

# Common Sense Died



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

# Trouble Shooters, not Trouble Makers!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I shoot from the hip, the truth is just that; why persecute us!  
For white collar crime ,  
the average John Doe must do the time.  
The laws of the land should stand for all,  
not because money cushions the fall.*

*Confiscate their crooked wealth.  
Why? The fraud squad if not for true equality,  
the freedoms of speech down drain.  
Causing suicides, murders, fractured families and the rest,  
then put our elite forces to their sworn oath test!*

*Humanitarian Poetess!  
Someone who cares!  
Gloria Bridgeman*

# White Bones Saga!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Ashes remain the same colour  
in deep, darkest night,  
and when lowered down,  
our bones all bled white.  
echoing from the ground.*

*Pray tell me about racist remarks,  
before your mouth gets into gear,  
about poverty in slavery  
is why you're here.*

*Stand before my Jesus,  
telling him how you feel about the blacks,  
and their women you've raped,  
and the burnt crosses to statements you make.  
Lovers of Hitler and his motley crew,  
Murders of race, the unfortunate Jew!*

*From someone who cares  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

# Conscientious Objector!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*So what! You are a conscientious objector,  
maybe joined the Home Guard.  
Or a medic on the front line.,  
You saw blood and guts, adding reason to rhyme.*

*Trenches and foxholes the footsloggers did see,  
but did their units know the cries to your plea?  
Kill or be killed is not the New Testament story.  
Your justice battle unrecognised glory.*

*Dead heroes or so called live cowards.  
Which are you conscientious objector.  
Whose mark is true!  
Uncle Sam's finger is pointing the wrong  
when killing is his main theme song!*

*Humanitarian Poetess  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman  
From someone who cares*

# The Cultured Pearl

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are you the cultured pearl? From the rough,  
and don't throw in the towel when times are tough.  
The pearl of great price is rare indeed,  
and there to help in times of need.*

*From the bottom, the deep six floor,  
fathoms of watery hue,  
being creatively sprinkled like dewdrops on willow pine,  
or colours of the seven seas sublime.*

*Maybe treasure from sunken ships or boat,  
as a pearl of great price you will be kept afloat.  
Like the clam in all its glory,  
you will survive to tell the story.*

*Humanitarian Poetess  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman  
From someone who cares*

# Behold the Monarch's Return!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why do sovereigns reign and rule?  
When the monarchs are seated on thrones of gold,  
and servants blend into the fold.  
People like cattle sleep out night and day,  
worshipping the royals to lead the way.*

*But when my Jesus Christ walked the earth  
they denied the divinity of his royal noble birth.  
His devotion and acts of kindness were for all to see,  
yet he was tortured and suffered with no mercy from mankind,  
when our Saviour was hung on his own created tree.*

*When so called leaders of today,  
the blind leading the blind.  
Please awake smelling the flowers before its too late,  
and my King will reign sovereign after his closing gate.*

*From someone who cares  
Humanitarian Poetess  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

# Life's a Storm!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Some folk cruise through life without a hitch,  
as others end up in the ditch.*

*But don't get jealous of what they've got,  
be blissfully thankful for your lot.*

*We made our own beds in which to sleep,  
'tis why the hardship is in the reap.*

*Be an overcomer and let it slide,  
with Jesus Christ as your guide.*

*Suicide is not an answer when you fall,  
I've been through the torments of time,  
then look at it from another point of view!*

*By riding your storm through clouds of silver lining,  
and loosen the shackles of misery binding.*

*From someone who cares  
Humanitarian Poetess  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

# The Warrior's Pen!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My true pen is at it once again,  
but the radio waves don't wish to know,  
it really goes against the grain,  
yields in honesty at the point's blade,  
as if it was a Samurai sword.*

*Lies secretly hidden from one's naked eyes,  
we are silenced from reporting all wrongs,  
codes that can't be exposed,  
are treated like Mission Impossible or Elliot Ness,  
and New Zealand's rubbish trucks full of shredded mess.*

*How come other reporters getting paid big bucks,  
fall through the cracks,  
but us voluntary workers take all the flak.*

*From someone who gives a darn  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



## Bank Notes War!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Blood money note's the titles of war,  
we go by thousands to respect the dead.  
As trillions laid bleeding before they died.  
Another ANZAC or Armistice Day to remember,  
11th hour of the 11th day, 11th month of November.*

*We are just like a bunch of hypocrites  
carrying on with war.  
If you were there you know what I mean.  
Forget about using the everyday latrine!  
Boys needing to be men before their time,  
for facing tortured penalties' their unknown crime.*

## Common Sense Died!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Thousands on the unemployed roll,  
please give them work to soothe the soul.  
Two of my brother's lumps taken off their backs,  
from poison chemicals on big packs.*

*Do the job manually like our King Country folk  
did with possums and rabbits, making money from pelts,  
putting food on the table,  
people are willing and they're able.  
Pray Common Sense why did you leave  
Our poor communities to suffer and grieve?*

*From someone who cares  
Humanitarian Poetess  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

# Jokers Deceive!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A pack of cards has the Joker Man,  
deceiving folk like slippery bellied snake!  
Are you for the chip or the chop?  
Maybe you are already Enemy of State!*

*Mind control is what you are up against.  
To the non-believer it doesn't make sense.  
True Christianity won't give way,  
when the system's joker is out to play.*

*Churches, some of them have fallen short,  
going against what my Jesus Christ taught.  
Only my Lord, the Rock of Salvation,  
stands the test of time,  
anything else nothing short of crime!*

*Humanitarian Poetess.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Father or Fathers!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Catholic Fathers, stepfathers,  
your mother's husband Dad,  
(Adopted fathers!)  
This to true Christian's tragically sad.*

*I'm not referring to parental adoption,  
its just the name Father  
tells its biblically wrong.  
For the sake of true believers we must get it right.*

*Poppa, pops, Dad or Sir if that's the case,  
then we are truly honouring our Saviour's grace!*

*For the love of Jesus Christ.  
Your humble child,  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## The Good Life!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The country style will work for a while,  
to grin and bare with a smile.  
But poison chemicals will still be dropped,  
population elimination with military fruit salad to top.*

*I'm a Common Sense writer, that's why you may never agree,  
unless thee humble thyself on bended knee.  
Because my Creator has it all worked out.*

*Be stubborn if you dare by not taking heed,  
as Jesus Christ's golden trumpet blows from his faithful steed.*

## Raw, War!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Some Yankees love war games,  
not, oh no the Play Station type,  
the hype that compels them into flight.  
Wings on my chest, fruit salad at the top,  
destroying a humble peasant farmer's crop.  
Trading arms with the Middle East,  
having the cheek to ask wars to cease.*

*War is money and that's a fact  
and while the Illuminati is in current supply.  
Dare we ask who rules and reigns,  
like the ghost of Hitler's screaming trains.  
I'm taking my comfort from Jesus Christ,  
who will end it all from his judgement seat when trumpets call.*

*From someone who cares, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Brave Heart Believers

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Are you weak or strong in faith?  
We must be saved by his holy Grace.  
Some churches preach what you already know,  
when a childlike faith is a way to grow.*

*They repeat things over, again and again,  
like you have no eyes or ears.  
Even the disabled have their story,  
and they've paved the way to glory.*

*The path is narrow yet short and sweet,  
and Horizon Riders will benefit the treat!*

## The Man Thing

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A man is just that. Where did we go wrong?  
And a woman is a female I would have thought  
But we are not to judge all goings on.  
As Christians we are not to condone it either.  
My nephew I love very much is a homosexual,  
plus good friend I've known for forty years, my landlady's daughter.*

*The Saviour and Creator never meant for this to be,  
but to say you're a Christian and live in sin,  
and preach behind pulpits with your feet in both camps doesn't gel.  
Please think of this when you chime your bell.*

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

# Never Look Back!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My Jay Force friend, Mr Harold Bryant,  
gave to me a poster, a picture of a western stagecoach,  
riding o'er the wild, wild west.*

*Well how prophetic it turned out for me,  
as written on the bottom "Never look back".  
I took this to mean on all my personal tragedy.*

*I've overcome things you wouldn't read in a book,  
truly giving thanks for a new dawn arising,  
as our rainbows we tend to overlook.*

*Killing one's self doesn't end it all,  
peace shall come just don't slip and fall.  
Please open your heart to Jesus Christ,  
that he may answer your call.*

*From someone who cares,  
Humanitarian Poetess.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Blatant White Lies!

by  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My mother always said you know where you are with a thief  
but you never can tell with a liar.*

*A web is woven full of deceit,  
where manipulation and forked tongue meet.*

*Some even eyeball you at best,  
reeling in the hook from your treasure chest.*

*I'm now closing the door on these lying thugs,  
treating me as a full time mug.*

*And do what mum said all along,  
keep it for a rainy day*

*and reap the harvest of your pay.*

*Thank you mother I've learnt at last,  
never to trust those from my past!*

*Thanks Mum!*

*From your ever loving daughter,  
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.

