



Transformation

My journey through detox

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Author's message;

Since being diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 2011,
I have retired from my property investment business,
And focus my time on writing poetry.

My first book of poems was called *"Shaken and not Stirred"*
... Living life with Parkinson's disease.

The second book deals with suicide amongst teenage boys and young men.
Called *"Touching the Silence"*

My third book is about gambling addiction.
Aptly called *"Know when to fold them"*

My fourth book is about battling throat cancer.
Aptly called *"Finding my voice"*

My fifth book is *"No time for long goodbyes"*
... Murder, Madness and Mother Nature

My sixth is *"Child Speak"*
The wonderful things that children say and do

My seventh *"I love you more today"*
A book of love poems

Today I bring you *"Transformation"*
... A journey through detox

I hope you enjoy reading my books

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My body is an un-used temple

My body is a temple
Alas the cobwebs show
It was un-used . . . neglected
But then how was I to know

For the past 18 months
I've been trapped inside my thought
A dreamy drug-infested place
Which upon myself I brought

Frivolously I threw away
My right to question WHY
Entrusting my health to doctors
Was their treatment based upon a lie?

The drugs induced such side-effects
I'd swear black when it was white
My body would sweat my mind was vague
I stopped trusting my own sight

6 days ago I took a stand
I screamed "I've had enough"
Alternative treatment I chose to pursue
Even knowing it might be tough

Nature ... a snapshot in time

I sit upon a comfy chair
 Whilst my feet they soak in rust
 At least that is what it looks like to me
 Removing negative ions ... I must trust

A tranquil lake ... stone's throw away
 Trees still as sun shines through
 I see birds and butterflies flying by
 Whilst my body starts to renew

The green leaves seem greener still
 Even reflected by the lake
 The crusty bark of the old tree seems
 To hide its energy intake

A butterfly glides down to sit
 Upon the hand rail with such ease
 I wonder if it knows or cares
 About me curing my disease

Nature has its own way to restore
 Balance when it is in dire need
 I must open up to its control
 If in quest of health I am to succeed

A man of steel

You'd think I was a man of steel
But unlike superman of fiction
My body has its own way to
Rid my cells of their infliction

Metals have somehow infused
Deeply into my very core
In need of detox if I am to dream
My natural wellbeing to restore

Food I've been eating is all infected
By pesticides, colours and other drugs
Designed to eventually bring on sickness
Created in labs by scientific thugs

It's big business treating the sick
Growing by billions of dollars each year
These giant firms use R and D
To keep human guinea pigs living in fear

Wake up world before it's gone
Your freedom to live and breathe
If we leave it to big business
Their evil plans we'll help to achieve

Wise words from dad

All my life whilst growing up
My dad gave advice to me
Plant vegetables to feed yourself
Because what you eat . . . you'll be

As a teenager I was embarrassed
I'd run from gate to door
So my friend would not see where I lived
Or they'd be giving me what for

My dad in his ethnic wisdom
Decided a front garden full of grass
Was such a waste of upkeep and money
So veggie garden appeared real fast

Alas I do remember even now
How his veggies tasted so nice
Be they carrots, corn, potatoes or fruit
If offered today . . . wouldn't think twice

He continued feeding himself
From his garden till the day he died
I fell he got an extra 20 years
As a result of his ethnic farming pride

Born all knowing ... spend our lives forgetting

Many people from around the world
Have been in search of proof
That a connection exists between us all
Like some cosmic covered roof

Our brain is trained from a young age
To see the world in one dimension
If only you can slow your mind you'd see
The world vibrate to its own intention

When magnified what we see as mass
When seen by the naked eye
Is all separated by huge distance
What you see ... could all be a lie

Could it be that a multiple reality
Coexists in space and time
When manifestations seem like miracles
We attribute them to the divine

When a baby comes into this world
He is all knowing but starts to regret
That as he ages ... he will lose connection
His own true form he will forget

NOI ... the last child

On our journey of detoxification
 Both Eils and I were pleased
 To meet "NOI" our friendly helper
 As toxins from our bodies were released

She told us that her name means small
 But in her case it means LAST one
 Her brother was 9 when she was born
 An accidental birth he'd say for fun

NOI is happy all the time
 Cracking funny jokes all day
 It gets where we both cannot wait
 For the next thing she will say

It makes detox so much easier
 When humour is interlaced by NOI
 After plugging into colonic irrigation
 She leaves the room and says "enjoy"

Thank you NOI from both of us
 You make our days here much more fun
 Just no more jokes about that tube
 I must insert into my bum

Servicing your body as often as your car

Inside my belly rumbles
Liquid diet will do that to you
Fresh fruit juices and a liquid broth
Is all we get to ingest you see

Detox is like a major service
You'd give your trusted car in time
To ensure it will keep on performing
We do it ... and don't sweat the dime

So twice a year ... religiously
My car is in for service all day long
Change the oil, replace the filter
To keep driving and ignore it would be wrong

Yet when it comes to my own body
Years and decades can sometimes pass
No service, no detoxification
Somehow my engine is supposed to last

Do yourself a favour friend
If you expect for 90 years
A healthy body to carry you around
If not it might end in tears

Jurassic era of medicine

Western doctors spend many a year
 To become experts in their field
 Often they rely on information
 R+D drug companies yield

When a scientist on payroll
 Gives opinion on a drugs effects
 Doctors naïvely believe they are getting
 Independent advice . . . thus giving their respects

What however if the drug company
 Has a vested interest in the use
 Would they go to any length
 Hiding side effects and abuse

There are some doctors who
 Live in a more enlightened time
 They often question WHY
 Witnessing our health decline

Too quick doctors are to offer a label
 To our symptoms as a disease
 Which in itself when repeated often
 To the patient brings unease

The stealthy micro nutrient

The purpose of a nutrient
Is to break through a cell wall
Enter in and bond to heal the cell
Through stealth it can accomplish all

If faced by a frontal assault
Too large a dose the cell might
pull out all protective stops
preparing itself for a fight

The art of administering micro nutrients
Combats this through stealth
Allowing the nutrient an easy way in
To start work improving your health

The micro nutrient sneaks up on the cell
And just leans against its wall
Eventually the cell feels no threat
Nutrient slips in and all guards fall

Our bodies know how to heal themselves
Where it finds a block get on the scent
Find yourself the stealthy warrior
The precious micro-nutrient

My solemn oath

A gentle wind blows through the trees
 In the distance a rooster crows
 A sprinkler sprays nutritious water
 On a garden bed of flowers

The banana trees upon the branch
 Swing gently side to side
 Whilst my 5th juice of the day
 Does its magic to my inside

I hear birds see white butterfly
 Feel the breeze upon my brow
 A question invokes "What time is it?"
 The answer of course is now

I have sat in this same chair
 Yesterday and the day before
 Just different now's than the one today
 Yet somehow clearer I feel more

I see a hundred different shades of green
 The colour of life and growth
 I will in future now's ensure I continue
 To observe ... that's my solemn oath

Mercurynot just a planet

In our search for perfect teeth
 When vanity overtakes the brain
 We fill our mouths with poison fillings
 Why you ask ... I know insane

Amalgam as it's commonly known
 A poisonous plague on history
 Why we'd put it in our mouths
 Daily dose of poison ... another mystery

Slowly this mercury poison ... daily
 Leeches into our cells our core
 A full time job for our dioxins
 To give this poison its what for

So taxed are our internal troops
 That no energy is left for
 All the other man made poisons
 Which march through our front door

To remove the mercury fillings
 Must be done with a great care
 Or 4000 times your daily dose
 You'll ingest from your dentist's chair

Root canal ... sweep it under the carpet

If mercury fillings are small bombs
Guaranteed to ensure bad health
A root canal is a nuclear bomb
Slowly killing you through stealth

Most root canals has bacteria
Trapped beneath the filling
Leeching slowly deadly poisons
Though we can not see it killing

If a tooth is so far gone
Take it out and mourn the loss
Don't be persuaded by the dentist
A root canal ... as though he was the boss

A rotten tooth once removed
Does you no further harm
Whilst the toxins in the root canal
Infest like leeches on your arm

So next time a dentist does propose
A mi of deadly metal for your smile
Ask to see his or her own teeth
Watch them run a mile

Detox or Die

Day 4 just ending now
Detox is quiet a task
Like a total engine rebuild
To rid my body of toxins. . . a blast

I have been reading quiet a lot
(detox or die) has me hooked
Never know just how badly
I have treated my health . . . over looked

It feels like I have awoken
From a dream and not so sure
If my dream was real or fantasy
Am I just dreaming of cure

The wonder of modern science
Is to find a cure some day
Whilst other scientists keep producing disease
Like some race towards doomsday

One thing that I know for sure
I won't rely on a pill box
Regularly just like my car
I'll service my body through detox

Here's looking up ya!

Well I never thought I'd be sharing
 Such a private matter here and now
 About colonic irrigations I'm having
 But ill share them any how

First a tube is placed inside
 A bit of lube one it of course
 Then for 4 minutes ozone is pumped
 My intestines swelling from the force

The ozone attaches itself to oxygen
 Then together they are absorbed by cells
 Oxygenating my blood ... my life
 Now my stomach rely swells

Then again on different bed
 Insertion of a tube oh joy
 Flush my bowels with a herbal mix
 Flushing toxins boy oh boy

The room is called the (Happy Room)
 I think the Thai's like their fun
 I wonder if they would be laughing though
 If this happened to their bum

Stop Chewing...Your Stomach Shrinks

Here I am day 5 begun
 My detox well on its way
 Drinking juices all day long
 To gain back health ... the price I pay

I have not chewed any solids
 For almost 6 days in a row
 The resulting shrinking of my stomach
 Not unexpected ... I should know

I am feeling better in myself
 My resolve is sure and strong
 The eating and drinking habits I have had
 Are comforts I have had so long

To win my private war with Parky
 My body needs every fighting chance
 By avoiding adding extra toxins
 I'll have strength to kick Park's pants

Habits have been known to return
 When the mind is weak and willing
 So I must keep up my trusty guard
 Bad toxins my body to keep killing

Thais Massage ... or Torture

Each afternoon my body is given
A respite from tubes and steam
A massage from a strong Thai lady
She knows how to make me scream

Some how by a magic map
She finds pressure points in pain
Slowly she then kneads them all
Sending shockwaves to my brain

I never knew how many points
Be they calf or inside leg
On the outside of my shoulder blade
When she presses I start to beg

What a pansy I hear you say
Toughen up and take it like a man
Even though I feel fantastic after
When I wake it feels a marathon I have ran

She is so lovely and smiles at me
When I tell her she is so strong
To me she says... this is soft
Her eyes prove she is not wrong

A Crown not Fit for a King

Sitting in a waiting room
 Another dentist to be seen
 Removal of my only crown
 Not the type worn by a queen

Only 8 short years ago
 A small fortune I invested
 To retain a tooth I should have pulled
 Now me neuro pathways are infested

The crown itself is made of gold
 It's not the concern which now I face
 It's the resin filler (gutter perka)
 Latex which leaves a poison trace

The poison leaches its way
 Into my cells and causes damage
 Imitating neurological disease
 Looks so serious . . . hard to manage

Remove the crown . . . I abdicate
 No more smoking gun for me
 This king has taken back control
 From chemical infections he is free

The Digestion Dance

I feel a metamorphoses is occurring
 Deep inside my core my gut
 Where the immune system hides most troops
 Many guilt by my eating glut

Eating is a habit formed
 Over many years it is learned
 Your mind starts to believe as truth
 Where your diet is concerned

How many times when growing up
 Were you told each mouthful to chew
 At least 50 times to aid digestion
 Food needs to enter gut like a stew

Yet we feed only our taste buds
 Chew quickly to ensure
 We don't miss participation
 In dinner discussion . . . Lunacy so pure

If you choose food that is dead
 Then at least give your gut a chance
 Chew it slowly until it turns to stew
 Then witness your digestive dance

Clear thoughts and Sparkling Eyes

I feel sharpness in my thoughts
My skin looks taught and clear
The white inside my eyes sparkles
Haven't seen that for many a year

Just knowing that my silver fillings
Are no longer in my head
I can almost feel my body start
Working on healing like a restful day in bed

My hearing is more acute
I seem to notice every sound
Yet my mind still feels relaxed
Thoughts focused not jumping around

Once the body has been detoxed
It's time for emotions to seep out
Releasing their own toxic shackles
Cleanses my spirit without a doubt

I have travelled to all corners of earth
Many things my eyes have seen
But nothing can compare with my inward journey
As my body becomes clean

In search of the fountain of youth

Wouldn't you love a magic pill
Which could turn back the hands of time?
Bring back your youth your zest for life
Think you'd need a miracle from the divine

We'll forget the magic pill my friend
The youth which you seek to find
Has been hiding inside your body cells
But to your engine you have been unkind

Spending your life filling your tank
With junk food and soda drink
Mixed with alcohol and prescription drugs
Not to mention pollutions . . . make you think

Try putting diesel in a petrol car
Or poor oil into your transmission tank
How about instead of air in tyres
You fill them with sewage . . . how rank

Learn about diet, nutrition and health
Give your body a fighting chance at truth
It may not only save your life
But bring back your fountain of youth

Running towards or away?

Exercise for me is a must
 If I want my body to be strong
 To carry me into my 90's
 Crippled in my 60's just seems wrong

When I run I am on purpose
 Outrunning my old mate
 I won't name him because he's a potent label
 Which attached to methrough fate

Maybe fate had very little
 To do with my disease
 I guess only time can really tell
 When my body gets back to ease

In the meantime I choose to run
 Towards my life's desires and dreams
 No more outrunning my old friend
 For a waste of energy that seems

My body really is my temple
 Religiously I will now protect
 Healthy lifestyle, diet and exercise
 Leave no sickness for doctors to protect

Help the healing flow

Coming out of detox
My body feels divine
To express to you in words
Attempting that would be a crime

For words cannot describe
The light I feel inside
That's been hidden by darkness
In the recesses of my mind

Emotions have a way
Of synapsing in your mind
Years later they can manifest
Into sickness of any kind

Letting go of guilt
The emotion which for me
Has tied itself to my health
Just would not let me be

My journey as a gypsy
Is about letting go
Leaving old baggage behind
Will help the healing flow

This is a poem for my little friends
at the Chiang Mai Orphanage.

These children are so happy . . . They are well
fed well clothed, but what they miss most of all is the
hugs and kisses that our children were brought up with.

If you enjoyed "Transformation"
all I ask in return is that you visit my foundation
called "Happy Hands Foundation" and make
a donation to help my little friends.

www.happyhandsfoundation.com

What I'd give for a bedside story read to me by Mum or dad

When I wake up in the morning
I look around and something just not there
No mommy ... No daddy to wake me up
It really isn't fair

I have 60 friends to share my time
And there are my carers too
Sometimes we get volunteers
For excursions at the zoo

My clothes are all packed away
In my slide-out draw
My shoes are stacked in a row
With 59 others ... at the door

I have food in my belly
Bath twice a day ... it's really not so bad
But what I'd give for a bedside story
Read to me by Mum or dad

At least I am healthy
Unlike some children ... Who have HIV
Sometimes they cry out late at night
I'm glad it's them not me

What did I do that is so wrong?
What have I done so bad?
That I should have to live my life
Without both mum and dad

I have lived here since I was one
That was five years ago
Sometimes life just flashes by
But some days it goes real slow

I wake up often in my sleep
I'm afraid of to lose my toys
When I turn seven ... Is time to move
To live with 125 older boys

No more girls to play with
I won't be the big boy any more
I've heard from other boys who've moved
And I'm afraid of what's in store

For 10 more years I need to wait
Until the day that I'm set free
When I can finally leave this orphanage
And rely just on me

I promise that when I have children
I will be there ... To take care
To tuck them in to bed at night
And let them know I'm there

If you can share some of your wealth
For a better future is my goal
Knowing your money is helping orphans
Will be like feeding your own soul



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