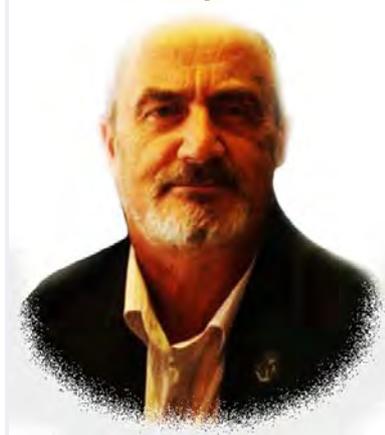


A TRAVELLER THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME

Note: This is a living document and as such it should not come as surprise to the reader if there are additional poems from time to time. The poems may not meet with the approval of any reader and nor do they seek approval. they are merely an expression of my emotions and feelings over a long period of time. Some are raw, some are quite funny, however whatever they are they are mine and mine alone.

The reader is taken through the mists of times as seen through the eyes of Peter Adamis. The joys and laughter, the sadness, fears hopes and dreams, the glory one feels when climbing a mountain or overcoming the challenges of life. A life full of surprises and moments of deep and melancholy sadness. Peter wants the reader to feel deep stirrings of ones soul and to gasp and draw breath along his journey.

The poems a reflection of personal experiences that hide themselves in the shadows and peeking out only when the shadows have been overcome by the brilliance of light that has come to them.



Peter Adamis

Poetry to me as a young lad meant a lot to me. I was first introduced to it at Primary school and I fell in love with it. I could tell a story thinking that I would not give away that I was writing about myself. In fact I could hide myself within poetry and display my inner most thoughts, feelings of joy and sorrows without being judged.

Sadly over the years I lost most of my poems due to the constant moves imposed upon me through my Army commitments. Still the few that I managed to retain I reflect upon them and chuckle at the thought of hiding behind them.

Poetry to me now at the young age of 63 is but a window into my soul and how my inner most feelings are projected to an unsuspecting world. it is my world that only I know and experienced. For I have seen, observed, listened and read that is enough for many life times and yet, I can understand the bliss of ignorance. An ignorance which I detest for it leads to misunderstanding in the world we live in.



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A Sentimental Bloke - Pete the Greek



I was just a little bloke and Pete the Greek was my nickname
Many misunderstood me which always brought grief and strife
I wouldn't take the crap they gave and always stood my ground
I would fight with the best of them and hardly lost a round

I was only afraid of one thing and that was to never let my mates down
Now where ever I am, my mates were on my mind
If t they wanted my help I would give them what I got
Even if it was my last two coins for they were my mates

I found that the big blokes were easy meat for they thought height was best
Bullies I cared for even less but always there for my mates
I now sit back and think where are my mates now
Many have come and gone although some are dead but still there

Even though I was born in Greece my love for Aussie is far too strong
So while my mind is full of memories how can I forget
The training, the joys, the fights, the drinking and laughter and all I ask
Is to be buried beneath the Southern cross with my cobber digger mates

Courage

When faced with adversity My good qualities shine through

Courage, Strength and Loyalty

I am consistent and will never give up I will not lie down and be kicked about

I will always fight the good fight

I have the determination to succeed I have the will power to survive

I will succeed where others fail

Love is always my Achilles heel My weakness is also my strength

I am reliable and resourceful

I am wise and tolerant I am honest with God

I am true to myself

I believe in myself, I am the anchor

I am the Rock and I will survive

Survival.

There is no need to concern ourselves about the deeds of others whilst the real battle is going on in the minds of those who have no fear. The mind is an assimilation of inherited knowledge and a conglomeration of life's experiences; all competing to carry out a particular function. Therefore the paths we choose in life are ours and ours alone.

As a mere bystander and observer of history and environment I practice my skills in order to survive in age that has developed beyond my perceived comprehension. of life. While at the same time trying to follow the slivers of light as they strike fear into the heart of darkness, negativity and ignorance

Humiliation.

Humiliation is the lack of power to overcome the stupidity and ignorance of others who fail to see what their actions have on those around them. Those who humiliate others intentionally or unintentionally are ignorant and lack the social and emotional maturity to understand that their actions and non action has on those dear to them.

Love.

What is love without intimacy and feelings of joy and laughter. Is not the love of a material things the basis of envy and greed. A mere touch is worth more than the material things that we surround ourselves with at a time when life around is constantly on the move.

Therefore look at one's self and reflect upon what is important to be happy in a world that is constantly changing and a world that demands much from you. Are we not worth much more than the seductive attractions of material products that that we are exposed to by the various forms of media and communication.

As love of another transcends all matters of a physical nature except that of the one who is dear to you. Close the door against the onslaughts of the Sirens of deception and hold fast the beliefs and hopes of desire you have for those dear to you.

Betrayal.

In life there is nothing worse than the betrayal of one's soul. As the ancient Goddesses of Havoc and Strife cause untold grief and sorrow. So too will those feelings be followed by acceptance, and acknowledgement of what we cannot fathom at the beginning of our grief.

It is not the forgiveness that one seeks when the harm has been done but the repairing of the soul when it has been injured by the slings and arrows of ignorance and hate. Pain and sorrow is always relative to the wrongs inflicted upon an individual and one must not underestimate the negative power of pain without realising its healing aspects.

For as each individual is stung by pain and sorrow, it is the pain that warns the soul that it is travelling towards a path of self destruction. Heed the pain, repair the soul and choose another path in life that is free of pain and sorrow.

Intimacy.

Intimacy is not a forbidden word and yet it is absent in many relationships. It's a sense of belonging and sharing of one's inner feelings and emotions.

The lack of intimacy can lead to loneliness, despair, depression and eventually the end of life as we know it.

Intimacy is about touching, reaching out, feeling, sharing of our innermost thoughts, a sense of wanting to belong, it's about secrets our fears and wanting to be acknowledged and loved.

Choose well and consider the choices you make in life for you are bound by the unwritten rules of love and a sense of belonging to understand that with intimacy there is also rage, jealousy, lack of warmth and understanding.

Living without intimacy is like a caterpillar living in a cocoon or a crab living in its shell both mistaken for thinking they are safe in their environment.

Loneliness.

Loneliness is the well of sorrow and grief. This well can be found in any environment and if not addressed one can drown in it without others realising that you have gone. You can live with someone close to you and still feel you are stuck in the well trying to stay afloat while others are enjoying life.

Spare a thought for those left alone during the day while their loved ones are at work or at play. Life for those left behind is like being caged in and alone in the dark. Taking a walk while the sun is still out is no compensation for a touch, a smile a hug and or even a simple hi.

Surrounding one's self with friends and acquaintances is still no remedy for the emptiness within one's soul. This vacuum of love, intimacy and tenderness has no doors or locks to enter for it is surrounded by the masks we project to the world around us. One can still be in a relationship and still feel alone. One can be in love and yet not be able to live as one.

In light of all the loneliness, grief sorrow and the absence of love, intimacy and tenderness, we ask the eternal question, why live for the sake of living. Is not life for those who can contribute and feel that their life is of some value. That is the question that haunts each and every one of us when faced with dilemmas in life.

Two cultures.

We who live in two cultural worlds and yet in the same environment are at times at odds with the embedded paradigms of the past. To survive life's journey we arm ourselves with best weapons of both worlds and use them against the obstacles we are faced with in life.

The paradigms that have endured the tests of time are constantly being revised to meet the new challenges we face on a day to day basis. Without the foundations of an embedded culture it is difficult to travel through the night without a lantern to guide us.

Whilst we stop occasionally at inns of rest to recuperate, we will reflect on the steps we have taken, and take on board the positive aspects of the challenges we faced and overcome and thus prepare ourselves for the journey yet to come.

Reliance.

Our lives are built upon the support of others as we travel through the pathways of life and yet when we want the support of others it's always those close to who are reluctant to support us. Ironic it may be but is that what we expect of those close to us.

Is it not the opposite effect that we seek. What drives those close to us to shy away from supporting another to achieve a goal or objective. Is it because it's not compatible with their needs, jealousy, fear or downright stubbornness.

Whatever the case may be. Life with myriad of twists and turns always finds a loophole and that loop hole is bound to come unexpected and from unexpected quarters. Such is life and as such one is always kept in the dark about what to expect.

Fear.

Fear is our greatest friend in life and has a multiplicity of roles to play. It strikes fear into the heart of those who desire to despise and destroy us. It is a warning sign to us to prepare, plan and equip ourselves with the knowledge to fight the ignorance of others. It prepares us for an impending challenge from unseen and unwarranted attacks from ignorance and darkness.

Fear not what you cannot fathom or understand. Therefore to dispel that fear arm well yourself with the knowledge and wisdom that will assist you during the challenges you face in life. Confront fear and push it to the recesses of your mind for life favours those who have the skills to overcome the challenge it confronts us with.

A child's journey.

A child comes into this world we live in and you wonder at the miracle of its birth. Is it not a wonderful thing to behold even in this age of technology where nothings is sacred. You hold within your arms a child of the universe and wonder what journey it will have.

You vow that you will do anything in your power to ensure its survival and is prepared to meet the challenges it must face in order to be accepted and live within the parameters of the society ones has found themselves in.

You cherish the thought that one day this child of yours will grow and with that growth will endure the ravages of time and overcome life's challenges. You dare hope that life itself looks kindly upon it and bestows all the gifts that God the almighty can provide. You cling to dreams that the child's aspirations come true and life does not become a nightmare.

While we dream, the child grows and follows a path that feeds the soul and ego. The path the child chooses may not be the one you have chosen but it is still a path that has expectations and dreams to be fulfilled. A path that one hopes the foundation of inherited knowledge and wisdom will pave the way towards a measure of happiness. For life has many twists and turns and one must be ready to travel along the road well equipped.

Relationships.

Marriage is a delicate relationship and being a seesaw is not a wise thing. Sink deep your columns of love whatever they may be and hope they endure.

Strengthen, nurture and protect what you build for storms may come your way.

As no good comes from exposure to negative environments we sometimes live.

Self preservation

Wisdom, consciousness and awareness come at times when least expected.

It came as surprise that I became aware that the some values I held dear.

Were found based on my negative experiences and fears of the past.

In time of and in the midst of great change they evolved into beacons and buoys.

Enabling me to navigate through treacherous and deceptive storms.

Awakening.

In the midst of upheaval and chaos some good will come of it

Like slivers of light carrying with it a consciousness of wisdom

That strikes fear in the heart of darkness ignorance hate

McBonnie Wasiu

McBonnie Wasiu was a big man, big as they come

He was not good looking but had a great smile

When his country called for volunteers to Vietnam did he go

And when he did his bit, he then came home

You could count on him to do his job on his own without a whimper

A hidden sorrow he had within I never did find out

There were times when alone his mood would sometimes change

But if you were his best friend with him you would be all right

He suffered discrimination when not amongst us

For others did not know him or the talents he had

I thought I saw him crying once but it was raining and I could not tell

And when he left our company the battalion was not the same

Godfather to my son he was I remember the day still

A little babe in his huge arms who smiled back at him

I never thought I would hear the day that Bonnie had really gone

Time will pass and I will not forget the friendship we once had

Norman (Ned) Kelly

Ned Kelly was a soldier one of the best and my mate
He didn't know that he was dying and he didn't tell me until it was too late
I cried like a baby in the hospital as why did it have to be you Ned
You have a family and friends and Godfather to my son Matthew

Ned looked at me with his eyes with No hair on his head
Chemotherapy daily was he fed and he said
Pete That's life mate, just take it as it comes
she will be right and just be happy

Alan Ziebell

My mate Allan and my boyhood chum
We were best of cobbbers and we played football together
We went out together and we got drunk and fought together
We were always there for each other

My best mate and I went to the Army together
When he got married his wife joined the clan
We no longer see each other and many years have gone
He may be dead but the memories still linger within

Mighty Winter

The Winter is upon us 2ith a mighty icy hand
He devastates the Autumn with a sweep of his hand
Winter ravishes what is left of autumn until she lays down to sleep
Only then will Winter triumph but still he watches over her

Autumn is covered in golden leaves followed by a gentle frost
Autumn sleeps and rests and awaken she will when the time comes
Winter Lord of ice and cold until has many fears
Life will not let go of its hold nor winter melts when Spring appears

Home

A carpet of golden leaves for my bed bright stars for my roof
A stream nearby to quench my thirst and a fire to keep me warm
I tolerate the problems I face and look around with eyes wide open

I breathe in to smell fresh air for life is so simple so give it a chance

All things will unravel for time is a great advisor
All things that are meant to happen and ail come to pass
Keep healthy and trust in God, for no other bastard will comfort you
Life is what you make of it and home is the best place to start

A Betrayal of the Heart

That pain sears my heart is like a knife striking deep within my flesh
It will not stop until it strikes my heart and I feel the pain
Why must it hurt so much and not go away while betrayal is hard to understand

I am left alone but God is beside me and he is all I have
Together and not alone despite never wanting broken promises
Nor the sorrow anymore and I didn't want to hear lies
Nor ask for the pain that hurts that much I must clutch my chest at times

Thus exposing the nightmare within that I want release me from that terror
To allow me to love again without knowledge of the pain within
When that time comes will I be ready to take on that love
Or will the past come to haunt me on a daily basis and ruin my life

Breaking loose

The wind blows and there is a rustle among the leaves
Who may I ask is to drop first and to touch the cold earth
They all cling where they can until their time comes
They have seen the sun shine and they have welcomed night

They have heard the laughter and felt the pain
They know it is time and they must let go
As the leaves finally depart they are cradled in the gentle breeze
Softly Softly and one by one they gently touch the ground

They begin another journey where they hear no more laughter
Nor is there pain for they have gone back to the creator
Another journey begins once they have left their earthly remains
A journey of no return and one where there is no pain

Jimmy Mills

Jimmy was a great bloke who was always ready for a laugh
Even when he fronted the boss he had a grin on his face
Fifty dollars fine and three days CB and quick march said the CSM
A grin was still on Jimmy's face for he had plans for that night

Through the wire and past the sentry did Jimmy Go
To the Happy Bar that wasn't that far with his mate Bob Peoples
Watch your arcs and don't get hit and watch the track and road
Not all lights are on mate shouted Bob Peoples his mate

Jimmy Mills did not see the hit nor hear his mate Bob Peoples shout
It struck him down as he was going back to his mates
Back to Aussie he went with his mates left behind wondering
Will he make it through the pain and his mates thought he would

Jim Mills died in Australia 1978 of extensive injuries
On a night out with his best mate Bob Peoples
No more running through the jungle or drinking with mates
But prepared the way for his mates that were to join him one day

High Range Training (Far North Queensland)

I remember the aches and pains and the slogging through the
The constant rain and tiny rays of light striking the jungle canopy
Deep penetration they said and don't stop until you reach the target
On and on the trail we went to seek out and close with that elusive prey

When we reached the target, dig in they did say
We did just that though it was through the mud and bedrock
We dug and swore with little rest like as if it was for real
The High Range was a difficult terrain that cannot be tamed

Was it not but a training exercise and for reasons we could not fathom then
Why did a hole through mud and rock through the middle of the night
Exhausted angry confused and pissed off for joining the Army

But still we dug away and what did we know as were new reinforcements
New to the group and we thought we had seen it all but did not give up
We found that there was more to come, much more than we had imagined
The training your receiving was based upon men's blood and guts
The ones who passed before us and were now watching us do it too

They looked at us new blokes and wondered whether they were like them
Enthusiastic , full of life, wiry, tough and could laugh at our misfortunes
Never letting our mates down for fear of losing our sense of belonging
Yes the old ones reckoned we passed the unwritten tests of acceptance

Peacekeepers

Enlisted to go Vietnam to do my bit but came Whitlam who changed all that
Far North Queensland and Papua New Guinea were our testing grounds
As soldiers Singapore and Malaya were the only places left to go
In 1973 we were told as Peacekeepers was the new way go

PJ Phillips greeted me at the base as my old Platoon Commander from IET
G'day and welcome mate I hope you enjoy the stay
We ran around like antelopes and played the mad galahs
The jungle tracks welcomed us and so did the Happy bars

Sembawang, Bugis Street, Kota Bahru, Nee soon and Penang were new
We were starving for action and made up for it with the visiting Yanks
While the Jocks kept on drinking we beat the Brit flatfeet in Sembawang
Our Kiwis brother were ok if you kept out of their way

PJ Langford the OC always had his way a made sure he got the best
We were the champion company and always passed the test
As mates we were very close although we didn't know it at the time
No matter where we were they was always someone there for us

Big Mick Hardless

There was a mate I once knew and he was a big bloke
Burmese heritage I would think but an Aussie all the same
We went to Sembawang for an ale big Lumpy had come along
We sat down and drank our beer with Lumpy grinning from ear to ear

Then we saw the Brits looking badly towards our way
My mate looked at me and I knew that we were in for a blue
We didn't start for I know they did or the remarks about my mate
My Dad's advice came into mind stand up and do what's right

The Brits did rise for a king hit but it was just too late for them
By mate got stuck into three while I got the remaining two
Big Lumpy kept on drinking still grinning ear to ear
I knew you could handle them, he said there was only five of them

The big bloke Mick Hardless was his name for a little bloke you can fight
You were there beside me mate when I needed a little help
As year go by I can still remember when
I stood by Big Mick when the going was tough

The Bully

On arrival at the First Battalion the RSM spoke to us
For Jack Currie was his name and someone you could trust
You have come to a fine Battalion just live up to its name
We were just young pups at the time not knowing the ropes

Down the boozier all we went for a beer or two was not astray
We met a few blokes that we knew and they didn't say much

It was then that the bully eyed us off and picked the smallest of the group
Pushed him around a bit and told him he was shit
The little bloke just stood back and smiled a little but more a grin
He backed off as the bully came and the little bloke kept going back

Everyone was watching but no help came his way
The little bloke was on his own and on kept the bully
One swift kick to the groin a fist to the face and the bully was down
The little bloke just looked at him grinning from ear to ear

No one moved to help him up as the little bloke drank his beer
Watching the bully on the ground and drinking standing his ground
The old ones watching and nodded their approval and said he will do
The little bloke had been accepted while the bully limped away

Wounds

Time heals everything that has occurred in this world
But how does time heal the unseen wounds
Why must I suffer and no one can see my pain
You cannot see my hurt and you cannot feel the grief

The wounds run deep and the memories are constant
The fears are real and ask when does the pain go
Why must we wear a scar and why doesn't it go away
It leaves a stain that influences our minds

It is no wonder we live in world of fear and suspicion
Greed is all powerful and mistrust abounds
Find the solution or will it keep hiding
I believe its afraid for the wounds are deep

Grief and Sorrow

Run and hide quickly and do not look for it is near
Grief and sorrow crosses our path while consolation passes by
Let us enjoy life as we must and let a ray of sunshine into our lives
We will be happy again that we all know

I am now better prepared for pain and sorrow for they will not let me down
I will fight them both for I am strong and will not wilt
My faith is strong and I have walked on fire
I have seen and shed the tears and I know that scars will heal

More problems arise but do not last and I will life as best I can
I shall try not to worry nor try and change the past
I shall enjoy the time and look ahead to ear the laughter and feel the wind
Run and walk I must to vanish negative thoughts from my head

A Leaf's new Journey

When the Autumn leaves break away
Leaves decide to go on a Journey away from home and fall
Clouds come and go and gentle breezes quarrel
Sunbeams shine through but life goes on

The Summer will return and the leaves will come back
The sun will shine and time will not go away
Opportunities will come and go as life does not stand still
Retain the memories while you can and seize the day

Harmony

Oh what a fool am I to believe it is worth it
Better a life of the fool than to do nothing
Peace within is hard to find and quality time is difficult
In the quiet of the garden and beneath that old tree

Just lay your head down and hear your heart beat
Breathe in fresh air and look up at the sky
The wonders around you bring harmony to your soul
Consider then what has past and what the future may bring