

**A poem of syllables and structure  
supposedly saying something about life**

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## Joe's second-hand testament

Nahal Oz kibbutz is close,  
via melons, to Gaza.

Is it “cool” to risk your life  
for foreign travel stories?

His first poem was obscure,  
written in past tense and true.

Thirteen years flew till he thought  
“I will share more honesty.”

His openness  
defined him.

Confessional open-mic  
was part of his adult path.

He wrote poems  
and walked dogs.

\* \* \*

Life is a Venn diagram  
in multiple dimensions.

We strive for one boundary  
like a central unity.

It does not  
exist.

No trust  
is perfect.

There are  
no saints.

We only have one model,  
projecting it on others.

Paranoia has its roots  
in the crossed wires of childhood.

\* \* \*

Only compete  
with yourself.

Everest is locally  
known to the plain and humble.

“It is lonely at the top”  
where the Eucharist dissolves.

There our child-selves socialise,  
ultimately via sex.

We attempt, but suicide  
leads to absolute mind-sets.

Humour fleetingly connects  
like a drug the masses crave.

Denial of aloneness  
promotes control of masses.

\* \* \*

Anxiety: not knowing  
might lead to paranoia

by ideas

of reference.

Delusionary thinking:  
a form of bizarre logic,

is self-perpetuating  
like recursion running wild.

If you were stressed in your youth  
adulthood might feel softer.

Meditation may still minds.  
Perhaps the east is more chilled.

Self-realisation sucks.  
You can't accelerate life.

\* \* \*

Existing as someone else  
allows your exploitation.

We all end up being us  
even if we are evil.

Obsession for more money  
generates competition.

Depression  
stems from conflicts.

Life  
has too much illusion.

It  
is biological.

Return  
to the school playground.

\* \* \*

Individuality  
is lacking with Catholics.

Sacraments control people  
producing robotic drones.

Everything is religion  
even without a structure.

Everyone's path is  
unique.

Find your own God:  
nature? Sun?

The Bible is man's construct  
and not immune to logic.

Accept we are different  
and essentially alone.

\* \* \*



He does not walk dogs (plural)  
anymore. He knows nothing

apart from his own madness,  
that came by observation.

The world is not  
absolute.

Make an early decision  
and hope that your luck holds out.

Risk your life  
to have a life.

Accepted, there is some truth  
in the Bible. Take a chance

because everything  
is HYPE.

\* \* \*

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