

Poetry Series

Robert McCallum
- poems -

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Robert McCallum(7/30/49)

Robert Liam McCallum is a poet and Gothic fiction writer who currently lives in Western Montana where he says that the mountains and open expanses are more conducive to inspiration.

Raised in Wheatridge, Colorado, Robert attended the University of Colorado and has since lived and travelled in the UK. He has been writing and stockpiling for many years, but has just recently decided to publish.

Robert writes poetry, novels, novellas, novelettes and short stories that are set in various times and places in history. His most successful work is Hawthorne Cottage, a Victorian ghost story / murder mystery set in England in 1849.

Haunted Places

Vaporous forms adrift through cold dark rooms
Are remnants of passing that in this life looms,
And I've felt the touch that this dread embraces
While wandering about in haunted places.

Disembodied voices resounding in empty halls
And those that whisper from ancient walls;
O' I've heard these spectres that time displaces
Where gloom has gathered in haunted places!

Empty footfalls and floorboards creaking,
The lamenting wind and women weeping,
Children singing in vacant spaces,
I've heard these things in haunted places.

I've seen the dungeon's mist as midnight falls,
I've seen the ghastly events that time recalls,
I've seen the airy forms that relive disgraces,
O' these things I know of haunted places!

Embittered wailing and inhuman screaming
Have awakened me when I was dreaming.
O' from the darkness the dead come creeping
Upon the night, for they are not sleeping.

Wailing spirits from times amiss,
Wander about, O' I have witnessed this,
For these fitful souls without earthly graces
Are forever kept in haunted places!

I've been touched by hands where there were none
From unseemly acts and deeds undone,
By murder, by mayhem, there are always traces,
That lurk about in haunted places.

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Soldier

The most abominable aspect of war is its necessity.

To where are you marching, soldier,
Is it to some dreadful foreign war?
Why must you leave your home again,
As you've done so many times before?
Where this morn does the turbulence crest
That sends you marching into the night?
Who this day shall become your enemy
That tomorrow you must fight?

Soldier, why is the world in conflict,
How does your integrity stand?
Is the world so tarnished by its disparities
That war is of demand?
Why do you sacrifice your hopes and dreams?
Why for others must you bleed?
Why do you cast your lot into the wind
For that which others need?

O' to where are you marching, soldier,
With your youthful pace?
Why do you transcend the words of God
To maintain his touch of grace?
O' where does your legion take you?
Upon whom will your convictions tread?
Why does the world keep with death and ruin
For any peace that lies ahead?

O' what will become of tomorrow, soldier,
Will it become no more than today?
Will tomorrow bring once more the dusky hues
That takes you faraway?
O' to where are you marching, soldier,
Is it truly to a needful war,
Or are you just marching to the inveterate dirge
That has been sung so many times before?

The Black Bird

O' the black bird this final twilight brings,
He comes this night upon stealthy wings
And thus to this I am fraught with dread,
For darkness knells; O' whither shall I tread?

Upon the ethereal wind this bird has flown,
Traversing the endless distance of the unknown
And he has transcended a grey December sky
To herald that now my end is nigh!

The black bird keeps against the brumal cold
That this bleak December does now unfold,
And tho' he does not speak, as to name my fate,
Upon my casement does yet he wait!

Afire are his eyes that thru the darkness light
This my fearful turn into the night,
As withering and waning in his presence be
This craven spirit inside of me!

From where he comes, O' I fear to go'
Whether godly heights or depths below,
Yet he does not move, as death does creep,
But at an ominous distance does he keep!

O' upon this my night the bell shall toll,
Then advance shall he to prize my soul
And aloft shall he wing the cold night air
To convey me toward I know not where!

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The Piper

I've heard the music of the piper
From where the faeries roam,
For it carries thro' the woodlands
That stand behind my home.
So when the moon alights my casement,
After all the corn is sheaved,
Then adrift at night he takes me
To where mystical dreams are weaved.

Upon each note a spell is cast,
When this enigma plays his flute,
And all my thoughts are tranquil,
For the wicked world is mute.
O' upon a breeze his songs are sent,
As his music takes to flight,
Thus enchantment comes a wafting
Thro' the stillness of the night!

I've wandered in the woodlands
And followed with mine ear
To seek the enchanting piper
Who nightly calls me near;
Yet I know not who this spirit is,
Only glimpses do I see,
But the piper keeps on playing,
As tho' playing just for me.

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The White Cliffs

He stood high upon the white cliffs
Gazing out to sea,
And as he watched its ebb and flow
There upon he wished to be;
O' he then saw the seabirds soaring
As he felt the sea breeze blowing,
And the taste of brine was in the air,
But he was not seaward bound!

He stood high upon the white cliffs
Enraptured by the sea,
And as he felt its wind upon his face
There once more he wished to be;
O' he heard the sea, as it was calling,
He saw the sun, but it was falling,
And darkness came to still the air,
For he was not seaward bound!

He stood high upon the white cliffs
Anchored to the land,
For there he had found his mooring,
As time came to demand;
O' yet the sea each day came alluring,
But nothing now was reassuring,
And thus time came forth to chill the air,
For he was not seaward bound!

His final days were upon the white cliffs
Near the everlasting sea,
For time and toil had reached their end,
So there beyond he wished to be;
Alas, the sea was his blood a-flowing,
Then a breeze began favourably blowing,
And the taste of brine was in the air,
When God sent him seaward bound!

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Toward The Imaginary

Nary dare I tend to touch upon
The tangible ordinary,
For I prefer the delightful pull
Toward the imaginary.
O' be it to ponder or be it to roam,
It shall put my mind at ease,
For that of common rationality
Seldom comes to please.

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