Poetry Series

Robert James Busby

- poems -

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An Archaic City

Isolation, a most delicate craving
to be away from civilization
repealing without cause
the state of new creations
Vineyards may alter time
without having established rhyme
simplification is what you desire
the ache of an arm may alarm
your aching ethereal impulse
imagine a plain far beyond
the realms of frivolity
archaic is the world outside
they're lost with your grace.

Robert James Busby

Archaic Musings

Above archaic musings
beneath the sound of drums
a wilderness of excuses
a thousand hate filled ones

Traversing through the city
a wasp attracted to my thumb
the pain was more than pity
though the wasp no longer lingers on

Within the hearts of anxious men
emerge ephemeral opinions
and I assuage without a sound
the price of their decisions

The only possession there is to spend
Is time; an accord struck with gravity
that allows not only to few to rise
but the vast majority

Though tragedy is quite appealing
to the ones whose dreams prosaic
to falter along a fixed tangent
their fleeting thoughts archaic

Robert James Busby

Ennui

A glass of wine to keep me still
focused at the task at hand
my glazing eyes, they see right through
the moonlight cast upon the land

Gravitating to the glass
my hand is magnetised
tonight a call of expectation
a galvanising rise
to encapsulate the essence
of my own fantasia existence

They took to muttering verbs
that act as a form of provocation
well, either that or debasement

Oh crescent moon
I thought the river ran a bit deeper,
and the sun sets and rises
just as it always has.

Robert James Busby

Everything's chaos to me

I paced towards a toucan crossing
whilst the light was green
though it turned red before I arrived
everything's chaos to me.

Alone, I waited at the stop
near an hour I stood
a part of the queue
that formed to ensure
cordial progression;
a democratic stew.

At the front, I sat
gazing at my vista view
over-hearing, all the news
from all the men and woman
who fail to articulate
to all the men and woman
whose judgement they debate.

I paced towards a toucan crossing
whilst the man was green,
though it turned red before I arrived
everything's chaos to me.

Robert James Busby

Jerusalem

The cadence of Jerusalem
an amorphous line of lost repent
who shall be the one to lend
a helping hand until the end?

Robert James Busby

Laying the foundations

today a laying the foundations day
the thought was penned if nothing more
in time you shall comprehend
which parts to cut and which to mend,
you'll remember a fleeting thought
the blossoming of a tree anew
takes time and abides with seasons
thought the mind shall not forsake you
and so assume responsibility for rhyme
and I shall lead you onwards
to an inspiring destination
and under the shelter of your mind
I'll expel any debasement.

Robert James Busby

Paradoxa

fire is as playful as water is graceful
as lonesome and neglected
as a stubborn star
twin children separated at birth
often negate their own demise
to run as parallel as light
forever a spring morning
a mirror's reflection reveals truth
the letter I unchanged

Robert James Busby

Piety in Paris

In a hostel drinking wine I shivered
sat in a room of strangers
I observed the river
that has run for a thousand years without blame
my thoughts turned to piety
reading Oscar Wilde has led me to believe
that there is more than a chance of a single deity
and that he may feel betrayed and aggrieved
that today I did not wear my beads
though the river has the answers, it knows
all about time and where the seeds lead
a thousand battles of wisdom and of critical blows
bodies lie within the depths, their secrets still unknown
thought the best place to find them, i'm lead to believe
is still underneath a dome

Robert James Busby

Searching for Immortals

Searching for Immortals
I tread along a silent path
where reciprocation dissipates
just as the leaves decay,
though I hear no felicitations
the feral sparks domesticated
though the ear's drum hardly Mused

Of all the Holy Roman Emperors
who created and adorned
the ululating night
watching darkness fall,
the human condition is more ethereal
than ultra-sonic ripples

Unabated I shall mourn the loss of one debased

Robert James Busby

The Creation of new light

In an age where words were weightless
out of darkness came new light
descending from the skies above
an opened window to the mind.
A thought forgotten returns in time
and travels full circle at the speed of light
all scribes keep the peace
a world of chaos laid before your feet.

Once when I assigned a task
of watering all the garden plants
the water discovered a rainbow
though I could not find its source,
the rain it falls, light travels in a circle

Robert James Busby

The Lady with the Locket

its only in the night
do you realise the crack of a door
or the sound of a footprint
upon a squeaky floorboard

The night hears better than the day

Still my recollection vague
a figure in the evening
a locket, plain and true
the night had sharper hearing than the day

Oh, it is true.

Robert James Busby

The Trouble with Articulation

The opulence of the English language
creates an obstacle in the mind;
a block of ice that sits slowly melting
obscuring a path tp true rhyme.

If I were to place my forehead
against the melting ice
an attempt to peer on through
would my vision become more clear
for precision for the new?

If the ice should begin to melt
for persistence and assiduous behaviour
would I be able to write with eloquence,
grace without hesitation?

Would the English dictionary and I
develop an acquaintance?

Along the path I'd saunter on
gazing at the fresco of my mind
of memories immortalised
in wait of the right time

And upon reaching the end of the tour
I'd find myself at the foot of a door
leading for a room of a thousand poems
in a thousand drawers

Though how can a poem ever be complete
until every gem in the English dictionary
has been set to memory?

Of all the combinations
how can I feel certain
that I have chosen the best selection?

(for eloquence and articulation)

Robert James Busby

The Two Sides Of The River

Full, a room of reciprocation
all the years of evolution
has brought no further education
just the colloquial tongues elocution
ushered epithet into light
preventing the happening depression
though still the youth fights in streets
each devoid of the right question
to put to the eyes with the voice
a hundred years has brought little change
the people still poor, acquire only remorse
though the guilt of their crimes wanes
their shall always be two sides to a river
it has always been the same

Robert James Busby

The Working Class

Their lives are not familiar
to the kind you see at home
their cadaverous countenances
stare apathetically at TV screens
the glow illuminates nothing but the skin

Their obstinate views and prosaic dispositions
are cajoled into chauvinistic behaviour
by the BBC news
though their memories are more ephemeral
than the shutter of a lens.

A conversation may arise
out of the ashes they created
a light, switching on for a moment
though it soon dims
the unmitigated disaster
of inarticulation
soon turns to repetition
of colloquialisms understood
as monotonous as the tide
that reveals nothing but sand.

By adhering to the TV screen
you are purchasing
only assimilation
thought every now and then
a flame is ignited
though the brevity of the smoke
is apparent in the ash tray.

Robert James Busby

Untitled

One born Especial that never achieves only hinders the next
an influence aggrieved; stubborn stuck in old ways
days of longevity vexation shall hex
the moon illuminated the artist no longer portrays
the trees shed their leaves the weather torments
the pavements all lined with acorns
strife it augments until their descent
the nights gale plays without scorn
a tempest shall rage within the eye of each day
for those who forget to respect;
it is not a battle, a love affair cannot replay
to act as the one who was born of a slave;
in the traditional sense, I tamper with the land
the highest peaks, to the deserts of sand

Robert James Busby

Untitled 2

I live in a city that never awakens
even the raindrops only awake on impact
I wander alone, a stray or a stranger
a falling lead to the concrete floor.

Below the rise, beneath the moon
the sound of celebrations
thirsty conspirators moving in clans
adorning the streets with their fragrance

A permanent film set to you,
the street lighting on
the pavement echoing footsteps
the figures traversing the silk atmosphere
marching with a sense of ambition,
an act of repetition,
altered only by time.

Robert James Busby

Untitled 3

In a city with a million faces
each one; attached a mind
each one reads from different places
each one lives; a different time.
How on earth can a collective find
solace in an agreed opinion
nonsense spouted for fear of time
to organize the minions
who could not care less
so long as the programmes run as printed
content to sit and guess
until their day is done.
In a city of a thousand faces
each one reads from different places.

Robert James Busby

Untitled 4 - The City

I see the pavement turn to dust
through pain of ultra-violet rain
a city with an aching lust
a desolate plain familiar to Cain
beneath a rotating sky
the realm of provocation
archaic to the few who fly
who fear their own creations
an ecliptic cycle of energy
where grace and narcissism meet
for fear of new technologies
though they do not stop to greet
they know not what they dream
just their cause, though merely a new seam.

Robert James Busby

Villlanelle of Our Time

My absence uncertain to you, the lonesome travellers who shall depart
flying a flag entitled, 'forthcoming doom' as music glides but forms as fumes I would
give it away without charge, but you guys aren't afraid of the dark.
Don't you know that leeches suffer for their art?
and that nature forever recycles her heirlooms
my absence uncertain to you, the lonesome travellers who shall depart.
But we shall never truly drift apart
even in the presence of expensive perfumes
I would give it away without charge, but you guys aren't afraid of the dark.
Trees shed their leaves, but leaves regrow, and not as frustrating counterparts
unlike the sounds created in your abattoir music room
my absence uncertain to you, the lonesome travellers who shall depart.
And yes, imagining is key, but just as it was for Mozart
but as this darkness looms, I see faint lights beneath your tombs
and you're still inclined to assume, the crown for your part
I would give it away without charge, but you guys aren't afraid of the dark.

Robert James Busby

Xenophobes

Xenophobic idlers
expelling zounds
as to surmount
apathetic bachelors
who tend not to take count?

Of all the obstacles
placed in their paths
the importance of illumination
often lost within the math
the will of their creations

turns the tide, lights the dark
thought is still often denied
an edifying remark
so to the realms of foreign lands
where the wanderer often finds a hand

Robert James Busby