

Ashes Black, Bones White



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Graves that Bleed!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why! Jesus please tell me,
reasons for Israel going so mad;
blood in innocence every day;
this has got to be tragically sad.*

*This Holy Land belongs to you my King,
not those who think pray tell everything.*

*Please, a miracle is needed to be repeated once again,
in order to protect families from this senseless pain!*

*Lives stolen even from within the womb,
terrorised young bleeding , to the tomb.*

*United governments holding the power
to stop these atrocious wrongs,
but the tune to their song is money, money, money,
in any language its still the same,
as they prepare with contacts who 's to blame.*

*Its been the fruitful taste of their evil dollar,
since Adam and Eve I guess,
but its only your prophets of old
who were wise to pass the test!*

*My Messiah Jesus can teach other lessons they'll never forget.
When face to face he will creep up on them, lest they forget!
ISIS, Taliban and the likes of these!*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Peace and Gladness

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why is it hard for me to write this day?
As past things have blown away.
The present so far has been full of sadness;
how long for peace and gladness?*

*Future horizons will come I feel,
where we as Christians will get Christ's holy seal.
But in the meantime one must give thanks with grace,
as Jesus is King, about to play his ace.*

*Our hearts he holds close to his chest,
as the Virgin Queen passed her test.
The Jacks of Diamonds will have special roles to fill;
now its the Joker who's about to fall ill.
The graves he will fill with his spades,
and the clubs will stand guard for their punishment in crime.*

*One King / Queen / Ace / hearts / Jacks / Joker
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Time Created Space!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Alpha and Omega is God above,
his creation only down below and up above.*

*Scientists think they know and assume the Big Bang Theory,
but in my mind I thought to query.*

*Yes its possible the Big Bang came from out in space,
with our loving Creator's Fuel of Grace.
Time and travel through spheres of space,
can only be accompanied by his grace.*

*Because only He, the Power of One,
is coming through beams of light, as his only begotten Son.*

*Now faith tests science, not the other way around,
as Jesus' chariot is earthly bound.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Resting with Angels

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*When we die, where do we go?
The Bible I believe tells us all so.
Doing our very best on his earth,
teaching us right from wrong after birth.*

*But double standards have come to rule,
making out of God's creation jesters and fools.
But good parents, I believe, rest with angels in another time,
and its us that's left to undo these terrible crimes.*

*Angels good, demons bad,
but spiritually filled we can be glad.
The Power of One lies deep within our soul,
as Jesus Christ places before us some future goal.*

*To help one another where and when we must,
if its in our Jesus alone we do put trust.
But a good provider needs a spiritual host,
that is Father, Son and Holy Ghost.*

By Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

The Offenders!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Volunteers are in a war zone,
but they don't need to be decorated.
When common sense prevails its what folks should do
in one's hour of need.*

*There has been too much in the past,
of "I'm all right Jake" and "Dog eat dog".
As long as some people have their smokes, booze, drugs,
that's when the looting kicks in;
no respect or remorse for this questionable sin.*

*Give them a stint in Boot Camp Cactus style,
and in moments of reflection please let them sweat in fear,
Then and only then, pray it comes to pass they'll care.*

*Trauma can strengthen us, I am living proof of that,
and Christ's church is a truly personal testimony,
they once put back on the map.*

*Its united we stand and should be united we fall,
not divided, but take heed in this wake-up call,
and trust me for those whose lives were spared,
there is our Creator Jesus Christ who cares.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

A Golden Pearl

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A rare, precious gem fell out of a crown today,
But Jesus was passing and picked her up along the way.
A special place only Christ has reserved in his mansion of love,
Seated in a golden carriage, escorted by the dove.*

*Pray the Comforter will be sent to the Portland family on earth,
Whom hath believed in our Christ, raised true from birth.
An oil painting, she chose to do whilst being called away,
To the springtime beyond the veil as Ruby faces her new heavenly day.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Our Golden Monarch

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*On the 15/8/2006, the spirit of a truly humble monarch flew by,
to the King's promised mansion in the heavenly blue sky.*

*We all knew her as Aotearoa's Queen of the Land,
Bringing peace to the ocean and whispering sands.*

*Her body will sail graciously and be carried to Taupiri Mountain,
Whilst our Monarch's wings will take rest in Jesus Christ's Holy
Fountain.*

*But the beautiful lady known as New Zealand's Kauri Tree,
will peacefully and nobly lead her waka down the Waikato River,
In the arms of thee. loving resting*

*Posted copy to Maori MP, Pita Sharples
Aotearoa, Aotearoa!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Gloria Bridgeman

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I need to write, sometimes day and night,
About the facts of life.
Lyrics worth their weight in gold,
About the rejected, young and old.
Stories other folk dare not tell,
Because of our double standards, wishing well.*

*There is no such thing as freedom of speech anymore.
Our Paul Henry is living proof of life,
speaking his mind led him up the garden path of strife.*

*Blue jean cop Peter Whelan, Sam Elliot, trying, watching it and find,
Where truth is law and justice sifted through the system,
taking the blindfold off the unbalanced scale.*

*But our country is a soft touch when lawbreakers get out on bail,
a baby boy, a victim in time.
As some young thug will be slapped with a wet bus ticket,
and plead insanity maybe for his crime.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Bob the Knight!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Earthquake, miners, more quake,
Mr Parker was elected city's Mayor,
pulling out all the stops, in his mission of love to care.*

*These Christian-like folk, banding together,
working hand in hand with nature's weather.
Being tossed around like straws in giant waves of remorse,
Trying unrelentlessly to keep their ship, Christchurch, on some form of
strategic course*

*This is true aroha, the light of love,
shining as a beacon in her deep, darkest days.
Taking heed of a true heroic leader who was elected to guide,
with prayers answered from on high,
when they've known only too well the words do, or die.*

*Mr Parker, Bob, the people in your city elect are truly very rare.
I guess its needless to say, they chose you and your vision of dreams, to
be Mayor.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

The Heroes' Cinders

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Fire, fire, where? over there, over where?
never mind. Doesn't anyone appear to care.*

*Arsonists don't seem to find out,
if an innocent being is inside to shout.*

Why not torch another Marae or school they think.

Leaving alone another unsung hero to connect the missing link.

*Years of carving through blood, sweat and tears,
for arsonist's kicks over a few hidden beers.*

*Oh no! John Doe burnt in the clothes' uniform style,
as ruin and rubble together do blend,
sending the victims around the bend.*

From someone who cares.

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Ashes Black, Bones White!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*White knights of Camelia, otherwise known as K.K.K.s.
or New Zealand type of White Supremacists.*

Black Lives Matter Whoopi Goldberg, all lives matter.

I've always loved all of your movies.

*Get down off that High Horse you ride,
otherwise, you may create the turning tide.*

Two wrongs never a right do make.

Felt ashamed always for the bleeding race.

What they suffered was nothing short of disgrace.

Please Whoopi I beg, leave it to God,

As Christ only will deal to that mob!

If we are white and died, ashes black (cremated).

We are black and dead, bones are white (buried).

Created all equal by the Son of Man.

Let it be like those shifting, whispering sands.

Take heed Whoopi friend, play with fire get burnt.

I went on march for aborigine brothers.

Also spoke truths on Community Radio 98 Free FM,

Hamilton, Waikato

God bless you Whoopi Goldberg!

Co Host Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Welcome Home Winstone!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You never really left the gladiator ring.
The public's been blackmailed to dance and sing.
We need the voice of experience to lead,
not for their money, power and greed.*

*This virus could easily have been contained,
but its aim is to terrorise and persecute the lame.
Yet some Kiwis are a gullible lot,
and unfortunately, have dug their own plot.*

*Stand, walk tall Winnie with God at hand.
Pray New Zealand will follow your tour bus grand.
But don't jump ship this time around.
Prayer can keep both feet on ground.*

*Just do the homework; its not too late.
Amends can be made before the closing gate.
Kiwis are waking up and smelling the flowers,
but government policy is to lie away the hours.*

*A personal tribute to the Rt Honourable Winstone Peters.
From someone who cares.
Humanity's Poetess, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Covid 2022, Etc, Etc, Etc!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Yeah, here we go again, another deadly strain.
Like puppets on a string we go,
as government puts on a three ringed show.
Don't you folk even question why people die?*

*Politicians see it as Pie in the Sky.
Don't appear to think of how and why!
Small wonder the treatment of lambs to slaughter,
doing your best to protect son and daughter.*

*Now the winter is on its way in,
and their Field Day is about to begin.
Coughs, colds, sore throats and feverish chills,
adding that to their agenda with frills.*

*Some Registered General Practitioners know the score.
Their jobs are on the line for sure.
Its named blackmail when I was at school.
Add bribery and murder to beat the band,
as us common folk take a firm stand.*

*Motto of Police, to protect and serve.
Then why isn't this government going to court?
Doesn't make sense!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

HELP!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Do you have an adult ruling your roost?
Or does he need a short, sharp boost!
We've tried in vain to get things sorted,
But at end of day its all aborted.*

*I can't take the heat of this anymore.
When will he finally close my door?
Telling me this is how things should be.
Its not sitting right with me you see.*

*Two major surgeries I've had of late.
I do shopping and cooking, sealing the fate!
He picks the bones of things I do,
but little kindness he also shows me too.*

*He needs a job with an understanding soul.
Being creative and hardworking is his goal.
Please help him if you can soon,
Then his life can play a different tune.*

*A mother's plea to help her adult son.
He also has notices up in place for lodgings plus work!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Nights Are Gay!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Down the way, where the nights are gay.
Yeah right, they came into force once again,
Causing real families nothing short of tormented pain.*

*But we are not to judge them anyway,
if they somehow prefer to be this way.
Its not right and they well know it,
so their lust has become an embedded Pit!*

*My books are about doing the honest thing,
as I search for the True Blood Ring.
Man among men, a very rare breed.
Someone out there from the true Abraham seed!*

*Even men and women of the cloth,
approve of things they know are not right,
as they sneak out in darkest night.
If that's their thing they know the score.
Seek out our Creator, before his closing door!*

*From someone who cares! A child of God!.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

The Manual Code!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Morse code or read the never-ending stars.
Don't rely on satellites from the planet Mars.
Or folk who can't think for themselves,
as humanity slowly is being put on shelf.*

*Wow! Robots, clones, and never-ending drones,
or people listening in on your personal telephone.
Rip off scammers doing away with your life,
or best mate taking off with the wife.*

*Boys being girls and girls being boys.
Prams for one and trains for the other.
Where does that now leave my poor brother.*

*Teacher, may I have an abortion, why not?
Don't tell my parents, they've lost the plot.
Anyway, I have two dads you see,
and my girlfriend has two mums to be.*

*A nation not to be proud!
Thank God for his Son Jesus Christ, AMEN!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

My Pen Reigns!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Writing I guess, is in the blood,
as a wave of words begin to flood.
The mind is filled with whirlwind of words,
just like a shepherd rounding up his herd.*

*Anything goes with this pen that writes.
Sounds of hooting owls in deep darkest night.
To a baby's cries in the wee morn,
or a red sky portraying the early dawn.*

*Ships at sea, all navigation has been lost,
never seeking our Saviour, the Ocean's Boss.
No such thing as a computerised wave,
as ships fall into their deep darkest grave.*

*Yet Spring is just around the next bend,
as posted love letters are the next trend.
Give of yourself and be happy about this,
as flowers come with a never-ending kiss.*

Little Voices!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Voices in innocence, echoes streaming o'er the breeze,
as some stiff-necked, so-called leaders,
sip their blood red wine with ease.*

Napalm, nuclear, nitro, mines, to say the very least.

*Do these inhumanes need to follow the nature of the beast,
what will happen when the gates of Hell do open,
is it too late for mercy when our True Creator has spoken?*

*Twenty-six million on some stupid flag,
if other countries don't know who we are.
Then its no big deal, face this issue head-on,
its small voices of humanity when they can't understand,
how Jesus Christ is ignored through his Master Plan.*

*When will our governments, pray wake up!
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



Gloria Jean Bridgeman was born in Taumarunui on the main trunk line. She sees herself as a humanitarian poetess and a peace activist. She has four adult children: Steve, Shane, Paul and Charlene. She is a Christian who is called to help those in need. Her poems are about injustices to humanity and often have war and spiritual themes.

