

My Samurai Pen



A collection of poems by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Bad Toy Boys

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Our missiles fire further you see,
to make way for clones we eliminate humanity.*

*Robots as well will march into power,
Whilst peace protesters are left feeling sour.*

*Some humans have gone soft in the head,
They prefer cloned and not to be dead.*

*Medical science has become New World Order thing,
forgetting our King! The power of the ring.*

*Bush blames Saddam and that's a fact,
Now President Clinton knew where it was at.*

*Money, wrong leadership, the greed of the planet,
Please don't blame our Creator if we end up as granite.*

*Humanitarian poetess
Someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

Nuclear Medicine Wipeout

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Helen Clarke said No! to W.P.S.'s in our shores of grace,
Yet medicine radioactive and all, now doesn't that take the cake,
Whatever the Americans, Russians and Koreans do we take the bait.*

*I pray Mr John Key, nicknamed donkey, will search his soul,
before our last post flag reaches her goal.*

*The third world war is approaching fast,
maybe the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are here on earth,
awaiting New World Orders from our Creator above,
to clean up our selfish planet and restore humanitarian love.*

*There are beautiful folk around God's lands,
but some of the so called brainy feel the desire to change God's plans*

*As it is written, it is written,
but the Illuminati and high priest and secret knights of old,
Freemasons think the answers are from the devil's lair,
but Christ's angels are very truly rare.*

Horizon Riders

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Angels on horseback with torches of gold,
Jesus Christ's messengers of scrolls about to unfold.*

*Is your name written in the Lamb's Book of Life,
along with your husband, family and friends,
as this will be the end of all ends.*

*At least our mums are at peace away from it all,
and with Christ's love I'll weather the fall.*

*Hast thou not given the horse strength?
Hast thou not clothed his neck with thunder?*

*Jesus has a pure breed for me,
to carry me o'er Blue Godly Yonder,
where I can see a painless life anew,
true Christians of Jesus Christ's knighthood,
above new horizons do ponder.*

*From someone who truly cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
Friday 13/11/2009.*

Remember the Living, Honour Our Dead!

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I came to Cambridge for Armistice weekend,
for a yearly outing and to write.*

*To see the fanfare of it all and to prayerfully right the wrong,
in remembrance of lost ones lives as we parade,
and watch our lovely marching girls and folk who play in bands.*

*I will try to look happy with my tears that lay within,
as we celebrate once again to honour our dead,
from our tainted world of sin.*

*Yes there is ANZAC Day, Labour Weekend
and Armistice Days from old,
But the day of celebration to beat will be
the coming together of Jesus Christ's elected, heavenly fold.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
Friday 6/11/2009.*

Twin Combo

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*His name sounds American Red,
be careful Johnny you're a long time dead.*

*Its time to take that well earned rest,
challenging the green jacket to pass each test,
you are ranked among Top Ten's best.*

*I need to meet with you one fine day,
to discuss a spiritual journey a mountain away.*

*A man among men I conceive you to be,
with your three feathered comb,
gracing the roots of the soul's oak tree.*

*From someone who cares.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
4/9/2005 Sunday. Father's Day.*

Errors in Power

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*These men are only humans, the same as us all,
but the pride they carry, it too will fall!*

*They have played out their hand in this life
and brought about nothing but troubles and strife.*

*The deceit creeps like a thief into the night
not once to display some form of light.*

*Yet still their power is carried into the deepest realm,
when our beloved Christ has sat in waiting at the helm.*

*Please don't put trust in the hands of man,
when the Power of Glory is truly at hand.*

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

Blades of Green

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*These seals thrive in the depths of the blue,
E.G.B. are among the military's chosen few.
Or perhaps your man wears his green jacket to fight,
S.A.S. commandos in deep darkest night.*

*Red berets, good men here also did fall,
as our holy blue beret boys answered their call.
The black beret now here's another story
of honour, comradeship and glory.*

*Or perhaps like Florence Nightingale you chose to wear the cross of
red, transporting the living with the dead.
The lonely piper or guy who carried our triple star,
unknown soldiers lest we forget buried afar.
Pigeons grey carrying messages to and fro,
to his stubborn donkey not wishing to go.*

*The foot soldier swaggering with his pack,
or our four legged friends along a dusty, dirt track.
Women the silent heroines of the war,
Female K.E.V.S. of the armoured corps.
Factory workers or messengers of the secret army and such,
gunners, flyers, radio operators adding the feminine touch.*

*Children being used as pawns in this way of life,
Helping to wipe out carnage and strife.
Yes! everybody playing their role and part,
as souls cry from the purest of hearts.*

*by Gloria Jean Bridgeman.
Humanitarian Poetess. Someone who cares.
Father's Day. 4/9/2005 Sunday*

The Silent Killer

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Swift and silent that is why its used
yet this cold raw steel is too often abused.*

*Even our average, everyday kitchen knife
has been used to terrorise people into all kinds of strife.*

*Yet in the jungle it is a must I suppose,
because of the enemy, that's the way it goes.*

*Its still one hell of a way to die
but to some dirty mongrels its just pie in the sky.*

*The silent thing can be used to create such beauty,
but in the hands of a soldier its his long sworn duty.*

*Having heard of the matches back in the box trick,
you see these men have to think quick,
to outfox the opponent to stay alive,
its anything goes in a mind bent to survive.*

Calling Red Berets

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Breaker breaker, is anyone on the line?
Its just a message from the Phantom Lady to see if you're doing fine.*

*Flipper, are you receiving? Copy back if you can,
send a friend in need but pray an honest man.*

*Someone who needs companionship, don't we all now and then,
farewell Big 10 little buddy, as Smokey's around the bend.*

*Catch you for an eyeball and don't forget your mate,
sincere and kind he's got to be or else I'll shut the gate.*

*How about an intro to the short stop at the bar,
no married men or flirts, that's not the sort for me,
please pray hard Grandad on this one,
and we will see what we will see..*

AMEN

Badge of 10

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Tough on the outside, but gentle within,
is how they're bred to wear the Badge of 10.*

*If I could only keep one close and be true to me,
then that would be heaven enough you see.*

*One man per woman should be the name of the game,
then how long will it take before I lodge my claim.*

*You wear that badge 'oh' so proud,
and then boast of your conquests out aloud.*

*Never giving a damn who you hurt along the way,
as long as another notch is in your pants belt to stay.*

*How many men are there really among the mouse,
If only one, then you will be more than welcome in this house.*

*The last of a dying breed, or so they say,
I think the best within dropped dead along the way.*

The Kiwi Silver Bird

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*We put silver ferns on our men's chest,
and silver wings on nothing but the best.*

*But what really is behind the makeup of modern man today,
as wives and children suffer in their own kind of way.*

*There's great names to be heard in all kinds of sport,
whilst the heroines on the homefront go unseen holding the fort.*

*Nothing to do with Women's Lib, Equal Rights or name it what you
like,
its a cry for justice, as our families together in teamwork must fight.*

*Proud to be a Kiwi, is the motto from our land,
then where's the true fighting spirit from our males so grand.*

*A woman's a human, Sweethearts! nothing more, nothing less,
Put complete trust in a good one and she will pass every test.*

Trooping the Green

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Uniformed beings parade to another royal test,
as their presence is felt in this long awaited rest.
Fear of another kind takes a hold on these men,
its the heavenly King and our judgement again!.*

*What can we say? asks each soul deep inside,
When each and every one has so much to hide.
Does God really understand as his followers all say,
Jesus answers "Yes for I am the Truth and the Way".
You put on the greens as I knocked on your door,
loaded your weapons and went off to war.*

*Lay down your arms, spirits of green,
and forward march to another tune as you've never seen.
I never really left you in the battle of time,
it was a demon called Satan, took control of the mind.*

*He ruled Earth while you were down there,
but come I am your Leader in this heavenly sphere.
Angels play on trumpets of gold,
as Christ's people feel his message unfold.*

*Trooping his soldiers together, Christ leads them on home,
never more to be left afraid and alone.*

*Thanking you Jesus.
Gloria Jean Bridgeman*

The Flying Squad

by

Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The sound of army choppers booming overhead,
quicken the pulse, knowing where they may head.
There's wars on all around God's holy lands,
as lots of beings deny he's awesomely grand.*

*Now a lonely flyer in his Cessna up above,
has he ever known the glory of Christ's love.
Maybe that's why he takes to the skies,
praying for a sighting as he climbs the altitudes to fly.*

*The sun is now fading to rest,
he's been out since morning, shining his best.
A motorbike is revving off into the dusk of night,
on a mission perhaps, or some dark secret plight.*

*Well I'm now calling it a day,
the washing's all dry and folded away.
And tomorrow I'll go to 5 Xroads to shop,
walking to and fro from the Export Meat,
and full of vegs and fruit the all market place,
as I leisurely look at my own pace.*

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

Humanitarian Poetess. Someone who cares.

21/9/2009.

Count Down Soldiers

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*The sleeper cell's taking a short rest,
until their next lengthy mission test.*

*But listen here, you don't have to be among the elite,
or the ace of a team.
Its just using the talents within to serve your country and self.*

*Napisan soldiers, Buffalo Man
or terrorists from all kinds of lands.
Taliban religious student or Korean baby fruit carriers,
assassins, if the price is right, why not they say,
knowing their lives could be snuffed out in a flash,
thinking they're getting rid of the trash.*

*IRA, Sinn Fein, suicide daredevils taking the coward's way out,
getting the countries up in arms and its Mohammed's holy way,
an innocent's in death and mayhem, blood red where they lay.*

*Now you so called heads of state
Jesus Christ at the top of the realm,
and he will reign at the helm.*

*Labour Day
25/10/2009. Sunday.*

Little Nippers

by
Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A humble little race of people who fight till they drop.
When will the leaders make peace and order these murders to stop?*

*Children playing at death games, their blood for to spill.
Women as staunch soldiers to add to the thrill.*

*Yellow eyed monsters prepared to the last
dying face down in bloody red grass.*

*Never given a chance to jump puddles in the rain.
Killing for ignorance and rotting in vain.*

*There's only one God for us all and he taught us to love,
yet evil still rules from the senseless above.*



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.