

Messages

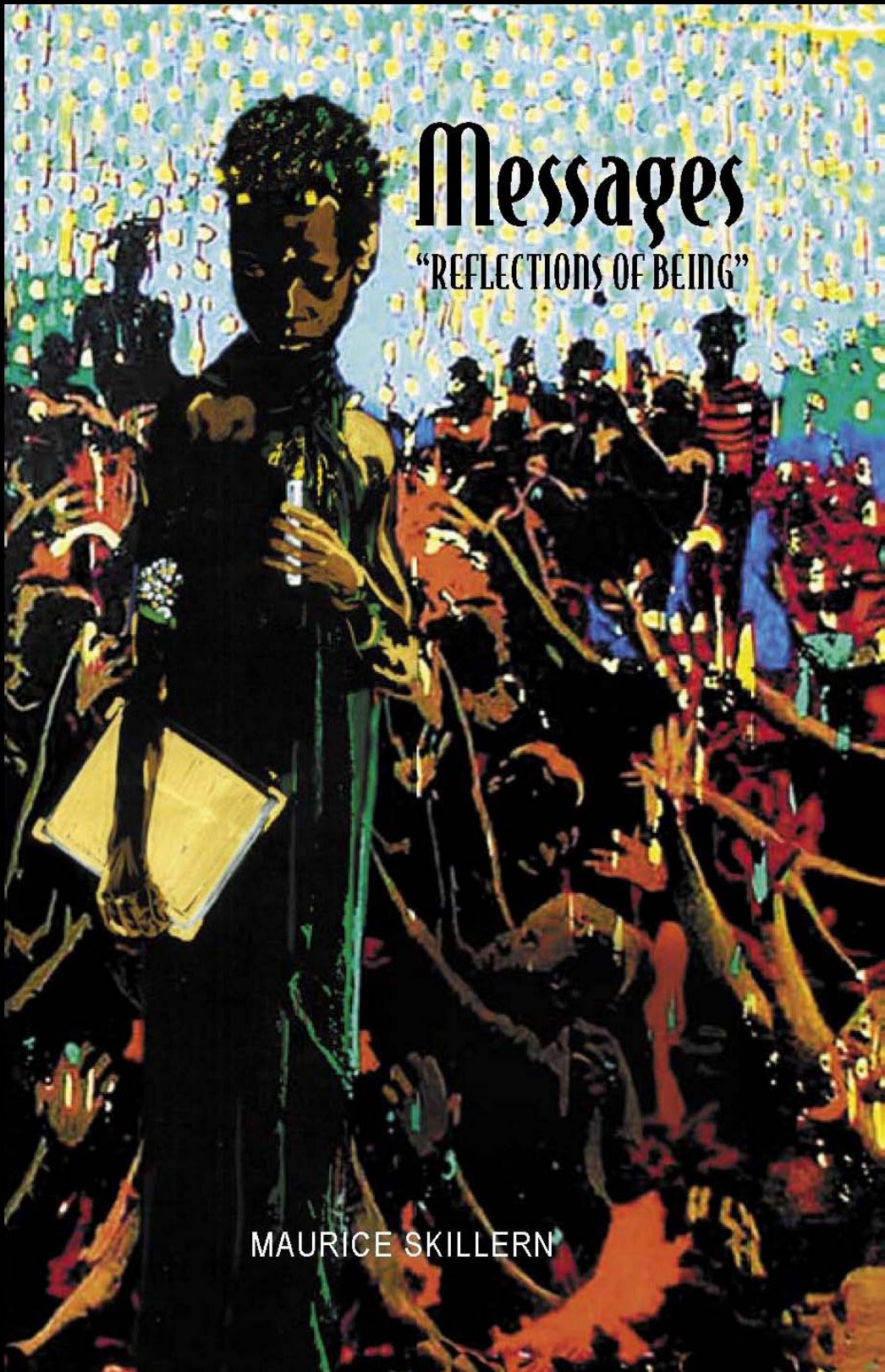
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Messages

"REFLECTIONS OF BEING"

MAURICE SKILLERN

Messages

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...Reflections of Being

A Book of Poetic-Philosophy

2nd Edition

Maurice Skillern



Baseline International Publishing LLC.

Messages ...Reflections of Being

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To those who seek the unfindable,
reach for the ungraspable,
and ponder the unimaginable.

Maurice Skillern

About the Book

This is a work of Poetic-Philosophy* and is not meant to defame, deface or otherwise debase any religions or ideologies. Like all philosophical contemplation, it is a gathering of thoughts and visualizations by the author. The subjects and subject matter within is based on the author's interaction with various aspects of life, with the intent to stimulate new thought.

There will be those who will love what is written, and there will be those who will hate what is written, but this is to be expected, for these are things that mortals do. Yet, those who pursue that which is beyond mortal knowing will seek its understanding.

* Poetic-Philosophy:

Poetry with both rhythmic and non-rhythmic rhyming schemes, written with philosophical undertones, meant to stimulate new thoughts and ideologies

Acknowledgements

First, foremost, and overall, I thank the Creator for stimulating my thoughts and enabling me to put to paper that which you are about to read. This is a heartfelt dedication because early on I could not classify that which I had written. As unlikely as that may sound, pieces like “Answers for the Children” (inside the religion section) were mysteries even to me for a time, until I accepted the fact that I am just a conduit, open to a higher power. This particular piece was written while sitting in a church and very much made itself apparent to me, with my part being only to put it to paper. I also want to thank the Creator for giving me the fortitude to continue with this project even when challenged by the ugly face of war.

I would also like to thank all of my family and friends who were aware of aspects of this book and gave me valuable constructive criticism that facilitated its improvement. There are so many people who inspired me that listing them all would require another book. I can only hope that all who have supported me know their efforts are greatly appreciated.

I also want to thank my children, who walk with me every hour of every day, though we have been separated by as much as an ocean and a continent at one time or another. With them in my mind and heart, I truly never walk alone.

Table of Contents

<i>Acknowledgements</i>	<i>IV</i>
<i>Chapter 1.....</i>	<i>XI</i>
Nothing	1
Man's Position.....	3
Story of 1	4
Desolate One.....	5
Cloak of Night.....	7
When You Wake	8
Stormy Weather.....	10
Question and Answer	11
Stormy Seas	12
Wizard	13
Stonehenge	14
Open Book	15
<i>Chapter 2.....</i>	<i>16</i>
What is Love?	18
Mother	20
Ada	23
Sister Evangela	24
Unwitting Vassal	25
Beauty's Return	26
Fires of Doubt.....	28
Undaunted Love.....	29
Beauty's Mirage	31
Love or Lust	32
<i>Chapter 3.....</i>	<i>33</i>
Blind Faith	35
Divine Unity, Unity Divine	36
Tranquility's End	38
Dark Friend	39
Second of Twins Lucifer's Tail.....	41
Hellbound Pilgrimage	43
Journey's End	44
Rejection.....	45
The Gathering.....	46
In The End	47

Sweet Death.....	48
Many Deaths of Man	50
Neither a Loss Nor Win.....	51
Permission to Die	53
Passing's Epitaph	55
Yin and Yang	57
Choice.....	60
Wisdom.....	62
When They Come to Me: Answers for the Children	63
Rapture	69
Song of Creation	71
Of Heaven and Hell	74
The Mountain	79
The Road Most Traveled.....	81
Pardon Me	82
Unlife	83
<i>Chapter 4.....</i>	<i>86</i>
The Dark	88
Beat of My Soul	89
Price for Victory	91
Home.....	92
Eyes of My Brother.....	99
I Learned This Not in School.....	107
Lead them not into Temptation.....	109
When I Walked with God but Lived with Man....	112
Homecoming	113
Blade of Execution	114
<i>Chapter 5.....</i>	<i>117</i>
When Insanity Was My Loving Friend.....	120
Metamorphosis	123
Tomorrow's Child	125
Antiquities' End	126
Final Victory.....	129
The Me of I	131
Fallen Emperor	135
Who.....	138

My Madness, My Gift	140
A Sundered House	142
Force of Nature.....	143
Dark Solicitation.....	145
P a r a d o x	146
D o m i n o	147
Mortality.....	148
Blighted Harvest	149
Torment's Companion	150
Blind Vision.....	151
Denial's Retribution	152
Angels' Breath	153
Just Live.....	154
<i>Chapter 6.....</i>	<i>156</i>
Art of War	159
Warrior's Creed.....	161
Revelation	162
Soldier.....	163
A Soldier's Repast	164
12 In The Green	165
<i>Chapter 7.....</i>	<i>166</i>
Unknown Destiny.....	168
Trouble Waking	168
Being Prepared	168
Equilibrium	168
Assault on Ignorance	169
In loving memory.....	169
Price of Idleness	169
Impossible Truth.....	170
True Colors.....	170
Unhindered Sight	170
Truth of Trust.....	171
Self-Reliance.....	171
Demand for Action	171
Eternity's Mirror	171
L a e R e a l.....	172
Cents	172

Truest Truth	172
Stormy Weather.....	173
Greatness	173
Truth of Apology	173
Money's Truth.....	173
Waves of the Forgotten	174
Beware!.....	174
Upcoming Projects.....	175
<i>About the Author</i>	<i>176</i>

Illustrations

Man's Position.....	2
Tranquility's End	37
Second of Twins, Lucifer's Tail	40
Many Deaths of Man.....	49
Rapture	68
Of Heaven and Hell	73
The Mountain	78
Tomorrow's Child	124
The Me of I	130
Fallen Emperor	134
My Madness, My Gift	139
The Art of War	158

Chapter 1

There are many messages given in this world
passed on in the form of spoken word, eloquent writings, and
precise actions.

The egotistical vanity of man has oftentimes been the
undaunted incarcerator of these messages within the
boundaries of his own mind.

Though I must not fail to mention that all messages
whether written in ancient — yester-past or future —
tomorrow-now are not intended for all, for they were
manifested to stimulate on an individual basis.

For one to hear their unique message they must live
with a mind free of the confining concepts of man,
(the misleading aspects of religion,
the unworldly bindings of culture,
and
the illogicalness of I).

Then and only then can their divinely enriching message be
received.

A mortal who can interpret many messages is as cursed as he
is gifted, for the past he has witnessed, the future he already
knows, leaving him entrapped in the present which he can but
passively observe.

On the pages that follow you will see my elations
of discovery as well as witness my agonies of revelation . . .

M E S S A G E S

Nothing

To know all is to know nothing.

To know nothing is to know all.

The true road to enlightenment has no markings.

You find it by not looking.

You know it by forgetting where you are.

The more knowledgeable you claim to have become
the less you can assert to have mastered.

To consume and digest knowledge are two separate
functions.

One who consumes knowledge without digesting it
departs from the table of enlightenment
with the hunger of them who shall never know.



Man's Position

Man's Position

Man is but a minute shade in the shadow of eternity,
he holds no ground in the avalanche of life,
he is but a charred coal to the flames of creation,
though his thoughts are sometimes brilliant ($E=mc^2$), he and
they are but a minute equation in the mathematics of destiny,
(for man is his own adversary)
and his end shall be but a subatomic tone in a symphony of
destruction.

Story of 1

One is who I am,
one is who I be,
for I am I, and me is me.

To walk through life and be as one,
holds no promises of joy and few moments of fun,
for one walks in darkness,
depression is one's friend,
for there is no one for one, on one, one must depend.

'Tis through eyes of desolation,
one peers each day,
for none understands one,
they simply stay away,
leaving one all alone,
to shed one's tears,
and ask many questions that fall on deaf ears.

So one holds a noble vigil,
over the soiled hearts of man,
for his destiny is beyond him 'tis truly already planned.

But one shall find release one day,
for his duties shall be done,
and eternity shall loudly weep —

(For then there will be none).

Desolate One

I am he who walks in darkness and knows no light.
I am he who dwells in shadow never to see the dawning of
the sun.

I am he who haunts the ebony folds of despair
never to feel the inner light of salvation.

I am neither life nor death
but an outsider in the scheme of things,
the one who showers in enlightenment while all others
bathe in the waters of ignorance.

To know who I am you must let loose all emotion
know no love — no compassion,
you must see realistically the finite nature of man
and know him for the truly feeble creature he is.

I serve a purpose in life,
I remind man of the deepest darkest essence of his malignant
soul;

I am but a pawn set to serve this task
but what of me, my wants, my desires.

Would death's everlasting embrace comfort my loneliness,
and end this unwanted existence?

“NO!”

I deny death such a pleasure
I shall live on a harbinger of doom for man.

I am his **Alpha** and his **Omega**.

If it be my fate to destroy man in his totality
So be it . . .

I shall run from my birthright no further,

I am ***THE DESOLATE ONE***,
let my de(ath)stiny commence . . .

Cloak of Night

Into the night I do propel myself,
clutching despair close to my breast,
for when the sun does flee,
and night ascends,
for me there is no rest.

In the darkness I do seek quiet peace,
alone I freely weep,
none witness my moments of agony,
for all are wrapped in sleep.

In the shadowy folds I envelop myself,
but solace is not mine to find,
for the concerns that plagued me when light did rule,
are still forever mine.

Gently I do caress the night
though it stokes my flames of strife,
many have called it friend, some foe,
for me it serves as wife.

And though the beasts within do ravage me,
when the ebony skies hold sway,
I shall curse no other
but bear the burden
till dawn does herald day.

When You Wake

I've looked deep in your eyes,
I've met your soul,
I've whispered to your heart;
It told stories of your troubled past,
and of things you had to part.

I've looked deep in your eyes,
I've met your being,
I've chatted with your pain;
It told of your torment,
Gave news of your suffering,
And said you were to blame.

I've looked deep in your eyes,
I've met your substance,
I've conversed with your mind;
It told me something,
in self-pity's voice,
that the world was so unkind.

I've looked deep in your eyes,
I've met your doubts,
I've seen your destiny;
For you had cast your die,
Imprisoned your thoughts,
And I could not set you free,

Coming Soon by Maurice Skillern

Chronicles from the Brink

All of us have approached the brink in one of its many facets
at one time or another within the boundaries of our mortal
lives.....

*More Poetic-Philosophy from the man who epitomizes
the phrase.....*

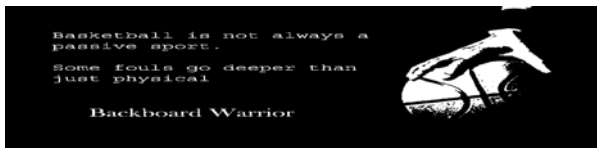
BackBoard Warrior

Warriors Trial.

Matthew Joshua Hood, "The Fly", lived in a world that seemed almost against him from the start. It was a world composed of daily struggle where reputation was held highest and life and death were a constant gamble.

In that world he would have to come to grips with his life and that of his family. In this pursuit Matthew chose a road wrought with peril, for it was a road of conflict in the form of basketball competition.

Along this treacherous road he would wage many battles and know many victories as well as a few defeats. He would also be given the key to his salvation, if only he could give up the conflict that raged in his heart.



About the Author



Maurice Skillern, was born in Houston, Texas in August 1966. After graduating high school he joined the active duty ranks in "The United States Army" where he has spent most of his adult life. He earned his Bachelors of Science from the University of Nebraska where he also earned his Masters in Physician Assistant Studies. He now works as a Physician Assistant, openly aiding all within his scope of practice.

Maurice Skillern, is also the CEO of [Baseline International LLC](#) and [Baseline International Publishing LLC](#). He established these companies with the focused intent to discover and make available the works and products of talented individuals. His first book "Messages" was published by Baseline International Publishing and it has proven to be very successful. In the end, Maurice will focus on continuing to be a positive force in this society and establishing himself and the **Baseline International Companies** as integral parts of its evolution.

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