

# Brothers in Blood



A collection of poems by  
**Gloria Jean Bridgeman**

# Brothers in Blood

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I want to write a poem  
but I don't know if I can.  
Its about some guys who went to fight a war  
in Vietnam.*

*The fighting is all over now,  
and yet it haunts them still.  
Memories and bullets scar deep their minds,  
as they plunged in for the kill.*

*Blood, flesh and bones  
will weave a web into the sand.  
Spirits will fly in freedom  
into the promised land.*

*But what of our comrades who relive  
the nightmare every day?  
Tormented by their fear  
is the price they will have to pay.*

*A personal dedication to  
all who served in Nam, and  
any of the other Armed Forces.  
Dead or alive, this is for you.*

*Pray God be with you - G.J. Bridgeman  
AMEN*

# King Jesus

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*King Arthur and his knights of the round table,  
true, false or just another fantasy-fable.*

*King Richard the Lionheart with his red cross crusading gladiators  
fought the good fight.*

*A rare breed of man, an honour to be called knight.*

*Joan of Arc, angelic being or some kind of witch,  
it was not proven either way.*

*What does it take to serve our Creator and King? Yes!*

*I believe Mother Teresa, a servant of God,  
sleeping within his eternal ring.*

*King Hussein of the middle-East,  
was a noble man I believe,  
until Saddam brought about death  
and destruction to deceive.*

*King Jesus is the chosen,  
from God's holy hand,  
and will bring peace to his followers  
from a high aloft spiritual land*

# The KEVS of ANZAC

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The tall poppy syndrome, lest we forget,  
walking wounded, our ANZAC troops,  
brothers in blood, comrades in arms,  
SAS, Green Berets and the rest,  
they proved their will to pass each test.*

*Young lads of the Cowboy and Indian age,  
making history through the pages of time,  
having to kill for the country they love,  
was I guess their only crime.*

*Women as well played a very large part,  
losing pieces of a valued heart,  
God's created four legged friends, pigeons and all  
answering the trumpet of the chosen call.*

*Our loyal vets hold a big part in my life this day,  
and we all need to pray,  
for loved ones lost along the way*

# Jay Force Tides Out!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Well gentlemen and wives of the force,  
its that time of year again,  
free from the stress within nations coping  
with such terror and pain.*

*Bill, Kath and mates work around time  
piecing together this happy event,  
ocean's miles away from their  
Hiroshima's mop up tent.*

*As comrades in arms,  
Dale and Pam in charge of weaponry display,  
catering plus entertainment,  
to make the perfect day.*

*Its not just our KEVS who join together in fun,  
its family and friends, strangers and all,  
enjoying raffles, companion drinking  
and food fit for a ball.*

*Now if its a lovely autumn day out for you  
then by all means feel welcome to join our Jay-Force crew.*

# ANZAC Why?

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Obama, Gaddafi, Putin, Key,  
top-gun Americans In God We Trust.  
But know they don't trust Jesus by any means.*

*Its nuclear this and radiation that,  
even in medicine they can't get it right,  
radioactive and all.  
We are the guinea pigs amongst it all.*

*J-Force, K-Force, Vietnam SAS,  
Green Berets, Green Jackets and Navy SEALS all rolled within  
whilst the money-making politicians  
are sealed with sin.*

*My heart bleeds for our dead vets or marines.  
Its truly put paid to all their dreams.*

*Elimination of population has come to pass,  
the cashless society and Big Brother rule  
under the New World Order plan.*

*Now say Lest We Forget when laying our next wreath,  
as we wipe away their tears of grief.  
Pray for the Second Coming, not more world wars  
and let our Creator even the score.*

# Blind Justice

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Have you really taken in eye to eye  
the lady outside the courts?*

*I wonder why they decided to blindfold her,  
with scales to weigh it all up?*

*Perhaps the sculptor had some prophetic vision,  
from our overflowing justice cup.*

*Years ago I thought the so called team in blue I would join.  
But too short they said.*

*But these days the victims truly survive alone  
Whilst our others are forever dead.*

*But our honest true-blue hangs in there  
and fights hard for their fellow humankind.  
Whilst the madam in her concrete gown  
doesn't weigh the pros and cons,  
to them that are so blind.*

*Just like her prodigy the Statue of Liberty In God We Trust.  
Another deceiver of the American folk,  
to use our loving Creator for landmarks in clay,  
is nothing short of a joke.*

# Justice for ANZACS

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What does ANZAC mean for you  
as warriors fought under red, white and blue?  
Good government, politics, rapes, murders no more,  
upon fighting for justice miles offshore.*

*Or serve the double standards role,  
as King Jesus holds the power to your soul.  
Yes! By all means remember them.  
Prepare our reasons why we vote.  
Not to please our system's Big Brother,  
but by Christ's holy word to love one another.*

*Kris Kristofferson used powerful lyrics to rhyme  
and rode with highwaymen sublime.  
Can't we partake of lessons past  
and construct friendly relations built to last.*



# Lest we forget

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*ANZAC Day no more our leaders say,  
they have given lives for their fellow man,  
let's do away with their only memorial day!*

*Because they're the last of a dying breed!  
Pull the plug, and it turns into stone,  
if we all give into this unfeeling greed.*

*Pass a part of history onto our young,  
show them the good, and evil done,  
respect starts with the living, not the dead.*

*Its obvious our men folk died in vain,  
tears for them, we must all sometime shed.  
"To take away this event its crazy and insane."*

*Tradition is a part of every country's full meaning.  
Don't deprive the next generation of this event.  
Top brass eye's open for our future lament.*

*A dedication to our men folk who fought  
in all the armed services, this is for you.  
From someone who understands.  
Gloria Bridgeman.*

# Honour Our Dead

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Yes most of us do that in our own way,  
wreaths, mourning, poems, nothing 'but the best',  
good, and bad, warriors put to the test.*

*Please don't let their passing be all in vain,  
as spirits look down on the forgotten with pain.*

*Crete, Malaya, Korea or Nam,  
prophetic verse, in tender loving psalm.*

*Churches with teachings beyond belief,  
only add to the stressful already in grief.*

*When Jesus way, was all created simple to plan,  
his bloodstained nails piercing his loving hand.*

# Remember ANZAC Geneva!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Know you have betrayed the forgotten sons,  
as they fought for queen and country, with blood and guns.*

*The quivering pen was also laid to rest,  
when each soul went about their chosen quest.*

*Some royal legal documents just rise in flames,  
Then the convention says who's to blame?*

*Was it an act of God they say,  
maybe our leader should do it another way.*

*Children the innocent ones, while others not,  
laying in their precious cots to rot.*

*Telethon United, plus Christians as well  
must join together to defuse this hell.*

*And rewrite a new stance for peace,  
for senseless killings on others to cease.*

# War For Immortality

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Eliminate Code Red,  
Eliminate Code Red,  
Just another few million dead.  
Clones and robots to fill the gap,  
gullible folk falling into their trap.  
War of worlds 21st century kind,  
then how can our planet be so blind.*

*There's ways and means to catch Mr. Insane,  
don't worship the New World Order to blame.  
Yankee's Lady of Liberty has spikes on her head,  
representing nations in the red.  
Look deep within this so called power at hand,  
realizing your Creator is the Master Grand.*

*Humanitarian Poetess.  
Someone who cares.  
Gloria Bridgeman.*

# Gloria's Christian Column

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Christ-In is the church of the heart,  
a personal relationship is a joyous start.*

*A spiritual walk with Jesus is a must to behold,  
In the Saviour's mansion paved with gold.*

*The Creator's celestial kingdom we yearn to visit in time and space,  
a supper prepared with angelic grace.*

*The end time is nigh, please seek out our Master,  
Before this planet, explodes with disaster.*

*I'm not meaning to be of gloom,  
But its a fact, from the womb to the tomb.*

*The wages of sin is death we know,  
be prophetic with the Maker, to grow and sow.*

*To reap the harvest.*

# The Weeping Petals

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Its that time of year, poppies for sale bright red,  
signifying to the world, the wasted dead.  
Our holy Christ too, gave he his life in vain?  
For us dull and ignorant to reap the pain.*

*Wars around the world never bringing peace,  
nuclear radiation, they say in time will cease.  
Fragile bodies with prominent cancer cells when born,  
as wreaths, glisten in the sun, with the promise of a new morn.*

*Peasants of Christian lands, screaming in a living hell,  
waiting for the sound of the Messenger's seventh bell.  
The next poppy you see, pinned close to a chest,  
pray you remember our heavenly King's chosen quest.*

*A thought for Anzac Day 25/4/2002  
Gloria Bridgeman.*

# Janine or Geneva!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Will Israel ever truly be the same,  
or is the humanitarian convention really to blame.*

*Some big heads of state, signing this deed,  
but money talks, when its matters of universal greed.*

*Innocence folding like pieces of tissue,  
as closing of ranks avoid the big issue.*

*Why not duck? - shove the blame from one to another,  
its all because of the lead up, to third eye, Big Brother.*

*Religion, money and land, are the root of the source,  
like a liner out of control, we all changed the course.*

*Forgetting the Captain, who can steer us back,  
guiding us gently, down his bloodless track.*

*ANZAC DAY  
Gloria 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.

