



Aaron Dia Pemberton
DRealEarthG
Soil for Sovereign IV -
View of the Universe and
a Barking Dog





DrealEarthG, Soil for Sovereign IV

View of the Universe and a Barking Dog

By Aaron Pemberton, Sovereign of God

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Editorial

View of the universe and a barking dog, is a poetry book of exactly 100 verses. This book was written with 100 verses to reflect the measure of length that was required for the feat of what is described in the title. 100 verses, was considered long for a poetic piece, helping to create the grandeur that would be associated with the boundless Universe. Mr. Pemberton, chose to keep it at 100 verses and not more to make it tidy and enjoyable for the reader.

The language is laconic and rhythmical making it pleasurable to read. It is also clean and coherent making it a piece that can be followed without over thinking. The theme of the book, the Universe and a barking dog, stay in subject throughout the piece. Mr. Pemberton, grows a recognition of the two components that the reader can appreciate and learn from in the course of reading the book. Mr. Pemberton, expands from the themes through stages in the piece, reflecting on other themes like, love, religion and society.

Mr. Pemberton, has used his philosophical knowledge and deliberation from his previous works to explore, poetically, our habitation in a realm we commonly remain mostly ignorant about. He discusses new ideas and in context with the title he exposes his understanding of the world. The subtext of the poem empathises with the reader who, Mr. Pemberton, understands does not possess his eyes and is unaware to what the Universe is revealing to him. Mr. Pemberton, writes with conviction that his knowledge of the

English language amplifies enough for the reader to safely consider his reflections as alternative thinking.

In, Mr. Pemberton's, first book, *The Mental Binoculars of the Judged Pope*, he showed a similar ability to look objectively at his surrounding environment. However, *Mental Binoculars of the Judged Pope*, was a collection of separate pieces. As the title of, *Mental Binoculars of the Judged Pope*, suggests, he may be looking with a sixth sense that amplifies his ability to write insightfully the way he does. There is no doubt he is wearing the same binoculars as the, *Judged Pope*, to view the Universe and a barking dog, in this book.

The poem is very melodic and makes light what otherwise would be a very serious and perhaps bleak portrayal of our world. As is common in most of, Mr. Pemberton's, work, there is a clear satirical tone that adds humour and intellectual stimulation to the piece as you read it. A good grasp of the language elevates the reader to sophisticated contemplations without arduous ruminations.

The pace and quality of the poem are consistent throughout, from the beginning to the end. Mr. Pemberton's, laconic style is easily identified in the work, where he has used a rhyme sequence of ABAB in 4 line stanzas. He commendably adheres to this style and structure without sacrificing the quality of the piece. To the contrary, he has created a poem that has a rising standard with perfectly selected words and phrases in many parts.

Prologue

Mr. Pemberton, was residing at his parent's house at the time he wrote this book. He was managing the campaign for his mother's autobiography. He wrote this poem in the last months of 2015. He was also busy re writing his epic, The Evangelists, which forced him to keep a broad perspective on what he was inclined to create. His far out perceptions are original and moving as he builds realness in this book. Many of the ideas the reader may see as false truths are convincingly described enough for the reader to believe them real truths. Mr. Pemberton, cleverly creates the possibility of believing in something he leaves the reader to decide is true or false. His thinking is, however, substantiated by research and his standing discoveries in the area of humanities.

Mr. Pemberton, did not sit down to write an essay when he started this piece. His romantic perception and portrayal of the themes in this book are the result of a desire to communicate on an intimate level. He has chosen to display a higher level of the English language than he has shown in his previous poetic work. Skilfully he maintains the high standard of laconic and rhythmical work that has become recognisable in his titles.

During the period when he was writing this book, he was troubled by different ailments. These ailments were also the cause for him writing the book. Though, Mr. Pemberton, was suffering it is difficult to see any reflection of his pain as portrayed in the poem. To the contrary the poem ends on an uplifting note of survival and most of the verses contain

uplifting messages after bleak descriptions. To work past the surface of suffering is typical of, Mr. Pemberton's, romantic nature in almost all his poetic work, including this one.

Mr. Pemberton, developed an outbreak of eczema which had forced him to stay indoors. During this time he was also robbed of his savings by a fake bank who took the money from his real account. He was also plighted by a strand of flu that would not subside for months. As all of these things were inflicted on him he was forced stop and postpone all his business but he would not relent from writing this book.

Mr. Pemberton, was sensitive enough to capture the events as brushes on a developing picture and he chose to believe the finished picture would be a good one. He adds humour and satire to the clear invasion he describes in the book. Even though the Universe becomes an opposing force against, Mr. Pemberton and the barking dog, he continually sees hope and longevity which is clearly transcribed in this work.

View of the Universe and a Barking Dog

1

I am the inner child of the phantom watching time.
I see the view of the universe and a barking dog.
Open fields of ever green heights elevate my mind,
Aloof as natures temples housing her impalpable Gods.

2

My men are the curious keepers, lost in diaspora.
Remembering the time before one mollified to invade
And the begging for circumcision to dictate a fraught era;
Where powers unnoticed turned the free world into slaves.

3

My Nubian queen remains the vision I perfuse to see;
Telling the dramatic theatre of the barbaric start.
Preparing her Kings for the descent that is history.
Today I'm the cold interpreter of a puppy dogs bark.

4

The dog has a gentle aversion to the teeming air.
It will boldly vie a particle against itself, protecting me,
Quick to start a melee where it's intuition makes it stare,
Disquieting the silence of the universe artillery.

5

It is a precocious trait in the puppy to sniff out the guns
And vociferous victimising, plagues, poisons, curses. Also,
Decomposing pyres, disseminating rot, haunting apparitions,
The puppy has burgeoning abilities to bark and let me know.

6

I prepare as though it speaks to me like ordnance,
Where I benightedly see the dog with little I can do,
As the universe is not on a level of human cognisance.
Yet, somehow I've a puppy dog and a universe in view.

7

Where fresh armours heap on slow growing beds
Of green blades and wild fruits with amorous scents,
Lifting the posy to awaken me from spell of dregs,
It alerts me softly and sweetly lands my lofty sense.

8

Grounded all the natural world till successful jingoism;
For all the brazen forces, a universe can flower
And guard itself behind the bark of a silent organism.
Though, the mighty tree is not warning of the universes power.

9

I find shade under canopies in shrinking forests
And realise the battle does tear away my guard.
So to view a universe where not cold and callous,
I watch the dog speaking of the tree bark in the yard.

10

Consider me soft like a damp rose open in the day.
I stand holding to the bower with timidity of a child.
Yet, I've not the nefarious thorns of the rose kept away
The universe, that threatens my nature be caught wild.

11

The ominous resurgence of the nettle's incursions
Come like a crawling alien sweeping into my home.
Carrying the universe's vehemence and poisons,
It watches me in airs keeping such a truth unknown.

12

Indeed, it is also an invisible child of the universe.
One who's grown invasively, inferring as a plant.
There are many such obdurate forces on the turning earth
Which I've come to understand don't appear at first glance.

13

It's easily found mortality locks away, black as space
And effervescent bodies are only ripened to die.
Facing the bleak we hope a benevolent God may grace,
Our surrender to the questions that leave us cry.

14

Prisoners to the firmament and pictures which we pride,
And words of predecessors who saw secret infantries;
New rules and regulations, which we're following as guides,
While we're blind about the universe's spawn of eternities.

15

The double yellow line is merely covered by the water
And as I leave an encroached car so reviles a warden,
Who, in his own way, can see the universe torture
Benighted men, for which the picture is not fathomed.

16

You see, the present universe irremediably overwhelms.
It prudently vanishes like the sun and creepy spiders,
Waiting indefinitely for an opportune visit at their realm,
Where crass encounters forge a bitter war or banquet dinners.

17

The puppy dog is barking to conclude I cannot escape.
Gregarious men like, clouds, arrive to rain and rein upon me.
Patiently I view the universe proliferating and I patiently wait,
Where belligerent natures are infractions against my own seas.

18

They may sweep onto my lands and creep into my home.
They may bite upon my hands and paint the universe baron.
Yet, my seed does propagate life. I am only viewing alone.
I behest the universe: 'It may not charge against my person.'

19

I am the inner child of the phantom watching time.
I see the view of the universe and a barking dog.
Open fields of ever green heights elevate my mind,
Aloof as natures temples housing her impalpable Gods.

20

I am cautious to peel eyes at nefarious demons.
I squint at the bigotry caused my abject disposition.
A gladiator, I walk to the contempt of stronger dragons.
Which in time I nobly slay for such unethical conditions.

21

I view the blue lightning crack upon my fertile earth.
Unleashing unbridled rage, stirred a web of contention.
Babies and graves of buried mishaps from birth.
The puppy dog barks of the near ominous tension.

22

In me the present rages as the past is calmly held.
Like, waters running memories through a forgetful storm,
I come in adoration of the bright future, repelled
By the cruel damnation of bitter people's callous reforms.

23

It was a universe of joy I promised to unselfishly protect
From the pilfering of worlds and galaxies for veneration.
Yet, the universe is only home to the blithe intrepid,
Who trample the retaining that then can only find extinction.

24

Such a picture they have drawn, the universe is unreal.
It's an illusion we are seeing from a drug of oxygen
And the movies hold the lies that our intrepid men reveal,
So the retaining hide the truth blown up in nitrogen:

25

That the universe was our home and we are together.
Mars's Martians are marring fables that are predicative
Of the universe beyond, bright as the eyes of my brothers
And indigenous to the pool rippling as reflective.

26

Where I find a soul awake aspiring forward to anon,
The universe is waiting, to capture, revere or king.
He is the victim of a test of time at every rising sun.
Until he finds the universe is alive in every living thing.

27

I kick a stone and wonder of the dusty baron moons
And icy ones like, Triton and the random meteors;
How the world inspires planets and satellites that loom,
To procure a better future from the bleak of our wars.

28

I am abashed of pitch black space keeping us apart,
Like crumbling islands washed away by the blighting waters.
Swept into the grimacing faces of a world, I hear a bark,
Happily, like, the universe conceived the dog in these hours.

29

The dog breed is a congenial partner, hot vie the morose
Expression of wondering infants watching the bile
Puked. Growing to masticate the words of good souls
Keeping a guard like, the puppy dog, infantile.

30

Yet, powerfully the ages ascend to revered men,
Who, raise the escalations of cataclysms, to stand stars
In the body. Crying higher than the universe when
The crumbling islands cease the finite pass, which does mar.

31

From its encumbrance streams the light hearted;
Radiating beams of innocent wonder through painted eyes.
Made to gaze upon the panorama, as if dreamed
Till quieting of the tumultuous silence above our skies.

32

Filling the scene with fantasy as the bed with lovers.
Hoping piously for each desire as mothers milk when craved.
Crawling, walking then running on to a myriad of futures
Building the grandest set for the most memorable of days.

33

It's not the universe a child can see. It's only home.
The ship of joy and make believe, keeping the water out.
I have a ship I take through stormy winds alone.
The puppy dog is not like the child. It knows the universe by its snout.

34

We cannot know touch or sight or sound or smell.
We cannot know the impalpable world by good taste.
Our tuned senses find exhilaration in the banal
And save the secret happening unnoticed in deep space.

35

Yet, I've a view of the universe and a barking dog.
I pray the children see silk from the worm comes pithy,
As mothers milk from tits to a child in rapture of love;
So the fragile world might see the awakening of humanity

36

More than sport hunting and gross over farming,
More than petite prattle, bickering and global wars,
More than bigotry and religious conflicts we're arguing.
The universe is here and lending fortune to our stars.

37

Each splitting atom, each prodigal child, every engendered.
Aspiring successors, progenies, revellers stirring
The world till it turns from every moment time favours,
Surrendering, unhindered, the spells of evolving.

38

Sharply I'm looking at the malignancy of sated ages.
Rapidly I'm growing to succeed with men and woman
Of change. For a new future if not a past the universe graces;
So it holds people like a cryo-chamber but in the heavens.

39

Civil thoughts always inferring we stop, pick up and start.
The universe will paint Devils of the pacers march.
For winning in a free game the world is torn apart,
Hearing the last Angels laconically speaking of the heart.

40

Admonishing the blight of projected genocide,
The fallacy of child adoration and human order;
The universe is teeming with disquieted lies
That are true in the declamation of tyrannical beholders.

41

The puppy dog is all that barks at the sad injustice.
Summoning, invigoratingly, the charge of attention
By elementary 'woofs,' speaking to clearly admonish
That the universe is coming into view of its position.

42

The waves of heated contention approach, yellow,
As the burning suns corona, shooting contrary
Flares, beat upon my quiet doorstep till I swallow
The refraining reality, for this, all the world is, contradictory.

43

The object of my hearts amorous affection is embalmed
Within the soft temptation of intrinsic romances.
Contrary ones the universe has spared from harm
To copulate in passionate stirs spurring perpetual dances.

44

Like a shower of stars we race in fever of emotions,
Out of mind and blazing hot as the radiating sun
Against our rational and projected up in elevation,
To clouds and lofty, as if ephemeral and gone.

45

Yet, I am alone, together; the unbreakable bond.
It is a contradiction desiring to merge two in one
And I'm happy as a child and the dog looks anon.
Otherwise, the soft temptation leaves me a patriarch but undone.

46

The fickle season of love bears ripe and ready fruit.
I sense it promiscuously come and go in calendars,
Marking happy days and miserably marring my youth
With memories of broken hearts, women's slanders.

47

A boy child in the crimson of space, peeling to be a man.
Growing in adoration of the dogmatic universe,
As if draconian lessons came from the beat my love ran.
I sit with the puppy dog nostalgic and perverse;

48

Viewing the territories hiding that I long to explore.
The dream matures potently with the ageing body
And soon later I eagerly take the wish I can adore;
The spirits of the cosmos from the furthest Galaxy.

49

They are Angels of lucent shimmering like stars,
To glitter as changing as their unprovoked moods;
Forcing I drift to the heavens, where they all are.
I watch the universe be a steady father to sooth

50

It's children. Barking is the puppy dog's encumbrance.
Yet, I placate on its deprecation, telling it home.
It enters without fault. The universe gives no assurance
My heart might not be irreparably broken when not alone.

51

Vigour has changed the world to blotchy colours,
Changing as the fickle brush might paint a love
And lovers, who, more fickle for their portrait's powers,
Leaves instrument, the soul, to the universe seeing above.

52

Tiny, the bedrooms quietly appear in the waking;
When bodies are cuddled and faces are pressed,
Heated by tender lips and hot loins spreading
Across the opaque morning light, early and fresh.

53

Rolling vitality, like ocean tides, meet in our touches,
Yet, thin and trickling, the hours take our solemnity.
It's like a stream of phantasmagoria the universe reaches
In the living bodies, wet outside with heated sexualities.

54

The kiss of the woman has tricked me as farce
And I kiss a man ardently and extricate from boundaries
To be clean of the reveller's games played on earth.
I'm serious about the universe. The dog believes me.

55

There is overwhelming temptation of the wild bee's honey.
Thick, like treacle and gold spreading confection.
There is also the rush for the infectious spread of money.
Which controls everything like veins strangling a system.

56

It's cold civility is the more real universe we live in;
Preparing for the gushing rise from our senses.
Finding something to sweet us or just lightly shopping,
The myriad of inventions, now equal to natures romances.

57

The world may soon build a universe, a bed, an ark.
Something every type of person can visit for a while.
Arriving in its playing fields as the growing grass, tree bark
Or a creature that we've never seen, talked about in X Files.

58

Some have set reciprocal to the banal voice of technology,
Others parley for the indisputable right to be there's.
Talking is the method inferred: we are subject to civility.
Yet, civility becomes the monster tainting our natural affairs.

59

One man's voice to beget a nuclear missile fired
Is power spoiled to a supremacist's fascist regime
Of tyrannical, militarism of the free space transpired
A dark universe that was once free and lush as green.

60

The target of benighted aims is surely the plight of men,
By other men and the suffering Kingdom of earth.
Marked by the tempestuous rage of deities decreed an end,
There is little love to share through humble life after birth.

61

I reside disquieted by spectres in chaos, that sadly fly.
Each converging spectre finds my identity recreational,
Emphatically, charging at me thoughts and whims awry.
I'm astutely perturbed, now a Sovereign of God, medicinal,

62

One perplexed spirit, heralding remedy in the universe.
I'm boasting the radiant light purging the battered soul.
It comes like a sun showing the spectre where it curse;
Pulling me out of the shadows to reside and console.

63

Now the day rushes, like a stampede to stop me healing
Where all the light might be found under our eyes.
Yet, I hear my puppy dog stops the stampede by barking
And the universe is ready to release us with pride.

64

I am the inner child of the phantom watching time.
I see the view of the universe and a barking dog.
Open fields of ever green heights elevate my mind,
Aloof as natures temples housing her impalpable Gods.

65

Extradited the tired names we speak to each other;
Invigoratingly handing them to distant constellations
And alternative solar systems and galaxies of vibrant colour.
Galvanising our pace to learn eternity out of damnations.

66

If, Freddie, was, Mercury, such a man would not disappear.
The rock star drifts of, Saturn, the deep words blue of, Neptune.
Many enigmatic souls think to, Venus and they appear.
Already our choice hearts give the universe our favoured fortune.

67

Indulgently we prize our chocolate like red, Mars,
Fluffy and tender accolade, consumed as treat.
So the universe is what we eat, like pickles in a jar.
Though, the names of food from the heavens are sweet

68

And grandeur, as the mightiest ships emphatically told of,
Like, Jupiter 1, satellites and probes searching.
Till the ends of the solar system and finding, Pluto, on ships log,
Then keeping it as a pet Disney dog that's eternally entertaining.

69

The bleak Uranus is all left in our solar system,
Not fashioned or emulated but distant and bold.
We sensationalise in the daily paper that's our, Sun.
You see the universe can be viewed as I propose.

70

Only a romancer of the universe can lose in acrimony;
So spending of emotions and hope sparse of finding.
Yet, the universe will challenge their heart of prosody,
For vigorously testing our refrain from bitter hiding.

71

Then the pain returns as the seas crash into us.
Excruciating degradation we soberly let rain wash,
Clean. So that the blood of battles run under the loss
Of nature, time and money, accumulating costs.

72

That is when the universe has truly found you.
I am standing like a mogul giant, with heart to know:
It is release the universe builds, with geniuses who
Understand the need to trap the seeds they try to sow.

73

Procuring resurgent armies of the innate revolving worlds,
As the locomote tides, aggress, fixated and thrive.
Inconceivably appearing as the alien form of twinkling pearls,
Planets in alliance, sustaining earth; peace abides.

74

The universe is decreeing death unrestrainedly.
Truth dies, yet, the puppy dog guardedly barks.
Fighting an impalpable lie that is become destiny,
As struggling forces of the universe land and hark:

75

Surreptitious whispers, 'The forgotten truth is rediscovered.'
Eternities boundless joy is proliferate as reawakened.
Clamour of elated worshipers proclaim all creatures
Divine, as the parley between indigenous souls, partaken.

76

Zestfully, the dog reveals the ominous arrival of the unknown,
Encroaching our tidy space like vociferous enigmas.
And they decree change, flogging till the bark full blown.
Our vexation brims drool and insouciance till we're killers.

77

I crush the alien insect, emphatically, I enjoy it.
Before it bite or sting or poison for my contrariness.
Unabashedly I warn them: I will not be berated.
Not for acting my right to exonerate against its prejudice.

78

I am not as wasted dregs but scintillating with humanity.
Let the wild fauna be the balance of the universe;
As we scourge our demise through victimising bigotry
That says a man like me is not right and thought worse.

79

It is to think, averring the farcical fabric of reality,
Which we pitifully paint from swelling desires, fears
And blood; that is the temporal mastering in longevity,
Bringing concord opinions to the reading of future years.

80

It is a pugnacious brute driving sardonic pains,
Engulfing our pleasure to no end of our impoverishment,
Clouding us, myopic and benighted as disdained,
That is all a magisterial king need aptly think for investment.

81

Nations have charged in anarchic order, sold his mind.
Thoughts are the transcending winds of the soul.
They are vigorous, sailing the vessel through bleeding time.
The universe thinks the world of itself, as an oscillating bowl.

82

Like a sparkling geode in the rough, lands terraform.
The dog and I wait, anticipant, in smoggy airs
And waters bursting wild gushes gripping being born.
Billions of little life forms elevating to the surface unawares

83

The universe knows itself but cannot find its soul in us.
We are the arduous instruments it delicately plays,
Like a golden harp and my dog, it barks, ponderous
Of why the universe takes itself away and why I stay.

84

Copious dead, after the faint pleading to Kings
Invested on by the hopeful dying people, forever.
Until the weary world finds infinite rebate to bring
The capacious universe, irremediable with lesser.

85

In destructive scourge of evolving humanoid pain,
The shapely figure of a galvanised espouse is come.
As neophyte warriors we find refuge in stars that remain
As eternal as the universe reining above everyone.

86

The wise descendent of an immemorial people,
That are oppressed inhabitants of universal silence,
Like babies in a whom. No one tells us good or evil.
No one warns us, no one speaks to us from the distance.

87

Yet, I heard the universe, before, say: 'In the beginning.'
The violent chapters followed like incendiary
Equinoxes, all eyes peeled open at the dawning,
Of histories. Still we are fighting to understand this destiny.

88

Epic views of the vibrant host find resurgent autopoietics,
Bearing out active cells like a holy resurrection.
Hither to: we do not see the world as well as we create it.
Wise men relentlessly huckster against our divine retribution.

89

They blaze the fiery earth like crashing comets,
Overcoming minds and possessing liberated souls.
Cutting the skin off penises, playing exonerated bandits.
Perhaps they are our fathers. No longer become our goals.

90

The universe is the unbiased vision of the battled truth.
The dog pronounces it with a bark I abashedly hear to.
Until I stand, phenomenal, sovereign and not uncouth.
Ready to rise over the turmoil and start something right, new.

91

The exhilaration pops like sparkling champagne.
Nobles with baubles and slick attire raise their glass.
Momentous conferences, preparing regal campaigns,
Lifting the magnate heart as if, piously, it tasked.

92

Our salient response is a million cheers, a billion prayers,
A zillion, 'I don't cares.' Our voices, the echo of reality,
Crashing to the fantasy of lofty visionaries, their fears:
The bonafide withdrawal of all their precious itineraries.

93

A neoconservative has conquered in the 21st century.
The dog is barking at me and the universe is alive,
Deploying the shooting seeds, thoughts provoking enmity.
'Even if they reach space, we are failing to survive.'

94

Lost, myopic and wondering the universe we are viewing.
Pugnaciously subjugating involuntary equals to democracy;
A free world, reviling its pantheons and monarchies, dying.
Overtly destitute by the inaugural raising of followed fallacies.

95

Ferociously the incessant barking signals a fight.
The vied investitures of our species is the baron home of my hope.
I blaze through the universe on Gin and Tonic every night,
Remembering the Dodo bird, extinct, for its fluffy white coat.

96

Immune from guilt by remorseful insouciance we climb,
Building contrite legacies, embracing the old abashed universe.
Tenderness is the opulence of a cloud falling in time
To our feet, richly kissed our soles made to walk another earth.

97

**Hard steel surrounds the immense silver body,
Lucent, like a moon, rockets roaring tremors aground.
Wide as the serene lakes, high as the hills in the valley,
Elliptical and rising like a burning sun that is hot and round.**

98

**Perfect passengers, seeking the origins of our code's
Young evolution of planetary genotypes, Darwin, finds
Will search the vast universe as destiny bestowed,
To populate the other worlds of coded cares we already mind.**

99

That is a jubilant day the universe will wait to arrive,
When every solemn soul is closer to unity with itself.
Dreaming radiant races of our descendants, harmoniously colonised,
And the view of the impalpable universe is welcomed as the common wealth.

100

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