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.

In this volume

Untitled — Password for “Heaven?” 5
Untitled — Seize any Opportunity to Be Compassion. No… 6
Kaleidoscope 7
Untitled — Listening is the license, 8
Middle Lake 9
Act 3 10
This. My Home Now. 12
Hope is Oxygen 13
Frame of remembrance 14
Untitled — Hope is the Medicine. Love is the Cure. 15
Untitled — “If you don’t believe in your Dreams, you … 16
Untitled — My dear friend 17
Untitled — Slow down. Listen. 18
Untitled — Bank with God 19
Palms 20
Untitled — The best part about being an entrepreneur … 21
Well in my Soul 💦 22
Untitled — In & out of the messiness of life we opt f… 23
Untitled — Stuck. On purpose. 24
Untitled — Time ~ thank you. With enough of you I sho… 25
Create Your Own Economy 26
Untitled — Nature is Polite, but not Silent. Just Fai… 28
Untitled — If your life was a book, how many distinct… 29

Contents / continued

Untitled — You 30
Untitled — Fear is the currency of control. 31
Untitled — “Politics” was doomed to fail when an “eit… 32
Untitled — The weight of fear. The dumbbells of ignor… 33
Untitled — Once grasping the nature of polarity we ca… 34
Spirit 35
{ PAIN } 36
Creationing… 37
Untitled — Let the colours of the rainbow guide. Unco… 38
Thirsty for Change? 39
20/20 40
Abundance is a state of Mind 41
HOW TO BE HUMAN Today 42
Untitled — So keep a Heart of Peace, Patience and Per… 43
Untitled — Mandela speech: “a rainbow nation at peace… 44
Life; Take Two. 45
The Journeyman 46
Artist 48
Untitled — This is the weak spot of an over indulgent… 49
War 50
Untitled — Break not a winter waterfall 51
Living Time 52
Untitled — When your cup is full, 54

Contents / continued

Untitled — It’s important to me, because it’s importa… 55

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