

# Fractured Spirits Bleed



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

# Red Versus Blue!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Chris versus Chris, Oh what a twist,  
As they appear chained to each other's wrist.  
Not a bad thing I would have thought,  
As that is what we were taught.*

*Join forces, that's what you should do,  
And bring New Zealand out of the blue.  
We are tired of this biscuits and milk,  
By making a sow's ear out of silk.*

*When you're in, think of the people,  
And don't sit in your plush only steeple.  
By forgetting the ones who voted you in,  
And be the Christian you are without sin.*

*These elections are a two-horse race,  
And that to me is not a disgrace.  
Two heads are better than one I'm told,  
And that is worth the price of gold.*

*Thank you for my writings, Jesus!  
I pray I've written them well.*

*Yours in Jesus Christ.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Friendly Gypsies!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My mother said, I never should,  
Play with the Gypsies in the wood.  
If I did, she would say,  
You're a naughty little girl to disobey.*

*Your hair won't curl, your boots won't shine,  
And you nasty little girl, you shan't be mine.  
But mum, the Gypsies are my special mates,  
And they are included in Christ's closing gate.*

*Why do people feel these folk are unkind,  
They, like us, are the blind leading blind.  
In God's eyes we are all as equals,  
And must all try reaching our heavenly steeple.*

*Yet some today are like judge and jury alike,  
Thinking they'll never fall off their bike.  
We are all answerable at end of day,  
And pray give thanks for our spiritual pay.*

*Thanks be to my Provider, Lord and Saviour.  
His child only. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## **Bill and Brenda!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A long-lost brother who truly found me,  
Has made me happy as can be.  
Him and his wife are very fine folk,  
And this hidden secret, truly a heartfelt joke.*

*Closest beings you never really knew before,  
Suddenly are knocking on home sweet home door.  
Is this for real you ask yourself,  
The years of being on this lonely shelf.*

*They really have brought me so much joy,  
Even though I've had three lovely boys.  
One doesn't care enough to let me know,  
Whilst the other's planted two seeds to grow.*

*I have a daughter whose name is Charlene,  
Now that in itself another broken dream.  
But Bill and Brenda have made my day,  
Pray Jesus Christ can show them the way.*

*Thank you, my Creator, for my newfound family,  
Bill and Brenda Parrant!*

# The King's Mountain!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I have some majestic mountains over yonder,  
Making me sit in a pensive mood to ponder.  
On sunny days there's nothing quite like it,  
Its likened to a child in a sandpit.*

*Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder,  
At this sight for soul mirrors you smoulder.  
King Country's Ohakune a rare place to see,  
If you truly love the sea and land,  
Then these God-created mountains surely are grand.*

*Time is now as the weather is fine,  
Ngarahoe, Ruapehu, Tongariro are one of a kind.  
Came to live here with thoughts of regret,  
But mind has opened like Jesus Christ's fishing net.*

*God be with us all, as we really don't deserve his love.  
Your child. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Humanity Needs P.E.A.C.E.

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*How do warmongers lie straight in bed,  
When all they must see is blood red.  
Men are their worst enemy I've been told,  
Good woman can oil the best with gold.*

*The other side of this coin is Amazon Queens,  
Putting paid to this God-given parental dream.  
If single and need your carcass blown off,  
Serve and eat out of Middle Eastern trough.*

*You're needed in this country New Zealand,  
Leave all the fighting up to the men,  
Don't try to be Daniel in lion's den.  
Your children need you now and forevermore,  
Lest you are left behind at Green Door.*

*Then get my meaning you G.I. Jane,  
And save your family a lot of pain.  
After all thee be a long time dead,  
Then why did you bother to get wed.*

*In the Bible men had to be twenty to fight.  
Nothing about all women serving this plight.*

# The Waikato Hospital!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This hospital is truly seeking out a need,  
Yet millionaires in Hamilton hold onto their greed.  
We won't get sick, they probably think,  
They roll the dice on their ice rink.*

*I was on Community Radio 89.Free F.M.  
Trying my level best to support them.  
For years this medical home has been crying out!*

*Paula Southgate, you are Mayoress of this city,  
Throwing money around everywhere else, what a pity.*

*Someday you and your cronies will get sick,  
Then without a doubt you'll figure it out.  
And stop feathering all of your own nest,  
Please earn your pay by doing the best.*

*God be with us all AMEN.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Our Red Alert Hospital!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This being my topic for today's theme,  
As our nursing staff can't fulfil their dream.  
For years now they've been screaming out,  
Some sort of fair deal, what its about.*

*If this Covid is the real thing,  
Then test the germ warfare from China's Ring.  
Now wouldn't one think hospitals on priority list,  
Or is this more lies with a twist.*

*Two years at High School is all I had,  
Where we were taught good from bad.  
And never to lie to our dear Mother,  
Noe the Illuminati worship their God, Big Brother.*

*Maybe we can take our hats around,  
And get these wrongs made right off ground!*

*Thanking you my heavenly Father.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# My Crystal Jesus Christ!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I have a precious rare gem in my life,  
And his name is the Saviour Jesus Christ.  
He always takes care of my every need,  
Faith can be strong when not in greed.*

*I've lost a lot of loved ones dear,  
But he always stayed close beside me near.  
No one else was there to comfort me,  
Without my King all alone I would be.*

*Now some worship the Buddhas or crystal things,  
My Lord of Lords is King of Kings.*

*Pray take a moment to seek him out,  
Stop living your life on this perpetual roundabout.  
Then kneel and ask him into your life,  
As he can help with all trials of strife.*

*Pray God be with us always.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Manifest Love Church!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I enjoyed this church ever so much,  
It had a warm feeling, Jesus' soft touch.  
But then a wolf came through the door,  
I felt the atmosphere was lost for sure.*

*Pastor Geoff and Paul and Karen listened to him,  
When gossip he spreads around still is sin.*

*This man is partaking from the Holy Cross,  
Feet in both camps, who is his Boss?  
My son and I, he has blacklisted us,  
This person who relies on humanity's trust.*

*He's asked me to forgive what is done,  
Whilst he is still abusing Father and Son.  
Doesn't he realise we are all being watched,  
When whatever he does has all been botched.*

*Lest we forget! Our warm and wonderful Creator Jesus Christ.  
Child in Christ. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Māori Queen and Barry!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Dame Te Ariki Kahu and friend Barry,  
Our very personal hairdressing mate with love.  
Serving her with his dove-like hands,  
As he cares for his Royal Majesty Grand.*

*A product of Kay's Hairdressing Salon in K.Road, Auckland.  
His training paid off from them very well,  
Yet folk put Baz through a pitiful Hell.*

*At this time he was hiding behind himself,  
And preferred to stay on his lonely shelf.  
But the Lady Dame was never pointing finger,  
Even though maybe at times Barry did linger.*

*Then that call came over the phone,  
Yes, Barry felt sure he was not alone.  
Pack bags to my Whare, Princesses arriving soon,  
Now he is rubbing shoulders with golden spoon.*

*Pray I've written this well.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Precious Maria Hawira!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I have a kindly neighbour over the way,  
Who gives of herself each and every day.  
Needing to put my pen to rest,  
Yet! This lady truly is amongst the best.*

*My last three neighbours have all been nice,  
This one is coated with sugar and spice.  
We work in together and that is good,  
Folk like us often poorly misunderstood.*

*Her granddaughters are very caring as well,  
When they lovingly burst out of their shell.  
My children with family have all rubbished me,  
Now that be their loss I can see.*

*Its not right to turn back the clock,  
Missing them all will never cease to stop.  
As my neighbour makes it all worthwhile,  
By grace, and her ever-loving smile.*

*Thanks be to God for my lovely friend Maria!  
Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Dearest Friend Shane Nikora!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My son Steven has a very dear friend,  
He's now someone special to Barry and me,  
Nothing is too much for this man of God,  
As placed upon his shoulders a special rod.*

*If you need something from him its done,  
He truly worships only his Father and Son.  
You must honour a buddy like this,  
And seal with love, and everlasting kiss.*

*Mickey Mouse mates we do not need,  
All they think about is their personal greed.  
There are two kinds in this world today,  
Those who hang around for your pay.*

*But Shane is quite the opposite to them,  
As they could never survive the Lion's Den.  
There are the givers and takers as well,  
Surely these creatures put you through Hell.*

*A personal dedication to a very dear friend – Shane!  
From your true friend, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Recycled Families

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A new family has found me at last,  
Digging up information from a long-lost past.  
They search and search until one day found,  
That we all survived on God's borrowed ground.*

*Recycle this and throw away all that,  
When secrets are planted under some dirty mat.  
This is where lies are sifted from truth,  
As we are left swinging from the noose.*

*I'm thinking there were reasons way back then,  
This is why some writers take to the pen.  
Truth is always stranger than fiction I'm told,  
My pen is worth the weight of gold.*

*Recycling I now know a very good thing,  
This towel is now thrown into the ring.  
Some men and women are all to blame,  
As we need to put right the shame!*

*Forgive me Lord, I needed love,  
Now with you, its from above.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# **My King Branded You!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Jesus Christ really needs to whitewash us all,  
Like in the carwash, lest we fall.  
They say baptism is all we must do,  
Before we can walk in our Creator's shoe.*

*If we are to be fractions of him,  
Live and enjoy free from wages of sin.  
Works are important but his grace is enough,  
To get us through the everyday rough.*

*Body tattoos won't get you anywhere there,  
When he has already branded you with care.  
His angels already know you by name,  
So stop playing around with these childish games.*

*Making you staunch and intimidating to them,  
Does not make you this ever-shining gem.  
Murders and suicides have rocketed to the top,  
They're even killing our poor beloved cop!*

*Well, I guess its time for me to retire!  
Thank you, my Saviour. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Murder and Suicides on Order!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*What do you get for murdering a cop,  
Pats on the back won't make it stop.  
I met a friend named Ritchie Pickett,  
His lyrics were suicide has become an art form.*

*The government looks at it as elimination of population,  
Once they get voted in, humanity doesn't matter,  
Ask them the hard questions and they scatter.*

*Vote the Rt Honourable Winston Peters as boss,  
Then give some of the others a toss.  
Now Nania Mahuta is doing a good job,  
And believe me she deserves her few bob!*

*Governor General is getting a very high pay,  
But what does she do at end of day.  
Mayors and Mayoresses claiming to look after their city,  
How come all the crime, more's the pity!*

*PS I tell it how I see it, the truth!.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman. Child of God!*



# My Jesus, My Writings, My Music!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Jesus Christ is always in my writings,  
One way or another he is present.  
My music carries a wide range of sounds,  
As my feet need to be dancing around.*

*I enjoy Eagles, Dire Straits and Meat Loaf,  
Bob Marley and my friends Ritchie Pickett and John Bisset Mods.  
And Infinity, Italian Opera, Greek and German Sounds,  
Aled Jones, Henji, Welsh and Dutch Boys.  
Our own Hayley Westernra, Michael Crawford,  
Charlotte Church, Susan Boyle.*

*I love listening to beautiful hymns from churches,  
Even the bells that ring from Cambridge Town.  
Needing now to spread my eagle wings afar,  
As I feel trapped inside this ghostly jar.*

*Child of my Lord and Saviour, King of Kings,  
Lord over all Lords. Child of God. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Holy Sabbath's Fourth Commandment

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I know at least three ladies that are preachers,  
When I believe they should have been teachers.  
Well, they are homing in on the Word of God,  
But this work a man's job I believe.*

*The Fourth Commandment is not on their agenda,  
Holy Sabbath came to us by chosen sender.  
The Pope admitted to changing this special day,  
Jesus Christ's Fourth Commandment should be blest anyway.*

*A lady preacher stated Old Testament not relevant,  
Yet I know they go hand in hand.  
Now don't that just beat the band.  
Saturday the Sabbath is where its at,  
Not to be swept under Pope's unholy mat.*

*Christians appear to obey Jesus Christ's other commands,  
By throwing the 4<sup>th</sup> out of the door.  
Jesus went to synagogue sitting on Sabbath floor,  
My Master never went on Sunday for sure.*

*Thanking you Jesus Christ for our Sabbath.  
These other lovely souls, pray come to know the Truth.  
Child of yours my Lord and Saviour. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Yellow Back Men!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*You named them this if they didn't fight,  
But 'thou shalt not kill' was their plight.  
These true men surely wore badge of Ten,  
When thrown deep in the Lion's Den.*

*They also were on the front as well,  
As other fighting men were going through Hell.  
Medics and male nursing staff on the wire,  
They were called upon in line of fire.*

*They probably saved your butt many times over,  
You thought they were sitting pretty in clover.  
Did they get medals like you guys got,  
That name stuck with them like bodies rot.*

*When next you have that jug of beer,  
Think of your buddies who lacked no fear.  
When we are all created equal in life,  
The Yellow Backs helped you in times of strife.*

*Thanking you my Jesus Christ,  
Your child in love, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Tell Me a Story!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Tell me a story, tell me a story,  
Once upon a time, I remember long ago,  
It won't go down in history, the memory's kind of slow.  
Shoes in my hand and my darling husband in bed,  
Up the stairs, saying my prayers, when a voice came through the air,  
'Hey there Mummy, remember what you said,  
Tell me a story, tell me a story, then I'll go to bed.  
You said you would, you know you did,  
Then please give in and I'll be good.  
Then tell me the story and this little tear I'll shed'.*

*My Dearest Mother Ruby told me this..  
Children of God! Ruby and 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.