

Poetry Series

Robert Murray Smith
- poems -



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Robert Murray Smith()

Have been writing for ages. I enjoy the effect words have on others, especially in poetry.

I assert copyright for my poems, according to law.



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The Word

Words created...

The overarching word

A Lord over all others.

Responsible for all creation

One that expects elation

In summation, just one word.

Without being that Word

Would it exist?

Language is for expression,

and IMAGINATION!

Robert Murray Smith



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Ode To Daffodils

O! to see a field of yellow daffodils,
swaying in the breeze. There, they
are a beauty of nature, intended for
words to seize.

Awaiting night's renewal to dance
in the new day. Erect, and perfectly
poised to stay.

Against an azure sky they are painted
as pretty as a picture. Imagined as
ballet dancers, pirouetting to the music
of nature.

Can there ever been such wondrous
beauties so full of rapture?

Robert Murray Smith



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Mountains Of Evidence

If gods were a reality there would be no need to have faith. It would be self-evident.

No need to guess that despite no facts, they in their thousands would sit atop mountains of evidence.

Just like the facts supporting evolution with the fossils of fauna, and flora from the time they began, and evolved.

Their numbers in the thousands show us that they arise out of human imagination, full of hope.

Robert Murray Smith



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Immersed In Time

Immersed in time we ride
waves, like a surfer barreling
through a tunnel.

Never reaching our shore we
ride time as if we know what
we are doing.

Finally, we see rocks ahead
as the waves carry us to our
end.

Robert Murray Smith



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Cold Comfort

They wouldn't know whether,
their birth was a creation of
nature, or a resurrection.

Dismissing evolution, and it's
fossil evidence. Preferring words
of scribes who had no knowledge
of science.

Hope upon hope, they exist through
life awaiting eternity. Realists can
only smile.

They will never know of their expectations,
In the cold comfort of rotting flesh, or in the
ashes of incineration.

Robert Murray Smith



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Sinning

Sinning is a value judgment
Coming from one's perception
Or from others.

A word that is freely thrown about
As if everyone knows the meaning
Well entrenched in religiosity.

Sinning is against the laws of a god
Including morality, all should observe
Non-believers don't eschew moral principles.

The difference with religiosity is punishment
Burning in hellfire for eternity
Some sins are venial not of the serious kind.
Repented by prayer, or confession.

Sins as morality are written into the law
Called legislation
To be observed by all, ignorance is no excuse.

Robert Murray Smith

Ode To Mind

O mind...

Leading the way everyday
Whether at work, or play
Our stars full of galaxies
Situated in a brain, trained.

Without your guidance all is dark
Uniquely unfolding thoughts
We are you, and you are us
In balance we move with you.

Out of balance we are undressed
Never at peace or rest
Screaming for redemption
Creating reasons for our seasons.

In sleep you recycle the day
Leaving us in dreams of the past
Creating rest, or turmoil
Until the break of dawn
When we are reborn.

Robert Murray Smith

Based On Hope

There can never be a debate between religious believers, and unbelievers. The diversity in the former precludes commonality. Apart, from that religions are based on hope. It's called faith. Not based on fact, they hover in the airy-fairy land of fantasy.

To have a debate there must be facts that are disputed. Religions offer none.

Robert Murray Smith



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Suggestion And Mind

The mind of man is susceptible to any suggestion. This weakness is found in religions, scams, and any possibility.

Robert Murray Smith



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Pushing Empty Promises

Hope is what all religions offer. They can't offer anything else, how could they based on the thin ice of faith? It has no substance, that's why it's called faith. Based on the writings of scribes who were limited to the knowledge of their day. What's so surprising is that modern folk follow what they must know is ignorance. The only answer is that they must have hope on their death, an alternative life in eternity. They are entitled to have that spin, however, to proselytize is beyond reason. Pushing empty promises.

Robert Murray Smith



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We Are Not Fools

Belief, they tell us doesn't rely
on rationality, it is our hope, and
eternal future. How dare anyone
take away our hope. This is all
we have, otherwise we would
only be cells that are renewed
and die. Facts are not the currency
of belief. Imagination is ours to
savour. We want no devils to take
us for fools!

Robert Murray Smith



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Gods Of Hope

Those who point out the fallacies in god creation must always be their own shining star. In a heaven where unbelief is anathema. Taking away the gods of hope. It's to be expected that they are shunned by believers. How dare they point out that words are the creation, not the creation itself.

Robert Murray Smith



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How Can The Earth Recover

We hope that the Amazon will recover from the destructiveness of mankind. How is it possible when the Amazon cannot even breathe with its lungs?

Those rainforests have disappeared before our eyes. Stripped for what purpose? Economic advantages are so short-term. Leaving long-term consequences.

All over the Earth land has been cleared for agricultural purposes. Destroying ecosystems, and removing forests for its animal inhabitants.

How can they possibly recover?

Every action of mankind has contributed to climate change. Leaving everything vulnerable to fires, floods and temperature change. In the polar regions the ice is melting at unprecedented levels. The whole Earth will feel its effects. Consequential loss flows for its animal, and human populations.

How can man bring the Earth back from this destruction?

Robert Murray Smith

Imagination Plays With The Mind

To not die, would be a question, why not?
At the biological level all cells expire.
During life they are renewed everyday.

Evolution only functions over a long time
Death creates the opportunity
For nature to take away, and renew.

It's the fate of all to be removed for renewal
Humans have great notions of a new life
It's imagination that plays with the mind.

Robert Murray Smith



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Discretion

Discretion is wide-open
Giving one the thumbs up
Favouring one against others.

Not caring about prejudice
Its yours to deliver
In any way you think fit.

Not the best by any stretch
Some will never be picked
Discretion is yours to smile.

Robert Murray Smith



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Something To Be Remembered

Poetry is all that it expresses
Borrowing words in language
Driven from the hidden mind
Finding pearls in its ocean
Something to be remembered.

Robert Murray Smith



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Swirling Thoughts

Imagine the ancient scribes...
Learning the modern sciences
Being schooled in evolution
Discussing fossils, and digs
Laughing about myths
Decrying the scriptures as fantasies
Enjoying the poetic nature of psalms
Marvelling at religious music
Amazed at the architecture of churches.

Robert Murray Smith



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Indefatigable

Indefatigable, the followers of great words, pray to the Word for acceptance. Why they do this, is beyond rational humans?

Once the prayer is inside the mind it awaits an answer from its own neurons. Those who are psychotic get one, or more from their own voices.

Never giving up on being shot into heaven, their resilience must be recognised.

Robert Murray Smith



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Great Words

In all the contradictions of words, religions take first prize. Not only the way they look at the beginning, but also the end of life.

Replete with rewards, and punishments. One even goes so far as deciding the punishments on Earth.

Another appoints practitioners as a representative of the great word, able to dispense justice.

Contradictory amongst themselves they have their own great words.

Robert Murray Smith

This Abomination...Racism

Racism occurs everywhere, black against black, white against white, and any combination. It has stretched its grip from earliest times. Fear, that close knit groups may be threatened by outsiders.

In the beginning we were all black coming out of Africa from the first Homo sapiens. We are all related otherwise we would not be human.

That doesn't seem to affect racists. Racism now, occurs in all countries. We must guard against what can happen with such endemic thoughts.

Nazism and others of its kind must be squashed at their first appearance. Education at the school level must stop this abomination.

Robert Murray Smith

So Long Ago

Opening the battered wrought iron
gate, the creaking gave him the creeps.
He, was now a bent old man, late, or
later than usual. The moon shined on
his white stick. Making his way through
the undergrowth, snakes lay still. He could
hear the owls announcing the hour. Cold
as the graves he felt for the familiar plate.
It was so long ago, he thought. Clearing the
annual weeds, a tear formed. His dearest
mother he hoped to join.

Robert Murray Smith



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Opening To Its Day

Every flower is important
It has its time to be
Opening to its day.

Standing and displaying
In colourful wealth
Facing the sky.

No matter how it came
Every flower has history
Coming from the first.

Robert Murray Smith



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Peace At Any Cost

How can we have peace,
when all we can see
Is destroyed?

How can we have peace,
when our families die
from bombs out of the sky?

How can we have peace
when the world stands by,
fearing a nuclear holocaust?

Robert Murray Smith



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A Wordless Poem

Poetry is everywhere
To distill it in mind
A poet is inclined.

Taking its presence
As an opportunity
To put it into words.

A wordless poem
Has nowhere to sit
Bringing thoughts alive.

Robert Murray Smith



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Youth Dipped In Youth

Youth dipped in youth
Has its own truths
The brain yet to mature.

Looking back we see clearly
Just nincompoops
Being so self-centered.

The time to rush headlong
Into the boiling sea
Onto rocks.

Robert Murray Smith



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Soul Of Poetry

The soul of poetry
Reminds all of its footfall
First, orally, then writing.

Maybe, the first of the first
The Epic Of Gilgamesh
In cuneiform on tablets.

The Tale Of The Shipwrecked Sailor
Could have been the first
Written in Hieratic, a millennium prior.

Robert Murray Smith



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Moonbeams Of Dreams

Moonbeams delighted the sea
Throughout the night like sprites
The truth remained hidden for eons.

Only the bats flew in the eerie light
Night after night, back and forth
The first biped looked; no understanding.

Myths were propagated to understand
Soon gods took shape filling the void
Today, most know, but myths remain.

Robert Murray Smith



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Dewdrops Of Life

Children dance, and sing, every wing a novelty.
Nature's hope, coping optimistically. Everything
to learn, and discern. Tomorrow comes like a
new dawn, as if their bright faces have been reborn.

Youth takes their stance from happenstance, arriving
before anything is ready. Hibernating when not mating.
No time to eat in their daily feats. At the top of their game,
not yet knowing why everyone else is so slow.

Middle age feels the march of time as they have none.
Coping with family, and work, sometimes going berserk.
If only everyone understood.

Old age has engaged with their time. Every chime brings
a shudder. Aware of the final day. Happiest they have ever
been without the rhythms of earlier times.

The dewdrops of life never last as they become the next
stage of life.

Robert Murray Smith

Hope For Mankind

Hope is where problems we have brought upon the proper functioning of Earth are solved. To tackle one leaves a dozen more.

Hope is where problems humans have caused to others, cease, leaving everyone in peace.

Hope is where the damage mankind has caused to Earth are remedied.

Hope is full stomachs, shelter, and medical help for those in desperate need.

Hope is prosperity to those poorer nations, assisted by others.

Hope is that fauna and flora of Earth are allowed to thrive without wanton destruction

Hope is where every human will look out for each other.

Hope is where each of us is satisfied in living each day.

Robert Murray Smith

Ode To Earth

Earth we salute you our blue dot
in the blackness of space.

Nothing above, or below, a deathly
silence; aligned with your sun, and
moon.

Unannounced, from afar, revolving,
held by gravity, gravely silent about
your fate.

From eons you came, pounded into
submission by asteroids red, flares.

All the while forming through eruptions,
earthquakes, and lightening beyond imagination.

Molten mouldings forced your shape. Iced
over, and carved by natural forces.

Your shape is never finished as lava flows
from below.

Tears flowed, creating your seas, rivers,
and lakes. Giving life to flourish below.

You magnificently allowed the propagation of
fauna, and flora allowing mother nature, to be
what we see.

Some 200,000 millennia past, Homo Sapiens
evolved from the very first cells, billions of years
in the making.

Allowing mother nature to provide everything
for the creations out of evolution.

Spawned from your generosity man thanks
you by polluting your waters, and destroying fauna

and flora.

Into your uncertain future you go.

Robert Murray Smith

Human Trace

To be a nationality, praising the homeland
We trivialise our beginnings...

As humans we all come from Homo sapiens
In terms of time not so long ago.

Leaving Africa we moved throughout Earth
Creating division from others.

Naming countries, as if they really matter
Detracting from our sameness creating ignorant racists.

Identifying as a race, and separate countries...
Negates the human trace.

Creating opportunities to acquire other territories
Just like Putin wanting Ukraine.

History is replete with similar examples
Through education we should learn from our beginnings.

Robert Murray Smith

Clock Face

Looking into eyes...

We only see the face of its time

Smiling, scowling, crying

All the ticking goes on inside.

Robert Murray Smith



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Circle Of Dreams

Into the circle of dreams they came
Flailing apparitions ready to dance
In untamed emptiness
A ghostly sight in yellow moonlight
Fire-fly like turned inside out.

Dancing lights of night
Delighting night in her nightgown
Going up and down all around
Pinpoint pointing, pulsating
Wispy wisps.

As night was eaten by dawn
Where did they go?

Robert Murray Smith



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Casting Dreams

Casting dreams beyond hope
Woven out of imagination.

Spinning out of unreality
Forming dressed by optimism.

Arriving fully formed
Aimed at all ceilings of beyond.

Dreams cast last
Through our nights until dawn.

Robert Murray Smith



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Kisses Going Awry

The train of love has many carriages,
all occupied by promise.

Going through tunnels they are muddled,
kisses going awry.

Once in the light, looking back on a different
track, true love comes into the right carriage.

Robert Murray Smith



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Bringing Unreal Dreams

Designed in their minds
A new country, a new time
Days to fill all tomorrows.

On ships of hope they left
Empty suitcases of the past
Bringing unreal dreams.

Upon oceans of spent sorrows
To countries, unknown
Throwing loaded dice.

It seems they were gambling
On the roulette wheel of life
Monies sewn into overcoats.

Hoping to impregnate a future
That no one could foresee
Berthing on strange docks.

Robert Murray Smith

Where We Find Peace

Let us be fulfilled by so little, than
we wish.

Life is not everything, or nothing.
It's something we are given uniquely.

Eventually, we find a place called home,
contentedly, we sleep peacefully.

We live by our strengths, and weaknesses,
making our way.

Everyone is enriched by accepting what they
have.

Envy has no place in acceptance, it's where
we find peace.

Robert Murray Smith



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Expanding Forever

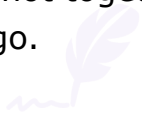
Expanding forever like the universe,
the love you have given me. Held in
your arms where I feel so safe. Your
love is your gift to me.

From the beginning it was there, feeling
so peaceful. Saving me from eternal
loneliness, and destructive behaviour.

When I look in your blue eyes, all I
see is the sea. An ocean of your deep
feelings for me. Love is there when I
rest in your caresses.

Starlight is where I see your universe,
giving me everything I don't deserve.
Our journey is one for eternity, even
if we are not together. Hold me my love
until we go.

Robert Murray Smith



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Sorrowful Moon

The moon expresses sorrow
For all those she cannot see.

When clouds deny her beauty
Silvery light at night, its entity.

Rippling, dancing like sprites
Across the sea looking so bright.

Coming into view, reflected light
Its rays after day striking night.

Wearing her different gowns, sparkling
Diamantes like starlight clinging.

Robert Murray Smith



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Stardust To Us

The Improbability of being you starts with the Big Bang some 13.8 billion years ago.

No Big Bang, no you. Do you agree? Beliefs exist that the written words of scribes, and others brought us alive, by creating gods. They are widely held today, even though they had no knowledge of dinosaurs, evolution or science. This is so surprising.

With the Big Bang, came universes and finally Earth some 4.5 billion years ago. A glowing ball of fire held by gravity with the sun, and moon.

Homo Sapiens arrived only 200 millennia past in Africa. Derived from the first ever cell, to be multicellular, over millions of years by evolutionary forces. That fact is established in the fossilised records. As is many fauna and flora.

Improbability occurs at every step of the way. From stardust to us.

We are all related from the first humans otherwise we are some unknown species. Racists take note! Spreading all over our world.

Can we please have an equation for our relationship to stardust and every step of the way?

What were the chances of you being born in the scenarios set out above? Your parents meeting, and conceiving you out of millions of sperm, and you making it to full term?

Improbability of you reaching your age is astronomical.

You are a unique being no one has ever existed like you, and will never exist again. Ponder on your improbability.

Robert Murray Smith

Song#3 Champs Champions

1

Every game we play
It came with prayers
To win, to win is no sin

2

The ball was kicked, kicked
Into the net for glory, glory
Through the air it was unreal
As it was reeled in.

Chorus

Spinning, Spinning we are champs
Champions of football
Crowds are so loud
We can hardly hear
As the ball flies through the air
We are the Champs, Champions.

3

The team means everything
The club is our club
Renamed by the crowd
Champs, Champions
When the final score is tallied
We run and jump uplifted.

Chorus (repeat)

Robert Murray Smith

Song#2 Sapphire

(Husband) I'm off to work with my pick and shovel
Give me a kiss my love, you know how much it's worth
I've got a real hunch we're more than rich
Rich with something money can't buy, our love.

(Mama) I'm your woman right to the end
With our love we've struck gold without liftin dirt
Soul mates from the very begining, holding hands
We don't need no heaven on this earth.

(Together) Our song has been so long sung in tune
Our journey has been one of love dug out of belonging
It's here where we found our fortune few find
Love is love now displayed in sapphire 45 years married.

Robert Murray Smith



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Song#1 Inflamed With Love

1

There was no reason to leave me. (no reason)
We lived through our seasons of love.
Always there was a reason to stay. (to stay)
Why did you run away to play? (to play)
Coming back to me as if you loved me.
Tears were only mine!

Chorus

Why should I cry now that you've gone?
I never truly belonged in your wicked heart!
Don't ever pretend that I was the one you loved. (loved)
Love is meant to belong, deeply in a heart. (heart)
You don't ever care that you broke my trust. (trust)
How can we ever be soul mates again? (again)

2



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Lovin you was my greatest mistake. (mistake)
A broken heart is all you gave me.
Running through my mind I feel so deserted.
Like a pilgrim without a God I'm lost.

Chorus (repeat)

3

Life will never be the same, it's in the flames burning.
Burning, burning in the flames inflamed with love.
Bring back those feelings I had for my love.
It will never be the same without you.
I will try to forget your name.

Chorus (repeat)

Robert Murray Smith

Mind And Learning

You are your brain, and it's you.
It's an illusion of the mind that
we are a separate entity from
ourselves.

Wandering in a beautiful garden
what pleasure nature gives us.
She has provided us with the means
to enjoy our surroundings.

Those who have the privilege of writing
and enjoying poetry, can thank themselves.
As the brain governs all that we ever do
in life.

Some may say we have language, and the
ability to deliver writings. So true, however
everything learnt in life is done by the brain.

Genetically, we are hardwired to acquire our
language. However, not everyone can write
poetry. Why? The answer lies in education,
and interest, all of which is governed by the
brain.

Yes, its true that we have others who teach
us. It's the brain that converts guidelines into
electrically charged neurons, becoming what
is learnt. Can we ever imagine our learning
distributed in the brain?

Robert Murray Smith

Naked Until Spring

Swishing her golden gown
Autumn moves along
Throwing all leaves high
Floating down in golden tones.

In the autumnal heat, lasting rays
Dries every green leaf
Undressing every bough
Naked until spring.

Winter pokes her hoary head ahead
We mustn't dread seasons
They're here for a reason
Now, just enjoy the autumnal season.

Robert Murray Smith



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Dream Serene

In the deepest part of night
A shining glimpse of light.

Asleep but truly awake
I was in a deep blue lake.

Sitting erect in a little red boat
It had no bottom but afloat.

Looking above at a full moon
It was just as light as noon.

I had all night ahead to dream
Then it seemed so serene.

Robert Murray Smith



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