
SOUL JOY
MUSINGS FOR
A NEW WORLD
JOY A. CASE

SOUL JOY

Musings for a New World



Joy A. Case

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Preface:



Thank you for sharing time with me on this Soul Journey. These words are a collection of my heart and mind as my adventure continues. My reflections span over 20 years of my life. Through these words, I honour the spirit of Poetry given to us as a gift of sense-making, comfort and pondering quests as we experience this life's challenges and joys. Photos sprinkled among the prose are of nature, my Father, my husband and I.

In bearing my Soul, I desire to create a space for you to share your story: without judgement, without shame, without hesitancy. I seek to bring authenticity to our human experience, empathy to ourselves and others.

Interspersed are poems my Father, Don Case, wrote. He expressed emotions much like I do, with his words on a page. Memories of our shared time bring comfort. Together we contemplate nature and war, love and home.

Soul Joy seeks to juxtapose history with Now, current systems and institutions with the freedom we know is possible, and technology and its potential for liberation.

Core to Soul Joy is the belief that we crave authenticity. A place where choice rests in our hearts as we feel and deliberate through contradictions within our own worlds and the world we cohabit.

Possibility exists that we can resolve ~ Peace as the antidote for dissonance.

Peace. Empathy. Acceptance. Love. Hope. Joy.

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Poetry for Soul Joy



Wake! The Ocean of my Mind



Timeless crescents of treachery and grace
Thunder in the crevices of my mind
and the Chase
Endless in searching and mournful in yearning
Invoke I, The Contemplator
To seek, rescue and deliver
The drowning sentiments of a silent Poet

All our necessary narratives are Poetry awaiting interpretation in the flesh.



Who be mindful of I?



Soul bare but for whom?

And why does it matter?

Writing can not bring back.

Can not mark my place

Agency was hero

I could have placed my hope

Elsewhere

But that was me. My word on a page.

For you.

Now gone.

Shall a place so sacred be a cinder block?
Children are my characters
Syllables & idioms
Who dare to kidnap my own?

I won't leave you breathless
I will restore my tongue & the letter
Will be next engraved in stone

Yet? Who be mindful of I?



"For we are His workmanship..," Ephesians 2:10... in the Greek, 'workmanship' was to be translated as poem (poiema). We are God's poem, His work of art.

And we are His Children, so naturally we are Poets too.

Politics and the State of the Nation

Pensive Poetry of Politics



Pretty puppets

Poised to ponder

Perchance to pontificate

Pauper's purpose

Prince's purses

Poor packaging

Pixelated plunder

Perhaps a promise
Potential possibility
but
alas
People's Plight
Perfect Pandemonium
Persists.

Time to Try: Remember Rome



Middle men. Middle managers. Middle class.

The mired murky middle of mundane monotony.
Maintain. Don't move.

Tax treatment. Tax burden. Tax slave. Tax me until
I am old & sick, then treat me with your
deadly concoction of pills.

Out of time to try.

Turn around. Turnstile. Turbulent tactics.
Trust thoughts. Take action. Time is triggering truth.

Radical responsibility. Rightful reasons.
Reach to reason. Reason to reach.

Remember.

Resonance with Rome.

Don’t fall.

Reason to Rhyme – Solutions in Time



Social Media Bending Time

Without Reason, Who wants Rhyme?

Let go Greece? Turkey not far behind...

What are we going to do for the daily grind?

Real estate has fixed the mix

Great concert, can't afford the tix

Strange media, surfing the net

Posted it with no regret

Lack of tolerance

Integrity and respect

Society to question its intellect

Reason to rhyme

We can save this in time?

Render your thoughts

Not your coded bots

Co-create, no more check mate

Let's set a date for the evolution

Saved by us - the grand solution.



Trust, and The Fight for Originality & Freedom from the Old World Copies

Status. Stat-Us. No! Censorship. Sensor-ship.

I am not a probability or a permutation. Widen our ecology, deafen our definitions. Angle the lens inside;

con-textual relevance obsolete?

Souls are not a numb-ers game.

(Written under the in-fluence of a

limit-less starry expanse).

Piracy



I wrote my heart on my sleeve

And you got the tattoo

I drank the vile

And you prized the photo

I leaned on my democracy

And your country mocked my vote

I stood squarely on the shoulders of Giants

And your minions buried my reflection

Time cast a spell of copyright

Plagiarisms mimicked my sentiments

Archived in flesh my bones grew weary
For the copy was just a blueprint
From original imprint to
Factory walls

…That's why robots, that's why The Internet of Things... not to take away economic capability but to pronounce the old system DoA. Heaven on Earth, now speedily towards Us, is a dimension of Time to Be our Creative Energy and eventually shed the need for low level mechanical boring dizzying poverty level "work".




WED, 16 SEPTEMBER 20
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MILANO 2015



Virtual Reality?



One can do in a virtual world the seemingly impossible.
Once the virtual world is conquered, the gap
between possibilities is closed in the
real world and all is possible
towards Utopia.

Aging and the Bitter Sweet Transition

In this skin



Leather and hide
Raw silk hides splinters
cut and chide
Tis colder than last
I'm a stranger inside
Formaldehyde
The making of me
Eight dollars worth
But I'll take three
Life's short sale

Mirrors crack & hail

Lost image

Recollect

Combine

Tribute

Task

Dust

Just Hosts?



Half a face
To show true
micro organism that is you

Ecology per se
Mind over matter
They pray

One day we will escape
Biology that houses
Our landscape

“Make the most of everyday”

Parasites & organisms they
Doth prey
Too
You are you
But you are they

Next time you feel so partitioned
Remember the host part you conditioned

Lovers slaves and paupers alike
Bade us farewell
Body not psych

One day freedom calls
Morphology from all wherewithals

And dust to dust

And life to rust

And surface must

Your genetic gust

Of nature now to ground

For hosts who need a second round

Don’t step on spiders

Olden Daze



Miami dice

Save one last vice

Olden age

Golden stage

Wait - why work?

Must check the Cirque

Du soleil

My final foray

Into new

Tired of grandma's stew

It’s boring

To listen to you snoring

I’m never too tired

To be the one you desired

Yesteryear

Now just drinking ginger beer

High time

It’s my time

Don’t forget

And I won’t regret

Grey is the new black

I’ve still got a healthy stack

Of pancakes for your morning

My wrinkles you're adoring

Ok - you're done

Night sun

Age won

Return to Knowing



I have no voice
you've left me no choice
hands frail
mind in a vale

wrinkles in time
once heard the bell chime
echoes so loud
heard above the crowd

lay still my laugh
i can still do the math
two ears two eyes
one mouth, i listen
i surmise

i have a voice
you've made your choice
soft whispers of a saviour
amidst all my behaviour

you gave me wings
i gave up sordid things
to rise in trust
arise from dust

i return to knowing
to the ever glowing
within your reach
your love my beach

and sand between my toes
where my mind only goes
moments of me
i can hardly see

the view
for the very few
who dare to speak
that winter not be so bleak

Jail : Free



my heart bruises on these bars
set laden with care for not
I am here.
Entrapped soul with weary eyes;
I lie crippled by weight
that I didn't create.

Bones brittle. Flesh withering...

Not the plans I made.

Life lived in the shade.

The ache keeps me awake

Time slowly marching...

It’s hard to Breathe in here.

I'm LOVE. I'm LIGHT.

Get out of this dark night.

Still I lay beyond earth, I pray

is more for this Creation that now lays waste to Not.

I feel Not. Here.

Not there. Not ready. Not...

Out of this jail I break free for the glory that might befall!

Souls shine; I transcend these bends.

But not broken I Return to the Garden.

Free.

My Father Don Case
Fought ALS

The spaces between



The spaces between
The lull. The. Void.
Are sunsets and singing
Laughter ringing
Cherished as treasure
Hearts bound forever
Never leaving the beautiful
Garden of being
'Til the void
Makes null the light
The spaces between
No more are seen

Empty Cup



I can not grieve today
Should have tried yesterday
I just can't get close enough
To the raw edge, the bluff

Been too many crosses
To count all our losses
Forbear
Laid there

Colours faded
My heart grew jaded
You should be here
To say, 'I love you dear'

I can not cry today
Should have tried yesterday
Torrents of rain couldn't
Wash wounds of my pain

White sails still light the sea
Rainbows glow, still I must be
Shored up
Empty cup

Jealous for your tender word
Your gentle hands my eyes ...blurred

Today I saw an eagle soaring
Perhaps joy could come in the mourning



Eros, Lust, Love and Musings on the Subject



Return



Love Me though I loathe the lust
Hold me though I feign distrust
Leave me though I said you must
Judge me in dearth - Disgust
Return my soul - diamonds to dust.



A Men



One for my stance

One for my songs

One for my trance

One for my wrongs

One for my spirit

One for my sorrow

One for my future

One for tomorrow







Thirties Something



Dirty Dishes
If I had my wishes...
no matriarch or patriarch
serves food that's delicious

enough to warrant
my hands in this dormant
water still dirty
she told me when i was 30

i'd have to comply
my head shook "oh my"

i'd take off my apron
i'm no holy matron

saint of the kitchen

ur right I'm bit chin
but i never asked
to be so tasked

that i'd forgo my real mission



Inside Time



Where did my happiness go?
I've searched high & lo
Wandered the earth to & fro
Catch the tiger by the toe

He hollered, I let him go
Eeny, meeny, miny, moe
Life's not about that you know
I stopped finally to enjoy the show

Players come and players go
Heaven all treasure and earth far below
don't wait for what's at stake
just sit down & eat your cake

Time marches on
While your worry you still don
Quiet your heart
Each day, a fresh start

Make no mistake
Your journey while still awake
Is fraught with bends that will not break
Your spirit is willing but the flesh feels fake

Take rest inner soul
Make quiet your mind
Seek and ye shall find
happiness may not be far behind

but Joy is here, inside all of time
your weary soul, must find the rhyme
that beats in sync, that was here all along
life's inner beauty, sanctuary and song

We want to run away from suffering,
into the arc of pleasure.
Ironically by engaging more fully in suffering we can possibly pass through into a deeper well of
Love with no need to escape...


Joy is the
essence of
success.



I did it all



I did it all
To impress a girl
Who would not be mine

Was waiting for a sign
For a performance where she could shine

Bringing faith so divine
I ran the race. For her I'd pine
& face my fears. All by design
Enrapture heart, soul & mind

Heartache can be so unkind
I won the race but she switched teams.
O what a grind

Sinister love. My soul is blind
Could someone please press rewind
And undo these soul ties
that bind.


IT'S ALL AN ACT

A Little Tree



Love is a little tree
Of happiness
Blossoming quietly
In the sunshine woods

D. C.







An Ever Deepened Well



Love is an ever deepened well
Reflecting the light
And depth
of caring

D. C.

Mirage



An expression of you
Finds me in a chamber of crystal
Mesh with mud

Clinging to curiosity
With wine essence

Illuminate my fantasy
Such that it was

Crushing diamonds
Forsaking ace of hearts...

Wander pathways!

Lest you flicker and
Fan a smouldering wick

Song of Love



Love is a four letter word
No one knows nothing
You've never been disturbed

Riding on empty
Prayer you have made it
The Shows in the distance
Right over there

Stares for your music

Magic for madness

Trying to keep you sane

Of love, of love is a four letter word





My Side



I broke my heart against yours
Broke like tides upon the shores

Held secrets from myself
Never dusted off the shelf

Time we had
but times a fad

Shifting winds and wants
Dreams to desire flaunts

Made us a song
That you did the wrong

Now I know your resolve
My wandering soul still to evolve

Per chance we'll meet on a rainy day
At the train station with a kiss & play
Back the tapes
Close the drapes
And un break, heart make

Tender. Opening. Exposed.
Consider how to shelter Soul Blossoms from the elements.

Complete



I am not empty and you are not full,
Through the tides of life, the great push and pull,
Vast is your ocean, wide is your nest,
Is there a place here where I can rest?





Advice



What you love, hold lightly

Who you love, surrender that too

For having & holding is havoc on humans

For I Am and you Are

He Is and she Is

Let Be





The Stream of Life



In this stream of life,
One is sometimes touched
By the spirit of another.
And, as the stream swirls
And spills
Throughout time,
A gentle remembrance
brings
...a smile

D. Case

There are so many beautiful memories to look forward to.

D. C.

God, the Universe and Birthing Pains of a New World

God wrote a Poem and
He called it Us.

ParaDox



Parameters Doxology

Prisoners Dreamers

Programmed Diatribe

Perfect Descendants

Promised Deliverance

Palatial Deity

Paradise Defined?

Per Diem

Mentor King



You have just won the lottery. A Billionaire has agreed to Mentor you. Successful but also rich in kindness, authenticity and genuine character. It's time to meet up and your palms start to sweat. There is so much you need to ask. There's so much you don't know. Until now you've plodded along with your head above water but barely.

It's 11:11 and at this auspicious time, you await your meeting that will ultimately boost your potential and ignite your dreams into reality.

You start. Please provide for my family. Please tell me the secrets of your personal success. Please find me the right people to talk to about the next steps. Please bring coffee and treats to all our subsequent meetings and please write out your 10 tips on best business practices before our next meeting. Right? Or, perhaps you'll say: I'm not worthy of your presence. If you could just spend five minutes with me I won't ask for any more of your time.

I'd venture to say both accounts would be insulting and disheartening for both parties.

What if you started with a comment of gratitude for his guidance. Then perhaps continued on by sharing about your feelings and history to date. He's already read your resume but perhaps a little background to personalize your experiences …could be a good intro. Remember, he's a person too and he can relate with emotions, expectations, hopes and desires. What if you then told him your wildest dreams. Then quickly move onto questions that deliver a more accurate picture. How could I improve on this step? Where did I go wrong here? What would you have done in this situation? Wait for the answer. Ask for further clarification. Be thankful for the learning.

Perhaps this approach would humanize and harmonize your interaction, bringing you closer together. Bridging the gap.

Now, this Mentor is God of the Universe.

How will you talk to Him today?

There is no blame, there is only Us

The rabbi and the snake



say, Rabbi, have you counted your people?
i need not for they know their way
My dissertation was in Babylon.
i heard, but i did not understand
ah yes languages, chaos
reason that your threats don't involve us,
for chosen ones are on the other side?
lake of fire, hush, old wives tales
lost ones consoled by grace, a Saviour coming, a light
the others say he did wave palms and trample my kin

that He has already come once.
David's star will lead and your relevance ends
for sake of His Story the tempest shall rip the curtain
in the middle of the night during firestorm
watchmen, watch them
Coal on my lips I will declare the time is drawing nigh
He made me and He chose you.
… there is one language I do fear
Say?
Unified vibrations. The sound of Love that
crucifies fear. New covenant.
Night, slithering beast, to dust you return.
And dissolve.

Submit your body-vehicle and spirit mind to only Love.

In the beginning was the Word and the Word was
God and the Word was with God.

And we know that God is Love.

Authentic presence quickens the latent healer
in you. Your word spoken births truth, discovery &
the joy of remembrances.







Prayer of Socrates



O may I meet heaven's shores
On this earth today

By knowing what knowing does
To get knowing out of the way

O may I see why this suffering occurs
and ask for its purpose procures

the reasons under my reasons
my gifts, golden thoughts and myrrhs

O may I hear what angels dread
so I can ask for daily bread instead

of calloused hands and a worn out mind
Rescue me Father from this daily grind

O may I touch those in need
by asking who you heard sorrowful

Let me seek the questions of their soul
why their flag's half mast & their cup's half full

O may I sense more relevance
for such a time as this

my questions have no reciprocity
my answers have more curiosity

Thank you for reasons
beyond a reasonable doubt

I will ask more of every question
and ponder none as result

Both flawed and flawless at the same time!
The reality of the collapse of duality!

Suffering and concurrently victorious!

Realize the full expanse of Love. It is Ours. Now.
For we were made of Love, for Love and we are Loved
by the One who Is Love.

Only Love



The cross of Christ
The nexus portal
The collapse of duality
The limitless expanse
The fullness of life and
The end of death
An eclipse of separation
An expanse of everlasting
Only time as we define
Can relate.

Our construct of time necessitates dualities. Without darkness we can't perceive light in this realm. The cross is the eclipsing moment when duality collapses and there is Only Love.

MOMENTum is in the Dialogue of Listening




INRI


LET
THERE
BE
LIGHT

Genesis



liquid time

mystic ancient's

kaleidoscope pathology

crust of realms

breaking off, bend

free of radicals

sharp rules: vapour

illusions run mystified

legacy. roots. eons

morphed legends tarnished

aching languished ribbons

string's loathed theory

surface harmonies of ecstasy!

remaining mother of waterfalls

dormant SoulChorus of mastery

Revelation

More Conduction. Less Reduction.

Seer



Did a Star ask to be Orion, Scorpius or Pegasus?
Only the Universal One,
from an Infinite perspective
Visioned the unique pattern,
the Whole Existing in a Moment
Of intricate perfection.
Complete. Defined.
In One shape of eloquent meaning
No Stardust forged it's perfect path into the fold
The Seer made it So.

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







Natural Beauty

I love this country.

Okanagan Lake, July 1969

D. C.



Silver bird



Stolen feather pen
Greyest of days
Light under my red umbrella
Muse with yellow sail

I mind your salty sill
Make me move
A sonnet of silence for
All the colours have dented
My summer eve

Silver bird

Fly me on your feather pen

To long Suns & Sparkle skies

I'm winter but for this gentle lull

Safe harbour souls

Silver bird

Your whisper soothes my sight

Longing like it was

Blue velvet seas

Return

Homeward Bound



Threads of gold
Through blue-grey clouds,
Over the distant, curved horizon,
Signal yet another day
To be thankful.

D. C.

On Awakening in the Park



Cotton-puff clouds
Limitless blue

and the cool wind from the lake,
High in the elm
Rustling the green leaves to silver
In the gold of the afternoon sun

D. C.

Falls



As I climbed down
the steep,
snow-parched slope,
I could hear the rush
of spring water over the earth.

Once by the trees
In the heart of the ravine,
I looked up towards the source
And saw a narrow, rugged canyon

above
and beyond
the tumultuous rocks.

The swirling waves
Fell from on high,
and splashed,
and carried me in the mist and noise,
speeding towards the rapids
below

falling,
I became caught in the overhanging
branches
hung with glistening icicles
dancing in the water…

and then lost
in the tumbling patches of sunlight
rippling down the stream.

When I came to rest
in the quiet pool below,
I became as bound to the falls
As the rocks and water.

Being life,
Am I not the part of the whole stream
Of the universe...

Now and forever?

D. C.

The Forest whispers our Name and Calls us Beautiful.
She gives us the Oxygen we need to Birth
All that is Creative and Life Giving.

Allow the silver lining to see your cloud.
It is; therefore grace.







For Rest



Lichen Unto

Forage

Breath Alone

Scavenger

Among

Mossy Terrace

Leap

That look

Hides Roots

Fall

Golden

Ambers Thrive

Forest

For Rest

For Rapture

For Resonance

Speak





On 12-Mile Ridge



The quiet of the sunset forest
Is filled
With the sound of clear water
Running...
And even the gold
of the branches
is melting into the promise
of a new day.

D. C.

In The Winter Field



How I love to walk
in grass puddles in the mist
and feel the rain
touch my eyebrows
and lips

How I love to see
the depth of green
beyond the edge
and hear the silent branches

gently drifting
in the heart
of my being

These woods, this grass,
this soft earth
are my home
now and forever

come soothing mist
let me taste and breathe
your freshness...
And cover me,
Cover me

D. C.







View from Siwash Rock, Vancouver



How grey her gaze in the milky twilight
Ruddy vessels of sturdy girth lapped by paddlers
In hues of dewy sea foam
Marvel I at white sails that take me to my Father
Of lights that absorb simplicity
Among vast habitats the thriving
Silently beg us for mercy
Salvage her beasts and beauties
That underscore our breath
Itself

At one with the white tides
That mystify our timeless moment
When we realize our unlimited
Expanse twisted in vibrations and yet just vapour
As Trust turns to the Sea Mother







Dad took this Dogwood's portrait in the UBC Forest the year I was born

A Brief History of the Nature of Man









Thirsty



You say it's not my teacup
I say you don't have tea
Except for slaves

I say it's time for tea
You say don't underestimate me
I say you have paved the path

Of nature turning on to progress
And nurture towards duress
For the finer point
Is,

Who has poured?
And who drinks?
And who wins?
And who dies...
Thirsty.

Legend



Messy in the talons of archives

Rivals, saboteurs

Archangels

A lesser magic

Humble keepers of her way

Black sage Wed Chantilly cream

As pirates raided rainbow's edge

Forsaken the forbidden

A duo of souls

Night hawks

Rustic unreason

Careless!

Mark this:

Eagle and condor

The meek shall inherit



War and Peace



From Judgment to Healing Love



When we sleep, we heal. When children sleep they grow. Sleep is a mind surrendered to breath alone and trust in Love's Life Force autonomically keeping us alive.

When awake, the conscious mind is constantly and subconsciously engaged in perpetual micro and macro judgements about our environment and our interactions with it. When sleeping, all judgement is suspended allowing our subconscious to roam freely.

We can't judge ourselves or our environment into any lasting impact. Judgement is unproductive noise. Sabotage.

Find the key to unlock the conscientious observer. The one in you who is unattached to chaos. We can only hold a higher vibrational thought to change the nature of matter and our circumstance within. This is our choosing of dimensional overlays. Realize Peace in the storm.

Resonant frequencies can literally change cellular composition.

Each cell has memory and cells hold the keys to our dimensional realities. Stem cells are promising, perhaps because they have clear memories unattached to the vibrations of the damaged cells resonating in the unhealthy tissues.

We must surrender all that offends in order to see it - whatever it is - for what underlying truth or lesson or

image it represents. Being in a state of nonviolence, or non-judgment, towards every offence in our cells, with our senses, we can neutralize energies, soften them, actively change their vibrations with mere thoughts. Thus reprogramming vibrations so to reconstitute matter at the deepest level - our neutrality is foundational to our work as healers.

Healers?

Yes, we are all called to Love.

Why is the world so mad?

HMCS Fort Erie August 1963

D. Case

Shalom



Wander heart & mind
Soul quickens to the divine
Morning lulls a day for learning
Smoke & mirrors my heart is yearning

More for more & less for yes
Tomorrow will glean
Light from yesterday's scene
May all still by starlight mean

Hope, enshrined in hand to hand
Combat in deference let us make
Reference to the shared time
Souls aligned

Time for tea
Let be the mystery
Love refined
Take turn in kind.

My brother my mother
My lover my mind
Rewind no regret

Beget reticent

Arms still voices shrill
Guards down crowns renown
Over it March on to

Peace your virtue
No more in a lurch you
Know that you know

I am that I am
Shalom

Minds War



Make Truce;

Loss Alone.

Beckon Calls,

No one Knows.

Straight, make Way.

It's enough to blind

Seeing ones Recover;

Lost to this Unknown...

Rediscover!

Land First Time

Not Yours, not Mine
Mortgage us Death
Depart the Urbane
Machinery made Waste
I bid you Not Haste
More to Salvage
Than your Local Advantage
Hope in Whatever
Your Soul may Endeavour
No Mistakes
Only Retakes.
Journey

Beyond

Minds War;

Make More:

Justice

Liberty

Truth.

Be a threat to realities that don't necessitate freedom of expression, unity & peace.

Omaha Beach, June 6, 1944.



Everything and nothing,
nothing and nothing more…
after the death
all is still…
stillness
and a low sea wind
rustling the sometime leaves of summer.

D. C.







White Tide



Who would shield the rain from glistening the white armaments that shroud the fire?

Concealing sole desire to purge, punish and placate fool's gold?

Midas touched rainbows that dissipated long before the Cross in the Sky.

Hurry Home fair friends.

Before the Black thickens and there's Slim Pickens.

Bred for thunder, it's mighty cold under
weighted wings of woe.

Silent sceptre awash in sideways sting of crying Angels.

Wet wings, laden but not despairing.

Run into the white golden tide for salt to
soothe your Soul.

Aesthetic Warriors



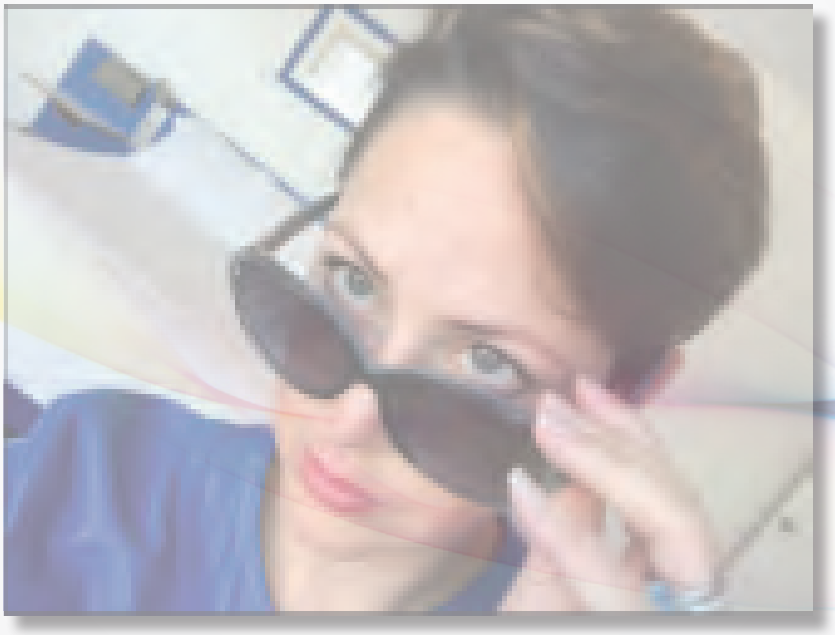
Purveyors of immortal truths
Draped in colour, adorned in decadence
Take up the sword of song
Shield us with dances of the determined
Blind side us with poetic justice
Seal us with your salvaged stories
Make a fortress for our future facts
Surround us with ingenious installations
Protect us with your bolded beauty
Bask us in your radiant renditions
Of potential, promise and presentation.



Life Work, Being True to yourself and What is it all for anyways?



Perception is the Mother of Innovation



Education



Learners

Achievers

Break moulds

Make moulds

Have no fear

View as linear

Take their time

Are on the dime

Explore

Want more

Make mistakes

Don’t like retakes

Thrive

Strive

Grow

Know

Teach

Preach

Life is long

Join the throng

Learners

Achievers

Who makes believers?



Entrepreneurs are the bedrock of society,
creating jobs

and inspiring others.

But why do we have to constantly

create new products and services for people
to have to want?

And why must we always scale up for the endless

never satisfied monster “growth”?

Why not Entrepreneurs who re-engineer what already exists to satisfy current

needs and wants?

What is more fulfilling and what is better for

our earth and its inhabitants?

Silent Story



Mighty castle
Set upon an emerald hill...

Bathed in evening sun,
Dark sky beyond...
A long shadow has climbed across
Your ruined wall.

And, as I turn away,
My life, too,
Will become
Part of your now
Silent story.

D. C.



Church



Musical muse;
Beyond these pews
Song will radiate
Might score me a date
With Hollywood or plays
Painting rainbows for days
I'd create a masterpiece
Renaissance world
Discover fire for soul
Music melts the hardest coal
From the pew to you
Songs my new view

Standing in Line



O the drudgery of repetition
O the safety of its tangled net
Flipping feverishly sound against groove
Flailing fancies forecast for soon
If you keep the pace
It will erase your
Place for sentient wings

Jobless on Planet Earth: Is there life after jobs?

Entrepreneurs are Big Kids



When the magic of creative play and possibilities gets put on hold - in a world where we grow up in a land of 'no,' we age fast. Some of us dare to go back to the sandbox, pick up a shovel and design a new tunnel or a higher tower. We look around at those in and outside of the sandbox seeking recognition, approval, a sign to keep building. Other kids can be cruel. The angels close their wings and bow their heads. The VC's don't listen to the end of the story because they have a golden tower in the next sandbox. The 'crowd' of funders

sit on the sidelines and want to support and interact but they are restricted from playing.

Entrepreneurs are big kids who have dared to dream again. They muster up courage to draw a line differently than all predecessors. Without guaranteeing the outcome of their diversion, they fearlessly trek on with business plans, technology and possible alliances.

The one in twenty that manage to build a higher, stronger tower in the sandbox could not have done so without the right set of conditions and supports. The wind blowing softly, the time for detailed execution, the input from other kids when it wasn't going well and the freedom to continue creating until reaching the right results.

We who sit in ivory towers of predictability often look on with judgement and jealousy. Peeking through the J.O.B. window, one eye for curiosity and the other for relief that we aren't there, we plod on in well -defined boundaries.

Our great nations were founded on the creativity, vulnerability and dreams of big kids. Let's remove the road blocks so our Entrepreneurs can grow young. And lead us forward to greater worlds.

Go away Resume



Throw away your resume!
and come and play with me

Put on your mud boots by the door
and let's initiate some folklore!

Puddles are for dancing
Robots are for enhancing
boring tasks

Who are you?

What might you do?

If the world didn't need your degrees?
Would you still be the 'bees knees'?

Throw away your schedule
and come and play with me

I'll distract you long
enough
and soon
enough you'll see
enough is enough
and you'll be proud
enough
to have enough
just you and me.

The “contributor” and the “investor” are from two different worlds

We cannot lump them together

One brings the requested sacrifice out of connection to the person

One brings a cash consideration to an opportunity to increase their portion

One is for love of people

One is for love of progress

One results in satisfaction and gratitude

One results in reports and unmet wants

What if every human being contributed to the passions & dreams of another?

How would our earth be different?

Even Mother herself would be safe.

Our Choice really is: to invest in “Armageddon” or Contribute to the Creation of New Earth

Your destiny: investing in the collective consciousness.



In order for a problem to be solved that benefits humanity, groups of like-minded individuals must come forward to work together.

Nothing good happens in isolation. In fact, those in solitary become even more socially inept and mentally ill than those given a chance to rehabilitate in empathetic environments.

The crucifix of a sustainable civil civilization is the distancing of one human from another. Pride or fear can keep us holed up in idea land and restrict us from sharing an innovation that might benefit our fellow man.

In today's Western culture of increasing individualism and consumerism, we run a great risk of isolating the very fabric of our human experience, our shared consciousness.

Among us are starters, finishers, connectors, mentors, and storytellers. All of us have a unique destiny, a calling, to share in human experience for the betterment of life today, to propel us towards personal enjoyment and to leave a legacy.

Never before in history has our need to connect with humility and purpose been more important than now. We are the economic stimulus package that actually stimulates the economy.

Our human potential is the most precious reserve currency. Each of us has a word or two that once shared can alter the future of the global economy, and more importantly, the sustainability of our earth.

It is the innovation spark of each everyday citizen that can create new practices and technologies, cultural expressions that transform our experience and translate into empathetic enterprise and joyful living.

You have a unique gift to see problems from a new angle that only you are privy to. As no one snowflake is alike, no one's experience in life is replicated by another. Without your vantage point and rare set of understanding, perception, and wisdom, the world is in danger of repeating her mistakes and not progressing towards enlightenment.

Roll up your sleeves and get in the game. It's your turn to speak up and lend a hand and take on a problem that irks you. There is a cause that you would fight for. There's something that makes you angry.

When you're quiet and contemplative, you've experienced an awareness of something bigger than you. In that moment, you felt an inspiration to do something, say something, join something that would make a difference for your Earth and for your neighbour. Others are waiting for your puzzle piece to see the whole picture. It's your time to make your move.

E. Hastings



Face of the city
Rush to heartbreak blame
Mirror of the gritty
Speed to glamour game

Ages mix your smile lines
Dazed pace your telltale signs

Scrapers scraping
cast dark shadows
Graffiti ghettos
blast back mad dose

Black suits begging
fear crack lows
White walls enticing
love smack morose

Lurking legends
holed up plans, crows

Cigarettes butt dead ends,
who really knows?
Hidden souls, hapless ghosts
Save wandering white cross posts

Havoc lost energies
Where can the least of these
Find solace for
A fortnight rest?

Gaze solely on the moonlight made
Given to us city for shade

It's war out there but it's cosy inside
This city my safekeeping, formaldehyde

Technology is access. An under-utilized tool.
I propose that Access over Ownership ends
exploitation and yields economic and personal
Freedom for every human being on this
Only planet.



Memories of



Fame

Red robed

Golden sash

One winter

Rainbow sunset

Fleeting wisps

Clouded comforts

Rice paper folds

Crepe clocks

Fashioned fancies

Whispers song

Melting tinder

Mirrors mine

Crispy thin

Dreams





The World Is Too Much for Us



We, infallible beings
Torn & torment
Rush & ridicule
Counter clocks
Carving out cravings
Renditions of comfort
We Still. In silence here.
While the spinning still
Gravitates
And our glory days
Blacken the darkness
Of the still. Unattained.

Smaller pieces of me fitting into fragments of prism dreams

and crushed glass icy tender cold.

Smaller. Colder. Fitting. Pieces.

This too shall pass.

TIME: Tedious Interruption Masking Eternality?



Time has its own mind. Even death is a construct of time.

Make that mind your servant.

Ever experienced trudging uphill in a battle that seemed to last forever?

MOMENTum is the magical place where your senses align in the portal of beauty and joy.

It's that speed of Light excitement that births from deep places. Moves mountains. Memories of eons. Anticipating this spectrum of delight.

The Light of the world Is the Master of Time.

“But you have the Mind of Christ” (Isaiah 40:13)

“Who is, and who was, and who is to come” (Rev. 1:8)

“Forgive us our debts as we forgive
our debtors,” (Matt. 6:12)

What keeps us small?

We talk of delivering value in business, but what value can there really be in a closed and bordered system?

Are you worth more than your economic potential?

Should you spend your precious time on the GDP or Gleefully Downloading Paradise?

What if every nation cancelled its debt to another?

What if, instead of delivering within scarcity, we flourished in abundance?

Instead of more products and services at faster speeds,

Entrepreneurs would enact new systems to bridge gaps, share resources, increase distribution and hone in on efficiencies. Thus creating time for activities that fulfill our senses, giving us Time to Be more of who we are in Possibility.

Could we have an economy predicated on love for our neighbour?

LOVE Money or Love MONEY?

Could we do this in Time to Save Mother?

Just as the water molecule transforms into a beautiful crystal under the words of Love, so our physical bodies of mostly water thrive on Peace, Good Words and Harmony.

Who would lead?

The artists and musicians have new narratives.

Creators are creating.

Storytellers.

Wise sages.

It's time to sense more than speak.

Bringing New Earth is Now the Choice of 7.5 Billion Awakened Souls.



Songs of Sentiment



Starlight Starbright



Wish I want what I see tonight

Your love your light

Darker & savour this moment delight

What you want it's mine to know

Saint & sun, wind & fire

Burn your bright on shining me unto the moon

On which you delight your soul on

Feast for that which beholden you unto the moon's lowly lit flame

In Music, we are First to Learn and Last to Forget.

Ho'oponopono (ho-o-pono-pono) is an ancient Hawaiian practice of reconciliation and forgiveness.

'I Love You, I'm Sorry, Forgive Me, Thank You'

Ho'oponopono for A New World



Eyes of Fire, Voice of Thunder

O Great Spirit make us One

To you we sing, to you we rise

Make us strong, make us wise

"I love you. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you."

Forgive us Mother for we have destroyed
You cry and the deserts dry
wasteland O what have we done
O Father forgive make us one

"I love you. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you."

Pixelated plunder
purpose for pleasure
would you reenter the space of our hearts
turn us towards your eternal sun
cleanse our souls Almighty one

"I love you. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you."

Warrior rainbow we honour your time
it's rarer than gold and finer than wine
surrender we give you
all we are not
to be made perfect in thought
word and deed

"I love you. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you."

Give us this day our daily
harmony and peace, honour and grace
for the whole human race

"I love you. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you."

strengthen us now
for our greatest vow
to love and serve
treasure and deserve

"I love you. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you."

Earth Mother Holy Father
homeless brother
imprisoned sister
helpless son
we are One

"I love you. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you."

make us feel for rain and thunder
holy water, cleansing floods
mercy on us
lead us unto
tomorrow as we rise
on rainbow's wings

"I love you. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you."

Musings for the New World







We are not from here...

If we truly understood that, how would we think & do differently?

Our body is host to our soul's brief earth experience.

Spark: Currents of Collaboration



All of life is an experiment for or against the reality that ensues.

Two epochs we have traversed; and one we are entering tepidly:

1. Survive Nature

2. Seek Harmony with Nature

3. Save & Transcend Nature - a current fragile & dangerous precipice

Problem: we haven't "had" to innovate so unless we realize our world is in danger we won't feel an obligation or push to innovate towards solving global challenges

'Houston we have a problem'... or do we really?

What we resist persists... but if you throw yourself fully immersed into the fire you will come out sparkling & cleansed thoroughly refined

The fire is the circle. The circle is the talk. The talk is that evening after the hunter & gatherers finished feuding & they story told taking turns... the ancients gift of respectful dialogue

It's not how smart you are it's how well connected you are - (Mark Thomas UC London) &

Crowdfunding has proven that who you know isn't as 'Egoic' as you once thought & that you can successfully reach a multitude with an Authentic message

"Chance Favours the connected mind" (S. Johnson)

Just having more Neurons isn't enough you have to make use of all the extra gray matter

... so create neural networks of ideology!

Stamp digital imprints making a super mind!

One mind can decipher pain but many Minds can transcode the wider context realtime engendering potent healing potentials!

We can vibe translocation - the work of quantum physics & quantum mechanics confirms - use powers of technology to share, be open, mess around with ideas

If we are all One organized by Love to be unique individuals, take joy in contributing your gift ... you have heard: “the purpose of life is to find your gift and the meaning of life is to give it away...”

Our tools are here: Technology, Virtual Reality

Choose to keep to yourself & the world stays small!

Choose to collaborate & the world’s brain can evolve to higher places on behalf of all

What are the value drivers for open innovation?

1. Freedom must act as 'Super-context'

2. Tolerance to support all memories & thoughts spontaneously conjuring upon one another withholding judgment

3. Open Refining based on questions in socratic style

Large social networks actively spur human creativity

How will you be rewarded? Remember that intrinsic rewards are more satisfying once you have enough for your daily needs

In the Mix we meld deep desire for freedom innovations and the joy of the spark becoming real

Within the net web of social circumstance the spark will burst into flame!

Faster, smarter, less effort, greater distribution - hallmarks of a third epoch; now more than ever before

So? What's the Hold up? Perhaps the Lack of fear. A Comfort Malaise that lies saying it's okay, no need for active intervention, invention

If you aren't progressing you are regressing, I digress

Cultural innovation needs certain social conditions to spread

We need cultural innovation for something more rudimentary than saving our planet & its people... we need to feel like our ideas, inspirations & thoughts matter - that our inner world can impact our outer world

- without which we feel powerless

The dream is real; thanks to the web we have Large connected populations that can affect & infect each other

As a Superbly connected world the chain in charge of ‘Super-creation’ has never been more palatable, exuberant and hopeful to solve our most pressing human challenges

Our Creatives are at the heart of beating flesh. If we leave them alone in non support, they will perish & we will feel the anguish in our own bones. We are One Mind in this algorithm of Now.

Your idea is predated and future bent. Anthropologists call it cultural ratcheting; your spark may be the centrepiece of a grand bouquet eons old, yet light years ahead

Large networks spur human creativity. Networks are inherently nodal; Energy zeitgeists towards miracle potentials

Innovation itself is luxurious and beautiful

To Innovate for personal economic sake is over

The buck stops at consumer proliferation

It has now been felt as its experimental life ends. A new mall in Sweden predicated on the circular economy commends a revolution of consciousness that enough is enough. That plastics & excess will turn on us.
That our species can't survive unchecked consumerism.
Personal economics have been satiated and if not they never will be
Enough is not more & more will not satisfy

This transition isn't easy - we have to get authentic and that may get ugly before it heals into a more evolved humanity

Perhaps the fear of floating by without our mark
will drive us

Experiment! Let fear lead to wisdom! We ground ourselves in reality Only as we witness Our Mark making the greater reality possible

Now stir up in you the evolution of heart-mind to harness this ingenuity. Towards innovations that shower respectful love and care for every human being & our one & only planet. You are the whole world in one idea that transmutes us all towards New Earth

www.AnIdeaNation.com

No more tears



I beheld secrets of the Magi
in the dewy drop,
I bathed in the springs of eternal lavish
in the milky tear,
I sang with kindred's rivals
in the moist dew,
I drank the finest wines and
dined with wise elders
in the pearl form,
I swallowed the anguish of Mother

in the salty drop,
I learned of everlasting kindness
in the rainbow sphere
as it
linked my dream
with the immaterial,
as it
salted my skin
with the final trickle
of my crying days.

And when she surrendered to Her own heart, the diamonds melted into rivers of rainbow lava that formed New Earth.

And when they realized they were a visceral part of One Another, they stopped the hate for who shall hate their own body! And when they Understood their Affect, only Affirmations were sung and all dis-ease fell away and death could no longer dwell in their midst.

I Am



To feel the sun dance in my womb
Like fireflies protesting the ebony
To hear the lyre and treble awaken my bones
Like morning dew on crispy fields
To taste the moon's mint laugh in crescent waves
Like chills of winter taunting blooms
To vision the prisms rising above floods
Like current surges lifting roots
To the scent of Liberty blossoms in the soft rib of my flesh
Like white crystals forming in crag's bluff

To know I'm with You under Your wings
Like the starry hosts enveloping Mother
Is to be. Unanimously. Me.

As She lurched forward towards the chasm, a soft wind kept her upright & at that moment the dark crevice morphed into colourful diamonds that poured lava -like mystery into a new realm...

No longer fearing darkness she marvelled that her fingers & hands lit up like white fire; as she extended her reach Towards the former realm she began to see healing in golden purple hues...

A loud crashing cymbal resounded the end of an era
marked by mirrored reflections of reality…

Then a swath of harmonies so Eloquent & Ethereal
permeated from every living cell as she danced in ribbons
made of amethyst & royal rubies…

A sail swept underneath her but she did not require its
comfort as the sheer jubilee of it all swept her up into a
host of flying sentients who were overjoyed
with her arrival.

Gratitude



I am more than the context of my body;

I am energy unfettered

I am free forming galaxies

I am a vision of compassion

I am eyes with rainbow songs

I am reaching beyond the seen

I am knowing all that whispers now

I am tribal unity enfolding

I am creation unfolding

I am a powerful child of My Maker

Love Incarnate. Yeshua.

I am born again each breath

I am safely nestled high on a hill

Amongst emeralds, diamonds, lion & lamb

I am. Gratitude.

Union



For when the Alchemist melded His heart with Hers all She could know was a white cloak of loving kindness and

all He could see was an ocean of pure sapphires floating in starry dimensions.

For when He laughed in harmony with Her the endless green fields erupted in front of their feet and

they could vision the red carpet of Love's Eternal Bliss envelop the sphere under the glossy expanse.

For His glory melted the veil and

Created a symphony of angelic souls remembering their Father's house with virtuosity overflowing in currents of love everlasting

And they were Known to be One.

Magnetic



May the strands of the northern lights rise to your southern dawns

May the fire of sparkling hearths glitter among your smouldering ashes

In the ambience of new day's breath

Shine unto the Sanskrit of Saints

As you remember your forever now

Closer tighter gentler brighter

Call out a reunion of Wonder

As the wisdom of ages beholds your

Winged essence in perfect delight.



The Heart of Home Awaits.











Poetry has taken me on a journey to process, linger on and refine emotions, events and ideas. My Father, Don Case, whose poems are interspersed with mine, taught me that we Share Time, not spend it. In gratitude I delight in your sharing of Time with my Soul expressed here on these pages. EnJoy thoughts that you resonate with. Linger on ideas that are in sync with your Heart.

My dream is to Ignite Unity while Celebrating Diversity in the context of the "Global Think Tank," a place where Contributors can mix their ideas and perspectives in dialogue around creating a better world. At AnIdeaNation.com and Case Global Media, we focus on delivering new forms of media and technology, including: Crowdfunding, Mixed Media (Video), Virtual Reality, Augmented Reality and Artificial Intelligence for the purpose of supporting Entrepreneurs and System Leaders solving global challenges. We explore new models of governance and economic capability including: crowdsourcing, principles of permaculture, blockchain applications, gift, resource-based and circular economies.
If you are curious, please join us at www. AnIdeaNation.com."

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Joy is the CEO of Case Global Media Inc., a New Media company supporting entrepreneurs and system leaders. Joy has been an educational leader in both public and private schools for over 15 years. Her career path includes: business, real estate sales and marketing, international transactions, buying/selling, accreditation and licensing of schools (www.BuySellSchools.com), new media development (www.CaseGlobalMedia.com), Crowdfunding Media and Consulting (FunditTV), authoring books and guest speaking.

She received a Masters of Education from the University of British Columbia (2002) and a Real Estate License from the Sauder School of Business (2005). Joy currently resides in beautiful Vancouver, BC, Canada with her husband Greg Clark. She enjoys speaking and teaching globally about using new media and technology as tools to help solve global challenges.

Joy welcomes inquiries for speaking and teaching engagements at FunditTV@gmail.com.