor
Busting over best kept secrets
Beckoning fervent focus
Befitting a unique romance:
Of novels
Of novelty
Of novice
Nuances
Nets of ninja
Nexus norms
And pull it out
And twist it
And let it go
And send it
To whomever has called

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 23, 24, 38

06 / 2019

Shade in Mind

On display
Once dusted it
Made fools of dull paint
And eloquence of dreary walls

Only spark left in it
Was a memoir of greatness
The same candlelight that guided
Her home through the Strait

Bay of bandits and banter
Carnal and black carnations
Easterly unorthodox
That shade Mama hid
Her firelight and sheltered Us
During darkest days

On moving today
We almost forgot that Beacon
Of our freedom heritage
Time dismantles memory
And history flights abandon

Tomorrow we won’t know
Their pain but we can still
Rest under the same shade
Or leave it hanging
For the re - in - carnation

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 24, 39 / year estimated

07 / 2019

Between the Lines

Fold sallow longing
Creased in desire

Moonlit reason for
Taut was yesteryear
A timeless time piece
Of resistance knowing
Wisdom strings of
Chords ageless in
Black and white
Shred dark rooms

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 24, 25, 41, 42 / year estimated

08 / 2019

Golden Stage

Was quick heels and
Summer scents
Musical notes
Of smoky wine

Most memory
Lives unearthed
Below the gardens
Of spring blossoms

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 25, 42 / year estimated

09 / 2019

The Fall

For those who had seen
It was a must

A river of impatience
Sullen yet impartial

We raised fists to fight the flow
Yet all in all was already done

It’s only in the narrow passage;

The stream of silver threads
On hollow clouds
Soft edges with brazen stares

Wondering why we’ve come here yet again
to the ledge
of finite
Infancy

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 25, 39, 40 / year estimated

10 / 2019

They Call Her: Mother

They call her Mother
But from her breasts they suck
Coal and oil making her dry
And unresponsive to beckon calls

There is only so much she can take
But they take it all
And petition for more

If you knew how precious Mother was
How vast in luminosity
How distinct in benevolence
How rural in consciousness

You would never ignore
Her. You would seek the Way
To honour Her. By her womb You
Took existence and by your
Hoarding you can crush Her.

Why would you let anyone
Disrespect your Mother?

It’s time to remember
Your
Heritage and Reclaim
Your
BirthRight

There is no citizenship
There is no dictatorship
There is no anarchy
There is only Your Providence, your Stewardship and your Allegiance

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 25, 26, 40, 41

10 / 2019 / CONTINUED

They Call Her: Mother

To the Maker and to the

Womb
Who Bore You

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 25, 26, 40, 41

11 / 2019

Isolate

I solved for x and y didn’t matter
It’s hard to think amongst the chit chatter
Variables and principles
Prerogatives and invincibles
My head is spun on derivatives
My heart can’t deal in figuratives
It’s a crisis
Akin to ISIS
This lonely making
School of. Taking
Independent thought
In favour of the robot
For definitely they knew better
And I will recite with a trendy sweater
It’s looks and laughs
And tall giraffes
Laughing at mind speed
When all I feel is emptied
I warned you
I will know what’s true
Check Twitter Facebook and Instagram too
I’m coming unglued
See me
Before it ends
Resonate more than trends
Allocate a design
To render callous benign
It’s marching men
And armies then
Still
In solace shrill

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 26, 27 / year estimated

11 / 2019 / CONTINUED

Isolate

We reason to break
Atomic stake
And free the isolate

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 26, 27 / year estimated

12 / 2019

Untitled

When I finally won
I found myself standing alone
in a field of poppies

When I finally surrendered
I found myself resting arm in arm
In a field of gardenias

For Heaven was always in
The rest and not the rush

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 29 / year estimated

13 / 2019

Beholden

It’s not enough
When it’s too much

To slow fractures
In the threads of
Letting go

Why hold when
Gripping loses always
Why grasp
When breath alone can not be caught
Why yearn when longing
Itself makes shift
Why yield when the divergent
Melts into a garden glow
Why protest when elements
Maintain their properties

Over mountains
Under valleys
The change erupts
In lava breaking new

In spite of you

It’s up to us
To render what is just

Also to prove sometimes that no move can attest to reason
And that a reasonable doubt can
Allow space for the actuate

For truth is ransom to

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 29, 30 / year estimated

13 / 2019 / CONTINUED

Beholden

The beholder and in the
Letting go

One Lets in the Light

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 29, 30 / year estimated

14 / 2019

Fall Again

For the Children:
The ruby petticoat veins dry slowly under wax paper

For the Lovers:
The myriad of tangy oranges and rusty maples dance in the forever wind

For the Lost:
The tall and mighty stand naked with all toil dispelled to ground in chromatic disarray

For the Dreamers:
Each turning presents a new potential, a falling purple into place

For the Closest:
The veil is sanctioned by crimson petals laying bare before the night

For the Beloveds gone:
An array of majestic seasons marked by gentle hues of clocks pressing on... making their mark before the frozen rays beckoning winter worlds...

For the Reunited:
A triumph of kaleidoscope makes sun dance ripples gently topple barks and twigs, enveloping soft earth in brave expression of the delicate circle;
A falling into Peace.

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 30, 31 / year estimated

15 / 2019

Flow

Find me in the pools
Of salve and emeralds
Lost in surrender
Minding the fall
As glassy tears in
Oily water drench the
Fault lines of
Youthful masks
We share a liquid fire that
Quells the inferno
And revives the desert soul
For Living Water is our
Birthright and wonder may
That we stay
drawn to oceans deep
and not drown in the raging sea
And taste Just enough to
Bathe in streams
To fields of dreams

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 31 / year estimated

16 / 2019

Patience

To and not with
With and not for

Patience I receive
Done unto
And not for with

I stand but I fall
You are over me
I am weak for you

The bruises deep
The layers scarred

I just want you to sit
Beside me and
Hold my hand
Like two the same

For you will also
Reach an end

Until then
Let us be
Just
Peace

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 32 / year estimated

17 / 2019

For the Birds

Ravens rustle
Hawk tailed eye
Chirp then scowl
A flapping charade

It’s bird games for birds
And liars for snake skin

Almost laughing hyenas
With thorns underbrush

Nature has none crueler than nurture
And nurture has to bear
Foresight, hindsight and sights never seen

Vacant is the hope of man
In dreams conceived by lust

Factitious and ferocious the feline wants for fame - or perhaps just
Familiar fiends for a false
Bred den

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 32, 33 / year estimated

18 / 2019

BYZANTINE

BETWIXED STEM
BEFORE ROSE
THROTTLED BY WINTER
IS LEATHER
BEFORE HIDE?
A DUBIOUS ESCAPE
FOR IMPRISONED MORTALS
PLUCKED RED SAP
VAPOR INTELLIGENTSIA
IF YOU COULD ONLY KNOW
THE MADNESSS
YOU PERPETUATE
EACH TIME
THE DAISY IS MISTAKEN
FOR A WEED
YOU HAVE NOT THE EUTHANASIA
OF JUSTICE NOR THE RECOURSE
OF ROME
JUST EMBATTLED THREADS
YET THAT FIRE STILL
WEEPS FOR PETALS SHY
TO OPEN AND IN
VULNERABLE SENSE
CUT OFF THE WEEDS THAT
SCORN THE LOGISTICS
FOR THE MIND
HAS THE METHODS
AND THE MEANS
BUT THE MANNER
OF SOULS MUST SURRENDER
TO THE UNSEEDED FORM

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 34, 35 / year estimated

18 / 2019 / CONTINUED

BYZANTINE

THE TERRITORY OF
SOVEREIGN BELONGING ONLY UNTO
THE REASONS FOR SOUND
IN VIBRATION OF GENEROUS CODES
CANCELING THE DARK
STATUTE OF REASON
AND ONLY ALLURING
UNREASONABLE ECSTASY
FOR WITH SUCH ALL MATTER
WILL BOW TO SUNDANCE
GLOW AND THE SPARKS FROM THAT HEARTH WILL ILLUMINE THE
HEART OF CREDENCE:
FLOW!
NOW!
ETERNAL.

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 34, 35 / year estimated

19 / 2019

Oil & Water

Ebony’s oil
Stuck my charter
Like a sea devil

Drawn to stillness
Yet drenched in blackened sparkle I arise to be among the depths
At a loss for breath yet subdued into solace with wings of sovereignty

I dive fully immersed through
Stardust was in mind but not embodied
Lost in gripping trenches.

Seemingly isolate but
Reminiscent of time gone
Lost in the wavering wounds
Archived with ancients arousal

It’s lent with caution and
The stages of wilderness
Reviving only water under roots of olden centuries yet unfolding in

For some reason this time
For now and for
Today and for time that lapsed and disappeared

Fortunate enough not to be forgotten
Below sands it’s core
Revival blooms
Another
Chance

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 35, 36 / year estimated

20 / 2019

Unseen

Velvety rose dance
In shallow pools the petals edge
Lifts and falls naked
Unashamed to ground
Molten into vulnerable form
A dust being laid bare
A triumph and a taste of care
A silence of the pain that
Cuts thorns from green
And hosts unimaginable
Ends but closer in each
Cell knows it’s force to
Life eternal. As soft
Exposed layers assume
Innocence and treasure
That sun drenched sparkle
Almost missed by every eye
Yet solely is for purest joy
Of our Maker dwelling

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 36, 37 / year estimated

21 / 2019

Fallen

Wayside banter and fools
Gold for which attain
Is attainment and
Fools are fastidious in folly
For is enough when? And who has?
Then again we doubt and question
The authority; the legality, the iteration.
Was it one of assurance?
Of sustenance or of vulgar prosperity and what is it that keeps us coming back? To the well of wanton.

Everyday New is a dawn of promise. Yet who are your promise keepers? What resolve musters courage in You?
Is there a compass you may always direct?
Or is the floating sea and windward fantasy propelling you towards another black hole in a vast universe?

For questions seek you and the answers are laden in stars of unknown origin.

Source: poems-2018-2019.pdf / p. 37 / year estimated

JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2020

A reading edition

Wording and source line order retained.

Typography and stanza spacing made consistent.

ASSEMBLED FROM THE POETRY SOURCES PROVIDED

Contents & editorial note

47 poems in this volume.
Wording, punctuation, and line order follow the supplied source.
Spacing and typography are unified; long source lines may wrap visually.
Undated calendar-year assignments are editorial estimates, not verified dates.
Exact duplicate copies and non-poem publishing notes were omitted.
Untitled is an editorial label, not an added line of the poem.
Where present, source emoji use Twemoji artwork, CC BY 4.0.

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01 / 2020

Untitled

Password for “Heaven?”
“Gratitude”

02 / 2020

Untitled

Seize any Opportunity to Be Compassion. Nothing is required. All of You is necessary!
Compassion is the Golden Ticket

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 1 / year estimated

03 / 2020

Kaleidoscope

Push. Pull.
Cornered, or carved in stone.
Creatures of the within and the without.
The boundary of Being. Here. There.
Don’t touch.
Stay.
Safely distanced from the womb of water. Where no space can shelter a seed of fragility and form.
Yet come.
Closer.
Covering canvas awash with crystalline; crevasse.
Dormant in lava;
lovers, leaving lesser ground.
Now we tumble towards ecstasy
in
equal mirrored prisms.
Sun dance image;
reclaimed at Rainbow’s edge.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 1 / year estimated

04 / 2020

Untitled

Listening is the license,
Driving,
the Conversation

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 1 / year estimated

05 / 2020

Middle Lake

At once I was down again
Let go by all that had me accomplished as
Life jacket
Ribbons, feathers, degrees
Of traces of remnants of

Strife and striving
Of grit and grinding
Of toil and rewinding
Of concentration and crunching
Of hurdles and hunching

With no tension the strings untethered
Unwinding my mind soul architecture

Naked and seen
Heart trembled and intervened
With a membrane of protection
I sought my own resurrection

Then I tumbled
Into vast space
And disappeared without trace

Elements brought me back
Senses raw materialized a track
Of Presence

Then I remembered how safe and content I had been
Swimming in the middle of the lake

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 1, 2 / year estimated

06 / 2020

Act 3

Begins and ends with Me
Myself and I ~
like a fly
On the wall of paradise
Why so many distraught
Could it be what we’re taught?
Obey. sit. rules away
I lost so much traction this way
Never again, my soul for a bargain
Absent dollar you will hear me holler
From the mountaintops to the best scholar
this break has no retake
I’m on a mission and there is no decision
That will hold up this venture
In or out. I pick the venue
It’s a smorgasbord for a menu
Believe it and you will achieve it!
For on your inner heart
You hold all keys to the start.
Engines roaring
Don’t be ignoring
Thunder. Fire. Fuel and feeling
Stop all that’s stopping this dealing!
It’s mine; it’s yours
It’s enterprise. no ceiling
Create in You the
Ultimate Being
And enjoy the ride
Was supposed to be a stride
God is in You so believe
Now is your time to conceive!

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 2, 3 / year estimated

06 / 2020 / CONTINUED

Act 3

And birth the presence
Of the sweeter essence ~
Alive! And Breathe! And swim and dive!
Now it’s all You, enJoy & Thrive!!!

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 2, 3 / year estimated

07 / 2020

This. My Home Now.

Beyond the chalice and the chandelier there is a resistance to accept the mundane
circumspect
As all honed in taut illusion we muster flags to praise allegiances
Yet in hearts true matter our resolve to uphold the elements is so subject to
A feeling of inevitable
Molten memoirs
it’s candied chances and clandestine orators
and cursed factors
Awaken thou soul within these rustic chambers!
Hear the faintest sound of twelve harmonics and know
The same current that floods and brings our composite water bodies Life
Spells of more than enough for all
So rest tonight ~
You are in part, but not the oyster
You are; under the pearls spell to
Awaken to a lighter beauty and
Molt the shackles that had you elsewhere
I’ll be safe with you in the sacred Still of Ever Now

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 4 / year estimated

08 / 2020

Hope is Oxygen

As for me, I have to Be, By the Sea
H.ave
O.ptimism
P.ersist
E.veryday!

09 / 2020

Frame of remembrance

It was just a drop of distaste
That would drown vacant
Stares unyielding.
Stain of mildew on dusty frames bearing stock of what was etched in stubborn grit and sweat.
Soft indents weakened rival spirits that burned to engulf sanctions on memoirs.
The ones in the photos grow faded and the former lost in the presence of candlelit threads.
Was too short the leash of time choking the throttle of stalled eminence.
Mind me not while I read scarlet tales of what lifetimes forgot.
My medium Salt lay just enough for the petal to expose its innocence
... one last breath before frosts grieving quiet.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 5, 6 / year estimated

10 / 2020

Untitled

Hope is the Medicine. Love is the Cure.
Song is the Fullness of Creation

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 6 / year estimated

11 / 2020

Untitled

“If you don’t believe in your Dreams, you become ‘fake news.’ “

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 6 / year estimated

12 / 2020

Untitled

My dear friend
Juan Mabanta

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 6 / year estimated

13 / 2020

Untitled

Slow down. Listen.
Or you will miss it

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 6 / year estimated

14 / 2020

Untitled

Bank with God
Love Deposits & Withdrawals,
no charge, no limits, supporting peer to peer decentralized initiatives for Peace & Justice

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 6 / year estimated

15 / 2020

Palms

Curve that distracts
Gentle arch that permits
Savoury crescent that admits
Straight lines blurred
All is slightly melded
Crescent moons
Hand opened with gentle
Embrace not fully
Yet opened to grasping possibilities
And limiting normalcies
Permitting hosting
Of ideas that
Flatten curves
And extend journeys
For hands held out
Without clasp
Invite salvation and friendship
For soon the fist
Of clenched mortality
Will drain the faith
Of opportunity
So now touch the hand next to you
And invite the intertwined
Before the breaking of old mortals
Drops a bent wrist
And withers to a close

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 6, 7 / year estimated

16 / 2020

Untitled

The best part about being an entrepreneur is that you don’t have a J.O.B.
The worst part about being an entrepreneur is that you don’t have a J.O.B.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 7 / year estimated

17 / 2020

Well in my Soul 💦

Thirsty. To this well I draw
Reflections of a will run dry
Time when remembering hurts
Moments of kindness
Drawn in blood
Porcelain fractured fantasy
Deliverance from crevassed
Mystery;
strangely devoid
Of perfect illusion
Restless wanderer
Still. My being
Soul my solace
Rest
I'll lean
Him fully,
in Christ Jesus
Is All in All
Quenched bitter
Salt
but salve
He is my ever
Deepening Well
Rest now One
It, His Done

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 7, 8 / year estimated

18 / 2020

Untitled

In & out of the messiness of life we opt for escape;
but
only deeply messy brings clarity.
Surface sailors never reach shore.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 8 / year estimated

19 / 2020

Untitled

Stuck. On purpose.
Stuck on Purpose.
Stuck on. Purpose?

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 9 / year estimated

20 / 2020

Untitled

Time ~ thank you. With enough of you I should be able to right this ship.
Wait a minute ~ no one really cares! Every act of kindness is the only timeless moment. Re~
member ~ing our Destiny.

Editorial note: original PDF has an unreadable glyph after “ship”.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 9 / year estimated

21 / 2020

Create Your Own Economy

Pandemonium Potentials

Was it Pangea? A supercontinent where we were once all connected? Pandemic ~ pandemonium ~ perhaps a reminder of the parenthetical (one body). Jesus was by God the Salve to end the illusionist separation. A potent reclaiming of potentials.

Borders and oceans give no right to egoism and superiority. Outsource your “work” is to give away your power. I speak politics now.

Unmask yourself. Only eyes I see and it’s fear or love with no in between.

Viruses corrupt. But they only magnify the pre existing elemental constructs hazardous to body, mind and spirit. Like the false gods of isolation and progress at all costs. The derivative pollution of mind & body.

Testing. Only to find out we all carry the components of virulent matter that, in the right circumstances, will proliferate into illness (I - ness). Dis - ease.

Let us remember that we are visiting this biome. We have no arrogance in the suffering ... that one of our DNA inhabitants should be subservient to another cross the seas.

Masked personas begin to look alike and can only be separated on the basis of eyes wearing fear or love.

Testing will result in implications. Yet we all have the virus, just in varying degrees. The virus says we are stubborn. We will not respect nature, to our demise. We think our man made protocols are smarter, and this we excuse, for profiteering.

Nature ~ which is evolving viruses faster than we could ever ~ may be having a moment of triumph. Endorsing her reality over the pathetic hang ups of our humanity.

In suggestion, myself included, let’s look for the lesson. End the false separation and administer compassionate alignment with people, not political parties. With our brothers and sisters, not enemy lines.

Love is unmasked, without borders, without testing. Love Is. Nature ~ Truth Divine.

It’s time to seed the song

~ a creation hymn ~

over dry bones.

It’s time to BE in between spaces of sacred psyche ~ allow death of what must die and birth of what must live

Your Voice. Your Vote. Your Victory.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 9, 10 / year estimated

21 / 2020 / CONTINUED

Create Your Own Economy

All else is rhetoric.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 9, 10 / year estimated

22 / 2020

Untitled

Nature is Polite, but not Silent. Just Fair. Requiring Equilibrium and Homeostasis. If unbalance is created, She will clean house. Are we her Steward Allies or Ignorant Perpetrators?

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 11 / year estimated

23 / 2020

Untitled

If your life was a book, how many distinct chapters are there so far, and what is the Title?
Mine: 7 Chapters
Title: Running On Imagination

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 11 / year estimated

24 / 2020

Untitled

You
and all your double helixes are infinitely loved.
Just like your autonomic bio systems. You need not think ~ just Is.
Marvel ~ o’us!

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 11 / year estimated

25 / 2020

Untitled

Fear is the currency of control.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 11 / year estimated

26 / 2020

Untitled

“Politics” was doomed to fail when an “either / or” situation was created.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 11 / year estimated

27 / 2020

Untitled

The weight of fear. The dumbbells of ignorance. Careful what you strengthen.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 12 / year estimated

28 / 2020

Untitled

Once grasping the nature of polarity we can understand that the problem is in the solution and vice versa ~
Need for Socratic Conversations.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 12 / year estimated

29 / 2020

Spirit

Sing to me Holy fire ~ Dance with me Heaven’s song ~ Laugh in me Spirit joy ~ Cover me Endless grace ~ Transcend me Water mind
I surrender All

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 12 / year estimated

30 / 2020

{ PAIN }

Perhaps About Initial Negligence
Let Love Salve In

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 12 / year estimated

31 / 2020

Creationing...

a daily practice to dispel the dark

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 12 / year estimated

32 / 2020

Untitled

Let the colours of the rainbow guide. Uncover the mystery of the Sign that promised the end of human extinction by violent force. Therein lie the codes, harmonics, vibrations, healing properties, and kingdom secrets.🌈

‘I have placed my rainbow in the clouds. It is the sign of my covenant with you and with all the earth.’ Genesis 9:13

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 12, 13 / year estimated

33 / 2020

Thirsty for Change?

... more 🍋 aid, less lemons please.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 13 / year estimated

34 / 2020

20/20

Hope is the commodity. Trust is the currency.
Time for a New Song.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 13 / year estimated

35 / 2020

Abundance is a state of Mind

This is not a conspiracy theory.
You can not serve both God and money.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 13 / year estimated

36 / 2020

HOW TO BE HUMAN Today

Lovingly curated by fellow human, Joy Case

* Know we are all Eternal Souls in different and unique beautiful “tents”
* You are made by Love, for Love and Love is your Birthright
* Put to death: comparisons, judgements, “sizing up”, blame, envy and jealousy
* Accept and love the shadow side of You so you can dissolve: anger, shame
* Maintain an awareness of the NOW moment in every moment, in Gratitude and Peace
* Rx: Your prescription is to smile, dance, sing, listen / play music, appreciate or engage in artistic expressions, get fresh air and exercise
* If you feel discouraged or lonely, close your eyes and feel the Love that is God for You, text a friend, send a loving message to someone else… you will receive what you Give
* Validate and express your authentic feelings, your authentic Self
* Be Gentle with your QuaranTeam mates; if alone, find a group online for support
* Listen more than speak
* Tell “fear” that it is understandable based on “facts” but not accurate. The NOW is always the Peace-filled eye of the storm and God is there with You.
* Return to the simpler Joys of childhood Wonder
* Recognize a new goal, even in subtleties, to extend beyond the rush, to the reflective.
* Breath, pray, meditate. Create this space for You.
* Gratitude and Forgiveness are the hallmarks of Thriving.
* Recognize and appreciate all forms of labour for what they really are.

Example: Emotional labour is defined as spending personal energy to support the emotional wellbeing of others. This work is invisible, largely unrecognized, and exhausts the nervous system.

Women and marginalized people are more likely to bear the most emotional labour as prescribed by the patriarchal society we live in. This includes things like engaging in unpaid work in the name of being ‘helpful’ and ‘polite’, censoring ourselves to conform to societal expectations, and front loading our lives with ‘home making’ and child care.

Our Energetic Being is being bombarded with unnatural frequencies during the 5G rollout. Enemies of immunity are fear, isolation, poor nutrition and worry. We must transcend this through healthy practices to keep our immune system as strong as we possibly can.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 13, 14 / year estimated

37 / 2020

Untitled

So keep a Heart of Peace, Patience and Persistent Hope!

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 14 / year estimated

38 / 2020

Untitled

Mandela speech: “a rainbow nation at peace with itself and the world.“

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 14 / year estimated

39 / 2020

Life; Take Two.

Either you are a movie director or a hired actor in another one's film. All good. Just as long as you accept the difference and don't settle for stand-in roles.
Create your best life!

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 14 / year estimated

40 / 2020

The Journeyman

He approached me less than six feet away with a telling frame I had seen many times before but never in this manner. At once his form revealed a multiplicity of characters without gender or age, rather a soft supple glow in eyes of remembering so many souls.

This particular journeyman was unlike all the others who had reason to interfere with the programmed outcomes. He had come here for me; to share a story of stories, a recollection of the future that - in that moment - encapsulated the globe in a freeze frame.

Like so many times before, now with a furled brow, the journeyman was perplexed that I hung my frame to view a tiny screen and fumbled with thumbs to message; for some reason he couldn’t understand. You see me. You are witnessing me, yet you are on a device in a trance instead of feeling my energetic resonance.

In fact the journeyman started to shudder as he came closer, not because martial law out ruled his advances, but because the frequencies my device emitted seemed to instantly age him, as an outside world being, the journeyman’s shell seemingly aged the closer he got to my implant.

I fumbled then turned my device off to look him in the periphery and softly breathed a word of our knowing. He asked why I hadn’t learned before and I said I hadn’t written this part of the story yet. He reminded me that it will always take the trajectory of the creator who fills in the gaps the other unthinking persons ignore.

A journeyman unbound by time and space had ventured to this apocalyptic scene to share with me. I have a mind to share it with you… and as I brushed passed the glass door on my walk home, I saw exactly why. My reflection bore a form I don’t normally see. A form with scales and blue hues, one they used to call alien. A reminder that I am not from here and the journeyman is a messenger from a lifetime ago and a future undone.

We finally locked a gaze and the messages he downloaded were like a spinning loom of endless threads caught up in a tower of enslaved servants.

The creators had always had their power but they did not understand it. Instead they bounced their experiences from the desire for pleasure and the avoidance of pain. They had been socially wasted together in bars, coffee shops and malls, as guilty as the mannequins undressed. Naked in their unmarked grave misunderstandings. They could have filled the gaps. They could have written the new narrative. They could have flourished with laughter and God’s medicine but instead, they let their potential flatline and worse, they allowed the narrative of the devilish minds to enslave their own realities.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 14, 15, 16 / year estimated

40 / 2020 / CONTINUED

The Journeyman

What the journeyman wanted me to know was that this has happened again and again and again and the other side, is waiting to birth a new earth program. This other side exists simultaneously but can not circumvent the mind numbing patterning.

He brushed my arm and I fell to the ground. Oh God, please don’t let me be infected. Allow me to learn and to reach a new conclusion, this time with my heart. I am my neighbour. I am the grass and the trees and the birds and the bees. I am that I am and I am that. Creator, navigator, “scriptor" of a new act for scene three. A movie I will now make. A credence I will adhere to with belief in the collective story. One by one, we were never more apart and we were never closer. In the most bizarre experiment, windows of singing emerged. They were no longer concerned with running beyond lightspeed but they began to listen to one another and to find out what each one had and what each one needed.

They began to be human beings not human doings. And the journeyman, healed by a touch of this new story unfolding… saw that they were now able to meet in the public squares and bring a newfound wisdom to each other and to their Mother who they had ignored and almost destroyed.

My journeyman vibrated with a harmonic frequency that left me mute. Then vanished and I heard sonic harmonies from each of the four corners. Enveloping me in a union salve state.

Bless you journeyman for we are all on this curve, this sphere of Creation Being.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 14, 15, 16 / year estimated

41 / 2020

Artist

Your eyes
In shadows
Negative space
Falling into proxy
That silver edge
Blinding light
For in your eyes;
Cycle of cycles
Birth of births
Time of times
Revolution of remaining
A rabbit hole
A foxes fur
A pigeon hole
Key for the journey home
Escaping colour
Staying hidden
Your eyes
See the all in all
And find me
Naked
even in shadows
Your eyes

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 16, 17 / year estimated

42 / 2020

Untitled

This is the weak spot of an over indulgent, media fuelled, non thinking populace yielding to social media bits & bytes. A distracted people blind to the reality of real. An orientation towards fake news and FOMO on the next shiny penny dangling as a carrot one inch away.
No one really wants the real information
They want to be spoonfed
So they feel a maternal connection
An emotional attachment, not to the information but to the giver
And when that decision they made
Based on that information works out
They love you like a Moma
When the decision they made based on the pablum doesn’t work
They have only you to blame
What has happened to response-ability?

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 17, 18 / year estimated

43 / 2020

War

Naked at the cornerstone
A flight to seal off the
Confederates
For luring such opponents
Sparked only controversy
As control and chaos
Ravaged home
Restless I carried on
To depict expectation
Forlorn frenzy fathoms
Dark decrepit deceased
Can we leave this prison
Of impersonation?
Of impending ignorance?
Of mortals. Of montage. Of misguided missiles.
Just one reversal could bespoke a revolution of reality and
what is real may only exist in a wormhole of sacrifice absorbed by apparitions of
Angelic grace.
Yet we repeat the sanctions of so much ignorance.
Someone save us from our situational sabotage. And soon.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 18 / year estimated

44 / 2020

Untitled

Break not a winter waterfall
For springs tear rains gently
Chiseling smooth the ages of sediment
Smouldering what could be sentient
Making room
For the violent
Molten scorching lethargy
Crystallizing the diamond union
Casting radiant prisms
That eclipse, if only even once
A treasure, like Eden

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 19 / year estimated

45 / 2020

Living Time

Pressed by minute hand
Hour of awake by
Sands
draining mortar bricks
Laid out bedrock
born into
Organic drifts and smoke stack riffs
Pour dry reserves rationed for
Leftovers
when in fact the second hand
Lifted its cursory motion
save
One final revolution over
Under the water ways
soak
Inorganic matter blending
Senses
even the slightest wave
Of temporal vibration may
Curtail a dark room of
Developing stills
And re arrange the forecast
for a
Recast of clay for makers
Stone cold finish
at the bleeding edge of
Nexus
bending ribbons
Molten star tracked nodes
Breaking free from gears and clicks
To random chance and

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 19, 20 / year estimated

45 / 2020 / CONTINUED

Living Time

Raw infinity

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 19, 20 / year estimated

46 / 2020

Untitled

When your cup is full,
fill others...
let not the spillover be wasted...
one can only ‘consume’ so much... waste not, want not. (New Spin)

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 20 / year estimated

47 / 2020

Untitled

It’s important to me, because it’s important to you.

Source: poems-2020.pdf / p. 20 / year estimated

JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2022

A reading edition

Wording and source line order retained.

Typography and stanza spacing made consistent.

ASSEMBLED FROM THE POETRY SOURCES PROVIDED

Contents & editorial note

8 poems in this volume.
Wording, punctuation, and line order follow the supplied source.
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01 / 2022

Final form

Gripped by the hand of eternity
Infirmity melted lotteries
Of fine pixel dust
Like a spell over Manhattan
I did it my way
Sea tousled mane
Drown in figurative speech
They silenced the soft simple sound
Of reasonable doubt
I checked the forecast
It asked for a human form
To program its AI counterparts
Trojan horse rusted creaky
Tin man with soft heart
Echoes of narnia now portrayed the dismayed distaste of disenfranchised
Surely goodness and mercy
Didn’t follow the tape deck turntable
Black film watered down cameras shifted
Actors like zombies sucked the last wind of
Light now
it’s late
it’s too late
I’m late
Birthing
Last
Form
Of

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 1 / year estimated

02 / 2022

Us

Poets and madmen
Playing lyre and harp
Pied Piper sad men
Layers apart
Stroll for a moment
Down another’s path
Put on new glasses
And have a good laugh
The opposite wasn’t
just as it seemed
The journey to home
we intervened
For lush is the garden
And full are the fruits
Of those who know
They were part of the show

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 2 / year estimated

03 / 2022

Ear for you

Just stop and listen, even though you know what they are going to say, you heard it all before, and actually you are right. Wrong, it’s not about right.

Listening is about emptying oneself to be a vessel, a conduit for another’s voice, under which lies a veritable sea of demons and doubts. A trench so deep it could bury humanity. You may just be their only vessel, their only way across the divide.

Listen, empty yourself of you and Be One for a moment. Only when your container is neutral can you allow another a host, a home, a safe place to Be. In that moment of listening you are a heart, two ears together beating to the sound of transformation.

Allowing a home, a resting place for the sum of all fears & in the very nature of neutrality you detonate eons of generational traumas.

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 3 / year estimated

04 / 2022

Be heard. Hear. Be Home.

To behold beauty with an open hand, that it may land and then fly away to its joy and to your gratitude for the mystery of sentient form

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 4 / year estimated

05 / 2022

C19

Mask her aid
Eyes scarred
Mouth and lips concealed
Shut. quiet. safe. fear
Roll up your sleeve
Get on gear
Mind the gap
What if our goals
Were bowls of crystal sound
No one could drown in the
Unbecoming of little me
To big tall tree
Forthwith and forthright
and a fortnight
Of fallow faithful followers
Just a swipe short of
Touch. taste. and tattle tale days
Mind you
you learned all you
Needed to know in kindergarten
Oh how we must get back to
Soil and sand
Get gritty
My soul has no virus
And if it did would that be enough
For you to idolize the tent
We just have for rent
Short time
Hedge your best
Sell the rest
Not trite just do what’s right

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 4, 5 / year estimated

05 / 2022 / CONTINUED

C19

For your inner child
To Dance on the velvet sea
Return to essence,
Gratefully, me

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 4, 5 / year estimated

06 / 2022

Backyard pots at night in the rain

Fire licked ashes
Cooled wet swirling
Ebony pools
Once I saw the burning
Stakes but in these cases
We still have judgment here
Fire kicked smashes
Theory of waste
Bid you doth haste
Canary out of coal mines
In time for the
Ceremony
Beating drums
Savage howls
Lord and slave
Still hiding in the cave
Hawk, eel, brave
Underfoot it’s roots of
Curly twine
Nestled undertaking
Of last breath and full eons
From which stars gained their
Momentum and forests yielded their habitats to all things great & small
If the lord made them all
You’d surely heed the call
To mince words and heal tones
And finally let forgiveness
Flow
At thick dark the oil began to
Glisten with golden mist
Swirls of molten lava

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 5, 6, 7 / year estimated

06 / 2022 / CONTINUED

Backyard pots at night in the rain

Fixated on angels dust
Arise!
Take a knee!
Arise!
Kneel!
Fall and weep and ashes and dust
Reflections only mirror
Inner matter
Stir vast the sparkle laden treasures
In mind and heart
There is no
a part

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 5, 6, 7 / year estimated

07 / 2022

Parts Sold Separately

I was told I needed a new phone when my battery kept shorting
I was told I needed a new dishwasher when the parts started leaking
I was told I needed a new plan when inflation rose sharply
I was told my gut was unhealthy but my liver health was good
I was told by the teacher that financial education wasn’t necessary to graduate
I was told by the scientists that we could extract lithium from the sea
I was told by the fish that plastics are a human problem
I was told by my Counselor I needed a heart specialist
I was told by my community I needed an international passport
I was told by my neighbour I needed to buy the fence this time
I was told by green to stop at red
I was told by routine to only do art on sundays
I was told my shower is a safe zone for naked singing
I was told by you that everything is separate and we don’t know about that because that is not our specialty
Then I was told by a child that everything is connected and even magical
So I invited the scientists to sit with the theologians, environmentalists, doctors, educators, tradesmen and children to
Inform the parts just how they all fit together

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 7, 8 / year estimated

08 / 2022

Unexpected encounter

Shared Royalties
Casualties of dissension
In this one dimension
Taught taut tough
Muster up enough
Courage to be
Exposed
soft opening
Bluff
I was instrumental in that stuff that
Landed hard on my folly
For your information
I’m not unfounded
Or colliding
Or calculating
Or condescending
You read me wrong
I just got excited about
Our mutual escape from
Strumming to resonance
From drowning to resurrection
From only to always
From shadow to eminence
Strum my only hymn
It’s my soul string quartet
You can’t regret that
Seed I,
Let it sow

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 8, 9 / year estimated

JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2024

A reading edition

Wording and source line order retained.

Typography and stanza spacing made consistent.

ASSEMBLED FROM THE POETRY SOURCES PROVIDED

Contents & editorial note

17 poems in this volume.
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01 / 2024

Homecoming

I was an Intern
He was in the fellowship
I was a Hungarian Jew
He gave me bread
I was a blind soldier
He held my hand
I was drenched in gold
He gave me simplicity
I was an elder
He gave me Time
In all things
In all ways
In all
All
In
He guided me Home

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

02 / 2024

Lines out

I colour the shadows you won’t see
Between the lines
We ride strands of glass candles
Wicks the same
Cast prism on containers
Shipped
foreign
Colours
home
We celebrate hues
Mint air and lemon grass
Tints of turquoise
I’m many from palettes
Pure and
divided
My brush
oil washed
Ready for sidewalks
Of laughter
graffiti

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

03 / 2024

Death is a child

For often times
The moss grows over
Graves we solemnly care
Once clover
Dawns fair laugh
Has raised a brow
For maybe life’s a parody now
When comes the reaper
Maybe a child
For once was said
Unless you do
The kingdom won’t be open to you
Thus the play
The trick
The stay
This only ends
As child’s play
And that is the best place to Be

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

04 / 2024

Gilded Horseman

Frozen in fools gold
Hoof beaten
worn copper
Edged sword
half arched in sheath
Molded to confluence
Radiation mechanics
Justified in foothills
Long range
hollow echo
Blasts torment
manes of sunlight
Can you hear them pound?
Day in and night out
Relentless memories
Hold tight she’s steering back
Retreat, it’s not even ground
Tho the stars fell
And the moon lamented
I still hear her cry
And then I become dust

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

05 / 2024

Time is a Pattern of Material Consequence

Scales
Hard taught
Tendrils stiff
Zero error
Gravity
Launch tight
Timeline activated
Bottom line
Is ruthless
Moulting cry
Lesser mortals
Shy.
This time it’s
Not imposed
But free
Radicals gathering
speed scaling
Unknown paths
Fervently
Dousing fire
Oil in water
Buckets
Tipping
Justice
To
The
Point
Of
Ending
Perfection
So New is

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

05 / 2024 / CONTINUED

Time is a Pattern of Material Consequence

Born Free

06 / 2024

Fractal Mind

Freedom sovereign
Timeline right
No determined
Simulation
Freedom speak
Diamond in the rough
Can peace be without
Dichotomy
Is there a new way
An agreement we can do
A motion to elect
A wisdom in all breath
Rights Is a grace
Only the strong survive?
Is there a timeline
Where peace is the dance floor
Perception is not real
Reality is a mirror
It’s time for new agreements
On values we cherish most
Fractals
Combine
Refine
Define
Prophecy is not fact?
Our future is yet to reveal
A promise I hold dear
Is the rainbow He sent
Fractal colours hold essence
To mystery and grace
It’s enough for me

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

06 / 2024 / CONTINUED

Fractal Mind

To rest in gratitude and
Peace
Lighten your heart
It’s good news
Love is your end game
Love loves you
Eternal bound
You are
Eternal sound
You are
Eternal ground
For all is
Part of
Love is
You

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

07 / 2024

Cut on the Chalice

Tasting.
silver toned orators. Brass.
Of choice words
undress my attitude in
velvet straws of verdant tendrils
clutched curiously
sulking in paraphrases
Mind if I salt your
rifle
through treasures neath pay
dirt your trousers are
burdened
smoke calibrates
reason to draw
a sword into parchment
this spool uneasy
bridge!
this harrowing lagoon
of mortal coil
this time is
the last one
crackly fire hurled
melting ink
it’s not this finality
but tomorrows’s heir will be a
vintage collection of my
muse and her
unwritten
soliloquy.

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

08 / 2024

Blind

A million sunsets unseen
That I may know you only
By your Soul

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

09 / 2024

Final form

Messy
Boots and gumdrops
Saddled in the hot sticky
Tar sands of time
Take aways
bow ties and tornadoes
Have in common
twists of fate
Levers of right winged
Left brained salutations
Ours was a mixed palette
Of comfort and disarray
For in the pattern of moonlight
Muddy footprints etched
Cemented our gumboot
Dance

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

10 / 2024

Fifth Dimension 

In the enigmatic field of sustenance
I derive all quintessential dna
of maestro and maven
queen and minstrel.
Passions muted
generously longing for
lingering antidotes.
The effervescent anomaly
that speaks to
equanimity has me
short to anger
long to learn and
soft to love.
In hindsight the future is what we feel.

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

11 / 2024

Untitled

In the quiet hush of Christmas time,
When hearts are heavy, and bells don't chime,
The stars above, they seem to know,
The pain of loss that lies below.
For even God once felt the tear,
Of separation, distant and near,
When His own Son, in mortal coil,
Left heaven's throne for earthly toil.
We're orphans all, in this vast night,
Our parents too, took that flight,
But in this journey, we're not alone,
For every heart seeks its way home.
Hand in hand with strangers, friends,
We walk a path that never ends,
With courage, honor, hope we stride,
To heal the wounds we carry inside.
So, take your neighbor, hold them near,
In every stranger, see a peer,
For in each step, in every deed,
We find the love that we all need.
We're family in humanity,
In our unity, our sanctuary,
Learning that in the end, we're one,
Underneath the same golden sun.
And as we reach that final bend,
We'll see the start in every end,
For our destiny is not just to survive,
But in eternal glory, to thrive.
So let your heart be light, my friend,
For love and hope, they never end,
And in this celestial, wondrous story,

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

11 / 2024 / CONTINUED

Untitled

We're all part of something infinitely more glorious.
Remember this, as Christmas shines,
In every heart, through tough times,
We're together, in love, in rhyme,
Marching towards a destiny divine.

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

12 / 2024

Untitled

WHY are we here?
Why ARE we here?
Why are WE here?
Why are we HERE?

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

13 / 2024

The Gift of Impermanence

In the dance of the transient breeze,
Where moments fleet and forever tease,
Lies a truth, both gentle and profound,
In impermanence, freedom is found.
No need to grasp the morning's light,
Or hold the stars captive in the night.
Each second a gift, unbound and free,
A canvas of now, ever-changing, you see.
Surrender to the river's flowing grace,
Letting go, in trust, we embrace.
For in release, our spirits soar,
Finding peace, love, joy, and more.
The Creator's love, a guiding star,
Whispers of wonders that outshine afar.
In this journey, transient though it be,
In His embrace, we're truly free.
Earthly treasures, fleeting, won't last,
But in His love, no shadow is cast.
An adventure in the heart's open sky,
Where dreams live, and fears die.
So breathe in this moment, pure and bright,
A fleeting spark in the eternal night.
In the gift of impermanence, find your song,
With the Creator, where you truly belong.
In each heartbeat, a new world is spun,
Under the gaze of the infinite sun.
In letting go, we find our greatest might,
In the now, in His love, in the radiant light.

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

14 / 2024

Exchange

We put it between us
We couldn’t just share without a negotiation
Even in romance we’d calculate cost
Every movement had a price
Every artifact a value
Each notion a hierarchy of currency exchange
Only in the One who paid the price can we live for free
Eternally

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

15 / 2024

Stars Like Us

STARS like us
Stars LIKE us
Stars like US

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

16 / 2024

By Candlelight

In an age where quills danced on parchment fair,
Ink kissed paper in the candle's soft glare.
Before time itself had drawn its line,
Where thoughts in shadow and light entwine.
Beneath the gaze of an iris so deep,
Lies a world where secrets and whispers keep.
The gavel's echo, a sound so profound,
Divides the known from mysteries unbound.
Shadows cast by the flicker of flame,
Tell tales of glory, of loss, of fame.
In this dance of light, in this silent duel,
Lies the heart of wisdom, a precious jewel.
Let us cast our shadow, let us stake our claim,
In the annals of time, etch our name.
Or shall we let the light, in its gentle stride,
Divide the spoils, with nothing to hide?
Between comrades old, under starlit skies,
The ink flows on, as the old world sighs.
In this timeless struggle, this eternal game,
In quills and etches, we find our name.

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

17 / 2024

November Rose 

Fabled mist
Trenches, masts,
Dark room
Long light lingers
Over last breaths
Lullaby
It’s madness of decadence
That scorned young buds
Delivery
Sharp chimes
Warn winters bluff
In shadows, recreation
Spills dew drops
Lean and clad
Still drawn in
Evergreen pools
Taste bitter
In the night
Yet joy returns buds
Tender spring
Illumine

Source: poems-2024-original.txt / year estimated

JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2026

A reading edition

Wording and source line order retained.

Typography and stanza spacing made consistent.

ASSEMBLED FROM THE POETRY SOURCES PROVIDED

Contents & editorial note

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In this volume

Writer’s Block 3

01 / 2026

Writer’s Block

I couldn’t take sides
on level-tipped scales…
hazed happenings
pried my eyes
from soft landings.

In the middle, I was naked.
Showers stung like hot magnets
on spitting coils.

I couldn’t get the haze
to leave me alone
long enough
to forge the steel into sense.

Traces and elements lit
like silver strands,
where synapses and mildew
ensconce.

If only

all at once

back then.

Ink frayed,
tore the scroll,
but not enough to blur
the secret.

I let it go.

It tricked the wise.

Source: outside-the-lines.pdf / p. 12, 13

01 / 2026 / CONTINUED

Writer’s Block

It teased the full.
It tore the fabric
of my soul.

This ancient ruin
I tried to warn
soaked through sheets at night
and finally found its measure
in melting candlelight.

For all who heed
as night befalls
won’t remember the fitful lulls
where poets’ pain
and writer’s block
stalled memoirs
and broke the clocks.

Source: outside-the-lines.pdf / p. 12, 13