

Bite the Bullet



A collection of poems by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Biting the Bullet

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My pen is waiting for thoughts to inspire
This soul screaming out its flaming desire
For peace and tranquillity from war monsters.
Horrendous crimes going unpunished - Geneva Convention!
While journalists are being slaughtered, locked up,
Forgetting King Jesus and his golden chalice cup.*

*Holy Land peace; not until the Second Coming;
Could be light years away or twinkle of eye,
Whatever the trumpet warning, too late for cry.
Prophets of old told their stories,
But fell on deaf ears, then and now,
Forgetting my saviour's personal promised vow!*

Our Golden Chalice

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I've written this and that but is it getting heard?
My heart and soul are poured out!
One day like the fallen leaf and a feather,
being whisked off the ground,
my writings shall whisper echoes heard all around!*

*Poetry awards given out to some.
Maybe after my time is up,
some person may reap the trophy of my overflowing cup!
Oh well, that's life I guess,
but its treasure , passing my creators test!*

*Humanitarian Poetess
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

The Bloodiest Moon

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Please take this prophecy as a sign,
my Jesus Christ will return again,
to remind us he can free all pain.*

*Choose to believe or ignore if you must,
but as for me, my faith is built on his promised trust!*

*Fires out of control, ones some idiot lit,
Turmoil within the elected political ring,
denying who truly is King*

*Fighting for freedom and rights ignored,
I'm now all burnt out, writing falling on deaf ears,
or face the terror to fear.*

*Humanitarian Poetess
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

Friends, Family, Back-stabbers

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Who needs this sort of carry-on,
You prop them up if they are down,
then you become their target clown.
Short memories or convenient ones,
as you get targeted with lies for fun.*

*True Friend is not a Mickey Mouse mate,
as you get left propping up the gate.
The trusted ones are dead and gone,
now for me, look elsewhere I guess.
Jesus can find this friend like I need,
genuine, kind and not to deceive.
I've already been the web they weave.*

*Humanitarian Poetess
Gloria Jean Bridgeman
29/07/2018*

Friend Named Jesus!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Please don't get me wrong, Christ is friend,
spiritually speaking he won't let you down.
Trust in him alone to get us through,
I truly miss my friend and mate, Blue!.*

*True friend in need should be mate indeed.
Scroungers have enough to tiki-tour overseas
or party up large; smokes, cats, dogs to feed.
Then the cheek, to tap us older folk.
Get it right, what a sick joke.*

*Kia-kaha, be strong against things like this,
filling your life with my one time Saviour.
Be more discerning in who you give to.
They will spot you coming, be assured its true!*

*Humanitarian Poetess
Gloria Jean Bridgeman
29/07/2018*

The Soul Mirrors

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Children beware and please take care,
laser and radioactive technology today.
You know what I'm talking about,
all part of the New World Order age.
Robots and clones, humanoids - what the hell next.*

*I know to you at school sounds great,
but what if a replacement of you mate.
Just don't get sucked in, I'm begging you.
You have a brilliant mind without taboo.
Treasure the eyesight and cherish it in return.
Otherwise believe me you will crash and burn.*

*Humanitarian Poetess
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

Friendly Fire

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Hey brothers, can we respect Ramadan,
for 48 hours, in respect for our fallen.
Don't lest we forget, Jesus Christ's calling.
Taliban, religious students, wow, shock horror, ISIL;
give them all a wide berth, control freaks,
but America needs to scrub the White House steps.*

*As Golda Meir years ago asked President Nixon for help,
and got it, big time.*

But Israel never learns, they don't even try.

*The Devil's got hold, for now at least,
calling false truce until the next day.*

This is not the Jesus Christ way.

*The Holy Land, the Messiah walked the path,
spoken words of gold.*

*But Jews, some Gentile, ' Sanhedrin,
thought they knew it all, now our creators.*

*Israel hath ruined the chance to repair what's done
by denying Father and Son.*

*But individuals have time to repent,
before Christ returns again,
dealing to his chosen people's suffering and pain!*

*From your child, Jesus my Saviour
Humanitarian Poetess
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

Sleep For Now!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Death is truly a state of mind,
unless you are a true believer in time!
Jesus can awaken you to new horizons, Mark you.*

*From the depth of the ashes black,
When least expected you will come back!
It takes faith, only true believers hold,
to step out and be humbly bold.*

*Your passing to me at first, I was numb
until I remembered promises from Father and Son!
Even us Christians go weak at the knees,
getting lost in a God-given gentle breeze!*

*I will push onward and upward dear Mark,
and pray our light within keeps us together
as our Creator and Saviour has mastered the weather.*

*I must take these prayers to Calvary's cross,
and give them to a precious, graceful Boss!*

*From your servant,
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Her Royal Highness Queen Elizabeth!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Please! don't refurbish Windsor Castle, Highness.
Before you go spending more taxpayer's money.
Try watching Al Jazeera dear Elizabeth.*

*Your grandson Prince William and his late mother Princess Diana,
seemed to have a conscience for the suffering.*

*I was under the knowledge, your Majesty,
you hold this position to represent the people.
But from my humble perspective this has not taken place,
your Grace, respectfully!*

*You and other members of the royal family
should be held accountable for excessive luxuries
in this dire straits of our planet!
and I personally feel other royalty should follow suit.*

*Along with our Christchurch decision,
makers of the chapel spending millions,
when decent folk that have survived the earthquake
are still battling to be compensated for loss of homes,
and personal well being.*

*Its a granddad masterpiece granted.
But this money allocated needs to be spread around
and seeing as the people of Christchurch can rally together
to raise funds, then couldn't they have done so,
if this be the case my deepest apologies.*

*Please hand over your reins (reigns
to our future King Prince William,
as little George has a long road ahead.*

I remain an obedient servant.

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

30/06/2018.

Lest We Forget Money!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Did they know when off to fight,
what was happening behind the scenes,
putting paid to their future dreams.*

*What never ceases to amaze me,
is comradeship within countries at the games,
then back to the wars, who's to blame.*

*Battle zones population elimination,
creating big bucks at the top.
More fruit salad on my shirt,
as pure innocence bleeds from the dirt,
and secret societies behind closed doors,
they know only too well the score.*

*Geneva convention, United Nations and now our holy blue beret,
never stood a fighting chance,
with the 'no fear of God' monsters,
taking the freedoms of man away*

*Lest we forget, lest we forget,
our honoured noble Anzac Day.
Oh, and please don't forget our RSL today.*

*To all RSA and RSL personnel
Humanitarian Poetess.
Someone who gives a darn.
Our Australian blood brothers
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Bite the Bullet

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My pen is likened to a feathered quill,
it appears to write at its own will.
Being as a feather anchored to Earth,
awakening precious lyrics to a new rebirth.*

*Some navy seals buried in the deep six,
whilst other veterans hooked on a darkened fix.
The drug P, rampant in small towns,
As the force in blue tries to crack down.*

*We must all wear the badge of 10,
by pulling our community out of the Punji Den.
I welcome back the Lions Club joining with RSA
to strengthen the web net,
in our delightful, Lest We Forget,
Taumarunui.*

*Humanitarian Poetess.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Mountain Man Mark!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Mark always said he's fading away, to mountain.
Well now he's climbing his peak,
but this man is not climbing it alone,
I'm here in spirit to guide him on.
Until he meets with best friend Fred,
and other family members among the dead.*

*My Marky Man (Blue), this is finally you,
the biggest challenge in your life,
joining the Edmund Hillarys gone before.
You were one of the Gene Tunneys in the world,
fighting the darn system that breaks the man.
Drugs given out willy-nilly to suppress the will,
small wonder there are thousands mentally ill.
keeping Pharmac in trillions of dollars,
law breakers, legalised murder but don't whisper that,
its just another sweep under the mat!*

*Mum always said all dirt before the broom,
but try telling the government of this gloom.
Why don't politicians join forces together,
instead of being spoilt children.
Then they could master the thunderous storms,
instead of being tossed about like straws,
in this vast ocean of mistrust they create,
mending their broken fences, before its too late.*

*My seventh book Marky is about to unfold,
by then you will have reached Precious Gold.*

*Humanitarian Poetess! Someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman with love.*

The Bitten Bullet

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I have bitten the bullet more than once,
due to injustices done, in my honesty.*

*Housing, medical misadventure,
child's welfare, CYFs, these days named.*

Volunteer worker for mentally ill.

Heavy duty domestic violence.

Marital injustices which I didn't pay for due to a bigamist.

*Character assassination, but because of my own misfortune,
got involved helping what I thought poor and needy,
though some of these folk were so called poor and greedy.*

Got on Radio Community to help others.

*Wrote poetic verse until blue in the face,
but nobody wants to know.*

*I am a positive person, but upon reading my material
you would not probably think that!*

Joined three Country and Western clubs:

Fountain City, Hamilton; Pirongia - beautiful club!

Cambridge Country and Western.

Singer, member of Taumarunui RSA.

Poetry put on Reigning in Grace Ministries website.

I am also on Facebook, against my wishes.

Gloria Bridgeman.

The Written Word

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I am a writer and you should know,
the other side of gloom and woe.
America needs this North Korean Hitler
to give up his nuclear weapons for peace.*

*But lets get it right Mr Donald Trump
and Emmanuel Macron,
the Merkels and such, Vladimir Putin
and all the rest, putting them to the test!*

*Please don't be mouths in pants alone,
bypass your talks and go chase the rainbow.
Set the example, Donald maybe to find,
the others should follow sheep of a kind.*

*Don't ask of these countrymen to lay the nuclear away,
when Washington DC has theirs to stay.
Beware Mr Trump your Illuminati and monarchy hold the reins.
Did we not learn from the ghost trains.*

*Nazis had to answer so called Geneva Convention.
Now what does it take, drawing your attention.
John Kerry should know where its at.
Vietnam and its denied wrap to all
who answered the Uncle Sam's trumpet call.*

*From someone who cares,
Humanitarian Poetess.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
7/6/2018*

Beware of Users!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*There are two kinds - givers and takers.
Which of these fits your profile.
Users get you in all sorts of trouble,
by their manipulative mind games they play,
leaving you disillusioned at end of day.
I'm not falling for this carryon any more,
so don't bother knocking on my generous door!
Its permanently closed, only genuine folk,
can have my permission to enter within.*

*The givers like myself that don't rob you blind,
when all you have done is showing you're kind.
Then guilt trips, they try taking you on,
twisting the knife when you say no.
Hell breaks loose when you try to go.
I've now knocked it on the head,
before I'm left stone cold dead!*

*2/7/2018.
Gloria Jeab 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.

