

## **- Unveiled heART-**

**(It is a Miracle I am Alive Today to share what has been written, it is by the Grace of God my heART is able to express what the enemy had tried to shut down, now this Soul believes – Expression can be an Art form of emotion, as humans we are not wired to hold it in- with getting out what didn't need to be in my heart- The J.E.M within embraced, encouraged and empowered me through the tough times and into The BeLoved heART Formation- With This J.E.M saying that helped me get through...**

**"When in doubt...write it out, sing it out, dance it out, voice it out, create it out and so forth... therefore God can bring in that one of a kind heART Masterpiece that is already Chosen, Valued and Treasured- and only needed to Encounter the Gift within that needed to be poured out for those Jesus has placed before you in the very Season your in- to let you know he is with you every step of the way- even when you don't feel like he is.**

**The J.E.M Within in me prays this helps you get through your Revolving Door in the Wilderness, Desert and Valley- allowing your heART to believe you are not alone and you can come out to inherit the Fullness of God's Blessings!**

The Wilderness- Mistaken & Chosen?

The Desert- Misused & Treasured?

The Valley- Misunderstood & Valued?

Bonus: Misread & Beloved? (As I was led to go through and spell correct, my heart came across this Gem-Love how God knows what we need in the very moment we need it- You are a Good, Good- Loyal Father- Poppy, God...Thank you for being patient with me and completing the necessary pages.)

## J.E.M STUDIOS- TRINTY DESIGNS-

### The Wilderness- Mistaken & Chosen?

The pain of holding it all in  
That can be a death sentence  
Unrequited regret- Love has no hold  
Rejection takes over- like a shadow  
Lies buried- I'm fine  
You're not fine- Tormented mind  
Record player on rewind  
Who told you...  
You're not smart enough, pretty enough...Good enough?  
What lies say... u can't!

Yes, you may be a bit rough,  
Around the edges...but here's some...

Truth- A Strong Oak tree was once a nut\*  
Buried, breaking to get out of the rut, the hurt-  
Away from the dirt- the pain of the stretch and growth spurt  
Lies spoken and received-  
Hope, what hope when this dirt has hardened  
This heart's departed  
Self-Hate becomes defined by the anger inside  
Partnered with jealousy and envy to reside  
Taking advantage of the pain denied  
Rejection hurts-  
When not treated-watered with Love...  
The scales remain, going deeper into what kills  
Life aborted- checking out-  
Without a doubt... focused in rage  
Determined to end life... there's, yours or mine  
Believing there's no future in God's divine  
Given up on life itself, on oneself

You reject me, I reject you... You better reject God  
Because there is none... right?  
School shootings, victims stand and fight  
For what's right  
There beliefs in what they know  
When God removed there scales to help them grow  
Life before we know it... can become death row  
If only those who knew the truth before they chose there weapon... that yes, life's not fair, but all  
things work together for good to those who love him  
He chose you- believing you could break through  
From this world of sin you were born into  
He loved you first, his creation...patiently waiting for you to make a decision  
No pressure, after all- what kind of father would he be without the gift of intuition-free will to choose  
to love him or reject the image portrayed  
this is the world we face- Chosen, set apart-choose to be embraced or Rejected, Outcasted to feel used up  
and disgraced or even worse spat out with a lukewarm distaste-  
to be formed into preconceived notions looking from the outside in,  
Only one knows what's within- Peace symbols- Peter hung upside down on the cross- was that peace or  
a murderous sin  
Jesus saying, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."  
How much can one heart take- to be abandoned and bruised  
the image of love- picture framed- masked with buried hurts, offenses and pain-  
all the while laughter covers the forces of darkness- a spiritual gain- creating an evil chain- of hearts  
departed- look what Satan had started- proud and loud in the ears of God's creation- covering the  
nations- Our heavenly father's children needing to be found, not buried in the deep dark ground with  
lies to keep them from there crown- after all Satan and his demons project what they carry- doing all  
they can to keep our voices buried- so none will know the truth that can set them free- from all there  
pain and misery- kept in disharmony- not happy with one's chosen self - for we know misery loves  
company- accompanied by the spirits of dread and death- dreading to do the work to breakthrough, a  
nut can't see what it is, until it stands up to choose-

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Choose to not be buried. No more!!! Say...misery you cannot have my core, declaring...I will stand  
and live this life freely given-after all I am forgiven- repented and not forgotten- Always kept in my  
father's heart to not be mistakenly bought in...to a life I did not choose- when I came into this world-

haunted with demonic abuse; but God- he formed me in my mother's womb to know deep down- I cannot give up now...because I have a savior who paid the price, for me to not be denied...

but Chosen- in him...through Jesus- who's enough and more

Getting me through past mistakes and hearts defeated core-

in him I Am a fiery Roar- Lion of Judah fighting when I could not-

not giving up on this jealous nut- crazy indeed- he saw what I could not see- took me from the rage, hate and envy- when I wanted to give up- he said, "I will not let you fall, now let's do this together...standing tall- confident and strong- willing to take this worldly life on- leaving the dread and death behind, buried- where they belong- the nut gets uncovered- to its new reality- now believing the mistake that was taken was the truth in its identity- with an unquenched heart- gaining a distinct personality- characterized by the truth that set it free- that all along it had to grow through the lies and unbelief -

To believe in a voice that it believes in...

Now, we know we listen to our voice more than anyone else's- trying to let that voice of reason be louder than the unreasonable choices- to keep one from the dread and dead of life- here's a trueness to help you grow inside- the nut was once buried in the proud and stubborn ways

for years of negative thoughts and selfish days- until the oak tree stood on the creations truth that became its better todays, rather than its worst yesterdays...here's the fact of what a stubborn definition portrays- tenaciously unwilling to yield-

So, Ask yourself as you look into your heart's field- Do you see a harvest of plenty (fulfilled) or nothing (always needing more)- then ask the voice of reason...what's kept you from growing in your core-into something- a life worth fighting for...

We know we reap what we sow- what is fighting against you to keep you from your growth, if there's one thing you take from this...

It's this You must know...

You may have felt mistakenly chosen

But Jesus conquered the grave- and rose in

Your heart to say, "I will not give up on you

I'm begging you, please do not choose

A past life, for you think that's all you know

I'm trying to keep you from

death row- whether it be in lock up or in your own cage

Emotions trapped, Hearts disengaged

It's time to choose- what life will you infuse  
Will you be filled up with hate- a strong dislike of you and other's  
Or with the love that is good in you contagious for your sisters and brothers

Will you let hypocrisy and rage win  
Or let the inner child help you confess your sins  
To break free from jealousy that needs your focus  
Keeping all the attention on the hocus pocus  
Of this world needing more and what others have

Envy steals, comparison grabs  
So the scales remain- and your eyes can't see

Fully,

Of who the creator has designed you to be

Standing your ground

With a first love who longs to keep you sound-

Mind and heart unafraid

From fear who betrays

This love rescues you- when you've done all that you can do

In this wilderness- not staying, but breaking through

A first love chasing you

Saying, have a mindset- focused on my gaze

Let me Pull your weary heart out of this dark maze

To finally behold the harvest phase-

Where abundance and prosperity will not be a chase

The time is now- what will be your vow?

Full filled in you Jesus, I want to be- do with me as you please

I repent and I release, everything that's kept me from your peace

Jesus Christ- in you this Grateful heart is found

You've turned my world upside down- with a right side up to believe

I am worthy of this crown  
With an understanding heart posture that had to be  
An Attitude of Gratitude- on bended knee  
A Mind of Christ makes for better days  
For you say,  
I Am, that I Am- you are no mistake in me  
You are accepted in your chosen identity  
As a nut or an oak tree  
Growing is growing,  
In a love to grasp how wide, long, high and deep  
Is a father's love will go to keep  
You safe and securely  
Standing strong over the hate and mistaken identity  
With these final words spoken...you are Approved of  
Unveiled to see- what your hearts capability can for see  
So let the scales fall and you stand tall  
In an unveiled heart routine  
Captured on your forehead to always remember  
The true you has been waiting to be seen  
To give others the opportunity to breakthrough

with Acts 9:18

Instantly something like scales fell from Saul's eyes, and he regained his sight. Then he got up and was baptized.

## The Valley-Misunderstood & Valued?

This mirror takes this soul in deeper  
Mind trapped with vanity's keeper  
Emotions harassed on vexed beeper  
A vicious web of mirrored perfections  
Strikingly stuck on beauty's infections  
Worldly, Spiritually- darkened perspective  
Willing to do whatever to fit into the likes  
Social media eyes lazor striked  
Madusa cold- hearts stoned- turned away  
My way or no way- pride came to play  
Vanity captured vulnerable hearts in a first love's way  
Liked, loved tell me I'm pretty- hanging on to the next adoration comment  
Like an addictive bulimic vomit  
I should know- with this ongoing truth  
Desensitized by life's directive  
With vanity lying deep in my veins infected  
Vexed, cursed- spat out and dispersed  
Orphan spirit came to rehearse  
Misunderstood - it started at birth  
Channeled to a realm of no growth spurt-  
A heart kept in child hurt  
Looking into the mirror with distortion  
Ugly, fat, drink this potion

You'll see who you really are through

This addictive notion

Alcohol will feed you with everything you need

Look in the mirror- you don't need them you need me

use and abuse those who come close- all they want is

To diagnose-

You with a disorder you do not have-

Sure you puke and cannot eat- but that comes with needing me

You need me and I need you- I'm all you think about- isn't this true

\*No-I say, "I can't do this anymore."-

Listen beautiful, I'm your first love just wait there's more in store

You're getting huge, look at your thighs, that big nose can't be denied

You've been eating your guilt I see- it's ok I still love you, come away with me

\*Alcohol is not my life, I say- I can't go back it cuts like a knife - digging deeper killing my joy

No worries, my queen-I am here- I'll be your bellboy- at your service what will you like

I see you looking at their bodies- I know You can embody-

Her image it will look great on you- what do you say your body will be renewed

\*Ok, I say...let's do it- aren't you happy my Precious...look in the mirror

You're astonishing my love- \*I say, I'm not- I still see everything wrong with me

Don't doubts my one and only, this will do the trick to help you see your value in me

Take this and this and this- \*I say, what are all these pills for?

They will help with your depression, bipolarism, migraines, sleep deprivation, back pain and body imperfections ...may I continue or do you want to do this on your own-

I can leave you if you want, but then you'll be all alone- I am here to talk to you- yes I can be like a mixed tape

But I'm reminding you to help you numb every rape, this is a true escape

\*I say, I'm tired, it's been years of this...I want to get out of this mirror's so called bliss

You're trapped now- you may as well have this liquor, tobacco, beer and wine- I'll give you all the men, with sexual women to help you unwind- focused on these pleasures and porn forevermore- accumulated with pills and the high to help you shut the door

This is your reality- there is no way out...  
from this day forward I'll tell you what I think about  
with this note- sure I accept you, the real you trashy and used up  
this is true love- now go put some make up on you look washed up  
it's time to strip and make the money- greed wants his way with you- he needs you honey  
now perversion take her for a ride- use her up until she wants to die  
suicide keep feeding her lies- over and over- that's it she's fading from pill overdosing- haunt her some  
more  
some how she lives another day- we need her soul- listen to me do it this way  
have her cut her wrists and bleed to death- make her think she will go easy as simple as one breath  
why is she not in hell- I have to go to my authority yet again, this is not good for me- I need this  
assignment to end  
this will work- make her black out over and over more than before  
until she keeps opening the car door  
jumping out, crushed to pieces- this will not only kill her family, but destroy her nephew and nieces  
this one keeps surviving nomatter what we try- keep a close eye  
on her for she must be special- our God will not be happy until we find what will destroy her and her  
family  
she keeps saying there's more out there- she seeks what will complete her life  
make sure she doesn't believe in the one and only Jesus Christ  
The angels are helping her- guiding her -one more step and she's baptized  
This won't end, as long as she does not know her value and power in him  
Satan, she won't listen to us- and the singing is wearing our patience thin, ...-  
She's singing in the mirrored reflection- we see Jesus in her- he's won her over  
This is not game over, keep a close eye on her

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I say "Oh what a beautiful name it is- nothing can compare to this

- "You didn't want heaven without us, so Jesus you brought heaven down, my sin was great, your love was greater, what can separate us now?"

My Beloved Sunshine,

The value you behold, is like a divine masterpiece- priceless

there is no one like you

a design Impeccably precious

Created with that something special- unique and set apart

Your heart given a brand new start

Forever and always a reflection understood

In me, I am your loving brotherhood

Lifting you up- from worldly let downs

Always here to fix your crown

Humble and Gracious your spirit has found

It's True form loved and adored

A soul revived and restored

Soaring eagle strength in I, The Lord

Was there hurt, yes...but no band aid could sustain- a Heart that's sore

Going deep is the only way- healing balm to ooze the pain- preventing it to mark it's stay

So remember this, when the enemy's eye comes to snatch and bring you to it's territory way

The Faithful Talon claws of an eagle will snatch the snake from what they know, bring it high and letting it go

Release all that stems your growth

In this devoted walk, run, soaring life in Christ

with this First True Love who already paid the price

to keep you loved and forever wise

and free you from distorted wrongs embrace

For your heart to be set in the right place-

With someone who will forever and always keep you safe  
In the valley unafraid  
So trust and let go- and let him hold you through  
Life's uncertainties and evil's stronghold glue  
Be kept in a valuable state of mind- in this life worth living  
You will find  
richness within that brings faith to your core  
And that my friend is what unlocks the door  
To what our first love has in store...  
A Reflection prize sustained in love  
The value of heaven sent from above  
In your heart- it fits like a glove  
To be released for the misunderstood  
to know you are valued and Loved

(heart is calling for something more...only Jesus can fulfill a heart sore...no band aid, yes it will hurt- going deep into a wound is not meant for the weak; but those who cry out strength is found- the gentle is brought out through a powerful shout...tears stored in heaven, God says you're not weak in me- for me in me your strength is found...the experience is a searching of what will life behold- one adventure after another, still not fulfilled because what's inside does not get sustained into a lasting joy that can keep out the pain...so when death meets suicide comes to plan your death, thoughts sneak in like a thief to steal what's valuable and left inside...you must know your heart holds value- yes priceless, but most importantly stored treasure waiting to be found...pouring out to the lost whom need there heart sound- a peace kept through a prince rest assured- power in love and fear is obscured- because the heart believes through the sound mind of peace...a loving embrace so powerful it stays- and fear is evacuated from the premises of the soul...and what remains is a lasting glow- inside out of the value you behold.

## Misused and Treasured?

A gift waiting to be unwrapped to live life in the present

Needing to be awakened to create memorable moments

A misused soul, buried alive- waiting to die

Every mummified wrap buried deeper in the coffin

A heart pumps, but no energy in motion

to be thrown into the deep dark ocean

Sinking feeling taking it's toll

Suffocating on the disses of the soul

One's mind, emotions and will- annulled

Discouragement took the voice out of this little girl- who can relate- victimized, bullied- believing nothing she voiced held value, shy and timid- fear held it's ground with intimidation and pythons constrictions

Dissatisfaction- robbed her heart of happiness with a false belief in what makes a heart happy

Evil Spirits bringing about inadequacy-The Disses of litigation- raptures of interrogation

Disillusionment placated a reality where doing evil felt good and trying to be good was never good enough

These spirits- Lack, Vanity, Greed and Lust...this heart is throwing you under the bus

Disengagement lingered to control, stealing a heart needing to know it's role

Where rebellion, pride and obsessive compulsion took it's toll

Distractions- stolen valuable time, kept this mind on rewind

Seducing spirits- Jezebel, Leviathan

This little girl within me says- I will not be connected to your deceiving vine  
again

The persuasion of deception making the heart think others may have it better

Here's a New perception through this poetic unveiled heart letter  
Reality- everyone carries buried hurts and emotions bottled waiting to be unleashed  
In one way or another- people cope and try and release...  
Some may not have the strength to merely erase it  
A heart's recognition...  
Is The only way to get out of the pain is to face it  
Through one's own belief that will trace and unlace it

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It All makes sense when you see it in motion picture  
What's before our eyes can capture emotions and lift her  
On a movie scene...which one is this?  
It is Jasmine beholding a beauty of worth  
whom see's value in a man who doesn't see it on  
his own turf  
The story of Alladin- you guessed it...  
casted to the desert to find the treasure-  
where an evil power sought to control life in every measure  
seeking value from a genie of three wishes  
one rub of the lamp can bring one's desires to fruition  
Deception of magic puff Great rewards, but bound to chains deceitful power imprisoned and scorned  
To it's decisions and tangled entrapments  
Picture this- your life being recorded...this very moment and years past-  
then you get invited home- heavenly to sit back and watch your life on the big screen-  
call it a movie or call it the life you've been living-  
this life God has given us will be of options- chosen to live or be continually used, to then misuse  
others from our pain from abuse or treasure what's been given-

a lamp within that is not meant to be hidden- what's been stored in the desert, as Aladdin was casted to- was not meant to keep him away, but to find that which would shape him into- not of a genie chained to make it happen, but of his own free will- his choices and realizing what's important-

In a life created to hold value and not lack there of- bringing about a character of Performance and Popularity to impress whom he wanted to like and love him

the Power and Position that went against his values and morals making him question

his own heart thinking, what have I gotten myself into...

then realizing a true worth getting him through to help those who also needed to be made new

When we watch the recorded movie of our lives...the past moments what will they be

Touching moments that our hearts we will be glad to see

Or Of dry places- lost in the desert, with the wrong treasure to behold

Focused on evil rather than Good- and how much the enemy stole

Taken moments that could have been memorable experiences

That our creator wanted us to encounter- wandering lost in a depreciated structure

That which formed the disses of our soul- in a mind heaping in the desert

Searching, seeking can't find because it's looking to all the wrong places to feed the soul of emotions that chases, something to keep it going...dying to feel Alive where hope is not moving

Holding on to that child within so it can have joy bursting- laughing and smiling wherever this heart is, with whomever it's with because the light within is a lamp turned on and kept on because the soul is willing to partake in the journey- whether it be taken to the desert to find it's soul with growth and learning-

or to the wilderness to get through temptations to come to the belief this heart will never be forsaken or through the valley to overcome the up's and down's-the obstacles thrown this soul's way- being taught you are indeed secure and safe...

with a founding heart that wherever she is, she's meant to be- that treasure was never lost, it just needed to be found in me- thus sayeth the Lord-whom guided her footprints into mine- that led her out each time and will forever and always be there through the misses and the disses of this world- so stay strong it is in my heart you belong

because our battles our not against flesh and blood, but against the evil forces- and the one's who rub our hearts the wrong way will not get a genie, but the one who holds the power and postion through us- Holy Spirit truth in God we Trust

it is only through watching our life's movie- the gentle, humble spirit is led and makes way for Jesus Christ whom gives the greatest performance and popular showcase for all to see- for he died to rise for us to have life heavenly through being one love in the Holy Trinity,

a valuable sacrifice for his family- in Hope's that a heart will know the treasure within is the home of heaven that welcomes you in- bringing in the lost whom have been misused...for this is the lamp uncovered we belong to-

so be hidden no more and let your heart be filled with heavenly treasures to store- for it is God whom supplies all our needs according to the riches of Glory in Christ Jesus- Blessed is she who has believed the Lord will fulfill His Promises to her- for he accepts and see's us...

for who we are in this moment- loving us in our state- holding our hearts with open arms- making a way for our hearts to stay and not be alarmed- to make us feel at home, right where we belong- for where your treasure is there your heart will be also- it is not I, but Christ who lives in me, not to be used or misuse a world in darkness, but rather to Shine the light of Home Sweet Home- that is forever precious in your spirit- it's a Heavenly Sound in your heart - it is in you Lord, God my friend-my forever and always. I am found for all to encounter their Kingdom Crown and for all to experience what was once lost can be found.

## Misread & Beloved?

The pages are blank

The mind of not reading what is written

Rather words starrng back not comprehending

Dyslexic entanglement

Scatter words, numbers and intake

The stare of what's wrong with you

Why can't you get it right

Misjudged-critisized

Falsely accused- guilty

we all have been- like a foreign language

I hear you, but I don't hear you...

The pages are blank

Help me to focus on the words coming to me  
The words and numbers pour through  
In one ear and out the other- jumbled  
Trying to put the pieces together  
Embarrassed- in fear- shamed  
Blank stare- let this voice be heard  
How does my heart yearn to get it out  
But what's entangled these blank pages  
Of my mind can't seem to put the words  
Into what needs to be heard  
Lord, make this mind like yours  
Pour your wisdom, understanding  
Through this voice  
This heart wants to be heard  
I'm crying with misread pages  
Empty- throat dry  
Fill me with your waterfall of life  
Bubbling up from my core  
The pit of my stomach- this soul needing  
Your abundance- the more than enough  
Where the faucet pours through these  
Lips to fill those whom need  
To hear your message of love  
Your message of truth  
Your cleansing words that spark supernatural healing  
In the heart, mind- soul  
Let the water purify the parts that need your touch  
Nobody else's but only you who can show me

How to be loved

A love that can start from the beginning  
A do over first love- let me encounter your beloved embrace  
A sweet friendship that refreshes the soul  
That turns into the lover of my soul  
I want to know you more- help me to fall so in love with  
You, that I won't ever turn back to the loves of this world  
But of a heavenly love only you possess  
For you do not control or put fear in me  
Fear has to do with punishment and you've come  
To give me your power, love and sound mind  
So these blank pages can comprehend your kind of love  
And not what I was used to  
You put the words into completion when written  
Fill this heart up, for what the heart is full of the mouth speaks  
Fill my heart with your kind of love  
A first loves memory that lasts forever  
Take away the bad memories that haunt me  
And fill this heart and mind that are married  
For when one is off the other cannot communicate properly  
The pieces must fit together- your word brings life to my heart  
Like a spring of joy- bringing revelation to my soul-  
That is revealing truth to my mind  
When I am with you- new memories are formed...  
Help me to want to be with you every moment-  
My soul that is my mind, will and emotions need you every moment  
You are the vine, I am the branch- together we bare much fruit  
Apart from you I can do nothing...

Extraordinary...you have not called me to be ordinary  
The extra is your spirit connecting with mine  
That makes the pages fly off the book-  
The words come to fly and like a play  
The scenes are formed- the performance from your heart to mine  
Flowing in being one-  
One love, one truth, one foundation  
Within this core- the character of you  
Calling your beloved children to rise above  
The flesh- the child tantrums within only needing attention  
And calling our souls to hearken unto your voice  
The still small voice of reassurance  
Bringing confidence into our minds- discerning truth from false realities  
Into a new perspective- the truth setting us free  
Bringing heaven to earth- meeting you half way...  
Picking up the phone, calling and asking to be one with you  
Singing to you where praise brings fountains of youth alive  
Dancing with joy to live in the moment  
Creating believing the greatest inventor alive lives within waiting to be established in his child  
And writing, even when the pages are blank-  
knowing you are guiding our hearts  
to come alive on paper-  
for it is what comes out that drives away doubt  
it is in the doing that get's it out- that increases our faith  
our trust in believing the royalty we were adopted into  
through Jesus Christ-  
who longs for you to meet him in your heart  
where a heart can be captured -emotions carry the mind

in believing what it needs and wants to feel  
it is in the feeling we are willing to pursue-  
but when being led by his spirit we are more than willing  
to take flight  
where shame turns to acceptance  
and fear turns to unwavering faith  
for what we pursue from the heart  
will help us to soar  
it is only from the pure intentions  
bringing us into the heart of the father  
wanting to hold his beloved child  
saying," Your days were written before the foundation of the world  
you will always be loved by me- when you trust and rely on me  
listen to my voice and you will know them by there fruit  
whom you can trust- for no human is perfect  
but with my spirit they are brought to completion  
everyone has there own trials, there own tests  
it is in coming together sharing to help others overcome  
where no story is left blank  
and the books are being filled with  
a first loves heart to be loved by his beloved.

**-J.E.M STUDIOS- TRINTY DESIGNS-**

