

INTRODUCTION

Dedicated to the many Souls whom I have had the privilege of sharing space and time with during this episode of existence in form.

Welcome to PHOTOETRY

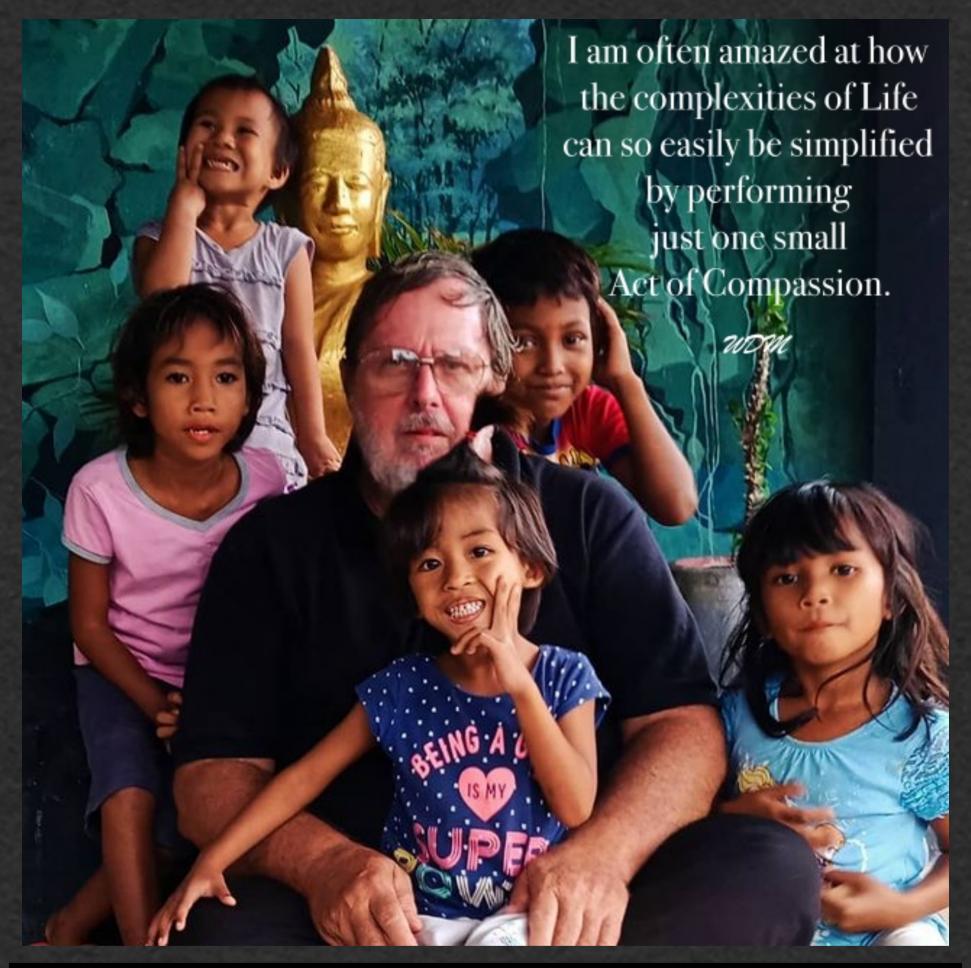
I have always enjoyed the challenge of writing poetry. I find it very similar to simple mathematics, in which the problems generally have only one correct answer. Once a good poem is completed, it is usually apparent that there was really no other way it could have been written. I have at times even questioned the authenticity of something I have just put down on paper because it seems too good to have come from my own head.

At times I am given just one line of a poem or short story and must figure out the rest of it. Other times the poem or story spills out on paper as fast as I can type it—as if it had just been floating around in space until someone found it. Most times, however, I sit staring blankly at the computer screen, wondering if I will ever write another line.

Namaste

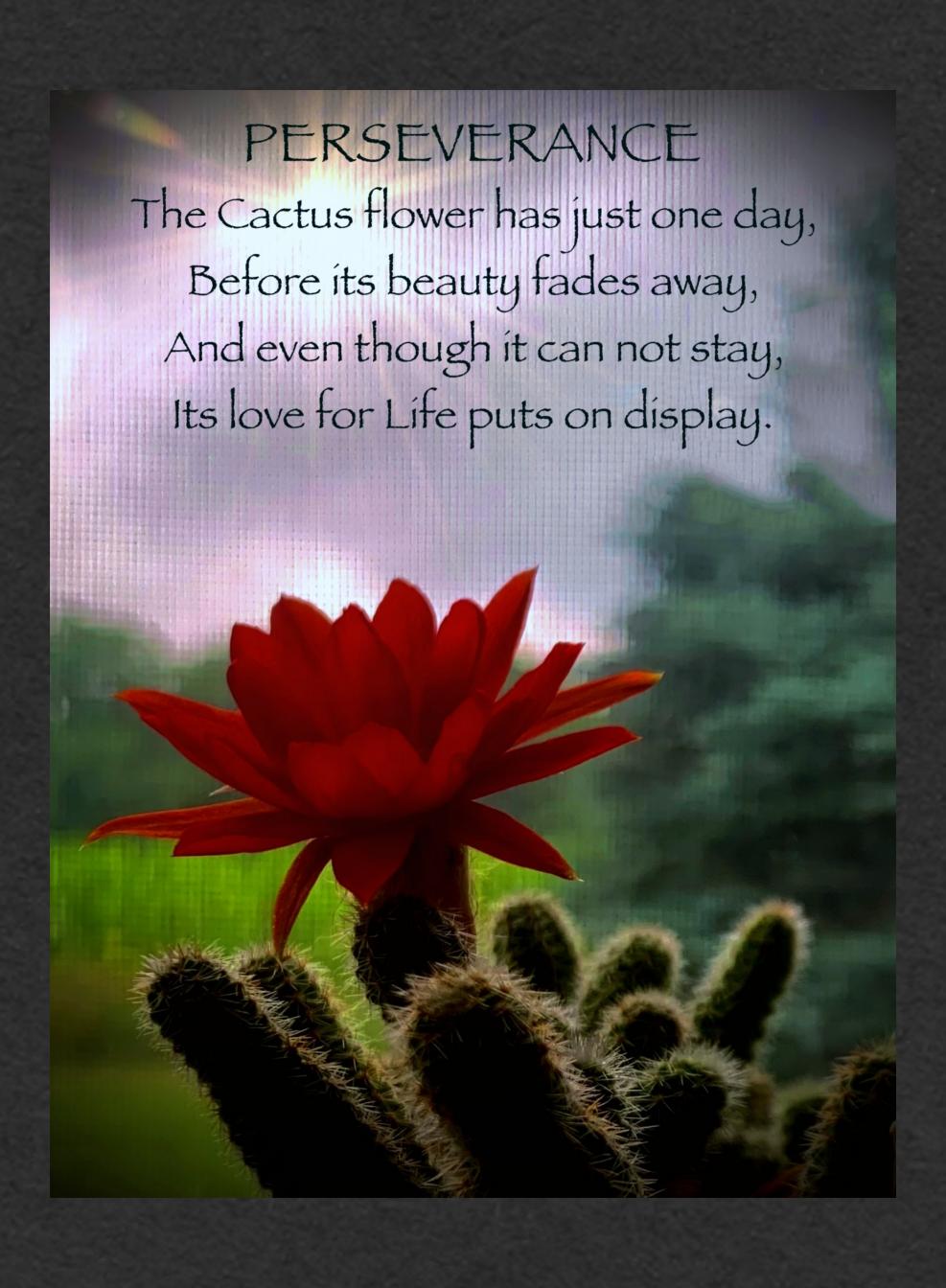
Recognizing that the divine spark in me honors the divine spark in you, wherever in the cosmos that spark may have originated.

Wayne Dale Matthysse



Once, when I was very young, I lived in the surrealistic world of Christianity. I felt safe there, protected by the family of God and His right-hand men who were never more than a Sunday away. Things were black and I was white and that was all that mattered. My, my, how time has changed things. I do not regret leaving that world, although safety and security have been replaced by the uncertainty of reality. Yet through it all God has been there, and even though I have left religion behind I find in Him strength far greater than I have ever known. I would encourage everyone to look beyond the place you are, to find refuge, not in the mega entertainment centers of today's religions, but in the stillness of your inner soul, for there is where I believe you will find Him.







How strange it seems,
That after all these years,
Life's most memorable moment,
Still remains...

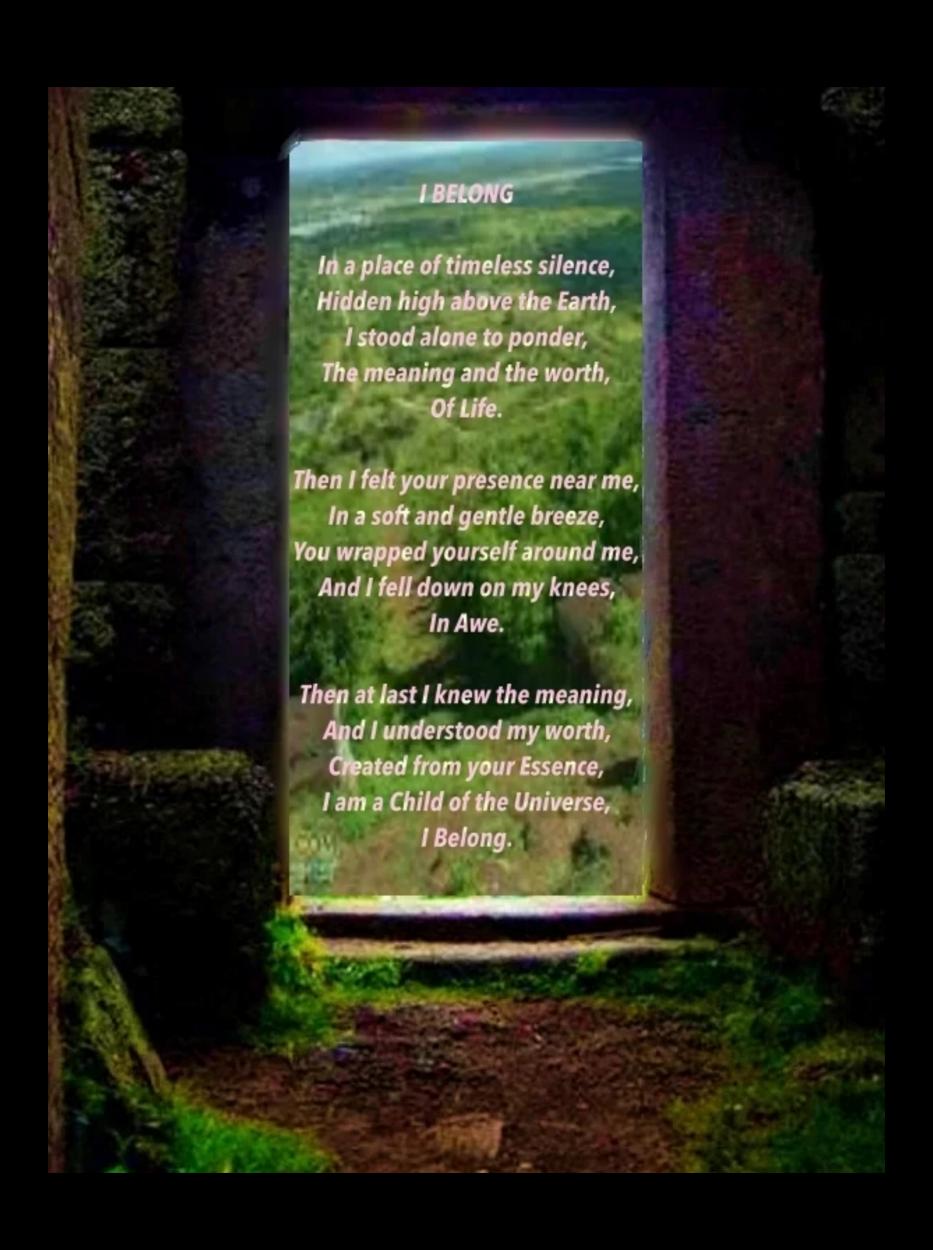
That one sweet-vulnerable moment,
When innocence was lost to love.

Wayne Dale Matthysse

As in Life,
Oft times,
The most beautiful moments,
Come to be,
In the evening hours,

MEMORIES

As light slips away into darkness.







I am only just a pebble thrown into the Pond of Life, Selected at random from the shore. How beautiful are the ripples sparkling from above, As I come to rest upon its floor.



I have searched for Jesus everywhere, Through Scripture and in silent Prayer, I've sang Him songs and shouted Praise, Clapped my hands and arms I raised.

I've searched the deserts, sailed the seas,

Climbed to heights above the trees,

I've been in caverns far below,

And gone to places few men know.

I've Loved and I have hated too,
Felt pain and pleasures as others do,
I've seen the best and worst of men,
Some were enemies... others friends.

And now my Life is nearly gone,
But still I search from dusk to dawn,
Looking for this Savior-Friend,
To guide me thru my Journey's end.

Atlas He calls me from within,

And beckons me to enter in,

It's dark at first... no one I see,

And than I realize the Voice is me.



The Question

I don't know how I got here, To this place I now call home, Perhaps I came with others, Or maybe all alone.

I don't remember a beginning, And can't imagine it will end, Could it be when life is over, We all will live agian?

Who is my Creator, And what reason did the have, To place me in this Jungle, Far off the beaten Path?

Wayne Dale Matthysse

DARKNESS IS COMING

Would that it be this moment last,

Till the dawning of the day,

Holding darkness in its grasp,

And what must come delay.

Had we listened to the warnings,

Had we harkened to their call,

Had we only stopped the warring,

Our fate we could forestall.

But the darkness now is coming And the time is drawing near, When Earth will start convulsing, And men will hide in fear.

For the Gods which men created, Will fall from thrones on high, And the Truth at last conceded, Our teachings all were lies.

Forsake us not O Life Eternal, When darkness hides your face, And let us not be overcome, Save us by thy Grace.

For you are our Creator,
And your presence lives within,
Keep us safe through storm and danger,
Till the New Day dawns again.

FOOLISH SOUL

Oh foolish Soul what have you done,
But spent your Life in useless fun,
Selfish greed and arrogant pride,
And who can count the times you lied.

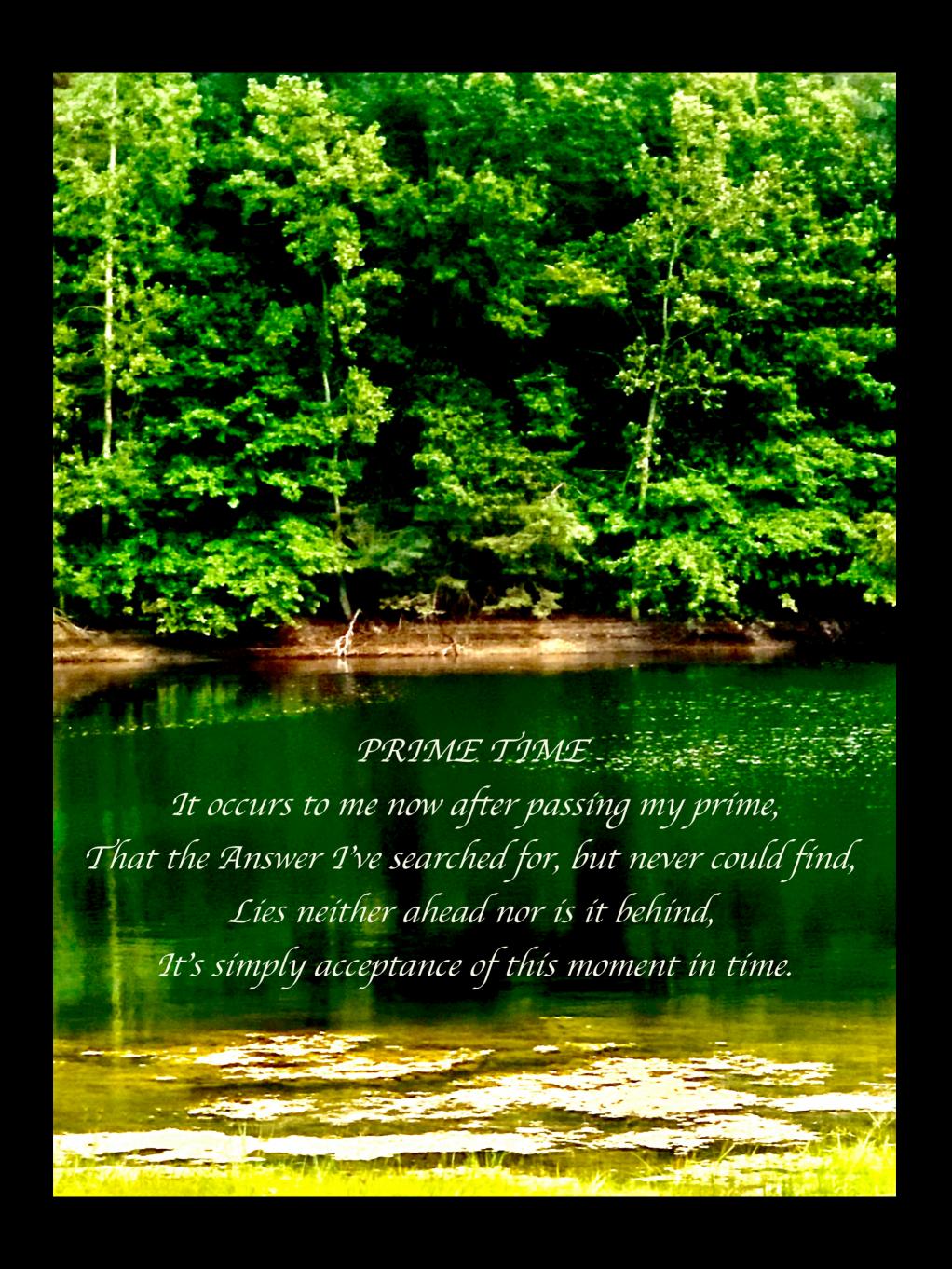
No Savior waits to pardon you,
The Gates to open and let you through,
Your sins forever on display,
In the Book that time will not decay.

What can you do, where can you go,
To find release for your troubled Soul?
If truly sorry for the Life you live,
Let your words this day be "I forgive."

The Threshold

Fear not the darkness...

for it is only in the darkest of times
that we find ourselves standing at the Threshold
of an Awakening to Truth
and the Transformation of ignorance
into Wisdom and Compassion.



THE ACTOR

I am not the man you think I am,
Nor am I someone else,
My true identity has been concealed,
Even from myself.

Some know me as a gentle man,
Others see a man of rage,
But are we not all actors,
Performing on this stage?

I doubt I'll win an Oscar,
And applause is not my goal,
But who makes up the audience,
That's what I really want to know.

The Eternal Journey

Before there was time I existed, in a dimension far different than now.

My whole world was self-sustaining; to no one I needed to bow.

But a question arose from somewhere inside, "How different would my world be,
If I didn't know all the answers and the future were up to me?"

In a burst of light, the Universe appeared and a dimension of Space was formed, And never again would things be the same, for Time was also born.

And the blissfulness I had known before could no longer sustain my soul, For the door to Creation had now been opened and I knew I had to go.

A speck I became on the ocean floor of a planet now known as Earth, And as time went by I multiplied through the process of death and rebirth.

I took on a new form and being and changed my size and shape, Until it was I became a man, just one step up from ape.

I have made a lot of changes but still have far to go.

There's so much more to understand and much, much more to know.

It hasn't been an easy road, for both sides I've had to play, But I am learning to seek the middle ground and live life from day to day.

And when my final dream is realized and my imagination has run dry, I will close my eyes in peaceful sleep, but never will I die.

For although space and time may disappear, my journey will not end, in new dimensions, I'll reawaken, and start all over again.

For I am Life ... and I am Eternal.

THE ENEMY The Sun settled slowly After a long and costly fight, And I with the rest of the men who remained Pulled back and dug in for the night. In front of us in an open field, Lay those we could not save, Their mangled bodies stiff and cold, Their life for Freedom gave. I sat alone on listening post, But nothing could I see, Yet across the field at another post, I knew one sat like me. I wondered if by chance he too, Was trying not to cry, Remembering all the friends he'd lost, Asking why they had to die? Then suddenly my feelings changed, No hatred could I find, How strange that this my enemy, Could have feelings just like mine. I wanted then to meet him. But would he understand, If I stood in Peace before him, And offered him my hand? Just then I heard a shot ring out, And I knew it could never be, For the young man across the field, He was my Enemy. And so I put away my thoughts, And forgot about my friend, For in the morning, we'd probably meet, And for one it would be the End.



In honor of the eleven Marines who gave up their Life's so that I could be rescued,

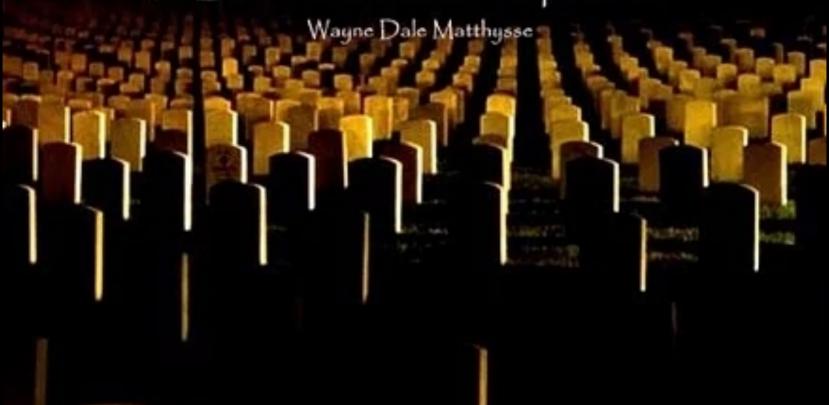
I now realize that for every new day, every new relationship, every new joy, and even every new sorrow I experience in this life, the GREATER was the Sacrifices they made.

Writings On The Wall

To a warring god they sacrificed, Sons and daughters, husbands, wives, Believing he would surely bless, Their pains to wipe out godlessness.

But in the end to their surprise, He looked at them through tearfilled eyes, Then heard him say with trembling voice, "Depart from me, I have no choice."

"For much was written, more was said, But few have listened, fewer read, The fingered writings on the wall, Its Love not hate which conquers all."



THE WAVE

On a dark, moonless night,
a small wave breaks silently,
upon the shores of a narrow beach,
of an island uninhabited by man or beast.
It's long journey over,
it quietly surrenders it's uniqueness,
and willingly slips back
into the depths of the Ocean floor.

There are some that might say that this wave was insignificant, compared to the grandeur of other waves much more powerful... yet who of us would dispute the fact that during it's existence, this tiny wave was in actuality, the Mighty Ocean itself?

It is my belief that
all acts of kindness or compassion,
regardless of their size,
are the result of a Living Loving God,
and therefore,
each hand that is extended
to someone in need,
is in actuality,
the Hand of God Almighty.

AWAKENINGS

Awakenings seldom happen, after an afternoon downpour, on a warm summer day.

More often they will occur, during a violent thunderstorm, in the Springtime of the year... after enduring the harshness of a long Winter.

I can hear the wind outside my window, and its howling through the trees.

Snow has already fallen, and the forecast calls for more...

much more.

Best prepare ourselves, for that which is to come.

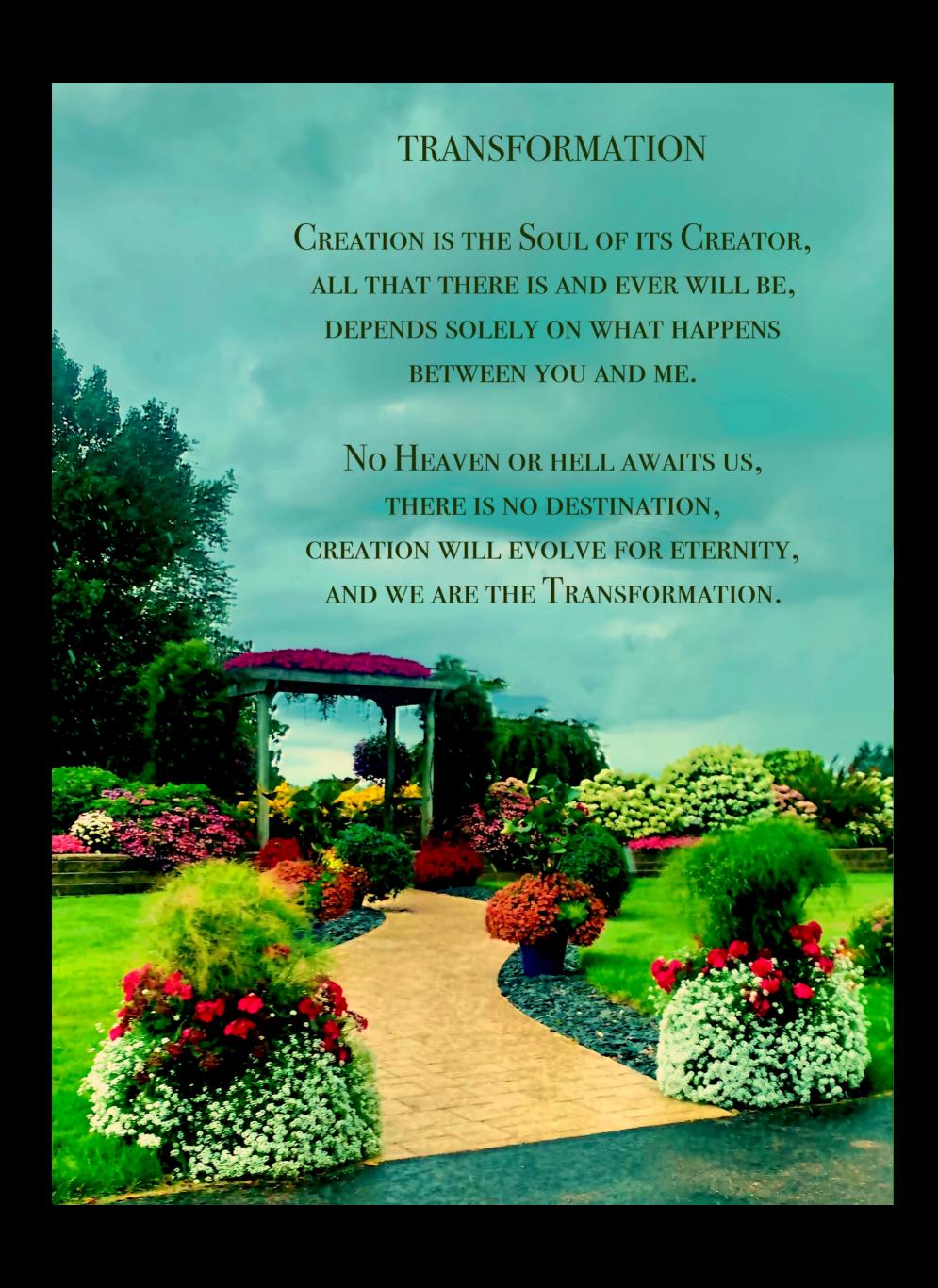
CELEBRATE LIFE

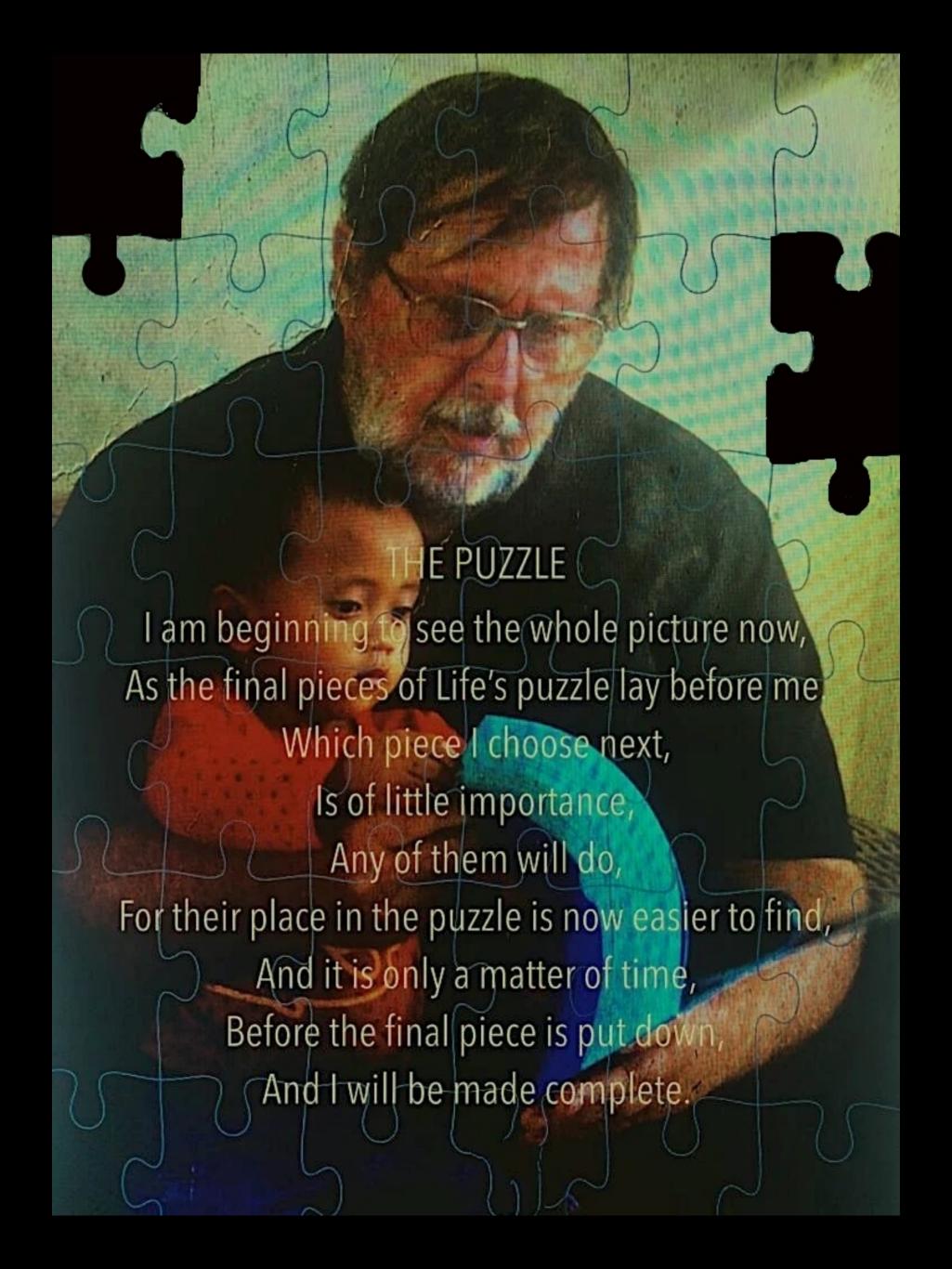
Some hope there is a Heaven,
Others pray there is no hell,
The only one's who know for certain,
Are those who've passed beyond the Veil.

Waste not your days in ponderation, Some things are not for us to know, Instead plant seeds of Celebration, For we reap that which we sow.

Your days on Earth are numbered,
Of this you can be sure,
And how you are remembered,
Is all that will endure.

In 2021 I was responsible for overseeing the cremation of nearly 200 COVID 19 victims in Cambodia. Most families wanted to wait while we attended to the fires, which gave me the time to get to know and counsel them when needed. They also shared their feeling about the person in the flames. These words came to me while listening to their stories and attending to the fires.





Who Am I

'Who am I?' I thought in silence,
Standing high above the Earth.
What is there that I can offer,
That to this World would be of worth?

Then the Earth began to tremble,
And the wind began to blow,
And a tree bent low and whispered,
There is something you should know.

Through your eyes we see our beauty, Through your ears our song we hear, And your voice is all that's needed, To shout our praises far and near.

You hold the keys to our survival, You are all that we can't be, So let your voice shout "Hallelujah!" For you are worthy, as are we.

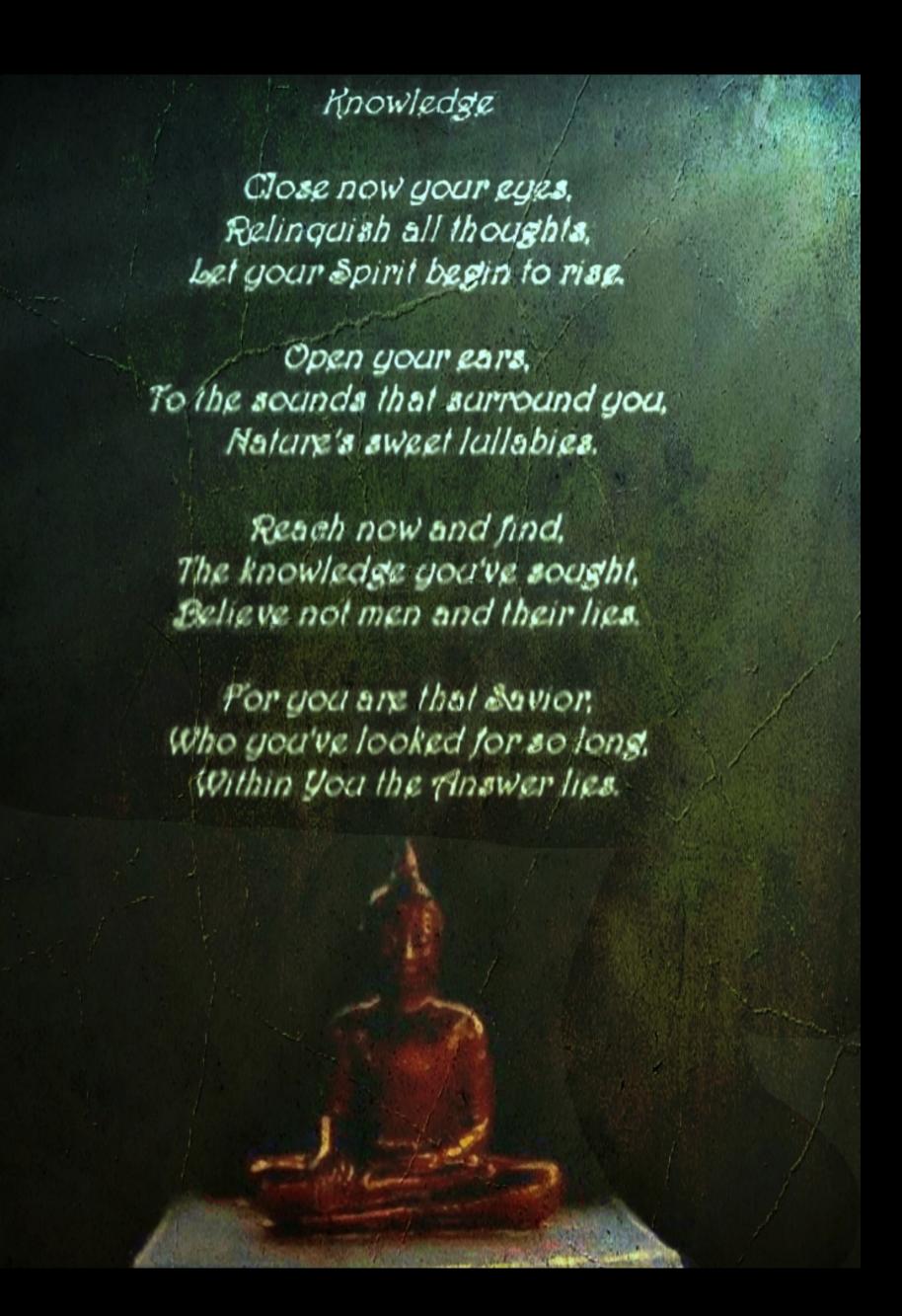


I am just a Traveler, In this space we know as time, The entirety of a thousand live's, None of which were mine.

An evolving piece of sculpture, An unfinished work of art, In the fires of the Refiner, I have been here from the start.

There is no destination, There is no journey's end, For when this life is over, A new one will begin.

I am Love and I am Hate, I am both Joy and Sorrow, I am all of the Yesterdays, And also Tomorrow. I am Gay and I am Straight, Both a Saint and a Sinner, A Prostitute and a Virgin, A Loser and a Winner. I am Rich and I am Poor, Black as well as White, I make Peace and go to War, I am the Day and I am Night. I'm a King and I'm a Beggar, A Husband and a Wife, I'm a Coward and a Hero, I am Death and I am Life. I am All and I am Nothing, The Beginning and the End, I am all Things that now are Living, I am the Great I Am.



THE GARDEN

Burned out on life, not having a dime, I fell to my knees in prayer. "Lord... your work in the Heavens is truly Divine, But some things down here don't seem fair." "There's corruption and greed, injustice and crime, And the world seems always at war, Those who do evil never do time, And those who have much just get more." "What was your thinking in creating mankind, Because some thing's just don't seem to fit, Those who do good are forced out of line, By those who are nothing but shit." Then I felt myself rising to a place quite sublime, And I stood in a beautiful garden, Surrounded by flowering bushes and vines, My heart began to un-harden. "Your questions, my son, are not out of line," Said the Caretaker of the land, "But the beauty you see in this garden of mine, Comes from this that I hold in my hands." Then slowly he opened his hands and my mind, And showed me a dried piece of shit, Then said as he crumpled it under a vine, "I couldn't grow flowers without it."

TRUTH

I once believed if Truth were found, It would be wrapped in robes of white, Surrounded by an aura, Of iridecent light.

But Life has taught me differently, Things are not as they would seem, For Truth lies in the middle, And not in the extremes.

Like the pale grey line that separates, Black from pure white, Or that streak across horizons, As daytime turns to night.

For just when you think you've found it, It's gone in the blink of an eye, And you're back again in the darkness, To ponder the question, "Why?"