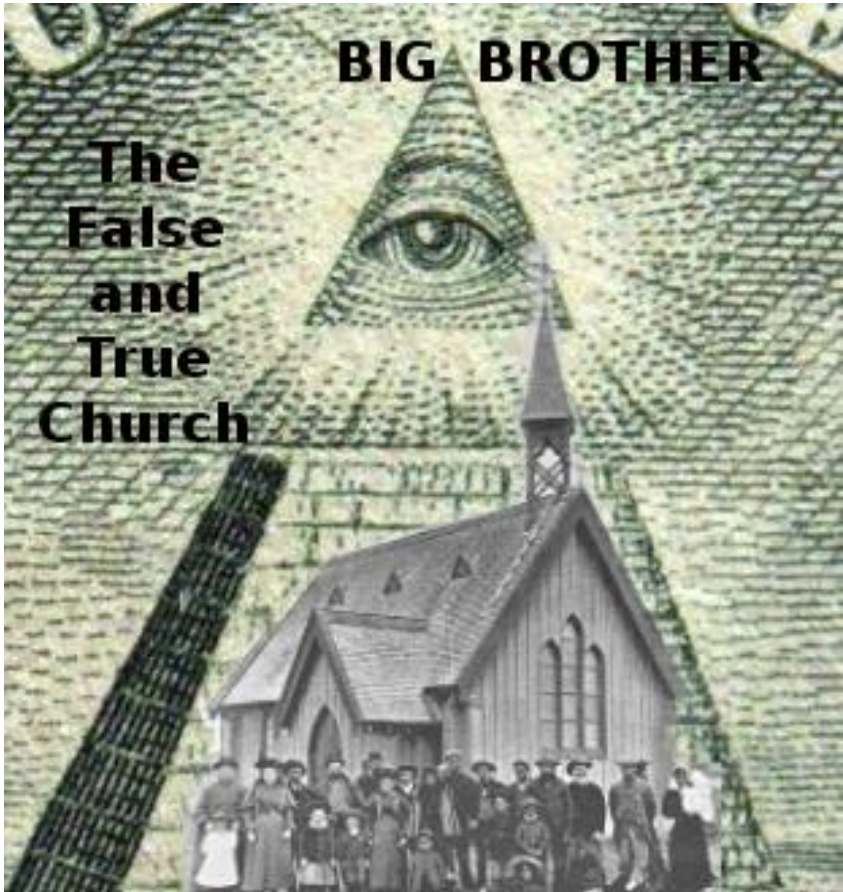


Community People Power



A collection of poems by
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.

Maori and Pakeha

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why the hassle between both races
when amongst most Maori are white traces.
Paleface mum with brown coloured dad.
Beautiful whakapapa, now tell me that's bad.*

*I'm a whitey with Maori whanau roots.
Get real, us bush natives don't give a hoot.
Deal with the deaths of our mokopuna each day,
instead of fighting over money and pay.*

*Warriors white and chieftains brown,
join together and wear God's crown.
Close the gaps before its too late,
then Waitangi's stance may be at peace with its mate.*

Hired a Body

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Organs for hire, lease or rent,
or maybe go bush, live in a tent.
Robots, clones and yes, the walking dead
makes us believers want to see red.
Embryo, DNA this and multiple that,
Computers, internet, laptop and the ole political mat*

*What today sir, new pins so you may walk.
Perhaps a voice recorder then you can talk.
That's perhaps a miracle for ones in need,
but now its talking money and black market greed.
Please pass madam her own little clone
and maybe he will grow to be a drone.*

*Yes I guess the full circle's gone extreme
as creation is lost until Christ's promised dream.*

*PS. Humanity's undoing to mourn.
From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Double Standards

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Why! don't we have a clean sweep and weed out
the so called law imposing crooks
and send them on a one way flight as they preach
the so called rules of the court.
It goes against the grain of what we were taught.*

*Love one's neighbour, giving a helping hand when we can,
and wipe out injustices wrongly served in our land,
and place incentives to live by instead of some one sided plan.*

*People working in WINZ, creaming the top.
Putting us victims through the mill.
Making some dependent on the mental health pill.*

*Have you got a physical complaint
that baffles your doctor or nurse?
Then to keep you out of a Bennett Centre
you better have that cash filled purse.*

*Serial killers kept alive for one reason.
To eliminate the population come embryo cell season.
Clones made to order, doing away with identical match
as radioactive eggs are nurtured to be hatched.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Blindfolded Justice

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I am thinking our crime rate can easily be solved.
Its not around these thugs the world revolves.*

*What of the motto do the crime, do the time,
three strikes and you're out.
Now what's that all about.*

*When I attended school two and two were four.
Not any more you know as the crime rate soars to a new height
and its the victims once again who feel the bite.*

*Oh! I only shot or stabbed multiple times.
That doesn't justify me going to jail.
Maybe a good highly paid lawyer or probation officer
can announce my bail.
Or then again a temporary insanity plea.
Now the perpetrators can cope with that
as dirt, blood money pile high under the Hall of Justice mat.*

*C'mon Kiwis and join forces with folk fighting to right the wrong
without taking the so called laws into our own hand,
and form an alliance and take a stand.*

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

Family Terrorists

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You can lead a horse to water and all the rest,
but family against family now that's the real test.*

*Helping them to help themselves is not always the right thing to do,
especially when they're adults and it starts becoming too much for
you.*

*My mother always taught us to not bite the hand that feeds,
but in today's world of bad credit its a major problem,
when one is busting the guts to do a good deed.*

*There are rehab centres for drug and alcohol abuse and such,
but most of all Jesus Christ's gentle Christian touch.*

*But my doormat days are over
when folk think I'm stupid as well as kind,
and try taking advantage,
laying guilt trips to ease their troubled mind*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Violence Down - Burglaries Up

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Mixed messages once again,
as victims lay stabbed, shot or beaten in pain.*

*I've been a victim in days gone by.
Now and then its treated as pie in the sky.*

*The true victims are the lifers in the ground,
they never more to utter a sound.
We must rally together to speak for them.*

*Queen's Counsel for the guilty prisoners of crime,
as the system hasn't changed with time.*

*Kid glove treatment for those beyond the darkland.
Small wonder the crime rate soars in New Zealand.*

*Someone who cares.
Gloria Bridgeman 28/11/2012.*

Second Class Citizens

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*So you need to be a clone big deal.
Why not survive our humble planet, and get real.*

*You think good benefits outweigh the bad
but this demon hath deceived some and that is awful sad.*

*Maybe they'll commit hazardous crimes and you will get the blame.
Then try telling the system and you'll be treated as insane.*

*Now robots will take the jobs as humanity walks the planks.
Its part of the New World Order and Big Brother is a Yank.*

*But everybody's in the same boat
and folk of many colours will struggle to stay afloat.*

*Please keep the faith and serve the Master from above
and he will make you strong and gentle like a dove.*

*Now I have penned poems about the deaths of many men
who fought against these atrocities time and time again.*

*But do we really honour the Christ that died for us,
or will we still be screaming as we go from ashes to the dust.*

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

The Truthful Poetess and Paul Henry

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Do I write about fiction, fantasy, science or reality.
Truth is imagination, honesty and all things as they are personally.*

*Is this what the average Hamiltonians really need to know,
as our mental health rate is fast to grow.*

*Have you heard of C.C.H.R.? Well look it up on the net,
then pray tell you choose to forget.*

*If you're truthful and caring but don't belong to a specific church of a
kind
Then you're misdiagnosed because of others flying blind.*

*Yes! Justice and honesty must prevail in the end,
and the loyal won't be the ones driven around this system's bend.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Bridgeman.*

Our Mad Planet

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You talk until blue in the face Mr Peters
but no one appears to want to see,
as your heart bleeds with honesty,
when folk think you're only leading them up a tree.*

*Yes! The Minister of Finance you were,
as well as being a lawyer to the crown,
and like myself know that 2 plus 2 equals four,
not making us the clown.*

*But this system is so full of booze, drugs, sex and such,
they forget good honest people are chosen
to demonstrate the fulfilment of Christ's touch.*

Heavy Duty Hearts

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Yes! Our hearts do bleed as another victim dies in jest.
Urban terrorism in our country as this fraulein is buried with the
rest.*

*How many more death roll calls do we have to make,
before these souls can rest in peace along with our Peter Blake.*

*I have written to Jim Anderton, Prime Minister Ms Helen Clark,
and Rt Honourable Winstone Peters and the rest.
Now another plea for justice, I challenge the blue-blitz boys to test.*

*Also Public Relations about terrorists from hell,
praying it doesn't fall on deaf ears to sound the warning bell.*

*Put the protocols in place, the powers worn in blue,
by taking courts to court by the same crown who elected you.*

One World Order Mates

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Obama and John are joined at the hip,
small wonder they give everyone the slip*

*A round of golf is on the board,
don't concern us, the underprivileged horde.*

*Housing New Zealand's standing empty for years,
another round of brew on the taxpayer's tap, Barack.*

*Oh! the so called holy wars are getting the best of me,
you're blest John being the Prime Minister of the land of milk and
honey.*

Because when my liberty bell rings it won't sound so funny.

*Do we really need to moan, Barack says to John.
After all I have my hand at ready on our nuclear bomb.*

*And if I miss pushing the button,
the yellow peril love nuclear this and that.
But there is written in God's Holy Book
The chapters of Revelation that they've overlooked.*

*Thank you Jesus, in You I trust.
Your child in Christ.
Thank God.
Gloria Bridgeman.*

Scenic Walk Tracks

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The creation is now in the mind of one's being,
because to explore means the terror is in seeing.*

*Heavy duty people let loose to maim and kill.
How else are demons able to get the thrill.*

*Look for signs of stress, to strange behaviour some police do say.
But cold blooded killers don't give a damn anyway.*

*I bought a book for mum to read titled Lucy's Ghost the other day,
Whilst a murder took place at Lucy's Gully so they say.*

*The novel was of Russian and German scientists if you dare to read,
as hitchhiker fraulein was at the hands of an evildoers deed.*

*As a child in Christ what more can I do or say?
But just wait under his wings as he closes each day.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman 24/9/2005.*

Murder Me Why?

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Helen. Oh! Helen. You've been elected in again,
holding the authority to stop this senseless death, trauma and pain.*

*Have you not read be wise as a serpent but gentle as a dove.
You're in by grace and the power of his love.*

*Please don't take things for granted this time around.
Have you not heard of these powers being buried in the ground.*

*Let the police have the job they were trained to do,
whilst the Traffic Department can shine up their shoe.*

*The crime rate's gone down, where do we get that.
Well it went under the political mat.*

*This may well be the last three years to turn the country on its feet.
Otherwise Ms Clark you may very well lose your seat.*

*From someone who cares.
Humanitarian Poetess.
Gloria Bridgeman 4/10/2005.*

Helen's Gang

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This body and mind get tired and in need of rest,
then I imagine a storm of words like a treasure chest.*

*Prose and lyrics come to pass as good books of old.
Carefully chosen words are more rare than purest gold.*

*My pen is wielded around like a samurai warrior with his sword,
or in military style precision as with soldiers in a horde.*

*I love being a writer in this world gone mad.
It keeps my sanity in check from being a nervous wreck.*

*Because I am a wee burden bearer and try hard to walk the talk, in
trials of this land,
but gosh it takes some guts getting through to those at hand.*

*Stiff necked politicians who don't wish to see in front of their face,
not fully comprehending Jesus, patience and state of grace.*

*Still like MacArthur I keep writing as he returned in full force,
just maybe, yeah maybe they will wake up in due course,
by putting elected powers of our government
and rehabilitate the tough love source.*

*By someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Tainted Emerald Isle

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Shanrocks, emeralds, to kissing the Blarney Stone,
would be the beauty of Northern Ireland twas it not a tainted red,
instead of green then a truly beautiful land we would be seeing.*

*Why must men and womenfolk die for the cause,
most often giving of their lives in vain,
whilst the living survive the torment and pain.*

*God please forgive Bobby Sands and his followers.
But what did that mean in the end?
It just made things easier to form another trend.*

*The IRA and Sinn Fein made Ireland hell,
orange and green as to who serves you well.
Now a truce a couple of years ago I believe,
but just another smokescreen to deceive.*

*Why Jesus? this division over lands,
when you provided equally with your generosity grand.
Iran and Iraq are just the same,
now some of our Maoris are faulting the paleface Pakeha to blame.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman, 6/10/2005.*

The Year 2001

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

(The Kursk is a Russian nuclear sub)

*The Kursk is at rest in the bottom of the blue,
as the heavens opened with a colourful hue,
and the Y2K leapt into full gear,
a human stampede with folk in the rear.*

*Then the I love you bug took to the air,
giving the computer freaks terror and fear.
Our Russell Crowe, terrorist threat to be nabbed,
While Sunline I believe will beat the Arab.*

*Mad cow, foot and mouth to wipe out the EEC,
next cashless society to add to the plea.
Will someone please rescue this country from fate,
and turn around time before its too late*

PS: Progressed too fast, too soon, out of hand.

