

LOVE WALKS

Love
walks
down
many
roads.
Would you care my love,
To take my hand
And
walk
with
me?
For I am
One of those
roads.

MY BELOVED

As thy lover, it's my duty to comfort, protect,
love and honour thy virtue as my beloved.
As my beloved, it's thy duty to love and obey
thy lover. This is the ETERNAL LAW of LOVER
and BELOVED.
As of this day, thou shall not discuss my habits
nor my personality with any individual or author-
ity above my authority. This is the ETERNAL LAW
of preserving LOVE between lover and beloved.
I declare on this day, being your protector and
lover, to bring to judgment any man, woman and
child who has in any way offended thy honour and
virtue. This is the ETERNAL DUTY of the lover
to his beloved.
Flesh of my flesh, soul of my soul, no woman shall
ever stand above my beloved, in heart, body and
mind. Sword of life, slay my life, should this
not be so.
By MY AUTHORITY, which is above me, I, JOHN DALE
QUIGLEY, being of the ETERNAL MIND of ZION, born
in MINTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA, on the THIRD DAY
of FEBRUARY in NINETEEN-HUNDRED and FORTY-FOUR,
have come to comfort, protect and honour the
LIVING, as well as to judge and destroy the DEAD.
By MY WILL, which is above me, so be it - AMEN.

THE POET

The poet
Is like an eagle -
Not many know
Where he goes.
The poet
Is like the wind -
Not many know
Why he blows.
The poet
Must be a fool -
For when he cries
Too many laugh.

THE HERO BECOMES A DREAM

The victim becomes a memory
When the hero becomes a dream.
The dream becomes a reality
And reality becomes a way.
The way becomes a means
Of making your dream a memory.

NIHILISM OF SELF

Idealism of personal fame,
Politicians you know
Play this game -
Destiny is a shake of the dice,
Your stupidity and their vice.
Socialism was born a bastard
When Capitalism called it love -
Communism you know
Is also a game?
Penology is necessary
To rehabilitate the soul.
Slavery is rather ideal,
Nihilism of self
Is the desired goal -
Now who could be so vain
To play such a game?
Only a fool with loaded dice.

JACKIE AND JOHN

Like Jack and Jill
They climbed a hill
To get a pail of water,
When Jack fell down
Jill came tumbling after.
The American dream
Completed its dream
When the will of John
Decreed:
Land a man on the moon.
Now Jackie is free
To sail the seas
Since she has
No more dreams.

POEMS

BY

JOHN

DALE

QUIGLEY