

# Ashes of Poverty



A collection of poems by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

# Weathering the Shower

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is the U.N. part of One World Order?  
Are our Holy Blue Berets under their thumb?  
I know they've done the best they can,  
by avoiding orders from another kind of man!*

*There is always a Mongrel ruler who leads.  
Money, power and all his unlimited greed.  
But don't let this get you down,  
as Jesus is the One wearing the Crown.*

*Evil will rule and reign until his return,  
then watch out as they crash and burn.  
They will know then, true meaning of power.  
Sands in an hour glass, weathering the shower.*

*Please remember our Saviour lest we forget.  
Creator of our beautiful Paradise, should we forget.  
We must remember them, its fair to say,  
as they march on to respect another day.*

*Someone who cares.  
. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# White Crosses, Red Poppies

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Boys without toys growing up overnight,  
trying not to show fear, yet still frightened.  
As shell-shocked minds around them tightened.  
If God's Word sent men off to war,  
then their age was 20, or more.*

*Yet America's so called finger painting Uncle Sam,  
took children, virtually from mother and pram.  
White crosses, red poppies, what do they represent.  
They volunteer to sign up without parental consent.*

*Poppies red, crosses white, colours change darkest nights,  
as the moon beams down upon them all,  
you may hear echoes from the trumpet call.  
Its all very well to march ANZAC Day,  
they could have been guided a different way.*

*One war after another, time after time,  
a licence to murder within the crime.  
If we learnt from wars gone past,  
like Flanders Field, it would be our last!*

*Humanitarian Poetess.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Snakes and Elephants

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*If India stops worshipping snakes, elephants and gods,  
and gives glory back to our only King.  
Then he can perform miracles for them,  
by cleansing the spirits from the Devil's den!*

*Elephants are my Lord's beautiful, majestic mammal,  
but don't worship them like the Arab's camel.*

*And if some Americans stop welcoming the Beast,  
then Covid-19 can rest in peace.  
Let there be no other gods before me,  
comes from the Holy Book - look and see.*

*Prime ministers and leaders, read the Holy Word,  
Its an historical event proven to be heard.  
Why do we need to follow China's rule,  
by burning Bibles from our precious schools.*

*Someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Meeting the Mob!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Is Morality a thing of the past?  
When Jesus Christ's written word will forever last!  
The so-called people of the cloth,  
performing marriages that go against the Cross.*

*Tomorrow we are entering the Mongrel Mob pad,  
prayerfully they will listen and be Spirit-filled glad.  
These folk also are my Saviour's creation,  
as we pray for them and their salvation! AMEN!*

*The Mod treated me like I was Royalty,  
Arohanui I was given in this place;  
felt relaxed and in a state of Grace,  
Hospitality tag always with a price,  
but with my Brothers they were being nice.  
Nothing was too much for them you see,  
Therefore don't judge a book by its cover,  
when after all they are Blood Brothers.*

*AMEN!, AMEN!.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Greenie's Turtle!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why not dead turtle put back to sea,  
or did you bury him on the land?  
with the six thousand to rest him grand!  
You were speaking at the Mongrel Mob pad;  
Marama-Martin talking lack of housing, so sad.  
But Greenies, Greenies. I ask you please,  
are you in wooden houses or perched in trees?  
Why can't taxpayers hold govts accountable?  
Its a case of unjust fraud,  
when we the citizens pay rent and board.*

*I care you see.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Ashes of Poverty!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*In some ways I believe this is true,  
but not regards New Zealand's me and you.*

*There is a benefit for all of us,  
but drug addicts and alcoholics make the fuss.*

*If your income is being spent like this,  
small wonder you're on the poverty's list.*

*Some of you don't even want a home,  
when they prefer to sleep out and moan.*

*On the other side of the coins,  
there are those needing good dry homes.  
Families can feel comfortable and have dry bones.*

*Rents in cities, just over the top,  
and the country's rents rely on the crops.*

*If the lands were not divided in two,  
the deals would reap benefits for the few!*

*Humanity's poem.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Wedding Bells Touché!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Will this be on our taxpayer's money?  
An event like this may cost them honey.  
Unless its just the family's affair,  
to make it look good, showing we care.*

*Oh well, the morality of it's really good,  
even though she's maybe just misunderstood.  
But can we have a leader that's male?  
and will justify some prisoners in the jail.*

*I wonder if Covid19 will upset plans,  
like other precious functions gone before in time.  
Will their preparations be illegal or fine.  
One law for them and another for us,  
as we move forward from turmoil and trust!*

*Humanitarian Poetess.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*



## Love Your Enemies!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The Good Bible says Love Your Enemies,  
but I don't think we have to trust!  
Yet be more discerning who we do,  
and that applies for me and you!*

*When some you help never ends there.  
They take advantage of how you care.  
Can these folk lay straight in their bed?  
after ripping you off, making you feel dead.*

*My mother taught me to say please, thank you,  
by not biting the hand that feeds.  
And using one's heart to do good deeds.  
Some people in this city of Hamilton,  
seek you out to cleverly leach upon!*

*Poetess.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Life's Train Wreck!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*No.9 the end of the line,  
that in due course really is fine!  
We pick up the pieces and start again,  
and endure each hardship with harmony and pain!*

*My Good Lord gave us two ends;  
one to sit upon and one to think.  
"Success depends on what we use;  
heads we may win, tails we lose". (QUOTE)*

*My testimonies are there for all to read,  
as we kick the dust off our feet,  
and find that life can be real neat.  
Positive attitude is where its at now.  
Sink or swim, on going around the bow!*

*Poetry, someone who cares,  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# The Closing Gate!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Number eight could be the closing gate,  
and we must not ever fall in too late.*

*Our human clock ticks slowly day by day.  
We must seek our Saviour and earnestly pray!*

*Our meerkats, little creatures, are always standing by;  
maybe they can sense the reason why.*

*Looking left and right, eying the sky.  
These lovely little animals , hand picked by God,  
can teach us something about Moses' rod.*

*Gloria Bridgeman.  
Caring Poetess.*

# Torti and Stewart!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Stewart and Torti, what a miracle combination.*

*This tortoise was rescued in World War One;*

*soldier from the past laying down his gun,*

*as this helpless creature within its shell,*

*by a clanky old carriage cannonball wheel.*

*was about to be crushed within mortared steel.*

*But this heroic soldier, Mr Stewart Little,*

*lunged forward and rescued this God-given creature.*

*Now I've been honoured having my photo took,*

*with this 103 year old tortoise,*

*whose relative has put together an enchanting book.*

*Someone who cares.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Canada is Calling!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Can someone kind out there please help me;  
I'm needing to go to Canada you see.  
I just would like to think of myself,  
instead of being tossed upon a shelf.*

*I am a Christian and feel this calling.  
And like autumn leaves don't desire falling.  
Now 75 would relish a true change.  
I've been in the North Island all along,  
and I dearly would love a different song.*

*I worked hard at being a good wife,  
but he preferred the other kind of life.  
And now he's happy, I am told,  
going to Canada will be worth Spiritual Gold.*

*AMEN. From someone who cares.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

## The 16th Warrior!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My 16th Warrior I've put to the test,  
this Samurai pen a hidden treasure chest.  
I cannot hear God's little birds today,  
taking off in flight to lead the way.*

*We have a craft dropping out of space,  
hurtling toward New Zealand at speed of light!  
Pray God we keep right out of sight.  
Only the Lord knows where it may fall,  
as like the denying prophet Saul became Paul.*

*Thank you Jesus on becoming my friend!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Autumn Leaves Blower!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The footpaths were laid with tarseal and all;  
now they're covered with multi-coloured leaf fall.*

*Folk working hard to clear all the leaves,  
even clearing the guttering of household eves.*

*Though this season is a rare beauty,*

*I guess its worth this call of duty-*

*just dig in and get it done ,*

*and reap the rewards of this harvest done!*

*Our beautiful Creation!*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Motley Crue or Salty Crew!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Salty Crew, the word of the day,  
as the Motley Crue's sounds fade away.*

*I always desired to fish for blue marlin,*

*but my life took on a different track,*

*as I never ever need to look back.*

*When thy think of men of the deep,  
makes me think of men of how I've reaped.*

*Life can be a walk in the park,*

*if you're not overshadowed by the Dark.*

*Then give your life to my Creator Grand,  
by creating your own music, unlike Motley's Band!*

*Poetess! Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# Forgotten Carers and Mums!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I myself was a carer, for over 40 years,  
but as an adult I was in caring.  
Now Miriama Kamo has another story sharing.  
Boys and girls with sick mums, also little ones,  
on the job from six until maybe one.*

*Thank you Sunday for showing this on air.  
The Govt can now pull together and care.  
Sadly I noticed someone missing, it was Dad.  
Maybe he was working or did leave town.  
I felt ashamed to be a Kiwi,  
and it touched my heart, writing sitting down.  
This land of milk and honey and all,  
pray we shape up before Jesus Christ's call.*

*AMEN! Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# Virgin Blue, Virgin Red!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Okay now our True Blue Kiwi Folk,  
spend your millions on Virgin, what a joke.  
Why be concerned on what's up there,  
Sir Richard Branson down here you should care.*

*The Quenn's knighthood should be for all humanity,  
toward helping those who are all in need,  
the millions should not be splurged in greed.*

*Have you not heard of our Saviour Jesus Christ.  
Only He can rule the heavens high above,  
as we humans should be endowed with love.  
Now pray you sleep on this Sir Richard,  
and think on the Lion Heart.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Welcome Mat!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*When you put out your welcome mat,  
be sure to know where you're at.  
People will take advantage of your good heart,  
being real staunch and thinking they're smart.*

*They even use our Saviour's blessed name,  
to make it sound like we're to blame.  
And in a way we really are,  
by them pushing out the boat so far.*

*May we use your bathroom, we're in need,  
and as you're putting the kettle on,  
they've robbed you silly and now they're gone!  
Now please be on your guard each day,  
if you wish to keep your needed pay.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Homes Kiwi Style!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*If we were allowed to have some land,  
then jointly we could plan with Totalspan.  
Garages, sheds or barns can make a home.*

*Doesn't my Creator have any property rights?  
As they possess his land in the night.  
If its not Maori this or Crown that,  
what chances do Europeans have if no farm?  
Then we are spun a different yarn.*

*I am in some flats right now:  
no back door, asbestos, lots of mould;  
a driveway full of rugged potholes.  
Social worker gave me nice letter,  
just when I thought things were getting better,  
Real Estate lost this at work one day,  
now I'm the one who has to pay.*

*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.

