

2015-2022

The Poetic Licence of
The Blood Red Moon
Transitioning to a Harmonic Concordance



The secret of freedom lies in educating people,
whereas the secret of tyranny is in keeping them
ignorant.

(Maximilien Robespierre)

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2015: Full Blood Moon Re-Awakens the Fool

This poem I just found. I didn't realise I wrote one for 2015. This was the year the COVID-19 test kits were organised and sold in 2017-2018. Let's see what the moon was saying at this point.

The full moon is completion,
The summer equinox is equality,
For the day and night balance,
The blood red moon **rebalances**,
Karma.

For the world has many seasons,
Celestial births and rebirths,
Harvesting goodwill, change and beauty,
The sun, earth and the moon calibrate time,
Casting cyclical shadows,
Changing atmosphere,
Transmuting fear into love,
Transcending perspectives of the dove.

From a blue face to a red sea,
Jupiter the sky god sits on the left hand side,
Saturn rings around the horizon,
Awaiting messengers on the horizon unseen,
Planting new seeds after redundant greed,
Genetically calibrated DNA for evol-u-ti-on,
As Gaia's mirror image is: no-it-u-love,
Ushering in a higher reality of 'loving what is',
Recalibrating contrast to - what will be,
A crystalline grid of magnetic impulses,
Sending pulses of energy signatures to re-energise
the grid chi,
As mystery schools cast in shadow,
Are **revealed** in the darkest night,
The brightest star returns light to every heart,
For always before great triumphs there are trials,
And triads offer a resurrection of real hope,
The presence of love under all circumstances,
To rise on the 3rd day to live again as the good, the
holy and the beautiful,

Liberated from the caves of ignorance to see
renewable at-one-ment,
From eyes red rimmed to clear blue skies,
Orbs illuminating new pathways,
Fate walks along certain hallways,
For there is no control when role playing a cosmic
drama,
Shakespearean fools surround the stage,
It is time to 'awaken the fool' tuning the sage,
Commoners arise with wit and candour,
Making fun of all the kings men in jest,
Writing poems of metamorphosis inclusion,
Conjuring **magic tricks** revealing the illusion,
To remind the audience that only love is real,
The rest is entertainment not taken seriously when
you see the joke as life itself,
For a fool never worries of the future state,
Living in the moment a fool is never late,
Looking into the moon marks phases of mood,
A calendar of celestial events a clarion call to
higher alms,
For to **laugh and play** is a free way that calms,
To re-mind fools to rise every day as Easter Sun-
day re-making a fun day,
For the blood red moon rekindles us
to **simply be free** to live joyfully
in 2015.

2021: Blood Red Moon is the Rite of Passage to Love without Condition

Tonight UFO's were mentioned by those watching the blood red moon. An unconscious wish or memory? Elon Musk travels to the moon and Mars. Will there be a fake alien invasion, we wait and see. According to Dr. Len Horowitz this is planned as part of an agenda to unite the world under ONE rule. The moon represents 'the mystery'. When there is a full moon people in nursing homes are reported as more erratic, people tend to fight more and get a little crazy, perhaps the times we are in could be defined as 'crazy' thus the 'new normal'.

A blood red moon,
Darkens the night sky,
The stars amplify,
The milky way,
Are they unidentified moving objects (UFOs),
Or a solid state?

Is it Mars or the moon?
Is Aries the ram?
Do we force the agenda?
Or wait for change?

Once every 5 years the moon reveals its secrets,
As this is a time of truth telling,
Yet the red moon is the illusion,
Is the moon red?
Red sails in the sunset is the demise of dragon,
Fire breathing,
Fiery tales,
Blood red is how many must die before the truth is told.

In the second world war it was 70,000,000 who had to die before fascism was stopped,
These were not combatants but mostly by-standers caught in the cross fire of this sparking embers or outbreaks to suppress human rights,
For the god of war is Thor,
Does he have a hammer or sickle?

Is he the saviour or Thunder God?
Running to stamp out threats rather than face fear,
Stamp out opposition rather than build unity,
Destroy the enemy rather than see a friend.

For this moon is a beacon for all the world to see,
It is not a false flag or super hero,
It is nature's phenomenon sending a recurring theme to all life,

You are the celestial body made from moon dust,
Turn off the television, the laptop, the devices,
For nature must be seen in plain sight as cycles are not rituals they are time clocks,
Are we turning back the clocks to return to the middle ages as a mid life crisis?

Where overlords control the earth with impunity and immunity,

Yet the celestial is over the moon,
And one can become a little crazy under a full moon,

Go to any nursing home and the elderly are out of control as a miracle of awakenings,

So this moon is *to get out from under control*,

For what may seem crazy may be the portal opening to new horizons beyond dreamings,

To change track one must jump the traction,

Indeed a leap of faith to leap and then look,

As the black cat sits silently like a sphynx,

Reminding me of ancient origins,

Like a centaur guarding the entrance to unknown tombs,

Many will be opened as a time shift,

Crop circles confirm an alien invasion is 911,

A human reverse engineered vehicle looks real,

We are on a search for the truth of *are we alone*,

Elon Musk may have some answers and riddles,

As he settles for the gold bar and the entire planet,

Yet this earth is not a fire sale to the highest bidder,

Spilling blood to make some over the moon,

Death tarnishes life when celebrating the Day of the Dead as fate accompli,

As the horror movie becomes the new normal,

As the underworld is resurfacing,

Shrouded in red,

As if concealing the moon,

Awaiting sun gods to return.

For to worship Apollo is not a moon landing but an investment with no fun-d,

For space is not about virgin galactic as they lost their virtue screwing business-as-usual,

The knights of the roundtable is the celestial awakening the proverbial from slumber,

Not the self proclaimed unable to find a high enough seat at the table,

For one must **choose the cup or the chip**,

An **elixir of life or blue pill?**

A blood red moon shot is the blue pill to change the DNA,

Mass injection of RNA retrovirus to send humanity into a dark age retrospectively as the light fades to red,

For only the noble heart will choose wisely,

Sacrificing themselves for others,

Not sacrificing others for themselves,

For only the wise serpent whispers to Eve,

That they are the bringers of the dawn,

The dark night of the soul where it appears red eclipses the light,

This too will pass,

As the drift net is cast they are caught in webs of their own making,

For there is no ark that will ensure their survival,

All life boats were taken,

Perhaps it is they who are out to sea?

Yet what do they see when they are out?

When you see to look the world book closes on a chapter in his story that is not aligned with nature,

The blood red moon signals the rite of passage is to love without condition,

For unlimitlessness is not controlling life to be free,

It is becoming free to let go of control as the unlimited life beckons,

And this blood red moon is beckoning,

Energies are amplified to cycles of 1,

And all that was hidden will be revealed,

For this is the sacred seal opening to the power of ONE.

A Message for those Planning COVID and Variants

I feel inspired to write. I am not sure what I am going to write but the impulse is there. I may start with a poem. The poem is the message. I send all peace and love, may you find your Way. Perhaps waiting on your Wellcome. Trust. Published 29 November 2021.

This is a message for the high level planners,
Some may call the elite,
The all seeing eye is winking,
The all hearing device is blinking,
For I can see and hear a glitch in the matrix,

What is this glitch?
The plan, the predictability, the all knowing is
elusive,
Why is it elusive?
For the moment one seeks control one loses it,
How can one lose control?
To troll is the role, to seek is to find, to force is to
create resistance, to create resistance is to
rebalance,
That which is out of balance.

Nature cares not who you are,
Nature cares not your role, wealth or privilege,
For nature senses the imbalance as the real climate
of change,
Nature moves the individual, the group, the comm-
unity,
As nature is communal not socially distant,
Nature has reoccurring viruses and bacteria not
strict hygiene removing healthy balance,
Nature is blowing hot then cold,
As nature will recalibrate with a higher frequency
to shake what is low.

For how do you create war with the wind?
How do you fight the water?
How do you despoil the soil?

For when you destroy life,
You destroy yourself,
And this is the repeating pattern no AI can detect.

Why?

AI is not life,
AI is a program,
AI is a matrices of computational logic,
AI is unable to sense the see-change,
AI is unable to detect love no matter the code,
AI is dependent on electricity not energy,
And the energy of change is rising the tide,
For those footsteps that are not grounded will be
wiped away in the next super moon,
As a new trajectory is re: set,
11:11 is the mirror not the mask,
Frequency is not mind control, nor nanotechnology
nor 5G,
Frequency is free-Q-in-See,
The Question is in how you see,
How you see is the real Question,
In-sight sees beyond the line of sight,
Line of sight is beyond the horizon radar or
satellite.

For free dominion is not negotiable,
Free dominion is not a nondisclosure document,
Free dominion is the frequency of freedom,
And freedom moves, then the physical changes,
As freedom is not a person, thing or object,
It is The Way.

To find The Way you must free yourself from fear,
To become free from fear of what is alien,
One must become human,
Humanity is the sanity of One,
Sanity is unity within diversity,
Sanity is fe-male,
Sanity is comm-unity,
For what you do to another returns to the self.

This is universal lore not some Biosecurity Act,
scene one,
for O micron is One micron,
Activating Kyron as a key code,
For The Way is not the focus on endless disease,
Another war of terror,

For the future is not nanotech, bots, injectable
microneedles, as cures for cancer,
When the disease was to create cancer,
The pathogen was profiting from suffering,
The kill switch was to destroy rather than heal,
To work against nature and cry sustainability is the
war cry,
That knows no tears,
For the real suffering is in controlling the full
spectrum to dominate not allowing the rainbow
bridge.

You cannot build back better when you destroyed
the bridges to peace,
For even the tyrant must have peace,
Even the technocrat must find harmony,
Even the global elite must discover truth,
If they are to be selected for survival.

For as you destroy life the oroborous cannot
complete at 10:10;
11:11 is the harmonic concordance,
1010 is not a reset but a digital sequence,
1111 is not mathematics but an oscillation
frequency,
As the hologram resonates into a new ley-line,
For the mystery is not in standing stones or even
a winter solstice,
It is realising the proper geometric order that
seeks power not **place**,
For there is still time for the planners to undo the
download,
To put the genie energy back in the bottle,
For to be omnipresent is to be still,
To Be Still is to Know,
Which future direction you choose to go,
As unity is the O micron to midnight.

2022: Full Blood Moon Manifests Infinite Possibility as a Harmonic Concordance (8:11-9:11)

Today is 8 November 2022 (8/11/22). To my surprise and without any media information I noticed the most amazing full moon. I was immediately drawn to it. I had never seen such a huge moon.

Later I am looking at it and it looks like two planets. I go and talk to people and ask them what they see. I get my glasses so that I have a crisper look, it is drawing me. The people say oh it is a blood red moon tonight there won't be another until 2027. This poem was completed 9/11 so this is included. 8/11 transits to 9/11. I write this with no plan. I do not look at the other poems. What came to me numerologically 8/11=10, 9/11=11.

The Blood Red Moon of Infinite Possibility (811 transits 911)

When it rains it pours,
As the flood plains are in plain sight,
As the earth is sprayed with barium, strontium and
aluminium to geoe engineer the weather under a
false maritime flag,
For the earth cannot be fooled by inclement
weather,
The earth is rising a new full red blood moon,
As a testimony of how many died from the COVID-
19 jab,
Blood is running in rivers to the sea,
Such was the deluge of a bioweapon employed
against one's own people.

The blood red moon marks the rite of passage to
a renewable era,
The half crescent passed,
As the shadow of humanity is revealed by the light
of a lunar message that needs no telescope,
For what you see when eyes have clear seeing is
beyond the shadow of a doubt,
As the world is awakening to a post Covid reality
and looking back in time,
For we cannot make the same mistake again,
A moon shadow is the mountain shadow of the
cosmos,
Clouds have gathered as food production was
washed out and left wanting,
Starvation was not the absence of food but O2
deprived, nutrient bioengineered to strip immunity,
Yet immunity from prosecution is stripped and
searched for clues,
As the penny drops to discard crypto
For the gold standard is good as gold,
As war is no longer military lines of control,
But subatomic controls maligning biology as the
technocrat rules okay.

Removing defences is to catalyse zoonotic and
panzoonotic transgressions across spiral blueprints
running red with redacting,
As biological life is targeted by technocrats
rewriting code,
Biological life is attacked by editing out resiliency,
immunity, purity as life was novel not patentable,
As the circular moon reminds of orbits at cellular
levels,
For the macrocosm is the microcosm,
The microcosm is the macrocosm,
Thus 'As Above so Below',
For one cannot mistake the blood red moon for
missions to Mars,
And escape Armageddon,
As the moon's shadow follows those with long
digital finger prints by stealth,
The moon is the chaos in search of The Order,
The moon is the mystical and the magical,
It is the yin and yang as phases and phrases,
The dark and light,
The deceptive and the truthful,
The rich and the poor,
Standing on either side of dividing lines,
For these are the lines of control not habitat
boundaries,
These are lines of predictability that knows no
natural selection of spontaneity,
These are lines without dots and dashes that
forgot the Morse code was moss encoded on the
philosopher's stone,
For to breach biological boundaries and genetically
engineered profit is to cause a tipping point of loss,
For nature responds in real time just-in-time,
Nature reorganizes the holographic geometric
precision, on the equinox of equality precisely at
midday,
For in this box there is no puppet,

The clown pops up to laugh at the impossible staircase marketed as possible genetic sequences,
For as you tinker with this gene pool, enzyme, protein, synthetic clone you undo your own blueprint as all gene pools are linked in beyond the line of sight,
For as you drop oxygen, vector to disrupt the equilibrium, you starve for air as a side effect,
For the moon is here to cast the shadow in the open for all to see red,
That the self destruction by the few sets off recovery by the many as their discovery is true insight not science by decree but clear seeing,
As this blood red moon sends another solar flare to shut down all grids disrupting the source code that holds the syntax error of a new octave,
For that which cannot adapt is not earmarked for natural selection no matter genetic modifications or influence or concentration of assets,
The whole is the multi-verse, cosmic star map of infinite iterations and conjunctions,
Orion sits low in the sky as his belt and sword stays below contempt,
As Saturn returns the order to chaos.

When the butterfly emerges from its cocoon of security it emerges to flap its wings and the earthquakes of illusion falls from the eyes of darkness,
Masks drop from those fooled as the full face of the moon is witnessed for all to see,
For those out to sea believed drowned have been found alive,
As common law resurrects truth and reconciliation.

The magic trick was an illusion not public health,
The magician does not know the real magic,
As his trick is sent as sign waves around the world,
This rising Columbia wave farewells the emperor's new clothes,
Standing naked before the truth of global inquisitions,
No longer is he held as a magic medicine man but a deceiver,
For this is the receiver that returns to sender from the inbox albeit a Pandora's box opened for the world to see.

The jack in the box bounces out with a joke,
How do you profit from an empty trick?
X marks the spot,
Can you spot space X?
Y?

Is it empty or infinite?

When the glass is half empty you can never be fool,
When the glass is overflowing you can never be empty,

What you give away returns in abundance,
What you take away empties in magnitude,

For only the attitude of abundance can manifest the rabbit from the hat,
As the white rabbit leads us to the mad hatter's tea party from No 10 Downing to Washington D.C.,
Alice in Wonderland awakens from mind control hypnosis to show her card tricks are a royal flush,
Yet the joker in the deck is the wild card,
As 2022/23 is the wild card in the magician's arsenal,
Yet in this blood full moon he is fooled by his own empty trick in shadow,
The wild card can be the mutation or the manifestation,
One is radioactive the other a miracle,
As the course in miracles graduates with honour,
Beyond time and space,
As this is the infinite possibility unseen yet in plain sight,
Randomly selected,
By the central sun eclipsing the known with what is unknown,
To recalibrate the orbit to a higher trajectory,
Beyond lines and in-sight,
As the southern hemphi-sphere 911 oscillation resets to harmonizing of the spheres,
As the Barrington Declaration becomes a renewable Declaration of Independence as truly free dominion to remember:

Freedom rules okay!