



# The Poetic Writings Of Grin Olsson



**POETIC WRITINGS**

By  
Grin Olsson

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“The Poetic Writings of Grin Olsson”

## Dedication

These poetic writings are dedicated to all of the poetic reading booklovers who discover my poetry and stories are entertaining, enlightening, praiseworthy and enjoyable! May God bless!

## Preface

This little book of poetic writings is the complete compilation of Grin Olsson's poetry written from 1969 to 2023.

The poetry contained in this book is his original classics of modern day poetry and a complete compilation of his collected works which are possibly, the greatest international poetic writings ever written since the nineteenth century.

There is no other contemporary original professional poet of his caliber, natural talents and international fame, with the credentials of such accomplishments as having written inspirational, classical, romantic, general, religious, and including the genre of epic poetry by him meeting all of the required professional artistic standards and criteria for an epic poem, all of which have been met by the submission of the "Highlander's Dream."

This is the first time "Grin Olsson's" entire poetry collection has been assembled for publication by the requests and demands for access to his collection of poetic writings by personal, public and international fans throughout the world.

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## **The Beauty of a Black Rose**

The sorrow of not having you around tomorrow,  
Is a burden for me that is just too hard to bear!  
You were the apple of my eye and the love of my life.  
There are no words to explain how much I cared.

Each night, my eyes cried tears with worry and a broken heart,  
Wondering where you are and saddened by us being a part.  
My dreams were only dreams of you. What am I to do?  
I just don't know what to say, as I am so confused.

In my heart and mind, it is that time of my life,  
When, I am supposed to be over you now!  
I have to leave your name in the past;  
As, a wound upon my heart;  
To begin a new life and have a new start!

Just so that you will know,  
That the memory of you will always be a scar upon my soul;  
Should I present you the words from this poem?  
Or, the gift of a single stemmed rose?

Please accept this gift of a simple poem of hurt and loss;  
So you may know, that you are nothing more, I suppose;  
Than the beauty and scent of a single stemmed black rose!



## **The Seven Stars**

In the darkest hour of the night,  
Are seven stars that shine so bright.  
Their light is beauty in the sky,  
Surely, God's hand holds them high.

The group of stars about which I speak,  
Are named the "Big Dipper" by those whom seek.  
North, is the first glitter that you will see,  
By using the "Big Dipper" as your key!

Yes,, as the guide to find this star,  
Are the beautiful and wondrous seven stars!

## **Last Thoughts**

So many ways we pass from this world, to the next;  
Many thoughts that entertain our minds!  
How I have wondered, what the last thought,  
A man has before he dies?  
Does it change as a situation will arise?

The Captain, bravely standing at the wheel,  
Of his vessel, as the waves swallow his soul.  
The soldier, in the heat of battle,  
Meets his enemy, eye to eye!  
The person, free falling through the air, desperate;  
His last step; an accident from the side of a cliff!

And, the ones who passed away in their sleep;  
Do we wonder, "What was their dream?"  
Or, the moment, before a life ends in suicide;  
That very day, the person cries for help.  
No one is listening.

I wonder, "What is the last thought on my mind;  
Should I die, shall I find?"

## Beautiful Words

I am the writer of beautiful words and verse,  
Chaining meanings together, in rhyme to converse!  
What a gift, this talent of expressions, I've learned;  
Altering minds with new thoughts; I, alone churn.  
To install visions, dreams, and life; before lovely eyes;  
My name past and present, will always arise!

You may be anything you want, if you learn how to write.  
Who may challenge your words having been written to enlighten?  
Expressing to souls, new emotions with the old;  
"A peacemaker with experience and wisdom!" I'm told.  
How wonderful it feels, when minds say, "This is true!"  
Literature is given new meaning with insight to you.

Before we part, as you read all of my thought,  
A word of warning, about those, whom govern the lot!  
Mighty is the writer, as new nations unfold,  
Some of their writings sound of silver and gold.  
Beware of words with two meanings, called law:  
Words can be twisted, creating a flaw.

Ordained by the people, it shall come to a vote;  
The concerns understood or it's turned down, by a nope.  
For those that write laws; this is presented as a curse!  
Yes, I am the writer of beautiful words and verse!

## Mountain Woman

A hundred years or more ago,  
On the forested slopes, just below the snow;  
Lived a woman with hair of a shining gold.  
Tears on her cheeks never touching the chin,  
Dull blond hair flowering in the wind.

Men on the mountain say, "Twenty-six she is!"  
But the children and the wrinkles that adorn her soul;  
A fetching wood and herbs to brew a kettle's full;  
A mending and a stitching a tear everywhere,  
Put a change on her face, day for a year.  
The youngest strapped in for another day's ride;  
She's a washing clothes, by the riverside.  
Fourteen hours of work and sweat;  
Her man comes home; She's not done yet!  
Comfort their whims and soothe them sores;  
Now mountain woman back to them chores!

A heating water for the Saturday scrub;  
All five youngsters jumping in the tub.  
Now it's day's end. I wonder what she thought?  
"It was another day, the good Lord brought!"

## Flight

What would it take, except for hope, if you were me,  
To get on a boat and flee into the sea?  
All of those people, who were to be left behind;  
Run! Don't look back, to see what you'll find.  
They came to conquer, without cause, nor being fair;  
Oh, the transgressions, death, and despair!

Enslaved are our people; altered is their mind.  
We had to do as they say; they weren't very kind.  
My wife and children, home and dreams!  
These eyes cry tears; my heart it screams!  
My works and labors; now, mean nothing to me.  
This world is in turmoil; "Where shall we flee?"

Father, Mother, my sisters and brothers,  
I want to give you a huge good-bye.  
Grandfather, Grandmother, my uncles and aunts,  
I'll miss you until the day that I die.

From town to town, it was all the same.  
Burning our houses; they fanned the flames.  
Terror, destruction, bondage, and grief;  
Killing, pilfering; the desolation; Beyond belief!

No food or water, yet we flock to a ship.  
Where are we going? Will we live through the trip?  
It doesn't really matter. We have nothing to lose.  
It's our only Hope!  
They stole our land and freedom to choose!



## Nothing

What is:

Our God, when there is no faith;  
A life, if there is no soul;  
The sun, when there is no day;  
A sea, if there is no water;  
The wind, when there is no breeze;  
A flame, if there is no fire;  
The forest, when there are no trees;  
A home, if there is no dwelling;  
A feast, when there is no food;  
A mother, if there is no child;  
A skill, when there is no work;  
A book, if there are no words;  
A clock, when there is no time;  
A poem, if there is no rhyme;  
A question, when there is no answer;

Nothing: But, if you have learned what it means to be with noting;  
Then, that is something!

## He

A man stood before me, after I fell into a slumbered sleep,  
His garments and hair were as white as a sheep;  
As I looked around, to see what I could see;  
People before Him; hundreds and thousands; on their knees!  
It was neither cold nor hot, in this unusual place;  
This man; he stood in the air; is this, "His Grace?"  
I felt no fear; as if my soul were free;  
He is who he is; but, 'He' is not me!

As a man, I had not repented, nor was prepared for this;  
Yet, there was sorrow and hurt, in my heart; not bliss.  
Hands raised upwards, by those kneeled before this man,  
As if in worship; was this our God, at hand?  
If this were not a dream; Is there such a place, that exists?  
As a man who had sinned; what is the meaning of all this?  
Off to His right, appeared to be a throne; a brilliant glow!  
What is all of this radiance? I do not know!

His right arm reached out, pointing face to face;  
Streaks of white lightening, from his finger-tips, would race.  
I was observing all things; Standing above, to His left;  
All of a sudden, something struck me;  
Upon my heart and chest!  
From where it came or what it was, I cannot say;  
I awoke! Was this a dream, I had this day?  
Who is He? Should I pray?  
His face, I shall remember, until my dying day!

## **The Night the Angels Cry**

This is the night the Angels cry,  
Of the 'Hope' that will never die.  
I got down on my knees to pray this day;  
Lord God, take my soul away!

A new song from Heaven, rang in my ear,  
The night an Angel sang, "He is here!"  
I began looking to Heaven where the Angels fly;  
Can't you too, hear the sound of an Angel's sigh?

If not understood, can this ever be?  
Am I not a man whose soul is free?  
What is the meaning of all this to me?  
These sounds and voices;  
The soundings of an Angel's sigh?

Cannot you see, what you mean to me?  
You are the 'Peace and Hope' for eternity!  
Voices of the 'Hope' that will never die!  
Tomorrow, again, the sun will rise.

Chosen to see the 'sign' before my very eyes.  
Look! Another 'sign' of the coming Light.  
This truly was the night of an Angel's cry;  
Presenting the 'Hope' that will never die!

My life is complete and there is peace on my soul;  
He is here now and called 'Wonderful'!  
This is the sound of an Angel's sigh,  
A new song from Heaven that will never die!

## Hope

What is this faith that I do feel?  
Can I assure through reason, it is real?  
Through patience and belief, its meaning is clear;  
For its strength is mightier than any spear.  
Many create it or need it to believe;  
Opposite of them, whom deferred it, to bereave.

There are those who are judged for a promise made;  
With relief, happiness, and excitement in trade.  
But, when the promise does not appear;  
Thoughts are returned to despair, instinct, and fear!

It's what Mother teaches daughter,  
Or, Father teaches son while young;  
So, future mistakes are not begun.

If only they knew of the name they sought;  
Called an emotion by some; Survival by a lot!  
At that time, when it appears, "all is lost!"  
Comes forth this dream, striving on, "at all cost!"  
Those of God, exclaim, "It's an Angel's name!"  
And not to believe "Is such a shame!"

Hear what I say, with wisdom and love;  
Instill it upon your heart.  
For this is called Hope, that I present to you;  
As we now part!

## Peace

From my eyes I see a land of peace,  
For as far as my eyes can see!  
Should you look into my eyes, to see what I have seen;  
Then, you too, shall see this land of peace,  
For as far as your eye can see!

And, when others wish to see, such as you and me;  
By looking into our eyes, to see what we see;  
Then they too, will see this land of peace,  
For as far as their eyes can see;  
Learning the power of the word called, Peace.

And, from their eyes, our land of peace,  
Will spread to all of the lands of the World;  
Where still others, who will then learn of this power,  
And, see this land of Peace, which we do see.

So, that someday, everyone will see our land of peace,  
For as far as their eyes can see!  
And, from this beginning, from what we have seen;  
Then, with hope for all of God's creations;  
On this beautiful planet named, Earth;  
We will live in and know the power of the word called, Peace!



## When

When you received my rose and breathed its scent;  
As a gift, what does that tell you?  
When we looked into each other's soul, eye to eye and face to face;  
Does it mean love is easy enough to believe in, when it's true?

When the sun shines a sparkling splendor of another day;  
Yet, we're both far away; from each other;  
Are you as lonely for me, as I am for you?  
When the scars of life are still ingrained upon my brain;  
Yet, they say, "All things heal in time."  
Is this not true with the same meaning for you?

When my dreams, lasting long into the night,  
Hoping, you'd be mine and ours a happy life;  
Was this also your dream?  
When others told us that, "Love is a Hope that never dies!"  
Does this too, have the same meaning for you?  
When we're together and others challenge our choice;  
Can you tell them, "I'm in love and let God judge us," as I can?

When a person asks you to say a prayer and put your arms  
Around them, saying, "I'm in love with you, too!"  
Are you unafraid, as I am?  
When we said, "yes" to each other;  
Knowing we'll be together, forever;  
Did you realize, we're tapping upon the gates of Heaven,  
Binding ourselves to each other?

When you read our poem; this poem;  
Do you realize, "I'm in love with you, as much  
As I know, you're in love with me?  
I do! And, I thank you for being just you, when I need you!

## Moon Beam

During the darkest hour of the darkest night,  
When the Moon is high and the Moon is bright;  
A magical beam is sent into the sky, from my eyes;  
As the full moon, slowly rises in the evening sky.

This is our Moon beam, reflecting love from me to you,  
Touching our hearts, wherever we may be,  
Oh yes, you know the secret message being reflected your way!  
Knowing we miss each other every single day, when we are away!

When your eyes first see a full moon,  
Content, that our messages were sent this day;  
Looking up to see its magical light shining through to you~  
Wherever we are on this Earth, our love reflects off the Moon;  
And, our thoughts are felt in our hearts;  
Because with our Moon beams, we are never very far apart!

Then, there are the days,  
When the heavens are crowded with clouds;  
And, the message of love we need to give,  
Must wait for another month and another day!

Yes, with us knowing our secret way,  
By sending our messages of love in this way,  
Reflecting off of the Moon, these beams of love from me to you!  
And, from you to me; Are but sweet kisses and thoughts;  
Making me never wanting to stop, these wonderful beams of thought!  
That's letting us know, in our hearts, that we are never really apart!

## The Voice of an Angel

A while ago, being among the trees, and in a secret way,  
I humbled myself; Kneeled upon my knees, and began to pray.  
Feeling refreshed and forgiven, from admitting my sins;  
And, after I'd left, from where I'd just been;  
I'd heard the voices of Angels. Oh, what a Heavenly sound!  
Astonished, with faith and hope; I knelt back to the ground.

It has been written, and I'd been told, of Heavenly beings;  
Garments of white and adorned with gold.  
Messengers, guardians, ministering to guide;  
Souls exalted, that inherited the Light;  
These are Angels and Spirits of Heavenly glory;  
Not to be worshipped, but to believe their story.

Inhabitants of the Earth, Prepare as not to fall;  
They're the sounders of the trumpets to warn us all.  
Michael, Gabriel; There are others too!  
Their nature and relation to man; known, only to a few.

These voices of sound, from a vision or dream? I know not.  
As a simple man, I've given it a lot of thought.

What a gift from God, I received that day.  
To hear the voice of an Angel; and what they had to say!

A time later, when you recall, what's been written this day;  
And, being alone, in the wilderness, questioning what I say;  
Be sincere and humble; Yes, in a secret way; Begin to pray!  
If it happens to you and you're chosen; Is it not true?  
Please let me know, what an Angel would have to say, to you!

## **A Simple Poem**

A simple poem, a simple thought;  
A letter from you would really mean a lot!

## **The Highlander's Dream**

In ancient times throughout our land of peace,  
An enemy came with terror, destruction, and desolation beyond belief!  
Our men were decapitated and our women defiled;  
Our children enslaved with torture ingrained, as the enemy went wild!

Those who fled this cruelty or were free came together,  
One by one and son by son;  
We gathered under our tartan colors and clans,  
For news of what had just been done.  
With the pipes as our heavenly sound,  
Came forth our petitions for peace and freedom, or death, shouted in  
screams!

It was from this beginning, which brought forth our Highlander's dream:

As I fell into a slumbered sleep one night,  
A never-ending nightmare came forth with wisdom and insight:

"Son," said my Father, who was also a Chief.  
"Your schooling is done and now;  
You are a man of our Highlander clan.  
It is time you stood guard over our land!"

"And, during this time of your life,  
Which you offer to protect this land;  
Should an enemy first appear before you, do not shed a tear;  
But, my laddie, begin to play the pipes to warn us all!  
Village by village, man by man, and Clan by Clan,  
The Highlanders will assemble to defend this land!"

"At this time, go out and meet your enemy with a smile;  
When you're face to face and eye to eye,  
Present him with the symbol of Peace, which also may be your life!  
Do not despair with sadness, instinct or fear;  
Should he try to end your life with a knife;  
That's when it time to fight!"

"But, Father, why are you telling me these words



And what's this all about?" asked I.  
"And, why should I come in peace or possibly die?"

"Son, you did not give up! You came forth in Peace.  
With your life, being the first to die on our soil;  
Bears witness to God that we were struck first!  
After an enemy strikes, and should you not die,  
Then, that is the time for you to fight and is our time to kill!  
Live or die, your life will be avenged by other Highlanders;  
Our enemies will know us as the screaming ladies from Hell!"  
"Oh, my dear Son, remember my wisdom to keep you alive!  
When any battle first begins, when we come face to face and eye to eye;  
And, as we fight our enemies man to man and hand to hand;  
Always be sure the sun is behind your back, but in the enemy's eyes!  
And, do not forget those Highlander souls taken in the past;  
By reminding our enemies that we always pay back!"

"So, now it is our custom, when there is a lull in the battle and time at hand,  
Take your first captured enemy and stake him to the ground.  
Disembowel him, before his very eyes, while he's still alive!  
With your teeth, rip the flesh from his face and break out his teeth;  
Then, cut away their manhood to stuff in his mouth.  
Remember now, to gouge out his eyes!  
With God's fury our enemies are despised!"

"Now it's time, just before he dies;  
Let his last thoughts not be mercy from his god, but the mutilation of his  
body!  
As you finally stick your sword through his skull and lop off his head!"

"Take your second captured enemy, while he is alive for all to see;  
And, push a pole-stake through his mount and out his ass,  
Having first, tied his hands and feet behind his back.  
Tie him good, my Lad!"  
"Yes, prepare a fire for a 'feast of peace' and roast him like a pig;  
Then ask your other captives, "Are you hungry? (I love you) Eg elska thig!"  
This feast is the other captive enemy's first dinner on Highlander soil!  
After they are fed, release a few of the captured as a surprise."

"From this moment on,  
They will know a Highlander's song, are but, an enemy's pleas and cries.  
For them, it is a lesson learned late, but they can tell others of their fate!"

As this nightmare continued forth in this terrible dream,

My stomach had become sickened and my sense became dull:  
During this time when my mind, as it again,  
Pictured my sword sticking through another enemy skull!

“What is the meaning of all of this? We are not at war! There is peace and  
bliss!

My mind is picturing the terror and screams!  
Why are you telling me such a horrible story and abominations to do?  
No enemy would dare commit such crimes against a people such as us!  
Tell me a story of peace and trust!”  
Said I, to my Father, in this wildest of dreams!

“You are a Highlander, my Son!  
You must remember what has happened to our people;  
And, know the power of the word called Peace!  
You’re to be the first line of defense on our sacred soil!  
Or, when we are provoked,  
Knowing an enemy wishes to bring war to our shore;  
We must take our fight to them, sparing our villages, homes, families, and  
land,  
From becoming enemy spoils!” said my Father in his reply.

“Father,” said I, “I don’t want to die or to mutilate an enemy man.  
Why should I?”  
I turned to my Father and looked him in the eye,  
Waiting to hear what further had had to say.

“One must be more evil, than the evildoers,  
To win against evil, when evil attacks!  
And, these my son are the facts!” sternly spoke my Father to me!

“This Highlander’s dream has been told father to son,  
By our ancient fathers to our present sons, on what to do once war has  
begun!  
With respect to the enemy of which we speak,  
The mutilation of an enemy is a warning;  
To their fellow enemy comrades of their future fate, come the next morning;  
They will know there’s only one place in our land,  
Where we’ll allow them to dwell; When we escort them into Hell!”  
Responded my Father with a very stern look,  
As if, he’d memorized this story from a book!

A change of expression came across his face,  
Then, a tear came from his eye, as if heartbroken.

His features began to show sorrow and hurt, before he'd even spoken.

“Son, do not think I want you to die.

There are times when men must fight!

There are also times when many of our enemies,

Learn of how we Highlanders fight in defense of our land;

They choose peace, rather than attack against a suicidal foe.

It is our custom to be the first men to fall, if death is the price for peace!

As a Highlander in battle, have no fear, as all of our clans will soon appear!

Someone will always take your place with revenge in their hearts.

We always mourn another Highlander's death;

By our promise to fight for victory, up to our last breaths;

And, make it back before our God is ready to bless!”

“Remember to not question a Chieftain's orders when it's time to die;

Unless you know without doubt, his orders aren't right.

First, let him know your concerns and demand your claims;

If this doesn't work, then pass the hat and claim you're insane!

Prepare for battle by painting your face such as blue in color,

And rehearse your voice to shriek, as we begin our screams!”

“Learn how to begin blowing the wind for the beautiful sounds from our  
pipes;

To be heard by all whom challenge a Highlander's might!

These beautiful sounds are heard by enemies, yet, not to their delight;

But, as terror, from the wind, air, and sky that they are going to die!

If you recall, the Romans found out and they built a wall;

Whether it was to keep us in or keep us out;

They did not say, as they ran away!” Said my Father to me!

In my sleep, I began to toss and turn,

As my mind now removed me from my Father's presence;

I now found myself in the heat of battle before my enemy,

Face to face and eye to eye, as I watched this human die!

This savagery, barbaric, abhorrent, ruthless struggle,

Now before my very eyes surely a Highlander's fight!

There was no doubt in my mind that this was not a dream;

As I saw the bloody enemy and heard the terror of his screams!

In our battle, we pushed forward and we were fighting hand to hand,

This was hand to hand, to the very last man!

Over this attack, I was angry and scared!

This was no dream! I took time to quietly say my prayers,

I see the fear on this enemy man's face;

I swung my sword without any Grace!

“This is a never-ending nightmare, will it ever end?” Thought I?  
There was a terrifying sound with a crash and a thud!  
I felt my body hit the ground!  
From where it came or what it was I do not know!

Suddenly, my Father appeared in my dream!  
“Am I having delusions or is this an illusion?” Thought I.  
Again, he began to speak. His voice was very sweet.

“All over the world there are men such as you and me.  
Who know the cost and power of the word called Peace.  
And, what it means to be free!  
Remember; do not waste your life unnecessarily!  
Make the enemy pay and always think of new ways to win!  
Be sure it will work and strive on at all costs!  
Make your life worth 10, 100 or even 10,000 enemy souls.  
Learn new weapons that shoot fire and rumble in the sky!  
There are many people, whom seek a land of peace,  
So, respect others whom have had to fight such as you or me.

You are not much different from Ivan of Rus who fought the Golden Hordes;  
He too, has fought to the last man!  
Learn to gather allies and comrades from only those,  
Whom have never thought to be a foe,  
But be sure they know the cost of peace.”

“Father,” said I with a tear in my eye.  
“I am not afraid to die for my family, clan, God or King!  
Having you appear and hearing your words of wisdom,  
Before my very eyes, while I’m in the heat of battle,  
Is some kind of blessing to me! I don’t have to understand!  
You and your words are my heart and soul!”

A smile came across my Father’s face,  
And he had a twinkle in his eye, as if he were proud of me!  
We gave each other a last embrace.  
Then, suddenly everyone in my family appeared before my very eyes!

Happiness filled my heart!  
I then spoke to them all, as I said:  
“Father, Mother, brother and sister,  
Let me give you a huge good-bye!

Grandfather, Grandmother, my uncles and aunts,  
I will miss you until the day that I die!"  
I hugged each of my family and kissed them good-bye.

As a shock to my conscience, my family unexpectedly disappeared from  
sight!

Dazed, as I looked up to see what could be seen!  
Reality struck me, as the nightmare had returned, "It's time to fight!"  
The full fury of this bloody battle appeared to be lost!  
"Yes, I have time!" Thought I, as I grabbed my sword from the ground!  
"We need more men!" Thought I, as more of the enemy advanced.  
Striving on at all costs, I could feel the sweat pouring out from my pores,  
As I again swung my sword, taking off another man's head!  
This never-ending nightmare had returned, with the stench of death!

Suddenly, music blown in from the wind, burst triumph in the air!  
"What are those heavenly sounds?  
Yes, more bagpipes blaring their beautiful sounds!  
Where? Ah, from there, over that hilly mound!  
Ah, they're here! I knew they'd come!"

Still, I fought on! Another scream and another enemy man is dead.  
This nightmare of terror! Oh, how I prayed that this was only a dream!  
All of a sudden, I awoke and looked around!  
"Where am I? Where are my men? Are we in a town?  
Am I dead or how long was I out?  
Then again, to be sure, I looked outside, round and about;

I was astonished as my neighbor waved and smiled!  
As I smelled the scent of the air, then came a startling, but happy shock.  
"Yes, It's spring! And, the birds in the tree, I hear them singing!  
Oh, now the church bells are ringing! Oh, silly me!" Said I,  
As I now saw that my wife and children were safe in the house.

I am so relieved that our land is a land of Peace free of strife!  
"Thank you Lord for this wonderful life!"  
With a sigh of relief, I knew this was not a nightmare I had;  
But, a pleasant Highlander's dream!

Just then, my Son came into the room full of joy;  
"Father," spoke my Son, "I have just finished my schooling,  
And, I passed with good grades!"  
"Son," said I, "Your schooling is done and now,  
You are a man of our Highlander clan.

It is time you stood guard over our land!"

I suddenly realized as this was my fortieth year,  
And that I am now one of the Chieftains of our Highlander Clans;  
With a new generation of sons at hand!  
"It's time to pass on our Highlander dream!" Thought I.  
As I began to speak the very same words,  
Which my Father had told me, so many years ago!

As I have grown older, gaining more wisdom with age,  
And, as times have changed to the present days;  
I have learned that other nations now respect a Highlander's dream,  
Knowing the power of the word called, Peace,  
By allowing Highlander's the honor of our clan's tartans to be worn.  
As we march man by man and playing our bagpipes, clan by clan,

In parades as a proclamation and warning to all lands,  
"That there is nothing to fear and that Peace is at hand!"  
Yes, now there are children who giggle about our men who wear skirts!  
As their parents, quietly tell them with a smile, to "Shush, before you get  
hurt!"

Hear what I say with wisdom and love from my heart;  
There are times when Peace is costly or your very survival,  
Might depend on these very words as we now part!

There are times when poetic rhymes are not so sweet;  
Yet such wisdom is used as a way for us to remember knowledge and to  
teach!  
And, let us pray, that these words only remain as a remembrance,  
Of a simple Highlander's Dream! Amen.

## The Poem of Prophecy

The voice of an Angel has revealed this mystery,  
Through fasting, visions, and faith comes forth this prophesy.  
To inhabitants of the Earth, listen this day;  
Let one from each nation speak of what I say.  
Times of dreams, visions and prophesy are at hand.

Two lands from the North shall become as brothers;  
Hope; Shall be your survival, but not your salvation;  
Another war in the land of God, as revealed by John.  
New kingdoms brought forth and the old ones are gone.  
Beware of the land called, 'Bountiful,' People shall begin to flee;  
Chosen was the path of the beast, this land from sea to sea;  
A mark of God upon their head; they have a choice with Hope;  
She has enslaved her people by words and laws with two meanings;  
Projecting fear and fright; never-ending laws; Yet eyes are gleaming!  
It has already started. Plagues, famine, and destruction.  
The City of Angels, shall burn to the ground.

Mend your ways, looking to the clouds for a sign and grace.  
Prepare for the fire that you cannot see; yet your skin does burn;  
Melt the sands from the beach to protect crop, fruit and flock;  
Store food and seed in tin; not for a year but ten;  
When forgiveness is given, destroy the records of sin;  
Contain the waters, as it shall be precious;  
In the East, He shall come from the clouds.  
The Coming is man's fourth time around;

Poles, North and South shall melt, in but a twinkling of an eye;  
Prepare caverns as dwellings of men and flock, up high;  
Day shall be night and night shall be day, upon a moon's crest;  
New axis found as the sun sets in the east and rises in the west.  
The Earth shall right itself, for yet another time around.

Make your coin from precious metals of the Earth,  
No pictures of man, shall appear to show its worth.  
Choose basic law, under God's guidance and hand;  
Tax your people not more than three percent, in your land.  
Prepare books of knowledge for youth; Wisdom that is sound;

Men of tomorrow have need of skill, trades and how to plant the ground.  
Seek peace among your fellow man and it shall be found;  
Know that He is called Wonderful; Worship God;  
Be true and faithful. Read this I pray!



## About the Author



Grin Olsson has lived in Iceland, Canada, Costa Rica, USA and lives in the Philippines. He graduated from high school and volunteered for the Coast Guard where was honorably discharges after four years of military service.

He began writing when he was 19 while in high school. His first professional publication was a poetic writing entitled "Mountain Woman". From this beginning Grin Olsson has written a a romantic musical comedy - The Nights of Nicaragua; Five science fiction series; Living in Canada he was afforded the true life exclusive story about the capture in Canada of Christophe Rocancourt (aka: the Counterfeit or Fake Rockefeller); Additional books written by Grin Olsson are Volcano Island - And, the Sacred Scrolls; Asgard, the Planet of the Gods; Kraken; Kraken Two; Kraken Three; Hard Rock High; World War III - The Nights the Angel's Cry; Grin Olsson's Fairytales; The Power of the Word called Peace; and many other books and stories including the poetic writings contained in this book..

Grin Olsson has three children, who are two sons and a daughter living with his family in the Philippines.

Grin Olsson has 1 full length motion picture credit as the co-author with EP/Director Jon Luis for a comedy that can be purchased on Amazon:  
[https://www.amazon.com/s?k=sex%2C+drugs+and+stu&crd=2YC7Q8CLKERV6&prefix=sex%2C+drugs+and+stu%2Caps%2C374&ref=nb\\_sb\\_noss](https://www.amazon.com/s?k=sex%2C+drugs+and+stu&crd=2YC7Q8CLKERV6&prefix=sex%2C+drugs+and+stu%2Caps%2C374&ref=nb_sb_noss)

Grin Olsson is working on a television series in progress:  
[https://www.imdb.com/title/tt21362700/?ref\\_=fn\\_al\\_tt\\_1](https://www.imdb.com/title/tt21362700/?ref_=fn_al_tt_1)

**The End**