

The Poetry of
Joseph F. Bauer

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Introduction

Joseph F. "Jay" Bauer has known our family for 35 years. He has suffered through the normal spiritual growing pains of a late twentieth-century male: building a blue-collar career with a white-collar flair; creating and losing a family; expanding his mind with chunks of philosophy and his soul with infusions of personal religion; surfing the wet and dry spells with women and friends; and softening the knocks with belly laughs along the way.

All these experiences have produced the poetic spirit in Jay that might have gone dormant had it not been for encouragement of his friends. But that spirit has been dramatically heightened and dynamically expanded by Jay's experiences reading and sharing **The Urantia Book** with others. If you are a student of its teachings, many of Jay's poems will strike a sonorous chord in your heart.

I met Jay through my brother Norman, and instantly knew him to be my kindred spirit. Although I only visited Houston on special occasions, Jay has been a part of our family since we met, even more of a part than I have. When we get together, he entertains us with recitals of his thought-provoking and spiritually uplifting verse. You see, Jay, Norman, our good friend Fletcher, and I are all avid readers of **The Urantia Book**, and we feel specially privileged to share our

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insights and inspirations with each other. Jay's poetic works seem to bring them alive even more for us.

Whether we are driving through the winding streets and spaghetti freeways of Houston, or relaxing on the floor after a holiday turkey feast, Jay's poetic spirit and rich insight into the power and pain of love and spiritual growth have made memorable my visits home. I know your visit to this compendium of his verse will enrich you too. Enjoy it and smile big.

As you plough through this anthology, you will note that its works dot a 40-year span of Jay's life. You will see the verve and spiritual timbre of his works evolve, just as Jay himself evolved. You will come to know Jay as a seeker of Truth. And you will know both this work and his odyssey were a labor of love.

Bob Hurt
Clearwater, Florida
23 January, 2000

Note for Book Buyers

If you would like to purchase a beautifully bound copy of Jay Bauer's poems, personally autographed by the Author, just for you, send the publisher a check or money order drawn on a US bank for **\$37** (the price includes shipping, handling, and applicable state sales tax)

Acorn

1997 Houston Texas

Within every acorn there's a mighty oak,
And within mortal man there's a soul.
But neither the acorn nor mortal man,
Knows the magnitude of his goal.

For if man is created in the image of God,
The soul is where it really begins.
And the character of our true personality
is a reflection of that soul within.

The potential for such evaluation is found
In the universe urges of mind,
For man to desire to know his Creator,
And for God to experience our mind.

The effect of this spiritualization of mind
Is the gradual birth of the soul,
The offspring of both the spirit of God,
And a mortal with a spiritual goal.

For as we will look back on the circle of life
From the vantage point of the soul,
All of the problems we thought were so bad
Were to help us achieve this goal.

So it's never too early or never too late
To care for the soul within,

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And it doesn't matter where you are now,
Or how bad you may think you have been.

This is the moment the choices are made
That enhance the growth of the soul;
That eternal ember that dwells within
Feeds the flame of our immortal goal.

And this spiritual translation of the mortal soul,
From the material to the divine,
Is the process of cosmic communication
With the truth-seeking mortal mind.

From the results of such a relationship
transcending our mortal role
comes potential not found in contributing factors
but a new value: "The Immortal Soul".

Advice

1962 Grand Prairie

Advice I will take from the lowest
I will listen and learn if I can
Orders I take from the people who pay me
But I don't take crap from no man

Affirmation

29 February 1987 - 1 January 1988

Lord Jesus Christ Almighty
Won't you hear my humble plea?
I need your blessed spirit
to control the beast in me

Help me through the psychic circles
to the spheres that lie above
and help me conquer anger
with your everlasting love

Let me be an inspiration
to my brothers in the flesh
Let me learn to do the will of God
Through self-forgetfulness

Enlighten my eyes unto the law
that I might know thy will
Cleave your commandments onto my heart
than let me test my skill

For I now see and recognize
My Son ship gift of God above
and volunteer repentance
in the gospel of his love

Now I am here to spread the word
Thy Earthly kingdom Come

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To all the true believers
In the Father and the Son

Aggression

27 November 1978

Aggression manifests itself
in many different ways
but he who harbors the aggression
must decide how long it stays

They must determine the necessity
the extent and how it ends
this established by the confidence
that allows it to begin

As there be aggressors
there are likewise the suppressed
the latter lacking confidence
While the aggressor's at his best

But in the midst of conversation
when you're convinced that you are right
Another's tone creates a doubt
and your confidence takes flight

With the flutter of an eyelash
as suggestion casts its light
two roles are suddenly reversed
and the aggressor's always right

They say the meek inherit all the earth
the aggressive cleared the land

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But the wise know when to take their seat
and when to take a stand

You see the secret lies in knowing
that aggression need not last
if you're fighting when the battle's over
you're living in the past

Aloof

1978 - for Brenda

When you lose your temper in a childish fit
your logical trains of thought just quit
your mind doesn't function in its normal way
Words come out you don't mean to say

Attitude, place, stance, and space
what does it all mean?
It's the position you find
you've placed yourself in
when your attitude causes a scene

But to observe with mild complacency
all that you may see
you suffer no anxiety
for what will be will be

To observe the situation
with no investment no return
Emotions detached from everything
so all that you do is learn

There is no need for you to get involved
to the point of no return
you needn't stand in the fire
to know that you will burn

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But to rid your-self of attitude
No opinion either way
A whole new world will open up
In the dawn of another day

Rise above the negative thought
to a positive frame of mind
and you will see the peace you sought
is not so hard to find

Angels and Devils

3 November 1988 Houston Texas

Angels and devils will ever appeal
to the minds of mortal man
and only he whom you call upon
Will you ever understand

Only in the minds of man
Can either one exist
you either know the son of God
or you'll feel the devils kiss

It all depends upon your choice
the will, of mortal men
you and only you decide
who you'll serve, and when

But you can't blame the devil
and you sure can't blame the Lord
for buying into something
that you know you can't afford

For you will see the devil
like the darkness of the night
Disappear with all your fears
before the morning light

If you would come to understand
that the Father always sees

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that those who search for truth in life
will not find a life of ease

But those who live, a life of truth
will overcome the odds
and he who keeps the vigilance
shall come to know his God

Atom

20 November 1995

I know that I am one with the Universe.
And that all things are made up of the
same elements as that which is a part of me.
There is no space, for space is full
Of the same atoms that make up
The makeup of man.

They are the same atoms that make up
the makeup of God.
And we and the planets are all a part
of that same entity.
"We are one with God."

The distance between the electrons
and the nucleus in anyone
is comparative to the distance
the planets are from the sun.

We and the planets are clusters of atoms
that make up the molecules that make up the genes
that make up the makeup of man
and everything else that makes up the makeup of God.

If we could picture God, in the form of man
sitting beside a brook under a giant tree.
We focus on his face and zoom in real close and we

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see a universe,

We zoom in again, see a little blue planet,

We zoom in again and we see the environment of
man,

Again and we see the atoms of man,

Again and we are in the atoms of man

We are the atoms of man

in the makeup of God.

Attitude

When you enter the scene with an attitude
and you speak your mind aloud
you establish the criteria
and the disposition of the crowd

But if you wait for them speak
you will get to know them too
Then it's called a conversation
It isn't all about just you

They only know your heart ache
when you wear it on your sleeve
they don't know your hurting
until they hear you grieve

If you're telling them your story
and it's filled with doubt and fear
than your life is just an open file
for everyone to hear

But if you wait for someone else
to engage the conversation
you will know the secrets they know
and you build on those relations

But what if we suppress the urge
to talk about ourselves
we batten down all temptation
closes up all the ego valves

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If your concept of conversation
in your zeal to just be heard Is
To initiate a confrontation
They will never hear a word

The Awakening

7 July 1994 Houston Texas

Every man that's ever lived
at some point in his life
has echoed the name of his maker
in a moment of mortal strife

It may be a feeling of worship
to one that's learned to believe
it may be a plea for forgiveness
to a force he can finally conceive

But somewhere along the by-ways of life
every man's seen that reflection
and recognized something that he didn't like
something deeper than merely complexion

But fear is the first form of worship
as it suckles the sickness of man
slowly we start to hate what we fear
It is what we've become we can't stand

And that feeling of loathing is natural
It's the first letting go of the rains
For no man can serve two masters
And no one should suffer that pain

But the courage to forfeit captain's bridge
and the faith to let go of the wheel

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that's the ultimate mortal decision
and the highest of mortal ideals

We're indwelt with the infinite spirit of God
we are led by the spirit of truth
so there is no reason we shouldn't believe
Ignorance is not an excuse

But what if we wait till the very last moment
as we pass through the portals of death
In search of truth of existence
we shall find it with our final breath

My Babies

22 January 1990

Sheena is the love of my life
She's my little baby girl
and every time I see her
She sets my heart a-whirl

She has a baby brother now
Name of Joshua Jerome
and if it takes a lifetime
I am going to bring them home

Beginning

10 April 1990

As sure as life's a miracle
you are going to die
but listen to my secret
there is no need to cry

For the end is the beginning
If you have seen the light
But your mortal will is all that will
Get you through the night

You cannot pay with money
and the barter systems out,
what you do with your life now
will determined what comes about

You can spend your lifetime stashing gold
and counting all your cu
but how you reach the other side
is not entirely up to You

You can beg for your forgiveness
as they hang you on the cross
but the lifetime that you wasted
Was just a portion of the loss

Blind Leader

1973

You always seem to recognize
the unsureness in my eyes
and forget I always make it back on top
If I could hide my feelings

When I am not quite sure
The resulting complications
Would surely not occur
But I am only human

Like you when you're not certain
I cannot hide my feelings
Behind some phony curtain
If you would only realize

The times when I've been down
Have always been succeeded
By the good times on the town
There's a period of uncertainty

Whilst groping for decision
But always the resulting thought
Relates to your position
It's never very easy

Making up your up your mind
But someone surly must decided

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The blind can't lead the blind
If I've the benefit of the doubt

And the benefit of time
I'll make the right decision
And I can make it rhyme

Brenda

17 July 1979

If the rain should stop tomorrow
I would soon forget the wet
If the sun should cease to shine
the heat I would forget

But if you should ever leave me

I would not forget your smile
your touch, your attitude or the sweet
aroma of your body.

And yet, I'd live a life of sheer
content just knowing that we met.

The Candle of the Lord

26 November 1989

The spirit of man
is the candle of the Lord
Lighting the way of his will

And all that you are
and all you'll become
are from thoughts
that the spirits instill

The Captain of the Soul

11 April 1988

The arena of the mortal mind
is the soil that grows the soul
like a ship upon an ocean
with a giant cosmic bowl

The Captain is the will of man
a master in the making
by will and by our will alone
we find God or forsake him

The pilot, that indwelt spiritual force,
our guide to the heavenly sea
takes us past the barriers of material life
and on to eternity

The mortal ship is our conscious mind
transporting the immortal sole
when accepting without question
Life eternal as a goal

Now it's is not that you should understand
But that we try to comprehend
That it's so much what we are now
But what we are in the end.

Carmine

Houston, Texas - 14 October 1990

I call her Charmin' Carmine
because she's sheer delight
her eyes dance like diamonds
Touched by heavenly light

She's, every mothers fondest dream
she's every father's prayer
she's every uncle's favorite niece
she always seems to care

Resist the forces of evil, child
Steady as you go
for the Lord has surely blessed you
don't ask me how, but I know

Respect your father and mother
and your sister Dana too
for they helped make you what you are
the rest is up to you

GOOD LUCK

Cactus Jake

Well Cactus Jake was from was from pigeon lake
Where the wild rose blooms so free
so why he choose the grow cacti
is beyond the likes of me

For their house plants pure and simple
the make a house feel like a home
it's a fact you may not appreciate
until you've had a chance to roam

For Jake was like your prairie rose
that followed the stars in the sky
but he found his heart in Pigeon lake
Where he grows his famous cacti

When winter comes and the Alberta sun
is a fond and gone memory
Cactus Jake and his cactus take
to the warmth of the old tepee

So when you see cacti growing wild
and you think that there for you
go see Jake down at Pigeon Lake
and he'll show you what to do

The Cause

1979

Is it really so important
Does it have to be that way
Can it wait until tomorrow
or must it be done today

Is it only your opinion
Do you really have to act
Is it your imagination
or is it based on fact

Can you justify your actions
when you find that you were wrong
do you listen to the lyrics
or do you just hum along?

You were so involved
in what you thought
was your reality
that you couldn't see the forest for the trees

All the things you labeled trouble
were the coming of an age
and from you're aloft position
you can see, who set the stage

You've suffered pain and sorrow
as you've played the part so well

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that you've made your life
a holly living hell

But if you understand compassion
and learn to love your fellow man
than you'll recognize your purpose
and you will understand the plan

You can see it's been your actions
that has led to this result
and it's you that's made your life
so difficult

Chains

Oklahoma City - 1979

Nothing left to lose
you can listen if you choose
I have come to tell you
how it's always been

You can take a man from chains
Let him rise and take the reins
Tell him he's in charge
and laden him with gold

Let him find himself wife
Let him build himself a life
Let him build a home
and buy himself a mule

Than when time has passed you by
there's just you the earth and sky
He and all his friends
will say your such a fool

Just try taking back that gold
Watch him fight to keep and hold
how the wealth has made him desperate
you can see

You created such a beast
once a biscuit was a feast

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once the gold had meant the least
He had nothing but then nothing
Is always free!!!

Quench Thy Thirst for Challenge

Houston - 15 August 1979

What is life without a challenge
there is no reason for one to live
as there is no appreciation
to just accept what others give

We must seek our satisfaction
from the life we choose to live
or be scattered like the water
through the bottom of a sieve

We must challenge every corner
in life's twisting changing road
and then let us not complain or cry
about the challenge or the load

Let us test our skills of navigation
where the meek are scared to go
for to live without a challenge
is to never really know

Changed

3 September 1993 -

Looking at a picture Sheena drew of me and Josh.

I said, I've changed, I'm not the same,
I'm different, I've really changed
But what happened to the old me?
Or was this me all along?
Just trying to be something
I grew to dislike myself
But what compelled me to change
What compelled me to even want to change
There must be a God for I am too weak
To want to change all by myself

Changes

14 November 1988

Life is full of changes
they seem to interrupt the flow
in the comfort of the habit
In the normal that we know

To understand the changes
is to understand the plan
and to accept them is known
as the evolution of man

To resist is merely ignorance
it's the fear of the unknown
but if the fetus feared the changes
the womb would be our home

And to live in comfort caring not
what changes may occur
is the secret to the happiness
we have all been looking for

"But you have got to be willing

To change"

Chariots of Fire

13 December 1994 - Alone with Urantia Book

There is a distant world of phenomenon
beyond the bounds of reality
where the sole is thus the embryo
in our eternal destiny

The material mind of mortal man
is the cosmic loom of the Gods
weaving the spiritual fabric
that will endure the ancestral odds

Though the voice of the father is ever within
seldom it's ever heard
our electrical, chemical, physical natures
Forever demands the last word

But the kingdom of God is within us
and the brother-hood of man
is a fellowship of the faithful
in a scheme that is ever so grand

The ancients have taught of a childlike belief
as the key to the kingdom of God
and faith is the price you have to pay
or you die in the land of Nod

But when you can forgive as you'd be forgiven
you create in your very own sole

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the capacity for the reception
of forgiveness from God as your dole

It's forgiveness, the price of admission
Reception the rule of the rod
how much you forgive the children of man
is how much you're forgiven by God

Than our sole will emerge with the spirit of God
progressing ever higher and higher
to eventually fuse in eternal bliss
and vanish in chariots of fire

The Second Coming

El Paso to Las Vegas - 1 January 1977 – With; Dale Thorpe

The second coming of Jesus Christ
is the changing of your mind
accepting the once unacceptable
while leaving all doubt behind

Jesus word to mortal man,
Teach this to your youth
the quickest way to freedom
is to live a life of truth

If nothing bothers your conscience
your conscience won't bother you.
There's no fear of being caught in a lie
when all that you say is true

It's really very simple
you overcome your fears
and all that bothered you from the past
were meant to bring you here

You've seen the people in the streets
with eyes so clean and pure
saying they've accepted Jesus,
now everything's so clear

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Well the father sees the difference
between the evil and the good
but you construct what you believe
like the whittler works his wood

And were all gifted with this magic
we can do with as we choose
Believe you will win and win you will
but believe you won't and you loose

Now think about the power
of just a little faith
if we all *believe* the world will end
it's the end of the human race

But if we don't
It just may be
the beginning
the second
we believe

The Church

25 April 1976

I went to the Master, asking "What shall I do?
I want so much to be like you."
And when he answered with a smile
He said "Wear my sandals and go the mile".

For you are the link to your fellow man,
From me, the Author, who lived the plan.
You are the pulpit, you are the pew,
You are the Preacher, they listen to you.

Yes, you are the Apostle, ordained by the son,
You are the chalice that he drank from.
You are the choir that sings of his praise,
You are the organ that everyone plays.

You are the mother that suffers the loss,
You are the Jesus that carries the cross.
You are the end of a long lonely search,
You are a pillar in your Father's church."

For all the believers, the sons of the faith
at some point in time will step into their place.
And you'll know the reason when your time arrives,
And then with your knowledge you start saving lives.

Go now into the entire world

Full Circle

28 September 1988 - for Larry, Larry, and Paul

Full circle is the essence
of all there ever was, is, or will be
it's when you finally feel the effect
of all your negative creativity

Full circle is the chance you get
to view it differently
or the chance to do it different
if it's ever going ever be

Full circle is the lesson
that you learn from going round
Full circle's not full circle
until you have both been up and down

Full circle's when you get see
just where it all went wrong
Full circles' when you finally know
what you suspected all along

Clouds

1980

Don't let the clouds of doubt
Cast shadows on the windows
of your mind.
They're only clouds.

Common Sense

1962 Wetaskiwin

How can life commence if common sense
is just a memory
a thing in the past that didn't last
and yet were thought to be

The smartest creatures on this earth
or so a wise man said
but if common sense is cast aside
the human race is dead

Instead of bombs and satellites
and supersonic planes
we should find a cure for cancer
and the sickness of the brain

If we'd concentrate on bettering
the things we really need
there would no such thing as murder
No more sickness, no more greed.

So I would say that common sense
should be taught in all the schools
we may not all be scientists
but at least we won't be fools

Communion

21 April 1995

The mind of man cannot discern
the bond of God and our soul
and little do we understand
our destiny or our role

We think we've just been fortunate
when our dreams of life come true
but often dreams are the only way
That God is getting through

And even in our sorted dreams
amid the fading memories
we can't distinguish God from bad
He's there, we just can't see

We pray to God while looking up
the father dwells within
and still we jump up off our knees
and run in search of him

It's only when the mind perceives
That God is there at hand
A fragment of the father
In the mind of mortal man

Can the father move these mountains
or turn back the mighty sea

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but he will not force us to believe
our will is truly free

We have but to recognize
there is this Godly force
and we need only be receptive
for he will chart the course

So every time you meditate
in worship or in prayer
Pause and listen for a while
you will find that God is there

Self-Control

Houston, Texas - 11 April 1989

To master the self through self-control
is a measure of all man's moral goal
but what's more important that we don't see
is; it shows how we've progressed spiritually

The old religion taught self-denial
We'll leave those ways behind in a while
The message we bring to the world as a whole
Is forget about yourself except for self-control

We are no longer slaves to what we have been
the wisdom has made us whole within
the spirit has actually entered your soul
But we still create with self-control

The old ways taught to suppress and obey
the minstrels sing of a better way
Instead of bound slaves to rules of the living
we find freedom in truth and piece in forgiving

For it's not the devil that leads us astray
our natural tendencies take us that way
but if you must set a spiritual goal
it starts with mortal self-control

Verily, Verily, I say unto thee
you'll find your faith shell set you free

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and he who learns to rule himself
shall rule his destiny

Courage

6 September 1995

Man is endowed with courage
from the moment he is born
and as he grows in courage
His confidence takes form

And life is at your fingertips
you seem to have the Midas touch
but all at once all that counts
doesn't seem to matter much

For then there is a trifle
it seems a change is taking place
a change that caught you unaware
and it slaps you in the face

You thought you were invincible
you thought you really knew
But now the guy with all the answers
doesn't seem to have a clue

Where is all the confidence?
The player of the year
is losing all his marbles
to this devastating fear

You can't define the cause of it
but you can't deny the fear

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

and you really can't forget it
because you know, you know it's here

And the fear begets anxiety
the commoncrippler of man
For It drags you through depression
until you don't know where you stand

But experience is the lessons learned
from the wisdom of strife
a portrait of our destiny
in the annals of our lives

Tribulation keeps us searching
for the answers to our prayers
you must listen with the spirit
until the mind becomes aware

Than it all appears so obvious
Guilt fans the flames of fear
and you took it out on every one
that you called near and dear

And so you feel the quilt again
you thought you really changed
but by virtue of your intolerance
you feel the pangs of fear again

This is where you take the rains
and hand them to the master
without whose help the human race
would only know disaster

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Forget about the negative
Turn away from your deceivers
to get to where you want to be
you have got to be believers

Seek you first the peace of mind
that comes from having faith
than learn to do the will of God
and you will know his grace

For though we're only mortal
the electricity chemical man
the soul within is eternal
and through this we live again

And as we float off to the future
all the fear will fall away
the spiritual lite of years gone by
Are the only memories that stay

And though we have a cross to bear
the yoke is always lite
to those who dare to follow
the father's guiding light –

The Covenant

I call myself a Christian
but to me there's only one
He's my brother in the spirit
He is the begotten son

But I declare before you here
my covenant with Him
My soul is pure as crystal
my faith will never dim

Yes I declare by all that's holy
that what I say is true
and that thy will is my will
I want to be like you

So I commit to you my soul
and promise this to you
that I will not forget my charge
and I always will be true

Yes I declare to God above
that I will keep the faith
until the day when He and I
are standing face to face

Booger Red Barrett

On a train to San Francisco - 1969

You take a six foot slab of granite
that's about twenty hands in height
Belly high you drill a hole
and fill it with dynamite

A foot above you start again
and drill another hole
insert a large amount of heart
and a belly full of sole

Than just a little higher
in the center of the slat
you cut it down make it round
so it will fit a Stetson hat

Below the hat to add expression
Brush it well with time
until it glistens like a memory
of your mother's favorite rhyme

Around in back just opposite,
you hollow out a place
that's big enough to hold a brain
be sure don't leave no space

Now you add a little padding
to see that it's secure

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

He's going to take a beating
of this you can be sure

Than you swing a heavy hammer
near the top on either side
you form a pair of shoulders
Straight and square the shape of pride

From the shoulders hang a pair of arms
Best make them out of steel
He's going to need the grip of iron
Just to earn his daily meal

Now you chip away the lower half
Bow the legs, and then perhaps
you dawn a pair of levies
and a pair of buckskin chaps

At the foot of all this grandeur
to make sure he don't take root
you wrap him in a shiny pair
Of Tony Lama boots

Now you've built yourself a cowboy
Checkered shirt and silver spurs
He looks about as natural
as a rich girl wrapped in furs

But he's going to need a handle
one he'll live with till he's dead
so you add a crop of crimson hair
and call him Booger Red

Tale of a Dead Man

1961 Spirit River

He was lying face down in the freezing snow
like he had no other place to go
dead a day or maybe more
The layers of snow told the score

No sign of a sleigh and the tracks are gone,
Guess I'll have to load him on
Grounds too hard to dig a grave
Besides I am not no dead man's slave

I'll leave him in that trappers shack
He'll be ok until I get back
Well I'll be dammed another sleigh
Waves like he's got a lot to say

Well howdy Corporal, how you been
Of course I know that killing is sin
this guy here, I found him dead
Yes sir, found is what I said

Come on corporal, you know me
what the hells it going be
You want my rifle gun and knife
How am I to protect my life?

Now mister you don't need that gun
I was only having fun

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

My god he's shot me in the back
My blood is filling up the track

Lying face down in the freezing snow
I have got no place that I can go
But who's to know and who's to stop
This psychopathic killer cop

The Decree of the Degree

Houston, Texas - 1978

There is a point in our reality
that governs the degree
in all that we hold sacred
and all that we call free

It's a measure of decision
on a point, a fact, in time
when someone finds the perfect note
and you got to make it rhyme

But what is the degree of perfection
and who will measure the rule
what's the degree is intelligence
when viewed through the eyes of a fool

Then what's the degree of justice
and who will enforce the decree
Must we ever suffer incarceration
to appreciate what's always been free

What's the degree of importance
to someone who doesn't care
who'll be the one to establish
if the punishment is ever fair

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Everything has a reason
a beginning always comes to an end
but the degree of quality time we get
is equal to the time we spend

Searching for the answers
Sifting through life's debris
trying to establish
to what degree am I *me*

Birth of a Bad Disease

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma - 1968

Let your hair grow shoulder length
with beard and sad attire
you'll start a fad of sloppiness
that spreads like prairie fire

People weak in character
with little self-esteem
In search of their identity
adopt your hippie theme

Than organize your flock of fools
Implant the seeds of hate
send them on their ego trip
and watch them demonstrate

Soon their life has meaning
they've shed their dormant shell
for once they feel importance
and they will follow you to hell

So you protest law and order
Jeer your countries court supreme
maybe organize a rally
To support some vicious scheme

Yes you wave your banner proudly
Smearred with adolescent smut

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

than hurry home to watch the tube
and nearly bust a gut

To you its square to talk to Dad
Or spend a day with Mom
The only thing that's groovy
is to burn one with a chum

You put down little children
for the silly games they play
yet following the leader
Is what you advocate each day

You taunt the local police force
screaming police brutality
if you empty out your pockets
you'll find they have to be

Now protest has its place in life
with this we all agree
but until you prove your methods better
let the old ones be

Remember when you make a change
to suit your own discretion
the law you feel so perfect
May also face aggression

You say you want to do your thing
that's how it all began
but friend it's simply not your thing
when it harms your fellow man

The Dragon

3 May 1995

The dragon was the symbol
of the evil trinity
they all were leagued together
in the trial of infamy

The point of disillusionment
No doubt had gone too far
when evil evolved to deliberate sin
and thus the fallen star

The sin was self-assertion
in rebellion to the will
they were all in the arena
Where the Son of God was killed

So they all were bound together
the evil trinity
Bound in chains of darkness
for all eternity

But even if adjudicated
they're prisoners of space
and even in their glory
they couldn't touch the sons of faith

For the devil has no power
over the minds of mortal men

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

not since that day of Pentecost
when our sovereigns rule began

For he who is born of the spirit
by his faith he forges his lot
our faith is the armor against all sin
and the evil one touches us not

The Vision

Before 3 April 1987

I dreamed
When I awoke today,
I'd have a message to convey.

I dreamed
I saw my earthly home
like I had gone away.
And in the dream it really seemed,
Like I had gone to stay.

I dreamed
I woke in paradise
in attendance at their schools
and though it all felt strange at first
I learned the Motta rules;

All planetary mortals
in every universe
Find liberation from the flesh
with the death experience first

And those few held in sacred trust
are resurrected from the dust
and even idiots and fools
are taught to understand the rules

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

We're judged for all our mortal crimes
than cleansed from all the sins of time
and if we've mastered all the laws
we are personalized in the uncaused cause

But in the ages yet to come
When we've evolved above the scum
in three days after were exhumed
A new existence is assumed

"For He shall send his angels down
To gather his elect"
And many sleeping in the dust
Will go to him direct

And we shall rise above it all
A truth we'll learn to share
And when the roll is called up yonder
We'll be there

Drifter

Wetaskiwin; Lilly - 1961

Along that endless highway
stretching out before your eyes
through little towns and villages
and cities of great size

Across the barren prairie
through the mountains capped with snow
you stop and work a month or two
and then you got to go

You're a wanderer, a drifter
you're a man without a home
you had your chance to settle down
but you gave it up to roam

The home folks may admire you
for all the things you've seen
you've shook hands with the president
and sat next to the queen

You built the southern sky scrapers
and journeyed overseas
you've mushed across the frozen north
and lay beneath palm trees

Now at last you've seen it all
seems there's nothing left to do

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

but you haven't even got a friend
to tell your stories to

You're dying from pure loneliness
a man without a home
and all because you gave it up
to wander and to roam

Education

1 June 1992

In the twilight of civilization
the struggle was staying alive
the standard of living was next on the list
after we learned to survive

But the new goal in man's evolution
is to foster expansion of mind
what one generation plants on this earth
the next generation will find

The purpose of our education should be
to foster the quality of life
the children's first teacher their mother
And their father are teachers for life

Though the lessons of living are many
we learn many things as we grow
while teaching the children their lessons
allow that the children may grow

Ideals rise the rivers of mortal thought
Intelligence directs it's course
Wisdom controls the rivers flow
but education's the driving force

The Elusive Truth

29 July 1989

Truth can never be revealed
by any words we know
only by the act of living
Do these seeds of wisdom grow

Truth reveal by God to man
is the character of our soul
the joint communion of God to man
and it thirsts for destinies goal

Knowledge pertains to what is observed
only wisdom embraces the truth
But truth is a spiritual experience
and our sole is but now in its youth

But knowledge will always discover the truth
and decipher the right from the wrong
as the soles evolution has just begun
on a journey we know not how long

The potential for evil will always exist
to the sole and in our mind
but as truth reviles the goodness of love
the evil gets harder to find

And choices of truth increase on a scale
Equal to evils demise

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

and directly in proportion to
the will of the sole to survive

For once our destiny's goal is achieved
another beginning's begun
for than we are liken to God himself
If it's our will than his will be done

Equality

30 May 1992

In your zeal to be on equal ground
with the entire human race
there are certain things that you must know
Things you may not want to face

No one's any better
than the one their putting down
your face will show the way you feel
you can't disguise a frown

And just as you can see contempt
in other people's eyes
your face will show the way you feel
Expressions never lie

The questions that you ask of me
are like windows to your soul
and I can tell when you feel right
or when you play the roll

You're like a broken window
you have a shattered point of view
but like a broken window
I still can see through you

We, The Evolution

Fairbanks, Alaska - 1977 - Alone

Evolution is as natural as birth and death
it is birth and death

As man has evolved from the ape or the ameba
He has so evolved from railroad to rocket
from ignorance to intelligence

The need for change
To try to improve
that which he calls self

To evolve to something
He does not himself abide with
is merely failure

Which does nothing,
but slow the process of evolution
While it also hones down the improved product
until we see change that, in our own eyes
is a change for the better

As the farmer clears the land
To evolve, expand, improve
We, in our evolution remove the barriers
Until we too can see clearly
Beyond the limits we have set for ourselves

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

We evolve

Faith

12 June 1966

At last I found the answer
I finally know the truth
there's a wisdom that we must pass on
to our children and our youth

It's the knowledge of the power
the power of our faith
it's the answer to the questions
of the entire human race

All of us are born with faith
from birth we're born to doubt
but you never start to benefit
till you get that figured out

There are only two decisions in life
one is positive and one is not
but the positive and the negative
is the only choice we've really got

The wisdom and the power
in a thought from as conscience clear
can be only compared in contrast
To the faithless mind of fear

But it only works with total faith
without the shadow of a doubt

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

for what the conscience really believes
this power brings about

And we are gifted with this magic
we can do with as we choose
Believe you'll win and win you will
believe you won't and you'll loose

Call it God or Buddha, voodoo if you like
when you understand the power of your faith
you've seen the light

The Family

Finished 2 October 1995 after 10 years

The Mother of the family bore the children
The Father of the family guilds the Son
The Son of the family the defender
of the daughter the protected one

The Mother of the family bears the burden
The Father the producer of the seed
The Son sews the seed of the Father
And fulfills the grand family need

The father has been the provider
The Mother prepares the kill
the family around the dinner table
is the nature of the fathers will

But all of the sons of the father
and all of the father's sons
without the creative spirit of Mother
The family would never run

The spirit of God is the Father
the Spirit of truth is the Son
but the spirit we call the Holy Ghost
is the mother of everyone

And this is the structure of family
the nucleus of mankind

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

and family is civilizations hope
and the greatest achievement of mankind

Fun on the Farm

26 March 1995

I was in the foothills of the Rockies
in the spring-time of my youth
when the summer break came rolling round
I went in search of life and truth

My aunt and uncle had a farm
in the prairies to south
and that is where I ended up
at the battle river's mouth

To me the farm was paradise
I found out who I was
I learned to love my Aunt and Uncle
and I adored my cousins

I plowed and tilled and thrashed the grain
and every summer I'd be back
and no matter where I wondered
the farm would get me back on track

My cousins introduced me
to the country girls so fair
we'd go skinny swimming in the river
God I loved it there

And every summer I'd return
and how I cherished what I learned

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

and how I longed to go back when
summer rolled around again

And how we laughed and how we played
" Fun on the farm" we'd always say
and every time I think of them
I'd want to go back there again

The Far Side

In the worlds of our lives yet to come
when this intellect we cherish is gone
Meaning and value will still exist
for the soul of man lives on

But the thoughts that have no meaning
No common value spiritually
will fall away like scaffolding
with no purpose or reason to be

Than the spirit shall enlighten us
to only memories of the past
that are essential to the future
And are guaranteed to last

Like a butterfly emerges
from the caterpillar stage
our character shall too emerge
In another day and age

For we shall master all these stages
in the valley of the dead
than move on to something better
in what we know lies up ahead

Our character having first appeared
in response to the fathers will
Has a destiny of Deity
And It's our purpose to fulfill

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

The circle of life is foreordained
Participation is an option you see
for man even makes the choices
in his eternal destiny

My Father Who Art in Heaven

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma - 1969 - for Elaine

Many strange requests are made
by men before they die
But the story I'm about to tell
Seems strange to even I

The father of our family
was about to pass away
everyone was in the den
Like vultures we did stay

When the eldest son slipped from the room
and down the corridor
Stepped into his father's room
and gently closed the door

There sitting at his bedside
so the story's told
He made a request to his dying dad
that would make your blood run cold

He said, I ask you not for riches dad
I have no need for wealth
the only thing I really need
is ever lasting health

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

But you a common mortal
cannot grant this wish to me
so my request is simple
I am sure you will agree

I want to know what death is like
without participating
besides the fact I am curious now
I abhor the waiting

I want to know where you go
when you've breathed your final breath
do you lie in the ground and feed the worms
or is there more to death

And if there is please let me know
Come rap upon my door
you could move right in and live with me
for it's you father I adore

We could sit and talk for hours
or go walking in the rain
and laugh at all the people
who thought sure I was insane

If we could communicate
through the maze of the unknown
the fear of death would not exist
and we'd never be alone

With the clasp of hands and a silent smile
they agreed to the strange request

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

late that very afternoon
they laid the old man to rest

Well the father's son has a daughter now
and it's really kind of funny
He calls his daughter Daddy-o
and she calls her father Sonny

We Overcome

7 June 1992

It's hard to endure the strain of relations
without the guide of a spiritual source
the irritations of human relations
are a rocky precarious course

Fear of the certain of death and beyond
Lead man to the fear of the lord
Hunger and fear drove them closer together
but it's a fear that we cannot afford

When the limits of our emotions are strained
by an uncertain period of space
Fear over-takes all our human emotions
and it's riots and mayhem and waste

Than vanity comes with the vengeance of demons
She's vicious malicious and mean
But fear will conspire to plunge us below
anywhere vanity been

But before you give up to the external fear
look deep to the spirit within
than all of the fear will disappear
And a new kind of life will began

Feelings

8 October 1990

It's not important how you feel
about me when I'm around you,
but ultimately how I make you feel
about you when your around me.

And it's not so important how I feel
About you when your around me,
But ultimately how you make me feel
about me when I'm around you.

The Hands of God

Houston, Texas - 27 June 1988 -
1023 Rutland, 77008, 713-868-4055

We are the fingers on the hands of God
we're the sensation in his touch
we are the way He experiences life
and that's why he loves us all so much

The Force

21 Nov 1987 - World of Poetry, Merit Award

There is a force that flows between us all
it's like a beam of shining light
though black as coal in darkness
in the daylight it is white.

You can neither see nor touch it
but when you know it's there
you will understand the reason
why your mind is so aware.

You'll interpret the vibrations
you receive from those you meet
you will understand the gambler
and you'll recognize the cheat

You will recognize a liar
before he starts to speak
and you'll appreciate your thoughts
Instead of thinking you're a freak

You will heed your fears for what they are
and rejoice in your happy vibes
you will see the world as one great flock
Instead of many different tribes

You shall see there is no difference
between the violent and the meek

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

we draw our power like our water
from the same enchanted creek

When you see aggressors cringe in fear
before you raise your hand
you must give them credit they are due
for they too understand

That this current that flows between us
this here beam of shining light
is the universal mind of god
and we have finally seen the light

The Fragment

9 January 1994

At the center of that universe
we know as mortal mind
there dwells a spiritual nucleus
that man has but to find

The energy system surrounding this light
the environment of the mind
is a reality of material scope
that is caught in the grips of time

But through this bond of spirit and mind
lays a tunnel that leads to the light
and constitutes the potential
for an everlasting life

The light is here to guide us
through the realities of life
Pointing out the swarms of clues
to which is true and right

Such a true relationship
Exists within our minds
we needn't even search for it
It is there for us to find

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

And yet we're often led astray
Like fireflies to the light
We let ourselves be led away
To a darker side of life

But its only when the mind of man
Presumes authority of will
Will the power of the nucleus
Let this cosmic light be still

And you have got this power
You have the will to choose
The answers lie within your mind
You listen or you loose

But if you should learn to listen
To this spark that dwells so near
You'll find the light that leads you to the tunnel
Was meant to help you here

Free Will from Within

3 May 1988 - 11 January 1995

The advances of civilization are born
in the inner world of the mind
but civilizations in jeopardy
with the present ideals of mankind

While ideas are born in our mortal mind
Ideals only come from above
though we're governed by men with abundant ideas
their ideals are based on money not love

So each of us must be responsible
for our choices are what we create
and we cannot produce a worthy child
on a stage of resentment and hate

Though man is endowed with creative freewill
He may do with it as he chooses
Potential is there for destruction
and if he chooses evil he loses

For when freewill embraces destruction
we have foster the ultimate sin
as the smallest of conflicts are evil
if they inhibit the power within

But when higher ideals of mortal man
impinge on the spiritual world

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

there's a change in external reality
as our own evolutions unfurled

And we're ennobled by this inner creation
in time you will find that it's true
While the past is ever unchangeable
the futures not all up to you

By choosing the will of the father
"Not my will, but thy will be done"
Sooner or later the will of the Lord
And the will of the creature are one

Friends

February 1976 Fairbanks Alaska

Of those that we meet in our life time
there are those that we leave behind
the people we meet again and again
I choose to call friends of mine

For all that we know we learn from our friends
although we may not be aware
the people that take the time to teach
are the people that really care

But when all that we'll learn
Has been taught by our teachers
The time will arrived to depart
For nothing is gained from a person's mind
If nothing remains in there heart

But that doesn't mean that its over
it does not mean it's the end
for the people we meet again and again
are obviously our fiends

The Garden of The Mind

Houston, Texas - 25 July 1994

Life is but an attitude
in the garden of the mind
Plant the seeds of happiness
And that is what you find

Plant the seeds of bitter fruit
and what you sow you reap
all your life there's bitterness
it will haunt you as you sleep

But if you cultivate the garden
you may rid the bitter fruit
sow the seeds that nourish good
and happiness takes root

Rid the seeds of ugliness
from the garden of the mind
and beauty soon will take its place
like the sweet fruit of the vine

For life is but an attitude
in the garden of the mind
the thoughts you sow is what will grow
And as you seek you find

Guardians of Destiny

Before 4 April 1987

I have faced all kinds of adversity
But I've never known despair
I have sunk to the depths of depression
But someone has always been there

I call them the guardians of destiny
Often I call them my friends
But always whenever I've needed someone
One of them shows up again

Their guardians of our destiny
they give us their seats on the bus
and give us direction that changes our life
without ever making a fuss

It may be the girl at the groceries
He may have been driving the bus
But their always around when we need them
their not Angels, their mortals like us

Just when I needed a little direction
not knowing ought to be true
just when I needed a guardian angel
who should appear but You

The Gardener

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma - 1969

I speak not of myself
but for myself
For Its I myself I owe

The lord helps those
that help them-selves
and no one's hoed my row

Grooving'

Alaska - 1976 - Acid

Playing for the 8-ball
Rolling out of crap
Bringing it together
Sucking up the slack

Getting off on gun gee

Looking for the kicks
messing with the mamas
taking all the licks

Searching for the mojo
looking for the jive
cutting when it's necessary
just to stay alive

You can have the icing
I'll just take the dough
but I can take you places
No one else can go

Gypsy

Alaska - January 1977 - Alone

I'd like to come into your home
Just to visit if I may
you have roots I've never known
for nowhere do I stay

I've seen you in your window
as you survey what is yours
I've watched you walk your beaten path
as you do your daily chores

I've listened to your dogs bark
while I've viewed the city lights
from what you've chosen as your home
up here on manor heights

But nowhere does my mind find rest
in your reality
your shallow graves have harkened
for the likes of soles like me

To conquer and to consecrate
like everything you own
you take the very life flow
from a life you have never known

You can beat me, you can mold me
into your reality

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

but when the fires melt us all down
all you will find is me...

Gone.

Faithless Fear

15 October 1990

Harken ye of little faith
Out there crying in the rain
Worrying from dusk till dark
Wallowing in your pain

How long must you cringe in fear
before you see the light
how long must you fear the silence
lurking in the night

Your fears are all forgotten
When you put your faith in God
But you fight it to the bitter end
Never thinking that it's odd

That all that you believe in
is your frail and fragile frame
and all you have to live for
is your sacred family name

But before you throw your hand in
before your mortal body dies
there are a few things you may want to know
besides life's many lies

There is a being more supreme
than that of mortal man

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

He too was born a baby
and as a man he walked this land

But he was never tempted
By the sins of mortal man
And he never judged a single soul
That was not part of the plan

But the gift that we've been given
Compensates for all the sin
the freedom of choice will help us out
Of all that we get in

And your faith will handle all the rest
you'll find this to be true
Jesus proved it to the world
and he'll prove the same to you

Heaven Sent

6 April 1987 - for Bonnie and Sheena

When I die I'll go to Heaven
For I've made my life a hell
Persecuting all my brethren
Friends and family' wife as well

Suspicious wanton accusations
Did I lay upon my friends
Blaming all my own misfortunes
of their where's the why's and when's

Never thinking that my faith in nothing
Left me faithless of myself
trying to will the world to change
with the will of God on the shelf

Till I woke for wont of answers
and the answers true came forth
that the will of man is that he can
redeem the will of Godly force

Now I found the gates of Heaven
open here upon the earth
and the time we have to find them
Begins shortly after birth

We have only such a little while
to learn what we must know

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

but once you accept the will of God
you really start to grow

Knowledge does your faith restore
Faith begets you faith
and change is than accelerated
to an eminently faster pace

The Ideal

30 August 1989

The highest ideal of mortal man
is the cosmic concept of God
if your highest ideal is not equal to that
than life is just a facade

Mortal wealth will wither to dust
Along with ancestral man
but goals must exceed our natural grasp
if we're to follow the fathers plan

For he who will harbor the concept of God
and pattern his life to the word
Will experience a life of eternal bliss
and a spiritual wealth yet unheard

For all you will amass of material wealth
you will eventually leave behind
but if you once grasp the spirit Ideal
Than the ultimate goal you will find

But let not this cause you anxiety
for that goal has been now achieved
and though we are far from perfect
we are as good as we believe

Perfection not requirement here
But sincerity is a must

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

you can't expect to be trusted
until you know the depth of trust

And when all of them have left us
or maybe we left them behind
any way you slice it
it will give you piece of mind

To know that God is changeless
makes me feel like; I don't know
maybe it's all been worth it
I think I'll stay for the whole show

Quench Thy Thirst for Knowledge

Houston, Texas - 15 September 1979

What is life without a challenge
there is no reason for to live
as there is no appreciate
to just accept what others

We must challenge every corner
in life's twisting changing road
and let us not complain or cry
about the challenge or the load

We must find our satisfaction
in the life we choose to live
or be scattered like the water
through the bottom of a sieve

Let us test our skills of navigation
where the meek are scared to go
for to live without a challenge
is to never really know

The ladder of Life

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida - 1973 - for Elaine and Sam

Once you've climbed life's tattered ladder
to that great plateau of gold
Seems there's nothing there to stop you
you can run until you're old

Than someone builds a fire
and as the gold begins to melt
you find you're walking in the ashes
of the happiness you felt

For the good is never endless
there will always come a day
when the one in charge makes out the bill
you're going to have to pay

If we can just remember
through our misery and our pain
the good is not unlike the bad
It to comes back again

The Leaders

1978

There will always be a leader
at the front of the battle
the one that must motivate all

the one in the lead the unusual bread
Bears the brunt and shoulders the fall

It is never the honor for which they seek
nor do they hold their position for pay
the attitude simple and to the point
If you can't lead me get out of my way

Lessons of Life

Life's made up of lessons,
Each lesson must be earned
For you receive none of the benefits
Until the lessons learned

Though lives made up of lessons
that you merely have to learn
we don't believe the fires hot
until we've felt the burn

Even with the tell tail scars
Still visible to all
Again we touch, we know it's hot,
But how hot we can't recall

For the brain beholds a mechanism
Built down deep inside
that allows us to forget
the hurt and pain and why we cried

And in our so forgetting
that helps to ease the bitter pain
we make the same mistakes
and must go through it all again.

The Price of Liberty

14 May 1995 1024 Rutland

No liberty loving mortal man
can except to live in peace
without some rule of natural law
Conflict will never cease

Liberty must be disciplined
with the wisdom of the truth
and freedom requires responsibility
we teach this to our youth

But total freedoms an illusion
a cruel deception at best
and it is almost suicidal
when liberty is put to the test

When one man's freedom is absolute
than another man must be a slave
and freedom without the rule of law
the consequences are grave

The highest form of liberty
is the pursuit of worthy goals
false liberty is self-assertion
True liberty self-control

But the greatest form of happiness
is linked to spiritual growth

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

so fight the good fight of the faith
and take that secret oath

The liberty granted all mankind
is in the gospel of the lord
and living a life of the fathers will
is the essence of our accord

For always is there happiness
when God is a certainty
and where the spirit of God is
there you find liberty

Listen

November 1979 - for Brenda

How do you learn to listen
If you don't listen to what you learn
How do you here what's being said
When your thoughts are your only concern

How can you learn to listen
while you're thinking of a defense
Even a word of encouragement
doesn't make any sense

Than what if we learn to listen
is comprehension perfectly clear
or do we hear what our inhibitions allow
and distort it with some inner fear

How do you learn to listen
If you can't face what is true
When all you believe is what you'll accept
Your probably lying to you

The little white lies we'd rather accept
than facing reality
is what robs us of our confidence
and causes anxiety

So now, how do you learn to listen
Now that you know the truth?

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

If you close your mouth'...
And open your mind....
You will learn as you did in your youth
Try it for, 30 days...

The Days of Light and Life

29 July 1995

The history of man is immensely progressive
for all are born helpless and nude
but the first stage of all of man-kinds epochal journey
was spent fighting and foraging for food

Than after the problems of food had been solved
and a semblance of security found
the luxury age seemed to take center stage
and then intolerance and tyranny abound

Than when the herder could spare any time
in his quest to acquire still more
much of his thoughts were in self-preservation
and the techniques and the tactics of war

When man is secure and the leisurely life
Provides for some time to be taught
Hunger for wisdom and knowledge make way
for the pursuit of intelligent though

Than man gains wisdom and profits from thought
And In his wisdom discovers some tools
Soon he seeks reason and ethics and morals
And to want for that old golden rule

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Than when man has evolved in the physical sense
and develops his insightful eyes
something within the emotions takes place
and what he thought was his old self dies

Than if man will aspire to formulate meaning
and to reflect on the spiritual gains
soon he will learn that to love one another
is a measure of spiritual change

These are the days of light and life
the ascent to the cosmic domains
Man over-came superstition and fear
and ascension is all that remains

Loner

Alaska - 1967 - for Nancy Howard

I've lived all my life as a loner
Befriending my fellow man not
I've offered to no one a favor
and favors I never have sought

To have a friend is to be one
and to be a friend one must have trust
this is a virtue that I have lacked
it's for this, I the loner am cussed

But I'll not wondered off my path
In search of yon horizons
I find the peace I found alone
is really quite surprising

Lost

Spirit River B.C. - Winter 1962 - Cold and alone

I've twenty miles or more to go
And walking's hard in this new snow
It started 'bout an hour back
And now I think I've lost the track

The flakes are bigger than before
and as they fall there's more and more
Wind has risen to a gale
the driving snowflakes feel like hail

The temperature has dropped I know
It must be forty-five below
Frost has gotten to my nose
and I can't even feel my toes

My pack feels like a ton of lead
Oh how I long for home and bed
I don't know how I'll find my place
can't see my hand before my face

It's getting worse as I press forth
I only hope I'm headed north
my legs so weary, back so sore
I don't think I can walk no more

I'll stop a while and have a rest
all though I know it isn't best

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

For cold and tired and out of breath
It's not too hard to freeze to death

But I'm so weary from the trek
I've got to stop for just a sec
Now I feel someone slapping me
And in my mouth the taste of tea

I feel a fire to my right
and faintly I can see a light
the hands that slap my frozen face
the fire in the fireplace

The comfort of this soft worm bed
Means I am either home or *dead*

Love

5 January 1989

You may choose the path of evil
but what I declare is true
That God does rule this universe
with a compelling love for you

A father's love for his offspring
May often be misunderstood
But the motives of the discipline
with love is true and good

But you cannot love your fellow man
by the act of will alone
you really can't love anyone
than you have never really known

Just imagine if you will
a vicious deadly foe
snarling venomous accusations
for reasons you could not have known

Unless perhaps you understand
until you once discern
that love is like your neighbor
it's something that you learn

You will see resentment turn to love
with a sympathy ear

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

when you find your foe's true attitude
is really based on fear

And his fears may well be justified
If you would, but try to know
that his attitude was praiseworthy
And understanding makes love grow

Self-Control

Fairbanks, Alaska - for Vicki

Who starts the machine
that makes it go
who hollers giddy up
and who says whoa

Who starts the motion
that creates the wind
who drops the anchor
and who pulls it in?

Who builds the frame work
that cradles the cause
for this light of conception
that make up the laws?

Who's the enforcer, and
who decides what degree
the enforcer enforces
His concepts on me

Who will decide
which eye for which eye
that separates untruth
from an out and out lie

How do you know
when to start or to quit

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

when is a tantrum
an out and outfit?

Now each of us live
by an ethical code
we're solely responsible
for our choice in the road

There are laws of the country
and there are laws of the lord
but how much deviation
can we really afford

Like who pulls the trigger
and who picks the spot
than who pays the consequences
after the shot

Well it's you and it's me
that must finally decide
when to stand up or shut up
and swallow our pride

And it all boils down
to one natural fact, you write the script
and you act the act

Man

31 July 1995 - 7 September 1995

I come from the ameba
from the lizard and the frog
from the lemur to the primate
to a true faith Son of God

I have risen from the ashes
in the valley of the dead
I have overcome the pestilence
and faced the face of dread

I have ridden on the Fandors
Over ferns as tall as trees
Glided over the glaciers
that formed the seven seas

I have determined my own destiny
through decisions over time
I have ascended to a Son of God
from the sheltered shallow brine

I have seen emancipation
been a master and a slave
But I've discern the will of God
and now that is what I crave

I am the master of my destiny
in a universal plan

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

a positive charge in pure potential

I am known by God as man

Master Of The Mind

18 June 1986

The conscious mind is the only link
the self has with the sole
like a simple mental analyzer
Reading from a scroll

All the answers lay within
the boundaries of our mind
but only can the analyzer
tell you where to find them

Just a simple researcher,
a reader of a scroll
yet only do the pieces
That he chooses make the whole

You see this little energizer
by reading from the scroll
attracts the very thoughts
that steer you to your goal

And this simple little stimulator
Reading from the scroll
is the only way that anyone
Makes contact with our soul

For this simple little servant
The reader of the scroll

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Is the will of man,
And for all it's worth

"It's you who's in control."

Melchizedek

28 March 1995

In the universe of Nebanon
In the system of Quzodd
is the planet of Melchizedek
the teacher sons of God

They are revealers of the fathers will
they are brothers of the Son
and they preserve the word of God
or teach it where there is none

Their our brothers in the spirit
they have walked upon our soil
yet they are midway past the sons of man
and half way to his goal

Melchizedek signed the covenant
that justified Abraham
He taught the truths in Palestine
that shaped the faith of man

Yes he was in the garden
When Adam walked with Eve
He told them of the danger
and watched them take their leave

He had the keys to the kingdom
He brought the tree of life

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

and he will intervene directly
in certain mortal strife

He is known as Melchizedek
The teacher Son of God
A master of the Universe
This teacher from Quzodd

For Men a pause

Houston, Texas - 15 April 1987 - for Zregeep

Every fifteen years or so
There is a change in the way man feels
though there's physical molecule transformation
mentally it Ideals

But there is still another change takes place
in the hearts of mortal man
the changes here are spiritual though
there are few that will understand

One day it's there like a thief in the night
It has driven some men insane
Some time it takes a lifetime
To get back to normal again

It's suddenly there, the hunger to know
and nobody understands
but this feeling of change is commissioned by God
and it's part of the original plan

You see were here on this earth to search for god
And lest we all forget
Every fifteen years or so
That feeling is going to hit

Until one day with the will to stay
the way the stories' told

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

we find what you came here searching for
and get better, instead of old

Mister Fool

I trusted in man
they deemed me a fool
But It was not I
that broke all the rules

While there is always a system
to accomplish a task
only a margin of trust
will be asked

We must look at the task
as a faceted thing
And each of facets
Are talents we bring

All of the facets
are fashioned as one
And all of them work
or nothing gets done

Each of the facets
has its own little task
and that is to execute
all that it's asked

If one of the facets
should fail or to fall
the weight of the one
is than borne by the all

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

But all that we plan
the chances we take
we must always allow
for honest mistakes

When the crises is over
each facet intact
the actors are able
to accomplish the act

I trusted in fools
to accomplish a task
and found that I was
a fool to ask

Direction

Fairbanks, Alaska - 1977

The mind is like a monkey
dashing wildly round his cage
jumping back and forth
From thought to thought
though in a rage

To teach the silly monkey
you have first to tame him down
for his flighty thoughts are habitual
and the must be turned around

The mind as like the monkey
jumping hither here and yon
must be taught to seek direction
when concentration's all but gone

The mind through concentration
now can see that just reward
can be gained through meditation
and the time we must afford

For our minds unlike the monkeys
can appreciate the fact
it is so much more important
that we think before we act

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

We cannot anticipate our future fate
while clinging to the past
Life is but a memory
Make it good and make it last

The Mother

2 October 1995

The Mother of the family bore the children
The Father of the family guilds the Son
The Son of the family the protector
of the daughter the protected one

The Mother of the family bears the burden
The Father the producers of the seed
The Son sews the seed of the Father
And fulfills the grand family need

The father has been the provider
The Mother prepares the kill
the family around the dinner table
is the nature of the fathers will

But all of the sons of the father
and all of the father's sons
without the creative spirit of Mother
The family would never run

The spirit of God is the Father
the Spirit of truth is the Son
but the spirit we call the Holy Ghost
is the mother of everyone

And this is the structure of family
the nucleus of mankind

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

and family is civilizations best hope
and the greatest achievement of mind

My Life

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma - 1971 - Elaine

I've tracked a bull elk for ten miles
in two feet of snow
through muskeg and wind-fall
in forty below

I've worked oil exploration
From Whitehorse to Denver
with the craziest bastards
that I can remember

I worked pipeline in Texas
In a hundred degrees
Where you'd give your whole pay-check
for one little breeze

I've pissed in four oceans
in ten different places
I've busted some noses
and messed up some faces

I've battled my way
through the bars and the sand dunes
baptized a redneck
in a honky-tonk bathroom

I've known some heart ache
And I've suffered some pain

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

but there was nothing so bad
I'd not try it again

Nancy

Fairbanks, Alaska - 1977 - for Nancy's b-day

There's a girl up in Alaska
that the men folk all know well
No one dares to speak against her
and not too many shall

For she's a pilot and a good one
All the pilot's say it's true
Yes she rates among the best of them
and there's a quite a few

But even if she weren't so great
the men would rather wait
and take a chance and ride with Nancy
Even if she's late

For though she's not a movie queen
the kid's a quite a champ
and she's the nicest looking female
in the whole drift river camp.

Negative Thought

1986 - for Tony

I don't like to hear
you talking negative to me
what you say is what you are
And what you think, you see.

Life is what you make it
It's entirely up to you
you can work at being happy
Like you practice being blue

It's all in the way you look at it
you can't weigh it by the ounce
But it's really not what happens
How you take is what counts

Life is only make believe
what you believe will manifest
if you want what you believe in
than you will have the very best

For you will set the limits
just as you will set the goals
if the fire isn't hot enough
It's you must stir the coals

If you identify with the problem
than the problem will exist

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

if you believe there is a devil
you will see him in the mist

And you can justify your every lie
just by denying that it's true
the only one you really have to answer to
is you

An Extension of the Truth

Houston, Texas - June 1978

To not lie is
not so much
being stupid enough
to always tell the truth
but being smart enough
Not to answer with a lie.

To Overcome

30 March 1990

To overcome against all odds
The evil forces defying the Gods
The external pressures the internal fear
That shadow of doubt the pressure from peers

Than finding the way to overcome all
Finding the good in the worst kind of fall
Learning the lessons that teach us to live
With all our decisions and then, to forgive

Prosecution

9 April 1987 - for Larry

It's when you find your feeling guilty
because you're feeling so dam good
you would like it to last forever
but your convinced it never could

It's like turning down ride to Heaven
trading it in for hell
then crying the blues about where you're at
but it's where you chose to dwell

And every time you're feeling good
that feeling's coming back
when you feel you're going to make it
you get blown off the track

It gets to where you're feeling awful
gets to feeling awful good
and it seems that awful feeling
doesn't hurt the way it should

There's is no one you can blame it on
it will always be the same
until you finally make the stand
you're the one to blame

You are nothing without Jesus
Like a worm beneath the sod

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

you have got to learn to kick it
for your whole perspectives flawed

Try to look at life as Jesus would
Try to understand your task
He will guide you to the gates of Heaven
But you have got to ask

Perspective

17 April 1987

Perspective is the guiding light
that will lead you to your goal
without this light to lead you
you're a lost and drifting soul

If you are faithfully persistent
you'll find reason for it all
But once you lose perspective
Many times you can't recall

Though the road will often twist and turn
through its ever changing course
if you never lose perspective,
you never lose that driving force

There are mountains, there valley's
There are crests and there are throws
But the one who keeps the goal in sight
is the only one who knows

To the quitters and the losers
those who lost the guiding light
they took the route of least resistance
when they could have won the fight

Pipeline

Over the Brooks Range in Alaska - Before 6 April 1978
- In an Aztec Airplane

Eight hundred miles of 48 inch
From Prudhoe Bay to Valdez
across a barren wilderness
so vast that it's hard to believe

Like the Aztecs built the pyramids
that pointed to the skies
this pipeline that we gaze upon
Leaves awe in all our eyes

Men from every walk of life
from every corner of the earth
some left children home and wife
to prove what they were worth

Survival of the fittest
each one must be unique
There is no place for cowards
and there's no place for the weak

The last frontier and we were here
to make our little mark
I think I know what Noah felt
while working on his ark

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Women working with their men
as strong in every way
and we were there and we all share
The Bounty's of Prudhoe Bay

Prayer

6363 Skyline Drive - 18 October 1988

Faith is hard to understand
to believe what you can't see
but you can't live your life of dreams
for dreams may never be

Prayers are often like our dreams
but prayers will all come true
it may not be immediately
but you will live to see they do

If you want something bad enough
to initiate a prayer
it will someday come to pass
if you can make it there

Your belief will make difference
between the dreamer and a prayer
the difference is the faith you have
For God is always there

Find something to believe in

And pray

Pressing Your Luck

Before 28 November 1990

I've pushed my limit all my life
I have counted on my luck
I have rode it to the bottom
and I rode it going up

I have floated on an envelope
through the windows of our time
I have made a million dollars
never saved a single dime

I have gone beyond my limit
Until I thought I'd not get back
I've drifted off the course so far
I would have sworn I'd lost the track

But then something's always happened
something major, yet mundane
something just a little radical
so I won't forget the pain

We've all experienced those feelings
when the hair stands up on end
and the wind blows cold for just a second
or suddenly it will end

The signs are there for you to see
if you're not blinded by the light

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

The Gods are here to help us through
the darkest kind of night

You have got to be receptive
and you have got to be sincere
for there's no lying to an angel
and you best believe their here

But you needn't bow nor grovel
and you needn't put on airs
you just change your way of thinking
until it kind of matches theirs

Then you will see the magic
that only truth can manifest
that man is merely mortal
but with God, he's at his best

The Principle

Rocky Mountain House - 1962 -1 April 1996

Each of us live by our principles
Derived from our natural needs
Driven by rules that we believe
Bear the fruits of our scattered seeds

But when the results of our behavior
doesn't meet our natural needs
than the principles of our belief
will be shown in our deeds

There are immanent laws of nature
that predict the end result
of behavior based on principles
that become our sacred cult

But if you can change the principles
on the windows of your mind
you will change the way you see things
and eventually change your mind

Growth is just the process
that changes principles of thought
to sustain us through our lifetime
and allows us to be taught

If the results of your behavior
doesn't fair well over time

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

you need only change the principle
on the windows of your mind

The results take time to measure
what you have to ask is why.
Do you harbor such a principle
if you know that it's a lie

To effect a change that's permanent
and will stand the test of time
you must make a change that's principle
on the windows of your mind.

The mind will seek for harmony
the soul for peace of mind
in harmony with our principles
Inner peace is what we find

Punks

They hang around the pool hall
with nothing more to do
than to bug the old proprietor
about his crooked cue.

Pants slung low, collars up
and just as sure as rain,
their wallet is connected
to a heavy golden chain

Hair as long and greasy
as a reservation Sioux
High top boots, and you can bet
there are gold chains on them too

There hard as nails when in a group
but get one off alone
and you will find that most of them
are yellow to the bone

But do the kid's a favor
let them have a little fun
they'll grow up eventually
Just like everyone.

Reality

Before 5 April 1987

You've got to separate reality
from fantasy to know
that what you've chosen as reality
Is absolutely so

Then you find a happy medium
between what's known as right and wrong
and try to stand by your convictions
when all that's known as real is gone

for finding life's perspectives
and following them through
Is a test by God, to see by God
exactly what you'll do

For what is really normal
and what pray tell is weird
when what you labeled as impossible
was merely what you feared

What is real when wrong is right
And what is really wrong
Were not here because of circumstance
we're here because we belong

But if it's possible to understand
the anxiety we've jeered

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

than it's possible to conquer
all that we have feared

And once you've crossed those mighty oceans
and climbed the mountains of unknown
once you've conquered all the enemies
and you're standing there alone

With the fruits of all the fighting
lying at your feet
all the answers to the questions
Tucked away so neat

Would you accept and understand
if something proved you wrong
or take the route of least resistance
you've been following so long

The Reason

It was deep in Macedonia
on the planet of Savant
where the thought was first inspired
to conceive the famous plan

In this village lived a family
Born and raised of meager means
Unaware they held the secret
to the reason in their genes

There had never been a reason
for man to love his fellow man
but in their search for immortality
they stumbled on the plan

No one in this family
had ever had a cold
they had never been afflicted
from the youngest to the old

So scientist examined them
they were aghast at what they seen
they found them to be normal
except they had one extra gene

This gene would render them immune
to colds and flu and cancer
and thus the genealogists
just happened on the answer

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

And they soon found every village
had a family with one gene
that held the secret of immunity
to some disease as yet unseen

With each of us dependent
on the other for a cure
all of us are brothers
and no one's love is purer

No one is intolerant
for indeed it may be true
A neighbor held in disregard
May hold the key to life for you

All of us dependent
on the other for survival
made the concept of the golden rule
the platform for revival

And thus begot the reason
for man to live the golden rule
it was written in the scriptures
but we didn't have the tools

And now we had a reason
To love our fellow man
It is not the only reason
But it was all part of the plan

Rose

Wetaskiwin - 1960 - for Judy

The softest rose of summer
with its crimson face adorned
by the sparkle of a dew drop
on an early summer morn

A paragon of beauty
one would surly say
If he didn't see the ugly stem
That yields the proud bouquet

For all that looks so lovely
And all that seems so nice
can hide the thorn of ugliness
as long hair hides the lice

So take her now the lovely one
For I have let you win
You see I know her beauty ends
Just below the skin

The Rhythm

28 November 1986 - for Hermes Tresmegistus

There are rhythms in the lives of man
that everyone must know
those that don't will fall behind
but those that do will grow

For the measure of the motion
Resides in all that is alive
but only those that understand
the rhythm will survive

The tides of life flow in and out
According to a law
you're either moving the rhythm
or you're standing there in awe

As lives pendulum swings back and forth
between the mental poles
the tempo of the rhythm
puts the temper in our soles

The rhythm is what sets the pace
Timing sets the course
the will of man when tuned just right
Can be a mighty force

Though the rhythm is quite evident
in suns and worlds and man

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

the rhythm force is spiritual too
If you would but understand

That nothing escapes the pendulum' swing
From the galaxies down to the tiniest thing
Night follows day as death follows life
And acts of evil are followed by strife

Our moods are moved from love to hate
constantly changing from state to state
there is no escape and all the while
we overcome by sheer denial

But as suns spring into brilliant light
from what we thought eternal night
to than again glow into suns
as life eternal has again begun

Suns and worlds and molecules
Flow ever to and fro
there is no rest but the rhythm
is the only way you know;

"You're Alive."

School for Fools

Oklahoma City - 1969 - Elaine

They build us schools to teach us fools
How to multiply
so we over populate the world
and many people die

There are schools in main
there's school's in Spain
there's schools in Cuba to

But all they teach
is how to teach
they don't teach how to do.

We're taught our history
to use as a guide
but we know those wrote it
probably lied

Were taught how it's done
not how to make do
we learn nothing of God
even less about you

They teach us like children
and as a result
No one knows how
to be an adult

Seven Psychic Circles

9 March 1988 - for Urantia

There are seven psychic levels
in the lives of mortal man
Progressive levels we attain
when following Gods plan

But it's difficult to first perceive
our evolutionary sole
Harder yet to understand
our relationship or role

So our mind is indwelt with the spirit of God
Our heart with the spirit of truth
our sole is born, the first time we make
a moral choice in our youth

Throughout our life there's choices
Made by our mortal mind
Decision that impede or facilitate
that which were sure to find

But thru intelligent decisions
and careful moral choice
eventually our inner ear
will hear the inner voice

And in the mind of perfect poise
with a heart that's free of sin

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Harmony develops
With the Trinitarian

Than with a maximum of light and truth
and a minimum of risk
many ascend in our earthly quest
from the seventh to the fifth

Circle after circle
we ascend from stage to stage
through the measure of decision
Do we reach another age

And while it's only through the sons of God
we experience the light
it is the seven psychic circles
will emerge us from the night

Than by conquering mundane emotions
and motivating your faith
we find the true ingredient
that leads us all to grace

And while faith transmutes potential
in the spirit world, to fact
in the realm of mortal man
the role of choice is to act

And the choice to do the will of God
In the world of the finite
is the fulcrum of the circles
and the dawning of the light

Shadow of Death

1962 Spirit river

Just a tiny shadow,
Drifting calmly with the breeze
Gliding slowly left and right
With smooth and gentle ease

Silently it moves along
across the country sky
relentlessly it presses forth
Alike the oceans tide

Seemingly so innocent
This Shadow on the earth
Unknown to all life below
is like the devils curse

Then, without the slightest warning
the shadow disappears
and like a bolt of lightning
a vicious hawk appears

Give no quarter, sudden death
the motto of the hawk
those who dare to argue
are missing from the flock

Then again the shadow
Appearing as before

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Harmless as the shadow
of a house-fly on the floor

Fading in the distance now
two shadows on the ground
Once again he's made his kill
the hawk is homeward bound.

Side Boom

Drift River, Alaska – 1967 for the boys

A side boom operator
is a man of vast renown
He can make a hundred ton of steel
Move like a well-trained hound

Back and forth round and round
He damn near makes it dance
But deep inside he knows
His first mistake is his last chance

Lucky, Morris, Bob and cowboy
Men you all should meet
they could operate a side boom
with their cotton-picking feet

Four hundred and forty feet
of thirty inch by half
with three of concrete
on a pipe is no dam laugh

They pick it up and carry it
with smooth and gentle ease
they made their mark in history
with four, five eighty three's

Soldier Of Fortune

16 May 1989

I am a soldier of good fortune
in the army of the Lord
and I teach the gospel
to those who can't afford it

I'm out there where I am needed
I'm covering my beat
I meet all the sinners
Where the sinners all meet

I'm down in the trenches
I'm out in the street
I'm preaching the gospel
from the soles of my feet

I'm a sworn disciple
to the original son
and if there's still apostles
that is what I would become

Old Source To New

To find the time from old source to new

This is all you have to do
multiply the time you had
by the curies of the old
Divided by the curies new
and the new exposure is foretold

Free Spirit

Before 1 February 1987

I'm not in the mood for an attitude
at this particular time
so I'm going to mosey on down the road
while you're gentle on my mind

My need to belong is overcome
by my yearning to be free
and there's no one can appreciate
their solitude like me

For I was born a free spirit
I come and go as I please
I don't give a dam about settling down
I like to drift along with the breeze

But I am not in the mood for solitude
at this particular time
so I'm going to tell you how I feel
I'm just going to make it rhyme

Of all the women I have known
the ladies that I've loved
the crazy chicks I watched mature
I place know one above

For all the lessons that I've learned
from the girls that have shared my life

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

I can't imagine choosing one
to be my wedded wife

For I was born a spirit
and that is what I'll remain
and the only women I'll ever love
is one that feels the same

The Steward

31 March 1990 to 2 January 1995

He who has faith in but little
Will also have faith in much
But he who's unrighteous in little
will lean on that unrighteous crutch

If you have not shown good foresight
by squandering the treasures of earth
how can you hope to be trusted by God
when you've already shown your worth

As man judges man by his actions
God judges man by his thoughts
And no man can serve two masters
Not for long, not without getting caught

But he who will master the moment
In our epochal earthly affairs
Will shine like a light, in the darkest night
To the master of all our affairs

To my Children

13 April 1990

Study drama; so you understand the difference between reality and acting. With most people it is hard to tell.

Study psychology, the things you don't like in other people you'll find you don't like in your-self.

Study biology so you know how to take care of your own body, it is the temple of God and the vehicle that will carry you through your life.

Study the cosmos it will reveal creation.

Study the scriptures (Urantia Papers) so you understand why your here. For nothing you do here is important unless it pertains to God in some way. Nothing you accomplish here matters unless you do it with the intent purpose of, in some way pleasing God.

All that we acquire here or accomplish here we will leave here, only the spiritual aspect of all that we experience is important. You must understand this in order to grow. You are sons and daughters of a living and loving God that wants you to be happy healthy and enjoying this short life in the flesh to its fullest. But with love in your heart for your God and the doing

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

of his will in the four front of your every thought. Only then will it be revealed to you.

Tension in the Tank

15 October 1994

They tried to freeze the Sole fish
that grow tasty in the North
so the people in the Southern states
could enjoy them there in force

They tried shipping them in water
but they died along the way
Know matter what they tried, they failed
to get the taste to stay

Then they placed a catfish in their midst
He attacked them on their flank
But they all arrived alert and alive
It's called tension in the tank

For the good and bad go hand in hand
And an even stranger twist
they must confront each other
to justify their existence

So if you should find aggression
in what you choose to do
Remember tension in the tank
makes a better soul of you

The Cross

1 December 1988

Jesus didn't come here
to save us from the wrath
of an unforgiving Father
that temp's our every path

A cruel and vengeful ruler
that finds his chief delight
is to detect his subjects doing wrong
and punish them with smite

Unless perhaps a subject equal
to the sinner volunteers
to suffer as substitute
and die for the sins of his peers

I'm sure our universal monarch
whose justice rules supreme
could not take part in any kind
of morbid mundane scheme

Only those with moral guilt
and selfish inner pride
could ever think that ransom
was the reason that he died

He lived and died for a universe
while the mortals of the realm

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

could be equally illuminated
Knowing he was at the helm

His death was not as significant
as the manner with which he went
His spirit and composure
More than just magnificent

But his message to the masses
from the angles down to the sands
God is the father, we are the sons
How he lived revealed that to man

The Dream

7 December 1990

I dreamed
When I awoke today,
I'd have a message to convey.

I dreamed
I saw my earthly home
like I had gone away.
And in the dream it really seemed,
Like I had gone to stay.

I dreamed
I woke in paradise
in attendance at their schools
and thou it all felt strange at first
I learned the Mota rules

All planetary mortals
in every universe
Find liberation from the flesh
with the death experience first

And those few held in sacred trust
are resurrected from the dust
and even idiots and fools
are taught to understand the rules

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

We're judged for all our mortal crimes
than cleansed from all the sins of time
and if we've mastered all the laws
we're a personalized in the uncaused cause

But in the ages yet to come
When we've evolved above the scum
in three days after were exhumed
A new existence is assumed

For he shall send his angles down
To gather his elect
and many sleeping in the dust
will go to him direct

Than we shall raise above it all
a truth we'll learn to share
and when the roll is called up yonder
we'll be there

The Fool

8 March 1980 to 30 January 1987

The lord was talking to a fool
I just happened to be there
the lessons conveyed were very clear
yet the fool remained unaware

The master revealed the secrets
to questions asked by all
But the mind of the fool
was so filled with doubt
that's all he could recall

The truth was quite conceivable
to a clear and open mind
Put the fool had lied so many times
His own doubt had made him blind

The lord than turned toward the fool
and all that I could see
was the understanding in his eyes
that the fool was really me

My thoughts than sought a different route
for his words removed the fear
then I found a moment spent in doubt
was paid for in a year

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

But the same amount of energy
Redirected as a positive tool
Is like the resurrection
of the lord to the soul of the fool

The Game

25 July 1995

Play the hand you're dealt my friend
Play with what you've got
But play it all for all it's worth
or you play it all for naught

Play it like it's all you have
for indeed it may be true
you may not get another chance
to show what you can do

For we have not a race to win
we have a race to run
but if you run with all your heart
you'll be the best among them

That is what we're judged upon
no matter what the race is
but just how well you play the game
when you don't have all the aces

So take the lot you're dealt my friend
and I promise this to you
that you will overcome the odds
if your heart is pure and true

Just remember what the game is
When you're about to bet or call

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

you may find that all you wanted
wasn't what you want at all

The Hunter and His Friend

Spirit River - 1961; 3 April 1987 - for no one

With hunger gnawing like a rat
And night fall growing near
the mountain cat begins his hunt
His heart set on a dear

A mile or two beyond a slew
behind a grassy knoll
a grove of trees he finds with ease
and there a water hole

Among the leaves a branch he sees
that hangs above the brook
when reaching there with utmost care
He gets a better look

Everything is perfect now
the wind is in his face
than down below a movement
and his heart begins to race

The sudden gleam of moonlight
on a slender peace of steel
the hated sent of human
and his heart begins to reel

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Crouched down low and out breath
His muscles start to knot
for sitting in the moonlight
He would make an easy shot

Everything is quiet now
the danger passed from view
than all at once the scent he gets
is that of something new

A loud report off to the right
a sudden blinding flash of light
a stabbing pain in his right side
a lunge a scream, the lion died

Though deadly cunning was the cat
a hunter to the end
He makes a very pretty mat
for the hunter... and his friend

Law of Cause and Effect

1979 - for Brenda

There is a law that's never been written
yet it's known to us all
it's like the bruises and the pain
that accompany a fall

Known to some as the law of chance
it is the law of cause and effect
it's the price you have to pay
for all the things that you neglect

What goes around will come around
It's a simple natural fact
Just smile at every one you meet
And watch what you get back

For every single thought you think
Reflects as through a mirror
Feelings of doubt are followed
by the painful thoughts of fear

Laughter brings you laughter
a frown will bring a frown
Hate will find but hatefulness
but where there's truth love will abound

Though all of us are born of truth
at birth were taught to doubt

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

But you never start to benefit
till you get that figured out

The cause you feel the effect from now
is probably one you forgot
but all that happens from here on out
is all the control you've got

The length of the crest the depth the throw
and the distance between them all
Shows your plan for the future and how it works out

Is directly proportional

The Light

Before 28 November 1990

I've pushed my limit all my life
I've counted on my luck
I rode to the bottom
And I rode going up

I floated on an envelope
through the windows of our time
I have made a million dollars
never saved a single dime

I have gone beyond my limit
Until I thought I'd not get back
I've drifted off the course so far
I would have sworn I'd lost the track

But then something's always happened
something major, yet mundane
something just a little radical
so I won't forget the pain

We've all experienced those feelings
when the hair stands up on end
or the wind blows cold for just a second
than it suddenly will end

The Signs are there for you to see
if you're not blinded by the light

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

The Gods are here to guide us
through the darkest side of life

Our Leader

1986

May each nation have a leader
with the cunning of a fox
with the memory on an elephant
and the patience of an ox?

May they lead us from the darkness
of our hateful human ways
to the heights of humble dignity
where the majestic eagle lies?

Let them gather us all together
like the red squirrel gathers nuts
let them know us by the trails we leave
and forgive us for the ruts

May they draw us close to nature
Like the setting summer sun
May they teach us cultivation
with the metal of the gun

May they understand the reason
for our hateful human way
than forgive us for the way we think
and teach us how to pray

The Rain

Spirit River - 1962 - for Judy

The skies of blue the morning dew
the moonlight on a lake
A summer shower a small wild flower
the very breath you take;

A soft warm breeze the tall oak trees
the smell of country air
all these things a treasure
but no one seems to care

No one seems to realize
Without the summer rain,
The farmer wouldn't have the seeds
To plant his precious grain.

The lakes in which we love to swim
would suddenly go dry
if weekend rain we curse so much
would stay up in the sky

Nothing is more accelerating
than to stroll along some lane
and enjoy the cool clean freshness
of a gentle summer rain

So don't get depressed when black clouds form
and rain begins to fall

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

the oak tree that we love so much
Needs rain to grow so tall

The small wild flower that we love
Growing by the lane
would never be so beautiful
without the precious rain

Yes everything that's beautiful
In all of God's creation
would never even be here
without precipitation

The Roll

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma - 1979 - for Elaine

To the earth from whence we came
by friends I'm lowered back again
a body aged by fifty years
Cured in blood and sweet and tears

Skin burned to a raisin brown
Exaggerates a natural frown
Eyes that see within my reach
Ears that here the clearest speech

A back that won't allow a smile
Feet that dread the quarter mile
A brain that's soaked in alcohol
Two eyes that prove I've had ball

Than at the gate I pay the toll
for all the years I played the role
and where the hell do I end up
Here on earth here growing up

So what have I to leave behind
Some friends I've paid to treat me kind
Some debts I never could have paid
Some promises I should not have made

And hearts well yes I've broke a few
But I've had my heart broken too

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

so all in all I've done quite well
I'll probably see y'all in hell

The Room

If you're born in a room
Filled with darkness and gloom
than that may be all that you'll know
and your life is a waist
because all that you faced
is the darkness your self-imposed foe

But if you reach out your hand
Find the wall and then stand
you will find that the wall has a door
If you fumble around there's a latch to be found
and lo and behold so much more

Now you could dwell in the dark
aboard your insecure arc
facing nothing and learning the same
or you can venture beyond
where your ancestors spawned
finally learning that lives just a game

For to gamble is to live
You will get what you give
And you only succeed if you try
But to not open that door
To not know that there's more
It is there in the darkness you die

The Sign

2 February 1989 - Alone at 6363 Skyline Drive

To have free will
to win or lose
and learn to live
with what you choose

Is the sign of a mature man

To have the power
and learn not to use it
to have freedom
and not abuse it

Is the sign of a mature mind

But to have the wisdom
To use the power
To protect the freedom

Is the sign of a mature soul

The Sons of Light

08 October 1996

It is well that man should think himself
a spirit son of light
for as he thinks so he believes
it can happen over night

But it usually takes a lifetime
to overcome inherent fear
so to learn eternal values
we first must learn to preserve

Than each of us are invested
with this power of consent
to choose eternal values
in our process of ascent

For the Gods created each of us
for a long and wondrous task
somewhere in the universe
the dies has long been cast

And every mortal individual
has a purpose in this plan
why the birth-place of the spirit world
is the cradle of mortal man

And within the mind of man
There dwells the spirit of our lord

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Together with our spirit guide
we weave the patterns of accord

So it is good that man should see himself
a spirit son of grace
for as he believes so he becomes
we're a product of our faith

And father delights to set us free
from the bondage of our minds
to lift us above the defeat and despair
on the worlds of space and time

So as man has a part of his earthly father
surging through his veins
the spiritual part of the heavenly father
stimulates our brains

We are the spirits of the future
Nurtured as the soul within
ascending upward like a magnet
to be cleansed of all our sins

And though providence may appear cruel at times
to the suffering souls of mankind
the tempering fires of reality
Forms the character of our mind

And soon problems seem to invigorate you
Disappointment spurs you on
Obstacles are more of a stimulus
and the fear is forever gone

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Yes you are the sons of the living God
that dwell on the edge of night
but for those who still sit in darkness
you may be their only light

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

The Will

Houston, Texas - 16 March 1987 - for Sheena Louise
and Bonnie

The legacy I leave behind
has taken all my life to find
I leave to you a life time goal

That you may one day see
this search to find your spirit soul
Was to know your destiny

The will that I have left to you
Consumed another life time too
For I leave to you the will of man

That you may one day see
and understand the will of God
was what we came to be

Thinking of You

2 April 1995

Whenever I have a little time
To think about the good things in my life,
I end up thinking of you.

May God Bless You

The Father Of Thought

1978

First there is thought,
Creator of all
Than there is memory
So we may recall

Then there is desire
it motivates thought
until finally with patience
we see what we sought

But the father of thought
who bears his name
and the good and the evil
Are they not one in the same

Though we have access to all thought
the choice is our alone
and like the web the spider weaves
we're going to have to call it home

For the mother of invention
and the father of thought
can teach the children nothing
if they refuse to be taught

So choose your thoughts more carefully
and know the consequences due

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Positive or negative
the thoughts you choose are you.

Time

Before 4 February 1987

Time is much more
than a tick and a tock
it's much more than hands
moving round on a clock

Time blooms the flowers,
It ripens the wheat
While it curdles the cream
And taints the best meat

Years add the taste
to the wine that we swill
yet in six weeks of basic
they teach you to kill

There's no way to cheat,
In the end time will win
It will weaken your marrow
And wrinkle your skin

Time pulls out your hair
while it's rotting your teeth
than it takes back your body
by times own bequeath

As I set here reciting
my rhythmic poem

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Time is outside
slowly wrecking my home

You don't even know
if time treated you well
till you're flat on your back
and you're starting to smell

With your friends filing buy,
Mid the shuffle of feet
The fire reminds you,
The grave's obsolete.

Timing

17 April 1986

You get to know when the rhythm right
when you keep getting there on time
and you get to know when your timing is right
because the music fits the rhyme

Timing is an instinct in the minds of mortal man
you get to know when your timing's right
when you know dam well you can
nothing's wrong when your timing's right
and you know that your part of the plan

To be

Alaska – 1976 TAPS

You are what you have created
you are what you want to be
When you look at your reflection
It's your face you want to see

You are what you have imagined

From the moment you were born

So go ahead and blow your little horn

To Know

14 April 1986

When you finally reach the frame of mind
where you know you really know
and you no longer feel defensive
or the need to say it's so

You have reached another level
on your journey to the sun
but only when you do it
do you know it can be done

You can sing it you can say it
you can write it in a poem
but if you can't maintain that frame of mind
your only half way home

To Seek

30 April 1991

To seek
but to know for what we seek
we must decide on what we want
to be masterful yet meek

Than to accept the unacceptable
with our failures left behind
then and only then
will we seek until we find

For through the path of least resistance
Plus our failures from the past
we establish mental barriers
Thinking it's too good to last

And as these thoughts are manifested
in the membranes of our minds
our thoughts turn self-destructive
and as you seek you'll find

But if we always seek for higher goals
Deciding not to stop
because success became believable
and we thought we were on top

Life is full of crests and throws
that we label good or bad

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

but they're only lessons we've remembered
from the experiences we've had

Together We Stand

15 February 1981

There are those who like to follow
there are those who take the lead
but to understand their value
you must appreciate their need

One without the other
is like a ship without a sea
and the sea is only water
lest the captain functions free

You can't fool the congregation
you can't keep the keepers keys
and the sail won't move the ship
without presents of a breeze

But to be free to make decisions
with the comfort and support
from those who want to follow
without a negative retort

But nothing is accomplished
if the captain of the team
lacks the confidence and courage
to augment the mutual dream

Only he will have to answer
He, the others answer to

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

and the basis of his answer
must be accurate and true

Yes; we all must pull together
or we'll pull it all apart
for nothing is ever finished
until it's a work of art

To Live

September 1980 - for Brenda; 18 July 1985

It's when your there for every second
in the moments that makes up your life
When you suddenly realize, that it's you
that's been causing all your strife

Yes it's you that rules your planets
just as you create your hell.
But if your busy with the future
than the past is how you'll tell

That nothing happens in the future
and the past is gone and dead.
The only thing that's happening
is what pops into your head.

For this, is the eye of the hurricane,
It is here lies the center of thought,
But only now are all the answers
To questions you've probably forgot.

It's the place of all conception, now
It's what tells your eye's what to see,
It's the way that points the way,
To the way you're going to be.

And it happens every second
in the moments that make up your life.

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

But the day you realize you're in control
it will cut you like a knife.

For all we really have are moments
in the spectrum that we call alive.
You can live them as you've lived them
and you'll probably survive.

But if you're there for every second
Just as they arrive
then, you really know what it's like
to be alive.

Tranquility

15 April 1980

It's not the ocean
that gives me peace of mind
but the solitude it provides
that allows me the freedom
to find peace of mind

Vision

Before 23 January 1987

Can you feel me here behind your back
I am better than a friend
I'll be here when they are gone
and we will not pretend

For I have got a vision
I would like to share with you
without a vision in your life
you don't know what to do.

You have got to have the vision
that can take you all the way
to hell and back for all you know
for they may want you to stay

For I am but a thought adjuster
Sent to you from up above
to help you find the answers
and to understand the love

You have got to have the vision strong
for you well may have to see
beyond this world of physical
and on to eternity

All I have for you is vision
the vision is all I see

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

you've got to have a vision
to know what you're going to be

A vision built on character,
Forms your personality
When you can see the power your part of
Than a part of the power you'll be

War

1969 - for Hippies

We came at first as slime on water
one a son and one a daughter
or just perhaps in seven days
the lord made us to hate and slave

An evil toy with which to play
not to likely I would say
but where and why and who the hell
made this world on which we well

In seven days the lord made earth
but which tale tells of the father's birth
where did it start and how will it end
Do they really believe or do they pretend?

If we started on earth as some kind of scum
where the sun did and the moon come from
Why is there a heaven and where is hell
Can't we die without the smell

Are we some kind of fungus
that grows on the earth
intelligent fungus
that knows not it's worth

Or are we just atoms
in the makeup of man

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

Do we have any propose
or follow a plan

Electrons revolving around some kind of sphere
But how did the atoms of Satan get here
I'll ask no more questions
I've told no one lies
But I'll say it like this
And look you square in the eyes

If you can tell me the story of God
and show me some proof as solid as sod
I'll follow your path and stick by your rules
I'll harvest your crops and use my own tools

I'll polish your boots
and I'll open your door
But God or no God
I'll not fight in your war.

Welder's Lament

8 July 1967 Granit point Alaska

Billy Murphy was a welder,
He will rate among the best.
And his side-kick Joseph Luster
has a rating that's no less.

They have welded every pipeline
From Alaska to Peru
And let me tell you buddy,
That's quite a dog gone few.

They made the biggest money
Of any two alive
And spent as much on booze and broads,
As any four or five.

Money was no object
where these guys were concerned
both of them have burned more
than the average man has earned

To know them was to like them
to cross them a mistake
for when the goat heads hit you
something got to break

But welding was their specialty
and they knew there business too

The Poetry of Joseph F. Bauer

till the day out at Drift River
when they drank that fatal brew

At the crack of dawn, with the booze all gone
and the start of another day
With the Muscatel still playing hell
they didn't pass the X-ray

But I guess they learned their lesson
At least that is my hope
because I'm back up in Alaska
and I heard they're on the slope.

The Wind

You may see the presents of the wind
as it rustles through the trees
but the wind is still invisible
to all who wish to see it

But like the God to whom we pray
who's always there we know
we do not know from whence he comes
or whither he may go

But like the rustle of the leaves
the signs are always there
and if you listen to your heart
you mind becomes aware

for God is like this gentle wind
That rustles through the trees
But always is he visible
To those with eyes to see

Wolf Pack

Fairbanks, Alaska - 1979

They're on the run, about twenty one
Short tempered from starvation
with muscles taunt and stomachs gaunt
the smallest bird temptation

In single file full speed ahead
along the frozen ground
there headed for the river
trying not to make a sound

They've searched the forest high and low
there hopes all growing dim
when just ahead the leader hears
the snapping of a limb

A sudden stop to the ground they drop
All quiet as can be
Noses twitch, ears are perked,
Eyes trying hard to see

Than all at once off to the west
they see the silhouette
of a giant set of antlers
on an elk that's bigger yet

There is no time for briefing
for the elk has seen them too

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besides they've had a lot of practice
and know exactly what to do

Half the pack head to the north
to intercept the pray
the other half know their job
is to chase the elk that way

Though all are near exhaustion
from their days of search and hunger
their howls of death cut through the night
like the rumbling of thunder

Their plan works good, like they knew it would
for the pray is turning north
and now the elk has halted
and waits while they come forth

Without a sound they circle round
their vicious deadly prey
Caution must be exercised
or with their lives

The leader is the first to move
Fangs flashing like a knife
then like a huge explosion
the whole pack comes to life

With hooves that smash while antlers slash
and fangs that rip and tare
such a sight was this tonight
you won't see anywhere

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Than like from a dream there came a scream
so horrible and so shrill
Followed by dead silence
and the wolfs have made their kill

Stealing Away

Oklahoma - 1970 - for Elaine

If they condemned me to the gallows
Just as Christmas came around
would you bring me gifts of silver
Or a heavy golden crown

Would you laden me with rubies
Emeralds drooping to the floor
knowing excess weight would only help
to trip the deadly door

Only gifts of understanding
could console my terrible grief
No one seems to understand
the reason I'm a thief

From a party stole a bottle
They were giving them away
And now the party save a couple
Say they want for me to pay

I could buy a hundred bottles
why did I ever have to steal
now the life of the whole party
will be remembered as a heel

X ray Hack

Louisiana - 1970

Well I've drove this truck a mile or two
as a matter a fact a quite a few

It's funny when you know your truck
I know her every whim and whine
I treat her like a baby
And she isn't even mine

I can tell you when a bolt comes loose
or how it got that way
you get to know when a tire's low
Cause the old blue goose will sway

I can tell a week ahead of time
the exhaust is coming loose
She starts to honk and holler
Like a south bound goose

I get ten miles to the gallon
when the wind is at her tail

but when we got to buck a head wind
I just feed her with a pail

It's really quite ironic
when you take a look at life

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this truck I've known longer
and perhaps better than my wife

She'll do eighty on the highway
Just as easy as you please
Than get her in mud in four wheel drive
And she'll all but climb the trees

We've seen a lot of country
that old blue goose and I
we've crossed the mighty Rockies
to where the ocean meets the sky

Inching down some icy road
Pavement, mud or gravel
like the sign on the door
of that old blue whore

Reads This:
"Half Ton Will Travel"

Youth

Rocky Mountain house - 1963 - Alone

They hang around the pool hall
with nothing left to do
than to bug the old proprietor
about his crooked cue

Pants slung low collars up
and just as sure as rain
their wallet is connected
to a heavy golden chain

Hair as long and greasy
as a reservation Sioux
High top boots and you can bet
there are gold chains on them too

They're hard as nails when in a group
but get one off alone
you'll find the little buggers
are all yellow to the bone

So do the kids a favor
and let them have their fun
they'll grow up eventually
Just like everyone

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