

Poetry Series

Robert James Smith
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Robert James Smith()

Teacher, writer, business owner and musician originally from New York, now living in California and Denmark. Website with poetry and other works is:

Alone And Alive

alone and alive
eyes open and clear
beast in the jungle
my home it is here

force on arrival
all danger is near
shelter survival
adrenaline fear

sleep and consumption
i'll take what i need
my lust is to live
on others i feed

lock on each movement
the predator's stare
thick perspiration
and hyper aware

i am all i need
and here shall I thrive
hunter and hunted
alone and alive

Robert James Smith

Be Honest

Be honest with yourself
To you I bravely tell
With such deception in the world
Don't fool yourself as well

Be honest with yourself
Love takes you by the hand
It may not last forever
So embrace it when you can

Be honest with yourself
And keep an open mind
If you fear not to be wrong
Great treasures you may find

Be honest with yourself
When time has come to fight
You're stronger than you think you are
When holding through the night

Be honest with yourself
When you feel weak in spirit
You can kill the demon if
You first refuse to fear it

Be honest with yourself
When others let you down
You're the only one you need
With no one else around

Be honest with yourself
The mirror tends to lie
What you see imperfect
May look great to other eyes

Be honest with yourself
Through pain or loss regret
Remember that what troubles you
Still hasn't killed you yet.

Robert James Smith

Broken Sailor

Big sea under bigger sky
Failing sailing try to fly to
Land on sand to mend and then to
See me sail the sea again

Robert James Smith

Buttercup

Hello there my buttercup
Your petals are so fine
So fragile in the morning sun
How brightly you do shine!

Off to face my busy day
and now a cheery fellow
Above you first I'll hold my chin
To turn the palest yellow!

Robert James Smith

Complacent

silent stoic
strong as can be
why would he need
a friend like me?

hard cold
facing attacks
sightless he feels the first
blow of the ax

rescue now
how i don't know
the ax would destroy me
with only one blow

courage alive
but what's that to me?
i'll use any excuse
but i won't save the tree

Robert James Smith

Cruel Widow

O widow! What is it you mourn?
Is it the man? Or labor borne?
The loss of love? Or yea the past?
Perhaps that beauty cannot last?

Wherefore do you shake and moan?
Your loss of youth or child grown?
For all the things you'll never own
that echo through your hollow home?

In life admit you shunned the man
Who offered love and took your hand
And yielded to each cruel demand
Yet only now you understand.

Robert James Smith

Deeper

Even though you're beautiful
that isn't why I like you.
A meadow full of reasons
burst like flowers through the snow

Even though you're beautiful
that isn't why I want you
The sparkle of your eyes
reflect the desert stars that shine aglow

Even though you're beautiful
that isn't why I need you
Basking in your sunshine
as a sunlit tree I grow

Even though you're beautiful
that isn't why I love you
As your beauty so is my love
deeper than you know

Robert James Smith

Demon Seed

The demon of Want
is the brother of Need
poor simple farmers
out planting their seed
for lively Ambition
whose hunger they feed
and starving young children
Necessity and Greed

Necessity grew
Little Greedy grew fat
Invention and Progress
were born after that
Both suffered greatly
and died for the sins
of Corruption, Destruction
the vilest twins.

Robert James Smith

Disorder

howl of wind
a taste of chance
and salt and sea and
circumstance

grids of life
in heartbeat time
tears in our precious
paradigm

disorder
will dance and sing
when comfort is not
comforting

is it wrong
to shun the warm
and seek the beauty
of the storm?

Robert James Smith

Falling Knife

Getting a grip on my life is a chore
it slips through my fingers it falls to the floor

All that I hold that is dearest to me
abandons my grasp for the floor and to flee

It cuts through the floor and falls down to the street
toward unlucky pedestrians it's likely to meet

Ever so faster it falls with the sound
of the wind and the air as it speeds to the ground

Slicing it's way the earth's rocky crust
through aeons of layers of stone, ash and dust

To blistering magma's pyretic abuse
where gold silver and diamonds lie wait to seduce

It burns through the earth to the hot iron core
as it screams to the gods not to fall anymore

Every dawn of the morning each day of my life
with the sharpness of steel on the edge of a knife

The dream flees the kitchen yet sleep somehow lingers
from depths of my mind through the tips of my fingers

A great saving catch! Well the effort was grand
and most happily futile thus saving my hand

Falling away past the tea in my cup
when it rests on the floor I can then pick it up

Robert James Smith

Farther Chair

Yonder on the farther chair
upon the porch nearby the stair
a winged beauty feathers fair
was looking at me sitting there

So startled by this morning treat
He sang a song to bless and greet
The sunshine and the break of day
I slowed so he'd not fly away

This bird was such a lovely find
I truly wish I knew the kind
For Orinthological pursuit
I so neglected in my youth

His song of freedom, sky and spring
Throughout my world I heard it ring
So bound within my working day
I wished I too could fly away

I knew not where to begin
For I'd never play a role within
the song to which he sang and hopped
But then his song abruptly stopped

"I know that look" condemned the beast
'You crave my beauty and that is least
You looked at me, then to the sky
you think you're wanting most to fly

But not flight that you're searching for
Express the truth you just want more.
Your whole existence packed with stuff
For you can never have enough.

I have no hands to hold or make
the tools you craft or food you bake
I'm forced to fly to get around
imperiled by the landing ground

See how high your airplanes fly
As each contaminates the sky
In graceless stones propelled and hurled
You cast yourselves around the world.

For me the hawk soars overhead
one winged mistake and I'll be dead
You've fenced the dangers from your yard
Don't tell me that your life is hard

You plan your dominance with words
Your god says you're worth more than birds!
One day soon we'll see a fall
from grace the race that wants it all.'

Admonished by his hardened spirit
It pained and shamed me just to hear it.
The vicious truth is yet so strange
For I still know not how to change.

Robert James Smith

Follow

Follow your dreams
into unbridled passion
grinding of life wears on body and tooth

Follow clear visions
and yield to your fantasies
drink deep each night from the fountain of youth

Follow great wisdom
defy the seduction
of indolent, greedy, the crass and uncouth

Follow your reason
with care, thought and intellect
sail winds of freedom in search of the truth

Robert James Smith

Gloppity Glue (Children's Story)

I make the best cookies! And you'll like them too
The secret ingredient is gloppity glue.
I start out with sugar I mix it with spice
I use a big spoon and a big bag of ice

Then I add flour and milk and some berries
Raspberries horseradish hot dogs and cherries
Mustard makes cookies so easy to chew
But they wouldn't taste right without gloppity glue.

Gloppity Glue it is so hard to find.
I go to the store and I stand in a line
Then I wait and I wait until everyone's through
So then I can purchase my gloppity glue.

It comes into season each year in the fall
I should probably tell you its not glue at all
It tastes like a mixture of pine tree and a fence
With a nutty aroma if it makes any sense

At the grocery store register I try not to be rude
Because nobody ever buys gloppity food
If they ask I'll not tell what I'm buying it for
I pay them and quickly slip out the front door

At home I unwrap my fresh gloppity glue
It's green and it's purple when you open it new
And dump it all in to the treat that I'm cooking
But I always do this when there's nobody looking

Cuz there's people out there who are quite overzealous
Who would steal the idea `cuz it makes them so jealous
That they'd sell our fine recipe for zillions of bucks
And deliver it to grocery stores loaded on trucks

Then we fire the oven to a million degrees!
And cover the top with nuts, honey and cheese

And then when they're done (and it does take a while)
We'll smell them and then pull them out with a smile

And then we'll eat cookies! I'll share them with you!
Cookies taste great made from Gloppity Glue!

Robert James Smith

I Stole This Poem

I stole this poem, yes I did
It isn't mine to publish
But every word I write myself
On paper reads like rubbish.

This gem says all I want and more
It shines my beacon bright
It's everything I would have said
If I knew how to write.

Women, gold and accolades
May rain down from the sky
I deserve to taste these things
Just once before I die.

I stole this poem, yes I did
To my eternal shame
I pierce my conscience with my pen
And sign my bloody name.

(Inspired by 'STEAL THIS POEM' by Brian Mayo)

Robert James Smith

Imagine The Monkeys

Imagine the monkeys were once paid a visit
This isn't too hard to imagine, now is it?
A great race of travellers, barely alive.
Needed a home for their species to thrive.

Fleeing the death their own dying planet
Such a thing never could happen, but can it?
Flying on desperately searching through space
For a new home with time the opponent they face

They alone found the earth a most beautiful blue
Not ideal by a stretch but perhaps it would do.
One problem they knew very well in advance
The earth represented their very last chance

Distinctly alone they would never be found
with no other life bearing planets around.
And nowhere to go if their best efforts failed
They knew all the risks and just what they entailed

The climate too harsh they found when they arrived
To go it alone they would never survive.
They needed a host of indigenous creatures
The primates were picked for their promising features

With strong hands and bones and some skills that were mental
they weren't too bright but they did have potential
In groups they could move with considerable speed
and a lusting for life that could border on greed.

And as a contingency if primates should fail
The travellers mixed genes with the dolphin and whale.
But deep in the humans the travelers desire
To grow and adapt and it burned them like fire

Music and dancing and art of all kinds
Were the greatest of gifts from the travelers minds
And language to speak what they feel and they see
We're all things the travelers offered for free.

Humans on earth were so new, and quite strange
was the conscious desire to grow and to change.
The gene blending efforts took millions of years
but blossoming life quelled travellers fears.

The humans remembered they came from the sky
And prayed that they'd go there again when they die.
Though thriving on earth humans never fit in
Building boxes to shield from the rain and the wind

Deep down the earth wasn't still quite their own.
The boxes felt more like the travellers home.
From the boxes grew cities with no earthly purpose
Appearing like cancers upon the earth's surface

Then an exciting but crueler twist still
Energy captured they bent to their will
Evolving on earth with their altered biology
They blinded the earth with a burst of technology

But humans all still loved the flowers and greens
Mountains and sunsets and forests and streams
But for all of the nature they seemed to enjoy
Each move that they made only seemed to destroy

For the travelers could always create without cost
but mixed with the monkeys this talent was lost
Like music and poetry language and song
But day to day living was terribly wrong

They ate and they used and consumed and depleted
And wasted all that which was more than they needed
The travellers called to the humans in spirit
Heard by the few who are willing to hear it.

Deep in your spirit we've left you our song
We've warned you for years and you know that its wrong
You must stop destruction you must stop the greed
You must stop confusing your wants with your needs

In love with your weapons and hate you attack

Consume and destroy and you never gave back.
After this planet you won't find another
This planet is sacred. This planet's' your mother.

The voices of reason did naught but annoy
The masses monkeys who live to destroy
Imagine these monkeys too foolish to know
that they're killing their planet with nowhere to go.

Robert James Smith

Inner Free

smoky eyes that swirl and flow
caress the mind alluring calling
whisper me I yearn to know
a secret that may stop me falling

failing hands
mad dreams pursue
the smell is sweet
the taste is new
imprisoned lie
released is true
my tangled heart
still longs for you

hidden seeds in evergreen
in darkened woods she's hiding waiting
forbidden deeds though never seen
the inner free intoxicating

dancing flames
in nightly view
entwine the mind
with spirit too
brittle flesh
just passing through
cast as glass
i sail to you

Robert James Smith

Locked

Gone for so long
You can't reappear
And act like you did
When you used to live here

At the door of my heart
You may stand there and knock
Still holding a key
But I've since changed the lock.

Robert James Smith

Love-Lution

Can we still talk of love after so many years?

Can we still call it love after so many tears?

What can we call it when love has grown cold?

Is it still the same love even when we grow old?

Robert James Smith

Mother

"Mother", we asked
"Are you dying today? "

I'm under the weather,
but I'll be ok."

"Oh Mother! " we cried
"We all need you alive".

"I'll be just fine
but you might not survive."

Robert James Smith

Pacific

You let me down o docile ocean
I needed so your raging wind
White capped waves
And frozen spray
To chill and numb my pain within

Sunshine warm and breeze is soft
Gentle tides that know no speed
Lapping waves
that lick the shore
Perhaps you give me all I need.

Robert James Smith

Perspective

A tree in my garden
I've loved all my life
I sun it by day
and I water at night

So one day I asked it
And asked so polite
Excuse me but why
do you lean to the right?

On my trunk said the tree
You may see a small cleft
But you're on the wrong side
And I lean to the left

And also quite straight
At o'clock three or nine
So when you look correctly
I'm perfectly fine.

Robert James Smith

Played With Fire

I played with fire
with my fingers
It burned too close the pain still lingers

I played with fire
with my arm
and brought myself to greater harm

I played with fire
with my mind
burned my conscience most unkind

what truly made me fall apart
I played with fire
with my heart

Robert James Smith

Reaching Back

reaching back through years to youth
from longing heart with weathered hands
to caves that echo golden loves
and pleasures of life's great demand

crawling through the wreck of time
o'er wastelands cast imprisoned years
the endless tundra's lonely song
begs windburned eyes for frozen tears

ages gone cool waters lush
through fertile flowing gorges run
where lady fingers' gentle dew
still beckons in the morning sun

passion yields to time all love
as beauty fades in slow decay
the finest flowers bloom atop
the mountains at each close of day

Robert James Smith

Recovery

A standing wall that crumbles cracks
Breaks and tumbles falling back
A faded sign two words 'For Rent'
Entombed and crushed in cold cement
The final ruins brittle, hollow
Bitter pill for Earth to swallow

Once a beauty in her prime
On heavens dance floor measured time
Spinning once each day anew
Showing off her finest view
Of teeming life her ocean, land
With snowcapped mountains, burning sand

Fueled by pompous pride worked harder
To produce a race she thought was smarter
Bestowed with great intelligence
To voice her grace, magnificence
Surrounded by her shining seas
The envy the galaxies

Paths of grandeur-esque delusion
Meet their logical conclusion
Infernal race they chewed her skin
Carved her face and dug within
Her lines etched deep she showed her age
That one quick death blow did assuage

Her scornful sun in rueful woe
Beholds now poisoned rivers flow
With barren rock she stares at death
As shame still chokes each shallow breath
The evil race so bold and clever
Defeated dead and gone forever

Great falls find where pride doth go
Recovery be hard and slow
Wisened wings emerge and spread
To blanket deep the ugly dead

With richer soil bluer seas
Whitened sands and taller trees

Fresher air and cleaner skies
Earth re-opens humbled eyes
The broken walls and rent unpaid
And footprint stains begin to fade
Reminders of the race of men
Mistake that won't be made again.

Robert James Smith

Seasoned Love

Spring is here again anew
Yet vibrant greens shade faded blues
I lost my love in winters chill
The sting and cold I feel it still

To make one love by will or force
Is pushing string uphill of course
Love and pain by time or fate
Stubbornly won't separate

It started o'er a year ago
With passion only lovers know
Unbridled fire blinding light
Warmed us through the winter night

Ice it melted spring it bloomed
From loving nights we slept till noon
O'er endless seas we sailed forever
On woven winds entwined together

In summertime's warm sand and sea
I prayed love not abandon me
But through the weeks and day to day
I slowly felt love slip away

In autumn colors' magic hue
We briefly felt romance renew
But as dying leaves raked from the lawn
Our love we had was all but gone

In wintertime we had a fight
Our rage and hate spewed through the night
And no more could we feel the same
With hearts too cold to light a flame

With nothing left but ash and dust
Of burned out love then part we must
The love was dead our bird had flown
We cried and hugged and left alone.

With no defense from winters cold
I felt the age I felt the old
I missed the love I missed my friend
Until I felt the spring again

Back from black and frozen haze
I know now sad but sunny days
So turning from my odd reflection
I plan to choose a new direction

So many paths! But which to take?
Dare I risk a new mistake?
The spring is here and weather fair
And every road can take me where

The love ignites the broken spirit
Eyes can see and ears can hear it
Broken hearts can always mend
And seasoned love can bloom again.

Robert James Smith

The Bravest Step

One night from dreaming I awoke
And pondered 'til the dawn
The pages read the night before
and road my life was on

I heard a voice was calling
So familiar was its song
I listened carefully to hear
But quickly it was gone.

A lover and a dreamer I
Adore the tales of old
Of travelers and warriors
And of kings and queens and gold

For passion love and glory
And adventure I would roam
Yet fear of failure, loss and change
Still chains me to my home.

I turned to courage of the brave
Who'd rather, in my book
Regret the actions that they take
Than those they never took

Dare I step upon the road
And former life forsake?
The first step is the bravest step
And hardest one to take.

In my heart the feeling grew
And idea in my mind
Dare I leave my lover true
and former life behind?

Feardom versus freedom
Was the war so being waged
The rugged sail and hardened trail
Or comforts of a cage.

For the courage searched I deep
My heart so placed a bet
Intrepid brave and true you are
So live without regret!

My fate was so decided
I believed it to my core
My hardest and my bravest step
Was taken out the door.

From oceans to the highest peaks
I'm searching for a view
Of rushing rivers burning deserts
Feeling something new

To my heros I'm committed
And in whose ways I'm set
Only things I've done or do
are things I may regret.

Fatigue and age may slow my steps
I ever journey on
Does my love dream of me still
The ages I've been gone?

Though wind and rain, the rough terrain
And cold may leave me sore
The hardest and the bravest step
was taken out the door.

Robert James Smith

The Dream

THE DREAM

When I lay me down to sleep
I see her face appear and then
Within the dream I ask implore and
beg her please don't come again

She can't be here
It's been so long
Her haunting stare
The timings wrong
The pain remains
The love is gone
I need new dreams
I must move on

Black the sky within the dream
Paints my mind the ghostly pale
Apparition bound to speak
In silence of the dreamers jail

It reappears
I can't estrange
So familiar
yet so strange
Her warmth her heart
Are out of range
I'm older now
My life has changed

Robert James Smith

The Dream (Part 2)

Another night the dream so feared
My mind knew well my heart unwise
Before the dawn she reappeared
Yet eagerly I sought her eyes

It still felt wrong
My conscience burned
So gliding near
My heart It yearned
Forgave forgot
But never learned
I so indulged
As hope returned

Knowing not the dreamers fate
Seduced by memories so real
Where heaven haunts so hell awaits
A cut so deep can never heal

Her face it froze
Cruel walls disguised
Emerged collapsed
And crystallized
Suspended hung
In dreams of men
What once was found
Is lost again

Robert James Smith

The Hellhound

Temptation the hellhound
is hunting me down
as I dodge through the woods
backyards, alleys and streets

On my own best behavior
I search for a savior
from haunting reminders
of failures and cheats

Whether numbing of pain
or avoidance of shame
temptation is truly
life's greatest exam

Though I do what I should
and I try to be good
temptation the hellhound
will find where I am.

Robert James Smith

The Idea

Condensed
to a drop
just a thought or idea
Connecting and sliding and
drifting and streaming

Commenced
at the top
where it's pure and it's clear
Rolling releasing and
falling and dreaming

Shattered
on impact
splattered and screaming
Rivulets rapids are
whipped washed and and swirled

Gathered
by wisdom
and flowing emotion
Roars to the ocean
and changes the world.

Robert James Smith

The Mile

i walked a mile in her shoes
(but where they led i'll nary tell)
and not the same i'll ever be
(alas they hurt my feet as well!)

Robert James Smith

The Missing Piece

I think I've lost a piece of me
I'm not sure just where to find it.
I've looked around reality
without the nerve to look behind it

It's like an itch that can't be scratched
a limb that can't be reattached
a hole so big it can't be patched
a fish escaped but not unhooked

Peeling back the veil of real
reveals the piece and more it does
forgotten dreams and fantasies
of who I think I thought I was

My sins of youth left unabsolved
mysteries of my life unsolved
wasted love withheld, dissolved
I wish now I had never looked.

Robert James Smith

The Secret Room

there's a place in my heart only you know
where no one else will ever go.
that no one else could ever find.
an attic deep within my mind

you don't go there anymore
each day I dust and sweep the floor
so you'll always have a place to be
if ever you return to me.

Robert James Smith

The Soldier

I pity the soldier
but not with derision
too young so alone
shouldn't make the decision

Untold the true reasons
unable to choose
just whose interests he'll serve
for whose life he may lose

We're fighting for freedom!
he's taught to believe
but from foreign oppressors
not hard to achieve

So he fights against terror
and an evil temptation
with God on the side of
the world's greatest nation

On far away threats
he drops bombs by the drone
while the real danger's very much
closer to home

More often than not
the young soldier is poor
yet the wealthy make quite
a fine living at war

Thus henceforth expect
that the wars shall not cease
'til we make the rich fight
just to watch them make peace.

Robert James Smith

The Voice

be afraid
be quite afraid
a voice from deep inside me said
paralyzed though you may be
you won't be hurt you won't be dead

just stay here
embrace the fear
some lessons need you not to learn
self-preserved your pride may heal
your heart will beat that's my concern

trust in me
yes just in me
your saving grace your last defense
you'll never taste the sting, defeat
nor face the losers consequence

nor ridicule
e'er such the fool
protect i will from unseen threats
your reputation's brittle shell
embarrassment looms worse than death

you'll grow old
so very old
when tales are tall your yarns are spun
adventures, heroisms, hopes and
dreams of things you wish you'd done

i am afraid
yes quite afraid
the song of fear it tempts my choice
though frozen sick and hollow, weak
i face my fear and kill the voice

Robert James Smith

The Word

i die today
i know i will
what's said can never be unheard

kill my body
though they may
they cannot touch my precious word

in the beginning
was the word
now near the end my flaming sword

is wielded high
both strong and free
and justifies my life's reward

Robert James Smith

The World War

raging roaring rolling waves
white knuckles rise above the shelf
crash upon the palisades
the ocean fights the land herself

blow by blow the hammers smash
a face of stone to grains of sand
persistence and the gift of time
the ocean shall defeat the land

Robert James Smith

This Old Man

This old man named Balco
He lived down the stair
With old fashioned trousers
And thinning white hair

He scares me a little
When he bids me good day
I reply a quick 'hi'
And then soon fly away

But there's something about him
Not quite so unpleasant.
He hails from our history
And is lost in our present

He can't keep his feet
On an earth that spins fast
And says he knows not
how much longer he'll last

He beckoned me hither
so I sit beside him
He told me of games
You don't have to plug in

Of leaping and jumping
But not on a team.
And not for a sport
But to live in a dream

To catch and to run and to
Stand brave and true
To hide and reveal
And to flee and pursue

To dive and to soar
And to crash burn and then
to rise and recover
And fly once again

I started to envy
This world that emerged
In my mind, through his stories
Past and present converged

Perhaps a dirt path
May be better than pavement
And fresh air preferred to
Electronic enslavement

Now I see with our progress
Comes a price we must pay
From our soul like a tax
To an age and a day

And may we too be lost
And what will be the toll
When we too like Balco
Are unbalanced and old

When old Balco expires
Will the world lose this song?
From memory to legend to myth
And then gone?

We cannot go backward
To hang not we must hope
Mother nature we know
Gives us plenty of rope

Our children must know
From the moment of birth
What it means to be free
And connected with earth.

This old man
He gave me a gift from the past
Let's see just how long
This great lesson will last.

Train (A Love Story)

I once fell in love
On the back of a train
Through the urban decay
Of a city in pain

I rode this strange city
On steel rails unknown
Past buildings and neighborhoods
Far from my home

Her eyes. Oh the eyes
And the hair that fell by
And a smile that could warm
the Lake Michigan sky.

An ethereal countenance
As the sun lights the day
When our eyes locked she smiled
Then looked quickly away.

Forgive me now
For I cannot express
The beauty I saw
In her face and her dress

And those eyes how they pierced me
Both streetwise and smart
With an aura of crystal
That burned in my heart

Yet all of my calm cool
collected demeanor
Simply froze my mouth shut
If you just could have seen her

You'd know all my feelings
wrapped up in one word
But between us the railway
Was all to be heard.

I appeared calm I'm sure,
But my mouth simply failed
I was frozen and weak
And the silence prevailed.

And where to begin?
I mean what do you say
When you're out of your league
And the time ticks away

But then the train stopped
And more people got on
A bunch of street kids
And the moment was gone

Would you be my girlfriend?
A teenager asked
It shamed me a little
'Sure honey' she laughed

She was too cool for words
But my chance it was lost
And with one last sly grin
She then rose to get off

As if sailing away
My dreams following her
I don't even know in the town
where we were

But what did she feel?
Through that dark city chill
And what did she see?
Does she think of me still?

Did we share the same dream
Did she also regret?
Or perhaps that was good
as it ever would get.

This love it was pure

True and cut like a knife
But I'm grateful she spent
that brief time in my life.

Robert James Smith

Undying Love

i once knew love that wouldn't die
it lived and loved but lived a lie
to leave this love i had to try
i lied to love i know not why

i tried to love i tried to leave
the lie i told did she believe
to she an angel from above
i told a lie she gave her love

my own love grew to my surprise
blooming so amidst my lies
love flourished so i thought best
to keep truth closer to the vest

this hidden truth you may have guessed
did wrap itself around my chest
my heart it grew the truth grew tight
my conscience cost me sleep at night

once i started to relax
i woke to venomous attacks
the dancing truth it laughed with glee
her hateful rage poured over me

my flaccid words tried to explain
i never meant to cause her pain
Imploring her with tears i cried
that only for her love i lied

she left with all her love she gave
i mourned the love i could not save
this ghoul of love yet lives in death.
it grips my heart it chokes my breath

undying love beget from sin
lies rotting, putrid deep within
i lied to love deserve do i
to bear the love that will not die?

Robert James Smith

Visions

I have these visions
clear as day
that don't come to fruition

Perhaps not visions
only dreams
reflect my mind's ambition

Perhaps not dreams but
wishful thoughts
that yield to indecision

As wishful thoughts don't
offer hope
I choose to dream my vision.

Robert James Smith

Who Are You?

who are you
without a name
without a face
without a voice
without a clue
without a claim
without a race
without a choice?

Robert James Smith

Worthy

is my life worthy of a song
my deeds a verse
my thoughts a word

my daily rites may equal wrong
my silent curse
is never heard

Robert James Smith