

# The Mask



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

# The Mask!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Masks of every shade and colour,  
is it to deceive one's brother?  
The government will never reveal the truth.  
They are too busy relaxing and ruling their roost.*

*The virus is airborne, so they say,  
yet its under control for them day by day.  
Get real Kiwis and don't be led astray,  
because Jesus Christ has shown a better way.*

*Look at the birds of the air,  
flying free from all this fear.  
Have you reached the point of what I'm saying?  
Now if I were you, on the knees start praying.*

*Honesty and guidance you shall receive,  
to never again be deceived.*

*Trust in my Lord and saviour, Jesus Christ! Amen!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Winds of Love!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This is a perfume I fell in love with.  
To me it's a sentiment of a dove.  
This bird of happiness is sweet and pure,  
and can give me strength when I need to endure.*

*I bought it in the \$2 shop, even though it was eight dollars.  
But he let me off for \$2 because he couldn't find the box to put it in.  
Now wasn't this very nice of him?*

*There are some Good Samaritans out and about,  
whilst others make you need to scream and shout!*

*Free loaders plus those you feel sorry for their soft soap stories,  
playing on your heart strings,  
while they plan to steal everything.*

*Sick, lame and blind, they don't give a darn,  
as they spin you some pathetic yarn.*

*If fear knocks on your door, then please don't let it in,  
and for goodness sake don't give it a bed for the night.  
PS. Unless you can check out if their story is true or false!*

AMEN.

Gloria Jean Bridgeman.

# Walking Wounds

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Supress their wounds, the system don't care,  
they will file it under wear and tear.  
Then again, its more pills to numb you down,  
look Mum, yahoo, I can fly.  
This emotion is great until I hit the ground,  
never to make another sound.  
Shrink, you truly don't look yourself today.  
I better up the ante of your dope,  
then next month you'll be better to cope.*

*Pharmac now licking the purse,  
whilst another patient is being monitored  
by a poor registered nurse.  
Now that's the cry of the walking wounds,  
until our government operates to a more humanistic tune.*

*Written on St Patrick's Day, Thursday 17/3/2016.  
Someone who gives a damn. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# People of Power!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Mr Donald Trump, thank you for your small change purse,  
helping Texas like a small wet nurse.*

*What of India and its flood ravaged land?*

*Whilst your ever-growing gold in Fort Knox,  
West Point Academy, not forgetting Trump Towers,  
when people like yourself hold positions of power.*

*Our Bill Rowling is another one shouting the odds.*

*Not true about our homeless in New Zealand.*

*Don't that take the cake, and just prior to his election,  
he has so-called answers once again,  
adding to false promises of pain.*

*The Rt Honourable Winstone Peters I've always thought told the truth.*

*Yes! He paid that money back.*

*But this wise old lawyer must have known the score.*

*7 years, get real to find out about the fact,  
if the average Joe Bloggs dobbed some beneficiary in  
for the same thing, where is our Privacy Act?*

*We are all human after all, pensioners with mansions.*

*Wake up New Zealand and sniff the bullshit!*

*False election promises every time.*

*Don't cut the political crime, diplomatic immunity.*

*Law breaking is just that,  
then don't camouflage our political Beehive mat.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# The Colour Blue!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I've written of my Vietnam mates, and Jay-Force friends as well.  
Everybody else who survived terrorism from Hell.*

*Our police forces, most of them doing what's right.  
They too get beaten up in the middle of the night.  
Getting called everything but the kitchen sink,  
by drunks and thugs who never stop to think.  
Calling on the uniformed to sort out all their vicious mess,  
really puts the strong arm of the law to its final test.*

*It's a uniform thing, I've written of before.  
Special forces can knock upon your door.  
But the way in seeking truth is a door that never shuts tight.  
Jesus holds the key and needs to fulfil your life with light*

*The People's Poetess! (BRANCH!)  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# The Magic Dragon!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Puff the Magic Dragon was a series on TV.  
Now it's the Devil's weapon wrecking families you see.*

*Do these folk think a Genie in the bottle,  
will rescue them from Death's Door.  
Or do they see a kindly angel  
when sprawled upon the floor.*

*Russian Roulette is just a spin of the wheel,  
but Jesus Christ offers a love gift deal.  
The Army of Salvation, please ring them if you dare.  
There is nothing left to lose, only your life I fear.*

*True Christians don't pass judgement  
as your lives went through the mill.  
Trust this man named Jesus to set you on the right track.  
And only he our saviour gives the Kia-Kaha that we lack.*

*This is the wake up call.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## **My Samurai Warrior!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*He resides within me every day,  
the armour of God I've chosen to wear.  
As each day begins and ends,  
the Alpha and Omega is with me to care.*

*His ploughing is not easy, and the hard yards become better in time.  
Walk a mile in our Master's sandals without giving up the ghost,  
because now and forever trust him with an invite,  
to be our spiritual host.*

*Our scales of life can be balanced in Christ's perfect harmony,  
by partaking of his bread and wine, in love lest we forget he died for us,  
sending our spirits to soar free.*

*The People's Poetess. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## **Oh! Vladimir Putin**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Denying the heavenly Father and his chosen Son,  
Slaughtering God's people, over his created land,  
You don't have rights to take this stand*

*Whilst your power games you do flaunt,  
Hitler's ghost comes home to haunt the Ukraine.  
As history repeats, using bad men like you,  
My late mother and myself thought you true!*

*You were quick to judge the homosexual race,  
Which is wrong in the sight of the Master.  
Being self-righteous led folk to disaster.  
Back to your drawing board for a solution,  
And free those poor people from desolate institution.*

*The year 2022.*



# Love Thine Enemy!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*This is a hard one I know,  
but to forgive is to grow.  
Been there, done that you see,  
Believe me, it was not easy.*

*Yet to receive Christ's love,  
this is a must to do.  
Jesus Christ still needs us,  
when we struggle with this task,  
knowing his forgiveness to us  
shall be forever true and steadfast.*

*Turning your other cheek,  
don't add fuel to this burning fire.  
Quit while you're ahead,  
is our Creator's heavenly desire.*

*I think you have his message,  
please put it to the test.  
Because then and only then,  
your Wairua will seek its rest.*

*Be at peace with everyone! God willing!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman!*

# The People's Poetess!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Courts and lawyers, Justices of the Peace and all,  
Need to awake and smell their garden,  
and toughen up the kid gloves' stuff,  
as the unforeseen forces around will be getting tough.*

*You cannot make a sow's ear into a silk purse.  
Get to the root of the problem that has been the curse.  
I know some of you upholders of our law,  
need to update the books as accountability is the score.*

*Even our government rulers of the land,  
pray willing will turn over a whole forest, forget the leaf at hand.  
The many double standards, small wonder there is crime.  
Start with the white-collar offenders, to the trickle-down effect.  
Take them to the cleaners, the mudslinger mopping up the deck.*

*The Caring Poetess! AMEN!  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Why Mr. Putin?

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A dictator from Russia, what has he done?  
Never giving his life to Father and Son.  
He has just spun the Russian Roulette wheel,  
by murdering the Ukraine over some pathetic deal.*

*Another Hitler claiming to be for the people,  
sitting high and mighty in his shady steeple.  
Whilst their power games they do flaunt,  
the ghost of insanity comes home to haunt.*

*Chernobyl and Hiroshima never taught them a thing,  
never once fearing our Creator, Master and King.  
I can barely bring myself to think,  
this atrocity from Russia's beautiful ice rink!*

*Please what, pray tell, will Christopher Dean and Jayne Torville  
make of all this.  
Ashamed! Disgusted, Hurt, Angry!*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# When Madmen Rule!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*My mother thought you were a good man,  
and I started to think she was right,  
Until you took refuge under your nuclear flight.*

*This is a third World War at best,  
but you are challenging God from rest.  
Words don't come easy when writing of you,  
from where you're stationed take a long view.*

*You're people suffered from a nuclear fallout,  
now its you and your orders to shout.  
Why? is beyond my thinking anymore,  
Pray turn to God, if not too late,  
before turning the key on his final gate!*

*Thanking you Jesus, for our faith and trust in you.  
Child of God, Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# Geneva Convention Who?

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*Long trenches and souls bleeding together and woven,  
they're slaughtered like cattle and dust.  
Is this madman a Hitler's offspring?  
maybe he thinks he's Lord of the Ring.*

*What of the written Geneva Convention never upheld?  
And the Nuremberg Trials didn't go very well.  
Will Mr. Russia get off this time around,  
or shall he stand firmly on Devil's ground?*

*But yet my Creator has it under wings,  
when the so-called Highness is doing Satanic things.  
I cannot understand the thinking of him,  
when he knows he's dealing with deadly sin.*

*From a caring soul. Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# P.E.A.C.E!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*People expect a caring environment.*

*Some work and pay taxes for this.  
Yet! its war, and money never added bliss.  
Don't get me wrong, I'm thankful every day.  
But our Creator showed us his loving way.*

*There are folk who ignore our Holy King.  
We should be able to rejoice and sing.  
The Putins of this world think they know,  
and that is why they never grow.*

*I've devoted my time to writing little books.  
God's word is written, please take a look.  
The Holy Bible is truth then read it now,  
then you will profit from its powerful vow.*

*Please pray and read Jesus Christ's Holy Word.  
Miss Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# My Saviour's Timetable

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I personally feel its not too far away.  
And if I'm right we need to pray.  
Not just for ourselves but others as well,  
to prevent us from being thrown into Hell.*

*This is not games with off/on switch,  
where you could end up in the ditch.  
Jesus Christ is the Saviour of all men,  
especially those that believe in him,  
keeping their lives free from all sin.*

*If you are strategic and military minded too,  
then you will know he has an elect few.  
But we all have fallen short of glory,  
and our testimony is to tell his story.*

*Thank you, Heavenly Father.  
Child in Christ.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

# The Creator's Masterpiece!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*When you are out walking each day,  
do we stop to think, to think and pray?  
about all the beauty that surrounds us,  
instead of growling and making a fuss.*

*Sights that can almost blind one's eye,  
with the never-ending beauty passing us by.  
Flowers and trees to watch and grow.  
Yes! they surely put on quite a show.*

*The wind never beats a small flower down.  
In fact it bows and springs up again,  
and is helped along by the falling rain.  
See, the Creation is truly something to behold,  
as we search for his hands of gold.*

*Surely this is blessings, to be sure! Thank you my King.  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*



# Gang Named Vietnam!

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*I want to write a poem; 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, sweat and bones will weave a web into the sand,  
as spirits fly free into the Promised Land.  
But what of our comrades who live the nightmare every day?  
Tormented by their fear is the price they have to pay.*

*Someone who cares. Vietnam Supporter: Gloria Jean Bridgeman.  
Lt Dennis John Patrick Albert Fitzgerald, my Green Beret.  
Are you still on this planet Denny?*

# **A Soldier's Story!**

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*A soldier is a soldier, no matter where they fought,  
having to act on what they were taught.  
Battling on regardless, dying where they fell,  
alone in their fear, only to cling to this Hell.*

*Because war is a sin against all mankind,  
so help them Dear Father against this torment in time.  
Soul's bleeding from wounds just to be free.  
Struggling for freedom for all humanity.*

*Please don't give medals and wreaths in honour of our men,  
to train and command others to go through it again.  
Unite brothers together is their message to you,  
then how many good souls will it take before it soaks through.  
(Meaning the blood)*

*Humanity's Poetess. A Caring Soul  
Gloria Jean Bridgeman. Child of God!*

## The Three Masketeers

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*They've been fighting for the good of man,  
And its time we all took a stand.  
Please stop and think before going to vote,  
Lest you're caught unaware hanging by your throat.  
Who do they elect when the chips are down?  
Do they seek favour from Jesus Christ's Crown?  
If only this was the case in hand,  
Then my Jesus Christ really is your MAN.*

*Gloria Jean Bridgeman.*

## Drugged Children Kill

by Gloria Jean Bridgeman

*John asked me to write one more page.  
Some Texans once again have the final stage.  
They thought about the change in gun law,  
Yet left it behind a closed Green Door.  
Now another horror story has taken place.  
Prayers are silently spoken through a saving grace.  
Presidents come and presidents go,  
Yet do they really care to know.  
Visiting families as the innocence in blood flows.  
Back to the drawing board until the next crime,  
As prison should rest on that political line!*

*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.

