

We the People of Australia will Awaken at Uluru

We the People of Australia

Must be aware we are travelling through times of great change,

But this is not changing of time,

It is a time of change,

For even Greenwich Mean Time is privatized,

For we have lost the rhythm of routine,

Found ourselves diverted from routine by algorithms that change the tempo,

Where we will not return to what is normal,

As we are now governed by what is not normal,

For insanity believes war is peace,

Yet the wise know you cannot know peace until you stop the war,

Game over.

Truth will not be found in media ownership (70%),

Truth will not be found in Facebook feeds shape changing us,

As feed lots calculate data as feed not human need,

Even if you pick out the traffic lights in the matrix of facial recognition,

Even if you prove you are not a robot,

The bot will track you as cyber safety,

As robotics attempt to change the human DNA profile,

To prove a cyborg is human.

Our freedoms are being shutdown,

You cannot cry out for help in a pandemic,

Our regulators are being defunded,

You cannot protect privacy if power breaches with impunity,

As purity walks along the straight and narrow path,

Our schools, hospitals, jails, courts, emergency services, police and government departments are assets to be managed not services to be delivered on behalf of the public,

Even libraries are digital commons not archives of public knowledge,

For now what we read is proscribed,

The books are burned as information is not story time,

What we learn will be mainlined online so we think right,

What we believe will be shape changed away from our plight,

Algorithms sifting for who can access and who can't,

Are you with us or against us an automated voice will ask?

For this is about the mind control of compliance not the freedom of speech of diversity,

This is the hive mind that conforms – will you conform?

Will you tick the terms and conditions without question?

Will you allow a tattoo or chip to mark you – who needs a drivers licence?

Will you accept Orwell's main line?

Will Solomon's Tomb be resurrected?

For to have the wisdom of Solomon one must remember:

For (s)he created all things, that they might have their being (freedom):

*and the generations of the world were healthful, and there is no **poison** of destruction in them, nor the kingdom of death upon the earth (death cults)...*

I hear the warning bells are going off,
The clarion call has been sent out did you notice?
Are you really listening?
or outside in survival?
For fear has addicted us to economic growth not
life balance, love and liberty,
The planet cannot supply the greed of the few
marketed as need for the many,
The sustainable development goals are not kicking
goals or reaching homeostasis in technocracy,,
They are multi-lateral multi-national development
goals sustaining profits not nature,
For business-as-usual replaces human labour with
automation,
Replaces human ingenuity with artificial
intelligence that knows not human rights,
For nature has been polluted, despoiled,
contaminated, radiated, gouged, mined, stripped,
poisoned, artificially inseminated in a lab,
genetically modified for profit, altered as the DNA
is changed with impunity as inpurity knows not
peace as harmony.

I AM the RNA that replicates the blueprint with
balance,
I AM the tipping point that is zero point awaiting
codings to be fired,
I AM the invisible code that cannot be broken,
edited, tricked or deleted,
For nature is creation,
And creation is nature,
For it is known that bioethics is a misnomer when
changing RNA messages to fool nature,
Biotech algorithms sending frequency band widths
into cells to remotely change the operating
systems is visible as this is a glasshouse without
secrets,
For full spectrum dominance is not a deep state as
it lives in the shadows of self interest,
Shadow puppeteers orchestrate the Punch and
Judy show to distract as drama after drama are the
waves disrupting the harmony of the spheres,
For they know the social impact of collapse and the
eugenics of concentration camps,

They know the Great Depression, the Wall Street
crash, the famines, wars, inflationary cycles and the
2008 sub prime swindle,
For this is the spindle that keeps rotating at first
fast and then it wobbles as inertia becomes fate
accompli,
Collapsing the global commons in asset
divestments becomes mergers and acquisitions,
Pension funds are a cash cow for restructuring
independence to dependence,
As constitutions are the barrier to entry,
Yet the DNA medicine will send messages to
cellular memory so you believe the medicine saves
humanity as they silently transfer all to a pirate
program buried deep underground,
On this ship of fools there is a flag as they float into
Sydney Harbour unannounced,
It is not the Southern Cross but the skull and bones
flying high empowered by desperate need,
As the climate is changed in waves of asset crashes
that leave us on the Beach,
But this is not Bondi or Manly or Sorrento,
It is the Beach that comprises stone not sand,
It is the metaphor of the moral dilemma,
Do we remove the stones that impede access?
Or watch the sand run through the hour glass at 1
minute to midnight,
Remembering those who differ from the whole
group will lead us to Eden,
For it is not to condemn the new tone out of tune
from the ONE song,
It is to understand that the song is changing to a
different tune,
And this is the melody that has never been heard
before,
It is a sound that has never been invented,
For the harmonic convergence of infinite possibility
can find the new tone,
As it Advances Australia Fair,
On this Great Southern Land,
For Gondwanaland is an ancient promise,
That the meek will inherit the earth,

As we let go of possession,
We let go of greed,
We let go of GMO foods,
We let go of pollution,
We let go of false profits (prophets),
We let go of toxicity,
We let go of bioweapons,
We let go of surveillance,
As we surveil for random acts of kindness,
We surveil for truth over falsehood,
We surveil for goodness over evil,
We surveil for love over hate,
We will not listen to deception, spin or
manipulation,
As we will know the lay of our land.

As I sit in the Queens (Kings) Counsel,

I ponder the extinguishing of the Australian
Constitution,
I understand Native title claims,
I recognize that whistle-blowers are having their
pain silenced,
I understand the truth is being suppressed when
expressed in freedom,
For freedom is free dominion not slavery,
As fear is the shut down,
Love opens is open and up,
As Orwell joins this counsel,
He reminds us that:

- War is not peace,
- Freedom is not slavery,
- Ignorance is not strength,

And others join the round table,
For they know he is not King Arthur,
He is not a true knight with honour,
As the truth cannot be oppressed by treason,
It cannot be set aside by statutes,
For nature will rebalance what is out of balance,
As (k)night follows day,

Freedom will express whether ordained or not,
For no edict can change reality,
And we can write a new Constitution that serves
humanity,
We can find the constitutional strength to build
another pyramid,
But this time it will not be structural reform,
It will not be an empty pyramid on das capital hill,
It will be informed by the wishes of We the People,
For we were the architects of our society,
We were the builders of our civilisation,
We were the stone masons of our homes,
And the foundation stone is rock solid,
For we were the artisans that will envisage new
worlds,
For we are the creators of our world,
It is not your world to recreate,
It matters not who paid us,
For our wealth will unfold through the magic of our
activity,
But this activity will not destroy our nature,
It will be the activity of certainty,
As the potter shapes the clay,
We will feel for this new shape,
It will emerge as if by magic,
For we require no Privy counsel to pry into our
public affairs,
We require no tri-lateral commission,
No counsel for foreign relations,
No public-private partnerships to take our assets,
We will find the fool's gold in the real wealth of
happiness,
For it is the truth that sets our country free from
shadows in government,
Ghosts in the machine,
As we reach for the highest octave,
As our country is girt by sea,
We will lend a hand to all in need,

For our country is truly free no matter false constraints,

For the stockmen still ride in the high country,

The swagman still sleep on the streets,

The billy can still boil for a stranger in need of warmth,

The corroboree awakens dreams,

As Uluru beckons true stewards,

Peacefully sitting at the base awaiting wisdom councils,

For we will never social distance as society is close,

We may physically distance as we move throughout our day,

But we smile into each other's eyes as we realise what truly matters,

It is not the money, the fools gold or the control paradigms,

It is the rhyme in the reasons why we are alive,

And we can whistle as we work,

We can joke as we talk,

We can smile as we walk,

For the Aussie spirit has never been destroyed by dark forces in any wars or occupations,

Why?

We are mates, friends and neighbours,

And we are in it together,

Nothing will keep us apart,

No cashless society, no AI, no automation, no Silicon Valley, no data gathering, no abuse, no cults, no corruption, no manipulation or child abuse,

For the truth comes to set us free,

In the last dawn service,

As we awaken at Uluru,

Beyond space and time.