

MY  
RESURRECTION  
11/1/11



POETRY BY  
BARRY MOWLES

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**res-ur-rec-tion**

*n.*

1. The act of rising from the dead or returning to life.
2. The state of one who has returned to life.
3. The act of bringing back to practice, notice, or use; revival.
  4. **Resurrection** *Christianity*
    - a. The rising again of Jesus on the third day after the Crucifixion.
    - b. The rising again of the dead at the Last Judgment.

# **MY RESURRECTION**

**11/1/11**

**POETRY BY  
BARRY MOWLES**

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**DEDICATED TO MY INSPIRATION, MY WIFE**

**LIANNE MOWLES**

**&**

**TO ALL MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS**

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**ALSO IN  
LOVING MEMORY OF MY NAN & GRANDDAD**

**MARION**

**&**

**JOHN MOWLES**

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**SPECIAL THANKS TO INCLUDED POETS:  
VIEWTIFULINK, LOW LI LING JASMINE, AMADOU MOCTAR ANN, SAMUEL AYO**

# **THE SPEECH THAT CHANGED MY LIFE...**

## **KEEP MOVING FORWARD**

**"YOU AREN'T GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, BUT YOU USE TO FIT RIGHT HERE, I'D HOLD YOU UP AND SAY TO YOUR MOTHER 'THIS KID IS GOING TO BE THE BEST KID IN THE WORLD, THIS KID IS GOING TO BE SOMEBODY BETTER THAN ANYBODY EVER KNEW'.**

**AND YOU GREW UP GOOD AND WONDERFUL; IT WAS GREAT JUST WATCHING, EVERYDAY WAS LIKE A PRIVILEGE.**

**THEN THE TIME CAME FOR YOU TO BE YOUR OWN MAN, AND TAKE ON THE WORLD, AND YOU DID. BUT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE YOU CHANGED, YOU STOPPED BEING YOU, YOU LET PEOPLE STICK A FINGER IN YOUR FACE, AND TELL YOU YOU'RE NO GOOD.**

**AND WHEN THINGS GOT HARD, YOU STARTED LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO BLAME... LIKE A BIG SHADOW".**

**LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING YOU ALREADY KNOW, THE WORLD ISN'T ALL SUNSHINE AND RAINBOWS, IT'S A VERY MEAN AND NASTY PLACE. I DON'T CARE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE IT WILL BEAT YOU TO YOUR KNEES, AND KEEP YOU THERE IF YOU LET IT.**

**YOU, ME OR NOBODY IS GOING TO HIT AS HARD AS LIFE, BUT IT ISN'T ABOUT HOW HARD YOU HIT, IT'S ABOUT HOW HARD YOU CAN GET HIT AND KEEP MOVING FORWARD, HOW MUCH YOU CAN TAKE AND KEEP MOVING FORWARD... THAT'S HOW WINNING IS DONE.**

**IF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE WORTH, GO AND GET WHAT YOU'RE WORTH, BUT YOU GOT TO BE WILLING TO TAKE THE HITS, NOT POINTING FINGERS SAYING YOU AREN'T WHERE YOU WANT TO BE, BECAUSE OF HIM OR HER OR ANYBODY.**

**COWARDS DO THAT, AND THAT ISN'T YOU!!!**

**YOU'RE BETTER THAN THAT"**

**-ROCKY BALBOA-**

# MY RESURRECTION 11/1/11

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# **MY RESURRECTION**

**It's time for my resurrection to begin, it's time to breathe new life on  
to this page;  
It's time to let this ink flow again, and it's time to release this pen  
from its cage.**

**They say home is where the heart is, my heart is now in love;  
I've spent my time in heaven, I am just the resurrection sent back  
down from the beautiful blue skies above.**

**God gave me angel wings and he taught me how to fly;  
He gave me a gift then sent me home, it just wasn't my time to die.**

**I have seen heaven, beauty now has a whole new sense and  
meaning;  
My world turned upside down and inside out, in fact my floor had  
become my ceiling.**

**Time plays no part in heaven, the sun always shines and the  
darkness never steals the day;  
You can spend your life living in a daydream, just watching the  
clouds drift away.**

**A smile now greets me from my mirror of reflection;  
I have risen from beyond the grave to bring you, my resurrection.**

# **THE PEN**

**I was brought back to life, as I sat there chewing the bottom of my  
pen;  
The ink trickles to the back of my heart, pushing my dreams wide  
open.**

**It feels like I am giving mouth to mouth to the ink, as I hold the  
pen tighter as if I am giving CPR;  
The pen has been by my side through it all, I never thought together  
we could make it this far.**

**Blank sheets stare back at me, looking so clean and white;  
Thousands of words and verses scream through my dreams, when I  
close my eyes at night.**

**There are so many ways to write, communication is life's key;  
The difference is when I pick up the pen, I am writing my destiny.**

**Without the ink in my life my name was blown away with the wind;  
I now know I was given a gift I must use, "Forgive me Father for I  
have sinned".**

**I took all I had for granted, but now the pen and I have the target  
set in our sight;  
The ink and I have a destiny, and that destiny is for us to write.**

## **HERE IN HEAVEN (11:59)**

**It's Tuesday the 1<sup>st</sup> of November 2011;  
Staring down from my cloud I realise, I don't belong here in heaven.**

**I stood at the gateway begging for just a little more time;  
The hands on my clock no longer move, a never ending minute  
which is stuck on 11:59.**

**I see my Nan & Granddad sitting with all my lost family and friends,  
they all reaching out for me to stay;  
An angel whispers through my mind "you're destiny is not yet over, I  
think you have just lost you're way".**

**I stand motionless at the top of heavens stairway in the sky;  
I look down watching my life, as angels wipe away their tears,  
waving me goodbye.**

**I slowly walk down the stairway, with each step I move a little  
further away from heavens light;  
As I take my first step back into the world, my angels echo out  
"Remember it was always you're destiny to write".**

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# **MY ADDICTION**

**These words are my life and curse, as the ink itches through my  
blood feeding my addiction;  
The pen and I have spent so many years together in our prison cell,  
writing these letters with conviction.**

**If my pen runs dry I will use my blood, if my paper runs out I will  
start writing on the wall;  
This addiction brings back the voices, and when I start writing I  
hear my angels call.**

**Hours are spent in a haze, as a scribbling pen scratches away;  
My veins are pumping full of ink, which spells out that these verses  
are here to stay.**

**Searching everywhere for another hit, another letter to give me my  
high;  
These words can lift me up like smoke, floating away like a  
butterfly.**

**Crouched down in a dark alley way, loading my syringe pen with ink;  
The stars are reaching out for me, trying to pull me back from the  
brink.**

**Our critics sent us to rehab, and served the ink and I with our  
eviction;  
I think I must be suffering from a relapse, as this writing has  
become my inescapable addiction.**

# **LIFE**

**Life is like a rollercoaster, it has its up's and down's, but it's your  
choice to scream or to just enjoy the ride;**

**Life is a onetime event, there is no time to push your hopes and  
dreams to one side.**

**Success doesn't just fall onto your lap. Life is hard like trying to ice  
skate up hill;**

**Life is full of choices, just like in the Matrix we all have to choose to  
take that red or blue pill.**

**Life moves so fast, our time will never slow down or stop;  
We spend our entire lives climbing life's ladder, but where do we go  
once we have finally reached the top.**

**Life gives no second chances, life can lift you high but then within  
minutes crash you back down to the ground;**

**If your life was a boxing match, would you be entering into the 1<sup>st</sup>,  
the 10<sup>th</sup> or are you just facing up to your last and final round.**

**Life is too short to tell your dreams that they have to wait;  
I was born to write these verses for you, it was my destiny, my  
butterfly effect, my uncontrollable fate.**

**Please don't take your life for granted, just try to remember that  
heaven is only ever just a single missed heartbeat away;  
Each morning is a new beginning, the rising sun equals, the start of  
a brand new day.**

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**DEDICATED TO MY SISTER JO BATES**

**-X-**

# **THE MACHINES**

**“THE END IS NIGH”**

**(PART ONE)**

**It's Monday the 1<sup>st</sup> of November 2021;  
It's been 7 days since the machines rose up, blocking out the sun.**

**For 7 days now the news replays the riots and looting in the streets  
of London, kids walking around with TV's bigger than them;  
The end of days is getting closer, as the machines patrol our  
neighbourhoods, it's now machines verses men.**

**They came down in the middle of the night, whilst the nation was in  
the land of nod;  
A patiently waiting force was given the touch of life, from our god.**

**I close my eyes so I can reverse these memories back to where it  
all begun;  
It was the night of the 25<sup>th</sup> of October, as my bedside clock told me  
it was a quarter past one.**

**A piercing bright light turned the starry night into the day;  
I open my curtains scanning London's horizon, as I wipe my  
windows condensation away.**

**A rumbling sound like thunder echoes through my empty street;  
Then an unnatural shaking like an earthquake, knocked me clear off  
my feet.**

**Everything then went quiet, the light descends back into the dark;  
I see people coming out of their houses in dressing gowns, all  
staring towards an enormous metal object, which has crashed down  
in the park.**

**An eerie silent breeze blows through my bedroom, as I open my  
window;  
I see hundreds of people step backwards, as the metal object starts  
to glow.**

**I turn on the TV, surely there must be something about this on sky;  
These metal objects have been spotted all over the world, as they  
show a picture of a bearded man in the darkness, holding a sign  
which reads that “the end is nigh”.**

**Every city in the world is reporting the same enormous metal  
objects, there is no escape;  
I watch on through my bedroom window as the police cordon off the  
glowing object, with their red tape.**

**I try to call my parents, but all the mobile phone networks are down,  
helicopters overhead are starting to make me feel wary;  
Facebook and Twitter are not working, as I try to contact my family  
and friends, on my Blackberry.**

**I spin around as the news reporter says “there seems to be  
movement coming from the metal objects”, so I stare out my  
window to look;  
The glowing light is getting brighter, as the ground underneath me  
shook.**

**The sun starts its steady climb into the sky, shedding light across  
the park;  
Everyone starts backing away, as the huge chunk of metal lifts  
itself up from the ground, casting a shadow of dark.**

**I watch on in disbelief as the monstrous metal object continues to  
rise, towering taller than anything I have ever seen;  
People start to panic and runaway, as the same images are flooding  
in from around the world, through my television screen.**

**The metal figure is all I can see, as it reaches up high into the sky;  
It glows like chrome metal standing on two legs, with a huge strip  
of light on its head, resembling an eye.**

**Screams of desperation sound out through the streets, which are  
echoed from around the world through my TV;  
The ghostly white face of the news reporter stutters out, “what,  
what, what could they be”.**

**My heart is racing, where do I hide? Where do I run?  
But for now the machine stands motionless in the park, just  
blocking out the sun.**

**I nervously walk outside onto my street, people running everywhere,  
sounds of army helicopters and planes are dominating our sky;  
I look across the road to see a bearded man staring back at me, he  
is holding a sign which reads out that “the end is nigh”.**

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

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# **LIFE 2 THE MACHINES**

**“PEACE OR WAR”**

**(PART TWO)**

**For hours upon hours the mechanical giants stood motionless, as  
the world doesn't know if to prepare for peace or war;  
Governments are speechless with ideas, causing riots and  
looting, as citizen's board up their windows and door.**

**Mass hysteria has over whelmed the cities, as fires rage, shop  
shelves are stripped bare;  
But still the metal giants stand frozen to the spot, as they just scan  
the skyline with an unbreakable stare.**

**The mobile phone networks are always reading SOS, and a dead  
tone is all I can hear through the phone box, when I call my parents  
back home;  
They are miles away, out of reach, with no working cars left on the  
streets, I realise I am stuck here on my own.**

**Scientists chatting 24/7 on the TV, each have their own ideas of  
what is going to happen;  
Every city across the planet has their own metal mystery, not just  
London, but Hong Kong, Berlin, Madrid, and New York's sleeping  
giant is standing tall in Lower Manhattan.**

**Then on the night of the 28<sup>th</sup> of October the history books had to be  
re-written, as the dormant giants all started to creak and rise;  
Panic ignites around the streets, and the air gets swamped with  
thousands of screams and cries.**

**As the news reports flood in from around the world, crunching  
metallic creeks echo through my window from over the park;  
The machines have awoken, as their shining spotlight illuminates,  
piercing through the dark.**

**The giant machine turns around, slowly pacing towards London's city centre, stepping on trees and buildings like they aren't even there;**

**Fear has frozen me to the ground, as I watch on through an un-blinking stare.**

**In the distance I see the machine grind to a stop, I cover my ears as through the giants spotlight screeches out a piercing sound so loud; I see the brightest flash of white light in the distance, as into the air then rises a mushroom shaped cloud.**

**The giant machine starts slowly creaking further away into the smoke, the war against the machines has begun; Dear diary this is a date in history we will now never forget, it's Thursday the 28<sup>th</sup> of October 2021.**

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

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# **THE MACHINES BREAKING 3**

## **(PART THREE)**

**The TV goes black as all the lights go out, clouds of smoke and ash  
fall from the skies, blocking out the early morning rising sun;  
I throw my diary into my bag, and through the falling darkness I run.**

**I run past panicking families, as ash drops through the sky like  
snow;  
People are running in every direction, not knowing which way to go.**

**Thoughts, worries and fears run through my mind, I just want to get  
anywhere but here;  
After miles of running I am alone, as down my face pours sweat,  
mixed in with my tear.**

**I try to get my bearings, I have no clue where I am, so I clamber  
through the trees to reach higher ground;  
The cold breeze whistles through the darkness, surrounding me in  
its lonely sound.**

**I stand up scanning the horizon, every direction I look bright white  
mushroom clouds lift up into the distant sky;  
I glance towards the heavens, as overhead the army fighter jets fly.**

**Through the falling ash I see dozens of the giant machines, as they  
destroy entire towns and cities with their piercing blinding light;  
Nothing and nobody can stand in their way, this is now an  
extermination, with a sole purpose to eliminate every living creature  
in sight.**

**I crash down to my knees praying towards the darkened sky;  
I open my eyes, and resting on my clasped hands sits an ash  
covered butterfly.**

**A spot light scans across the ground in front of me, as in the  
distance I see a mechanical giant heading over my way;  
I turn to run, whilst the sun fights against the clouds, trying to  
introduce the sunlight back into the day.**

**I fight my way through the trees and darkness, looking for  
somewhere to hide;  
I can hear the machine getting closer, with each and every single  
creaking stride.**

**I hear the machine right behind me, as I turn around I slip down the  
hillside splashing down in the mud;  
I scurry under a fallen tree just as a giant metal foot crashes down,  
it's dripping and oozing with human blood.**

**I am covered from head to toe in this mud, as I crouch shivering  
under a tree;  
The machine towers motionless in the darkness, its spotlight  
searching the wilderness, with a mission to end my destiny.**

**After what seemed to an eternity the machine creaks off into the  
darkness, trees falling in its wake;  
With each step the giant's footsteps shake the ground beneath me,  
just like an earthquake.**

**Fear has paralyzed me to the spot, as I lay shivering in the mud on  
the floor;  
Silence falls back through the smoke, as the rising machines have  
declared war.**

**I slowly get to my trembling feet, scraping the mud away from my  
jeans;  
I need to try and find my parents, as without heart we are mere  
machines.**

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

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# **THE MACHINES 4**

## **(PART FOUR)**

**I walk for days through hostile burning neighbourhoods, the once  
high skyline has now tumbled to the ground;  
The flickering flames burn bodies and buildings, as the screams of  
cries has become just another distant sound.**

**After what felt like an eternity of walking, I arrive at where use to  
stand my parents street;  
Smoke and ash lingers over the rumble, as blood and tears trickle  
down the road beneath my feet.**

**Tears overwhelm my face, I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye  
to my Father and Mum;  
My eyes open once again back on this tragic day, its early evening  
on Monday the 1<sup>st</sup> November, 2021.**

**Exhaustion trembles through my body, as I slump to my knees  
outside my parents crumbled home;  
The whistling wind echoes like voices, as I lay back in the  
descending darkness all on my own.**

**I lay on my back facing the skies, drifting in and out of sleep, before  
the clouds around me glowed;  
My heart skips a beat, as I stare through the darkness I see a giant  
machine staring back at me, from the bottom of the road.**

**Fear freezes me to where I had fallen, exhaustion and thirst has  
drained my will to fight;  
I face the skies praying for an angel to save me, as the mechanical  
monster uses its piercing beam to illuminate the night.**

**I close my eyes and blow a whispered kiss towards my waiting  
Father and Mum;  
I scream into the white light, as my skin melts from my body, as If I  
have been thrown into the core of the sun.**

**I sit at heaven's gate writing this letter, the machines now rule the  
land, whilst humanity has made a new home in the sky;  
I will seal this letter with a kiss, and watch it fall down like a lonely  
drop of ink, who has just written his goodbye.**

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# **SHOOTING STAR**

**My instinct is kicking in and all I can do is write;  
Before I was just shouting into the darkness, but now I can  
illuminate the skies, just like a shooting star at night.**

**Don't you dare try to tell me that I cannot make it, these words and  
verses can take me wherever I want to go;  
I may not be perfect, but at least I have the courage to put my life  
and poetry out on show.**

**When I close my eyes this pen can write its own verses, which I  
then copyright as mine;  
These words can soar up high just like a shooting star, spelling out  
the phrase "it is you're time to shine".**

**Haters doubt my odds of being a success, they try to turn my  
happiness into yet another negative grief;  
But I know I will succeed in life, I have my faith, my hope and an  
unbreakable belief.**

**Whatever we do in life we all have a dream that we are each trying  
to live and save;  
These words will still be sealed in ink for an eternity, giving the  
effect that I am writing this letter from beyond the grave.**

**I write in a lonely place, eyes closed so nobody can ever say you  
only ever made it because of me;  
Fate will push you in the right direction in life, but it's only you who  
can chase you're destiny.**

**I have already proved all of my doubters wrong, secretly nobody  
ever thought I would make it this far;  
I blow a kiss towards the skies, as I watch this letter flash across  
the heavens onboard my shooting star.**