


**5**

A graphic featuring a black background with a green, glowing digital rain effect. The text 'MATRIX MOMENTS' is written in large, bold, white capital letters. Below it, 'Powerful Media Moments' is written in a smaller, bold, white font. A small, stylized 'M' logo is visible in the upper right corner of the graphic.

# **MATRIX MOMENTS**

**Powerful Media Moments**

## **AMPLIFICATION 5**

**37 Thought Bites of Spoken Word Poetry  
to question, reflect and connect to our  
world, ourselves and God.**

**Video media versions available online.**

**[matrixmoments.com](http://matrixmoments.com)**

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Title	Keywords	Title	Keywords
<b>Clear</b>	clarity, cleansed, forgiveness, identity, intimacy, layers, love, passion,	<b>Easel</b>	death, emergency, life, mortality, painted, reallife, seeker
<b>Fire</b>	call, death, evil, happiness, hope, identity, loneliness, mentalhealth, money, seeker, suicide	<b>Can I?</b>	belong, chameleon, fake, identity, life, seeker, trust
<b>Puppet</b>	change, controlled, freedom, gold, love, prodigal, relationships, turning,	<b>Cold Pause</b>	birth, creation, decisions, hope, nature, night, seeker, sunrise, time
<b>One Answer</b>	answers, doubts, failure, faith, god, love, success	<b>Line in the Sand</b>	decisions, finger, identity, jesus, sin, sand, stones
<b>New</b>	identity, love, ocean, revelation, value, worship	<b>Centurion</b>	centurion, cross, easter, jesus, power, reallife, soldier, temple
<b>The Answer</b>	answers, carpenter, celebration, cross, god, jesus, love	<b>Paths</b>	faith, paths, power, praise, road, steps, way, worship
<b>Five Realms</b>	awe, blood, glory, god, good, holyspirit, love, power, praise, redeemed, revelation, revival, spirit, worship	<b>Trying to Say</b>	buried, dreams, identity, lies, lying, seeds, seeker, speak, truth
<b>The Gap</b>	caring, lambs, sheep, courage, decision, forgiveness, love, risks	<b>Hope</b>	change, choose, christ, darkness, eternity, faith, hope, imagination, kingdom, love, redeemed
<b>The Passion</b>	christian, cross, easter, freedom, hope, jesus, light, passion, resurrection, time	<b>Christmas</b>	baby, child, christmas, hope, jesus, love, plan, reallife, santa, xmas
<b>Watcher</b>	bystander, decision, hope, miracles, watching, witness	<b>The Point</b>	baby, child, christmas, cross, hope, jesus, love, plan, power, reallife, santa, seeker, xmas
<b>We Build</b>	collider, hadron, machines, power, reality, science, space, universe	<b>Human Nature</b>	cross, love, reallife, resurrection, soul, suffering
<b>Hug</b>	creation, creator, hugs, love, universe, voice	<b>Hole in the Side</b>	doubts, easter, love, passion, scars, suffering
<b>Transparent Life</b>	creation, life, promises, thirst, water	<b>God to Earth</b>	angels, baby, christmas, jesus, worship, xmas
<b>Threads of Time</b>	future, jesus, life, time, truth, way	<b>Face</b>	child, cross, cultures, death, jesus, life, masks, peace, perceptions
<b>Embedded Love</b>	bigbang, call, cross, dna, history, honour, jesus, reality, reallife, relationships, spirit, story	<b>Intimate Date</b>	focus, food, friendship, media, priorities, restaurant, seeker, technology
<b>Far Away</b>	box, experiences, jesus, life, loss, lost, pain, perspective, reality, trapped,	<b>Dawn After</b>	cross, curtain, death, easter, god, grace, jesus, sin, soul, watching
<b>Praise</b>	fun, identity ,life, like, love, power, praise, reallife	<b>Anticipation</b>	baby, child, christmas, hope, jesus, love, plan, power, reallife, santa, seeker, truth, xmas
<b>Click Bait</b>	click, internet, issues, media, pornography, seeker, sex, sin	<b>Connections</b>	connected, death ,false, friendship, identity, reality, reallife, seeker, selfharm, selfworth
<b>Slaves Exist</b>	choices, consumerism, culture, forced, media, parable, beaten, poverty, samaritan, seeker, sex, slavery		

## Clear

In the purity  
of my heart,  
Cleansed by Christ,  
unfolds my uniqueness  
with evolving intimacy  
revealing clarity,  
As I action love  
my awareness  
of His passion  
continually deepens.

Ephesians 1:5, 1 Corinthians 6:17,  
1 Peter 2:9, 1 Corinthians 6:19-20,  
John 17:22-23, Psalm 139:1-24

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# Fire

There was a time  
back in Australia  
When all seemed congratulations:  
The surface achievements  
A fitter turner in mines,  
Dollars rolling in,  
single life living,  
Million dollar property  
a dream for  
a man with a life ahead  
all right mate!

But hardness, loneliness  
preying women  
misfired emotions  
lurked in my uncle's heart,  
spiders poisoned his mind  
black arts  
webbing it in fear,  
Pieces and peace lost  
to dark thoughts  
and he was captured  
in the mental health system  
Confined bleakness  
surrounded by good helpers.

The early morning  
sunrise rose a new day  
and he took a last walk  
threading a life line  
of purpose  
false purpose,  
A refillable cigarette lighter

fiddling its tune in his hand,  
floating intentions  
of burning the blackness  
from his life,  
an operation he said  
on the phone the day before  
"that I might not survive,"  
He arrived  
to front courtyard brick drive  
surrounded by faceless  
building institution windows,  
carrying the weight,  
seeking to burn the pain,  
arachnids danced,  
he twisted Destiny's cap  
spun roulette  
on a spiral thread,  
Sprinkled the fluid  
from the thin metal  
container  
splashed ashes to ashes  
dust to dust  
above his head  
on his clothes,  
And the decision clicked  
in his fingers  
Lighter spark flared,  
Fumes, clothes, hair ignited  
burning it all away;  
Burning deep  
Skin, flesh, black spiders  
to suffer three weeks  
burn care,

Finally, fading away  
into death's fire.

He heard a call...  
thoughts trapped  
What do you hear?  
What will bring you life?





# Puppet

Let go of the strings,  
strings connecting you  
to a false God  
who you see  
as the puppet master,  
Controller  
where He performs  
manipulating you,  
commands,  
Laws...

He has  
cut your strings and  
let you go free,  
and it pained God  
to see you leave  
His heart's desire  
was still for you,  
in all those times  
you turned your back,  
and then you realised  
in a soul moment  
you were made  
in and for God's love,  
hearing  
His voice calling you,  
turning back to  
your heart's home,  
Turning to pure love,  
Love beyond knowledge  
new life love  
Love deeper  
Wider, more complete  
whole and beautiful  
more powerful,  
Love that crosses  
the bleakness.

He runs to you  
arms open  
celebrating you  
Loving on you,  
wearing his searing scars  
because they tell his story,  
Scars and holes  
telling of powerful  
resurrected love  
poured out  
cascading into your heart  
bringing love's foundation,  
Release and freedom again  
to be true to yourself,  
harmony  
from the Anointed one  
bringing Peace that  
flows inside out  
A love that makes you vulnerable  
To be an  
Army of lovers  
not holding back in fear  
Of self  
Of reputation  
but rather being known  
for your love  
Unfolding love;  
gold to your world.



# One Answer

God's answer  
to everything;  
Love.

Success, failure  
Faith, doubt  
Upbeat, downcast  
Ready, unready  
➔ Stress, peace  
Going, waiting...

God's answer  
to everything;  
Love.

Song of Solomon 8:6, 1 Corinthians 13:1-8,  
Romans 12:9-10, Mark 12:29-31, 1 Peter 4:8

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**New**

Birthed  
in the revelation  
of Your love,  
Deep  
in ocean depths  
surrounded by Grace,  
Always loved  
the same  
never more, never less.  
Wholeness, forgiveness  
found in your freedom,  
Challenge and risk  
sparked in your call,  
Complete but yearning  
I stand known,  
seen fully,  
My value revealed  
In the cross.

Laughter bubbles  
in my soul,  
Your smile  
rides in my spirit,

I worship  
Yahweh.

# The Answer

The Answer  
Grew with us  
Deepened his heart  
In the midst of humans,  
Laughed  
Skinned knees  
Encountered friends, bullies  
Soul-mates, misunderstandings  
Compassion entwined  
Its roots in his soul  
So deep  
His fate sealed  
In His love,  
Carried Him  
To the cross  
To hang  
World's reality,  
To stand  
through time  
In the gap  
Death to life.  
Dark to celebration.





# Five Realms

Thank you Lord  
for the blood  
forever grace  
our perfection, redemption  
our purpose  
our release.

We're inviting the anointing  
our power,  
Partnership  
with the living Lord,  
walking in the spirit,  
Open to the new,  
Experiencing  
your peace.

And the praise begins  
in the voice, eyes,  
spirits of the people  
ascending, growing  
knowing God's goodness  
abiding worship  
releasing the glory  
from timeless space.

Riches of glory, strengthening  
our inner being,  
And then on into  
intimate cascades  
unfolding revelation  
of the height, depth, length  
breadth of God's love.

Fullness of God  
beyond understanding  
Beyond who we are now,  
bonded to our DNA  
soul passionate  
Awe of God  
Majesty above.



# The Gap

Simple words  
creating pain,  
betrayal gaps  
between you  
and the person  
you once knew,  
friendship shipwrecked,  
Uncomfortable meeting moments,  
Eyes avert,  
voices whisper,  
mind word games  
play silently in your head.

A choice...  
Bitter write off  
Cut the past threads,  
Or  
Close the gap,  
Open the heart,  
words of forgiveness  
given in courage.

Do you love me?  
Feed my lambs.  
Do you love me?  
Take care of my sheep.  
Do you love me?  
Feed my sheep.

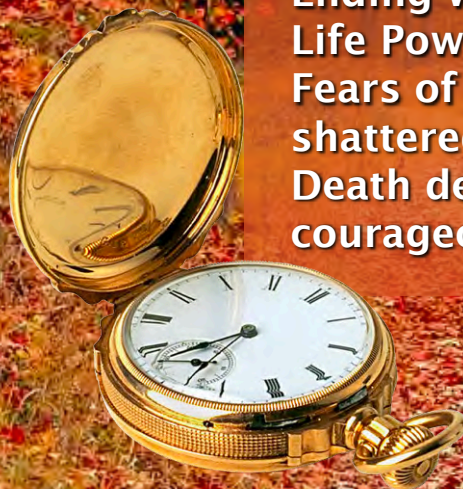
Do you hear?  
Do you hear...  
the voice of your Lord?



# The Passion



The passion  
One week  
in history,  
Time shortens itself  
Focuses  
on life  
Living hope,  
Death  
Living hope,  
Celebration  
Living hope,  
Struggles  
Living hope,  
Just seven days  
changing  
four seasons in one week,  
Ending with  
Life Power over death,  
Fears of worst death  
shattered with Pure light,  
Death destroyed by invincible  
courageous love.



Easter  
One week in history  
A thousand years  
collapsed to a day,  
One week holding  
eternal futures for you.

Easter the fiesta!  
Christ's freedom.





# Watcher

I am a watcher of God,  
Not for Him,  
I stand sometimes on  
the edge,  
hovering  
anticipating,  
waiting – sort of  
for divine intervention,  
but not asking for it,  
Feeling like I'm a target  
yet somehow I am missing,  
As a watcher I  
see the power  
the revelation,  
I see the new  
I see the love,  
But I'm just a bystander,  
Partial witness  
aware but not here.





# We Build

We build  
the biggest machine  
ever,  
Powerful  
electrical magnet  
super chilled technology  
kilometres of  
tunnelled internal space  
to collide the small unseen,  
To discover:  
theories  
new realities  
changing realities,  
the God particle.

Where can we turn  
that your hand  
is not displayed?  
Where your voice  
is not the power that  
holds our universe together?

We are space  
in space  
in expanding space  
Sustained  
by the Living God.





# Hug

Your arms around me  
secure  
timeless,  
I know  
and feel love,  
Deep love  
from a Creator King,  
the same voice that sustains  
universe extremes  
calls my name,  
power defined  
holding creation  
holding me,  
God  
You remain the same  
ever true,  
everlasting in Your love.

Isaiah 46:3-4, Romans 8:38-39, Luke 15:20



# Transparent Life



Transparent  
Life alive  
Water's crystal essence  
is amazing!  
Our planet dot spins  
in a vast dry galaxy  
Yet  
water the same  
today  
on Earth  
as yesterday's  
dinosaurs drank.

As we drink,  
Water so vital  
to life's fabric  
we wonder  
the beginning... God  
Vital to life's fabric  
Unchangeable  
Sustaining,  
And then in Time's flow...Christ  
Living water  
Surface walker  
Thirst shaker

And then the promise...  
"You  
Will never thirst again."





# Threads of Time

Threads of time  
Seconds of disaster  
Eternity of pain

Then God walked  
Entered the days, years  
Of a planet micro spinning  
In universe beyond vast ages

He loved deep  
He knows you deep  
His immense spirit  
Calls you deep

Baby to man  
Jesus Walked  
He spoke  
I am the Truth  
I am the Way  
I am the Life

Threads of time  
Seconds of hope  
Eternity of joy  
Extreme Forever.



# EMBEDDED LOVE

The Big Bang  
The cataclysmic moment where  
time, material, state started,  
and with these  
amazing energies  
God begins relationship  
With humankind  
Generations  
With you, us  
Motivated by  
love infused DNA  
God models true humanity  
Models change  
models deep-heart talk,  
Models complexity  
and simplicity,  
How in the dark  
light is born,  
how in old age, death, pain, evil  
life moves on, grows, laughs, opens,  
That is why God  
First sent people,  
prophets, leaders  
the ordinary  
to tell God's real story,  
many kicked, beaten, killed  
laughed at, scorned, excused,  
and time revolved  
eras and civilisations  
rose and passed  
threaded through with  
questions of the why,  
for God desires relationship  
and let history run  
in all its quality of decisions.

Finally,  
embedded in  
time's crossroad,  
God sent  
the last One  
the Close One  
Chosen One  
the personhood of God  
God skinned  
the Only Son  
the last sent,  
the one to  
show true love and  
be Worthy of love  
the one who would stand  
innocent, pure  
Beyond time  
to restore  
to Take the judgement  
of all sin,  
Crucified as us  
to bring Earth's  
Past, present, future  
through grace  
into love relationship with God.

And the resurrection power  
Spoke  
A new commandment  
that you love  
one another, as yourself  
As God deeply loves you,  
walk in forgiveness  
grace and honour  
into your life  
child, daughter, son of God  
release the prophetic treasure  
breathe words of gold  
extraordinary people  
telling God's story  
releasing God's spirit  
releasing his call.





# Far Away

In the midst  
of the loss  
in my life,  
the positivity  
miracles and faith  
seem human words.

I am  
drifting Lost  
just a vapour  
just dust  
layered times  
patinas of pain,  
My spirit  
surrounded and boxed  
cheap traps  
flimsy cardboard  
and sticky tape,  
life archived  
and placed on the  
cold metal shelf  
Another carton  
of forgotten records  
experiences  
and notes on  
a life  
attempted.

I know  
I see only  
what I see  
through the holes  
and tears  
in my box,  
My dark perspective,  
But as I touch  
the sides  
they feel concrete.

"Box on," they say.

Who is this Jesus?  
I know I exist,  
complex in a world  
where evil occurs because  
God is the only true good,  
science points to the reality  
the historical figure  
Jesus  
who says," I am  
the one you  
have been waiting for.  
Who do you say I am?"

Who is this Jesus?

Can I see more through the tears  
and holes in my box?



## Praise

Where does my  
love, power, fun  
Come from?  
Who is the source  
of who I am?  
Oh God  
May the praise  
I seek -  
words for my  
soul life  
come to me  
from You,  
from my walk  
in You.

1 Corinthians 4:4-5

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Like  
me



# Click Bait

In the silent  
hideouts,  
lonely rooms,  
tree-huts  
sheds,  
classrooms  
churches  
bus-stops,  
a hidden screen,  
an epidemic subsumes  
minds and personalities,  
dopamine chemicals  
rewriting brains  
pushing intimacy away  
into shame addictions  
quick masturbations...

"Not a shame,"  
pixel porn whispers,  
"freedom for  
women's bodies to  
do what they want",  
and porn fuelled  
sex trade  
statistics  
are blanked away,  
pixel pain grows  
stroking soft fingers  
on the flesh  
of your mind.

Steal a life  
Steal a slave  
trafficked porn sex.

A click away  
from another victim  
from a child kidnapped,  
sex slaves  
with seven years  
death expectancy  
exploited flesh  
corrupted innocence.

Build a coliseum  
fill it with the crowds  
pay per view  
and throw the  
girls to the lions,  
you scream for more  
your thumb points down  
and ad rates tick up.

So...  
Why do you click  
for death?  
Her's quicker  
your's slower.









# Easel

A lone siren  
split the sky  
in jagged cracks  
that crazed around  
another life  
cornered,  
what is it about  
that wail  
in the background?  
A sneaky relief  
it isn't me,  
followed by  
tiny guilt,  
a quick heart prayer  
for victim, family, friends,  
Mortality intrusion  
pinpricking my accidental  
life.

Somewhere,  
the paintbrush slips  
smearing the canvas,  
one colourful part covered,  
when dried,  
when died  
that section  
will be painted over,  
new life  
hiding old.



# Can I?

Can I  
Have someone  
see deep?  
me,  
The hidden real  
The faked real?

Chameleon – thousand shades  
Camouflage dirt  
Concealing pain  
Capable indifference  
Covering smiles  
Cracked mirror.

Mindside  
I silent inner scream,  
Sacrificed life  
for inner dark uncomfortable.  
Hidden life  
in the midst of many.

Where can I trust?  
Where can I belong?  
Where can I sing?  
Where can I be?



# Cold Pause

Cold morning soldiers  
of dew and mist  
covering any  
thought of sunrise,  
Flower world waiting  
to yawn,  
yearning birth  
But this fragment of time  
is suspended,  
stopped moments  
in dark wooded valley,  
Sounds hushed  
colours greyed  
fragrances frozen,  
time seemingly paused  
in a collective breath,  
The only life  
a muted stream that stirs  
in shallow stones  
swirling through  
deep pools  
banks guarded by  
still willows  
green arms embracing  
hushed waters.

The frosted moment thaws  
night citizens seek refuge  
scuttling towards  
darker shadows,  
And daylife slumbers  
about to awake  
to the first warble  
of birdsong harmonies.

It is time,  
your time,  
Awaken  
sleeper to  
new hope.  
Your life reborn.



# Line in the Sand

Dust crusted finger  
becomes a  
pointed instrument  
of decision

In the dirt of time  
the hand  
draws the line,  
the words  
simple and straight

To those watching  
the line is a valley  
slashing its cleft  
giant scars in timelines  
the words sear to  
the heart,  
drawn with slow  
heart beat jumps.

Step forward or backward?  
Accuse or acknowledge self?





# Centurion

A dying man  
defeated  
hope drained  
in blood running,  
Pain embraced body  
on threshold  
of death's claw,  
Sky turns sudden black  
bleak clouds  
open an unnatural rage  
rain trammelling  
the rock hardened earth  
Cross shadows are flashed  
in lightning cascades  
Forces beyond  
heave responses,  
rupturing seams  
tearing earth,  
tearing the thick curtain  
in the temple top to floor.

Roman centurion  
seasoned soldier  
no death surprises  
hardened veteran of war utters,  
"Surely this is the Son of God."





# Paths

God's power  
reveals the way  
where there is no way,  
My faith  
The footsteps  
on the road.  
My voice in  
praise and worship  
opens the unseen  
Realms.

Psalm 37:23-24, Psalm 40:2, Psalm 66:9, Psalm  
119:133, Proverbs 4:26

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# Trying to Say

A haunting realness  
trapped in me,  
mind encapsulated,  
A shell curled  
buried on the beach,  
life hidden  
lonely,  
crashing waves around  
non-person in a crowd  
quietness in the rage  
gems in the mud.

I could speak,  
there's something there,  
a hidden seed thought  
a truth  
a reality,  
I open my lips  
and say something else...

Lying words on  
dreams of  
inner truth.





# Hope

Do we  
cling to vague human hopes,  
puffs of imagination,  
dreams that float  
on crisp helium balloons  
and rupture,  
leaving only hearts  
that leak and hurt  
staining black  
the dimming world  
with a darkness that voids us.

Where is the heart floating?  
Has it burst?  
Questions of destiny and fear  
drift in dust.

There on the same  
edges of reality and death,  
edges of earth and heaven,  
in that space  
we could desire  
something different,  
we could stand knowing  
the stinging hope of eternity  
from God,  
a hope for the now  
and beyond,  
a hope that cuts  
through collapsing confusions  
calling a clearness  
into today's moments,

a hope based  
in a vast powerful  
intimate transforming love.

Choose now.

Lift your faith  
speak to your spirit  
the words of life and love  
Choose the hope  
of Christ  
becoming the People of the Messiah,  
the deeply desired  
the completely known  
the radically redeemed.

Christ's hope  
Will infuse your steps  
you will walk God's path  
leaving behind anointed footprints  
of everything done with God,  
kingdom possibilities made real  
kingdom treasures  
that will stand and remain forever.

All things turned for good.

So choose  
Believe in expectation.  
The Jesus hope.

Hebrews 7:19  
Jeremiah 29:11  
Jeremiah 17:7-8  
Romans 5:5





# Christmas

Santa in last years white beard smells  
Coloured lights hang  
Twinkles and patterns of  
Community art,  
Mall packed shopping  
Endless Snoopy melodies,  
Behind the retail assistant smiles  
voids and hopes,  
A time of year  
emotions under the microscope,  
Extremes magnified,  
Hope and loss  
gathered friends, holes of loneliness  
Life and death  
Stuffed stretched stomach,  
credit card strangle.

And we live this commercial crazy time,  
In the trapped moments,  
Yet hoping for freedom fun released,

We are  
Part of eternities entwined story  
A birth, a baby, an adult, a forever love,  
a God's plan.





# The Point

What was the point?  
Cute lambs and shepherds  
twinkling stars,  
Presents and smiles,  
straw and happy baby,  
Smiling parents.

Underneath...  
A king desperate for power  
Fear of a baby  
death of innocents  
Fleeing parents,  
A Christmas beginning.

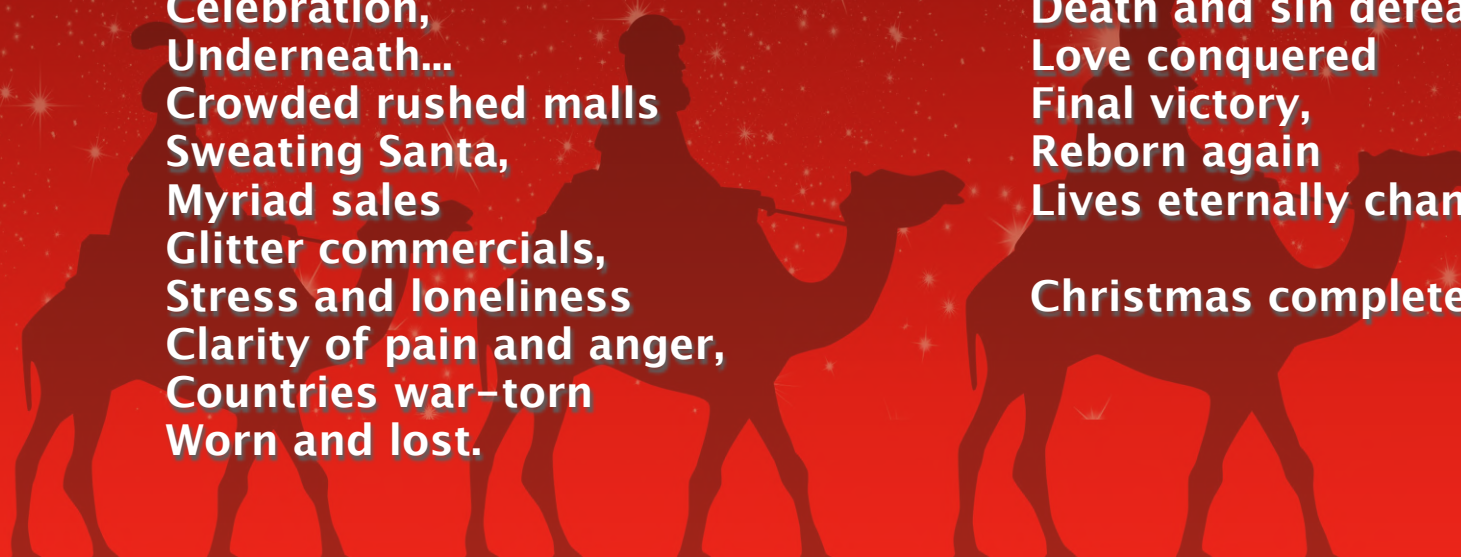
Today,  
Families gathering  
presents exchanged  
Hugs and togetherness  
Celebration,  
Underneath...  
Crowded rushed malls  
Sweating Santa,  
Myriad sales  
Glitter commercials,  
Stress and loneliness  
Clarity of pain and anger,  
Countries war-torn  
Worn and lost.

Underneath...  
Anchored in and beyond time  
God's love...  
Sent in risk  
Sent to bring back,  
Sent to speak,  
To live full; laugh, struggle,  
To go carrying the cross  
Carrying our pain, sin, death  
For the joy  
set before him,  
Darkness and sameness  
Triumph of evil.

Underneath... The Point

Resurrection power  
Death and sin defeated,  
Love conquered  
Final victory,  
Reborn again  
Lives eternally changed.

Christmas complete.





# HUMAN NATURE

Human nature  
Scars and beauty,  
Seeping decay  
Shadows across Earth's face  
Living to rescue one moment  
Suicide bomb hate the next.

Life suffers:  
In death, luxury, instant world,  
focus on the me,  
Fear, Pain  
I am right!

But there was a suffering  
A history eternity moment  
Connecting  
Earth to life,  
Us to pure love  
Us to the judge,  
to hope  
to freedom.  
Us to God.

A faith to live for,  
Beyond the Earth  
Beyond an expanding universe  
Beyond everyday, today and tomorrow.

Live this life  
Love the rescue  
of your soul.



# HOLE IN THE SIDE

He could of come alive  
with a new body.

As Incredible power burned death,  
Universe fabric was turned,  
Chaos reconstructed  
into new realms of infinity.  
Jesus rose, alive.

But his love  
Is such  
That his body is still scarred  
Perfect love  
with the scars of pain,  
holes of suffering.

Not a good look.

But does God care  
about the outward,  
about being the fashion,  
the image, the thin fake?

In pouring out his soul  
God's love knows you  
The real depths of you  
inside hidden thoughts,  
cloaked habits.

Put your hand in the wound  
The amazing scar and see,  
Touch.  
Respond to this love,  
Reality.

Call like Thomas,  
"My Lord, my God"  
Call like Thomas,  
"My Lord, my God"  
Discover His passion.



# God to Earth

Was the plan  
to be incognito?  
Only a few to know  
of the baby  
Heaven's anticipated arrival,  
Born in a manger  
Earth of earth smells.

But maybe the angels  
Communicating at the speed of light  
knowing the power  
felt God's word at work,  
"Shall we see what's going on?"  
and followed the messenger angel,  
from heaven's dimension.

And above night shrouded hills  
they heard the words  
spoken to amazed shepherds  
"And you will find a baby.."  
The Angel xfactors  
couldn't contain worship

Bursting into human sight,  
Unsuppressed singing surged  
cosmic deep  
sheer Joy ,  
"Glory to God, peace on Earth"

Did God laugh and shake His head,  
Those angels  
couldn't keep anything quiet,  
So much for the  
laid-back birth plan,  
No hushed start for God's  
human shaped love.

God smiled,  
"Shh... angels, don't  
wake the baby!"  
The winged choir returned  
sheepish.



# FACE

What is the face you see?  
Dark stern,  
Features of nothing  
cast in blunt stone,  
A God not of earth  
just imagined beyond.

What do I see?  
Sometimes that grey,  
Sometimes those silent echoes;  
But also in clarity  
His vulnerable baby eyes  
God in skin  
innocence, peace  
surrounded by death,  
Sweat stained carpenter dust brow,  
empathy tightened mouth  
as in anger  
he sees, heals the damaged,  
The smile as long hair  
washes in oil, his dust stained feet,  
His pain bloodied, thorn pierced

wrapped brow,  
His tight drawn skin  
as cross strangulation deepened,  
blank distant cold eyes  
in the stone tomb...  
An executed mask.

The Satan death cloak  
is fractured,  
the grim-reaper masks  
we wear shattered,  
Light pours through,  
the dark pieces consumed  
in raw power,  
the son's radiance,  
worlds of love rotate  
passion in His eyes,  
setting us free.

Jesus Christ  
powerful,  
the peace child.



# Intimate Date

We clambered  
out of parked  
bubble green car,  
autumn's night  
painting nearly everything grey,  
light spilled colour  
from the Greek Restaurant,  
white angular letters  
above the glass doorway  
the only hint of culture  
on an otherwise modern  
facade,  
enjoying friends,  
husband and wife  
from a wedding party  
years ago,  
out to celebrate  
their wedding anniversary.  
Years of friendship, pain,  
Love, children growing up,  
He's a little Greek  
I love the Greek food  
Not so sure  
of her Greek tastes.

The warmth of the  
wooden table room spilled out  
and the Maitre d' greeted us,  
as we unraveled  
from a day of work  
into the moment.  
We smiled  
and followed to our  
dark grained table.

Cool water, chatter, slightly  
dog-eared menus, laughter  
all cross our table,  
mixing an enthusiasm  
for life with  
memories of the past,  
conversation is fun  
as we toss stories  
in turn  
listening intently

to each other,  
we even send the waiter  
away as we still  
haven't had time  
to choose  
our dish for the day.

Around us the restaurant  
tables fill,  
couples,  
a long table  
with a large party,  
some must be Greek  
we decide based  
on look and colour,  
but we don't really know,  
It's slightly reassuring to  
be eating Greek where  
the real Greek eat  
or so we choose  
to believe.

Beside us  
a couple who are  
not there,  
Since they sat down  
each has been intimate  
with their cellphone,  
texting, Facebooking  
WhatsApp chat  
maybe the weather,  
Could I suggest  
to them,  
why not start with a  
conversation about weather  
as that would be  
more romance than  
your current connection,  
that would be more intimate  
than your current finger poke,  
ultimately  
why did you come?  
The waiter calls by their table  
and they spend more time  
talking to her

than they have  
to each other  
in the last ten minutes.

Why do we prefer  
the shallow?  
Stuck jumping  
over small waves  
forever timid  
leaping the small  
imagined tidal waves,  
running away, pretending,  
never tall enough, risking enough  
never learning to swim,  
so the thrills of riding, tubing,  
plunging, being tossed  
end over end  
will never happen.

A life in the shallow  
playing at relationships  
never immersed,  
superficial  
so no one can love us  
see us  
for self is hidden  
and love for others  
is never learned.

skin-deep connections  
deep loneliness.



# DAWN AFTER

Dawn rises  
quietly  
on the sculpture  
of broken life  
cooling on cross silhouettes  
to the grey weathered sky.

Stilled watchers  
caught  
in clotted grief,  
Battle hardened soldier  
still surprised  
by God thoughts,  
Hidden hate forces  
celebrating  
in won astonishment,  
Father's Spirit  
separation anguish.

Ashes to ashes  
grace to death  
sin's soul sacrifice

The curtain  
has not fallen -  
it is torn!



# Anticipation

Christmas  
Anticipation,  
Beginning of hope...  
Drowned in the voices,  
ad confused noise  
Sarcasm screams  
and steals,  
Killing the thinking  
curious  
questions lost.

No different today  
to the first time,  
Cold power feeling threatened,  
iron fist desperately speaking  
commands of death,  
Babies killed,  
A fearful human king  
trying to kill the true king.

Doubters emerged,  
frozen religious thinking  
denying the king  
His claims on their life,  
Liars advertising  
Their version of truth 101.

Jesus,  
Human frailty embraced  
as a baby,  
He stands  
perfect in time  
Alive after death,  
He saves  
Hopeless and hopeful  
Anyone who comes.

Maybe that's why  
Jesus said, "Come as a child."  
Before those mind manipulations,  
before games acted  
before playmaking,  
Just come as you are,  
who you are  
No matter where  
you are from,  
Where you sit.

The birth of hope  
Alive after sacrifice  
Love extreme  
loves you  
embraces you  
knows you  
sees you.



# CONNECTIONS

Tried again saga  
Every attempt  
turned back  
with pain additive,  
Disconnected,  
Unreality is my reality  
smiles I see  
never for me,  
Or just false painted  
sneer grimace,  
Tipped into  
worlds of lost  
people liking lost people  
people instant snap people,  
social gypsies  
spinning  
gossamer threads,  
frail web connections  
trapping flying life  
sucking spirit  
feast for loneliness spiders  
crawling ever closer,  
biting mandibles  
creeping pain  
scarring soul deep,  
shredded mind  
exterminating self.

Body falls,  
disconnected,  
leg and body parts  
disjointed  
settling in the dust,  
tiredness skulks  
into bone marrow,  
ashes in the mouth.





# Spoken Word Poetry from my questions, reflections and experiences.

Available in searchable form, with tags and video voice performances @ [matrixmoments.com](http://matrixmoments.com)

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