Robert M Smith
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Robert M Smith()
A Fact Is A Fact

When is a fact a fact?
Facts are facts in fact.
There is no doubting that!

A fact sits on a mountain of evidence alone.

Being objectified it knows it's name; it's on track.

To mount a case that can be prosecuted and that's that.

Robert M Smith
A Landscapped Mind

A landscaped mind so neat, tidy, neuronic syncopation, grand piano. The orchestration we hear there.

Guarded guardians, standing pillars, watching what comes out, about turn. The meaning of churn one must discern.

The trees both small and large, rooted in ganglions, watered in its terrain. Pruned by life they are sustained.

In the green valleys daisies are praised for abundance and meditative sources. All bright flowers are in greenhouses for now.

A landscaped mind has a team of gardeners, tending to all aspects. Blowers, reverbrate making a noise.

In transition, tidiness must be watched; pruning in the seasons that come and go. A life of care must always be there.

Storms blow in upsetting the very appearance. Deterrents are marshalled early in life to ensure stability.

Robert M Smith
A Lonesome Black Shadow

So hard!

Loneliness has a lonely walk here
No one was ever going to be there
On the edge of existence, just one.

So naturally alone...

Looking above an albatross all alone
A lonely sun, so surely heats a stone
The sad daffodil with one little bee.

One Under the sun...

We are all one under the sun, far below
Where would we find another one to glow
Our Earth is the only one, spaced alone.

Lonely sometimes...

Being lonely sometimes is what we know
There is no more lonesome black shadow
The tears fall one by one, damn loneliness!

Robert M Smith
A World They Believe

Probing and conditioning
Our psyches the left
Do not leave us alone.

Examining our words
And our very thoughts.

Eventually we are lost
In a world they believe.

Robert M Smith
Achieving Something From Nothing

'In life something is achievable from nothing.'

Robert M Smith
7 May, 2019

We begin out of fusion
Into a life of confusion
Imbued in our culture
Taught a thing or two.

Our DNA an essay of who's who
Laughingly, we aspire to fire
At anything coming to mind
So out of nothing we soar.

Into the world of poetry
We create a poem from nothing
Becoming something that we read
To our doggie who is all attention.

There is no pretension as we pen
From one line to the next
On automatic words appear
Some with tears others our fears.

Robert M Smith
After the first all follow
From two hundred millennia
The first humans.

We are joined to the first
Out of Africa, our kin
Each one a link in the chain.

Our skin coloured by climate
Each and everyone, over 7 billion
Are all human beings.

Robert M Smith
After The Storm

After the storm
We hear the birds
There is song.

We still see water
Some for the birds
bathing.

Dipping in and out
They shake wings
All is peaceful.

After the storm
Life moves on
It has passed.

Robert M Smith
Age Has Aged

In the age of our destiny
Skipping through the years
Old age is finally here
We are reminded incessantly
That we are no different
From those that we knew
Spending our inheritance
Annual stipends granted
Time to be and time to see
What soon passes into history
Always, no matter what age
Living in the past everyday
Physicality improving, disproving
What is expected when age has aged.

Robert M Smith
All Colours Have Gone

When all colours have gone
The song of life ceases to be
Memories are shaped by others
Shadows that passed by inside
The garden of flowers wilted
Emptiness surrounds happy sounds
This is where once life was found.

Robert M Smith
Always On Time

Our time enfolds life
Ushered in crying
on track every minute
Passing days into years
Aged by age we are engaged
As night become day
Here we stay on track
Into tunnels then light
Passed by the past so fast
Where did time go, no one knows
Yet, we stay on its tracks
Attracting its chime
Always on time.

Robert M Smith
An Inspiring Creature

Inspiration an inspiring creature
Like a peacock strutting
Emulate me peahen!

Robert M Smith
Another Life Unfolds

The last gasp we grasp
Taken in finality; reality
Death a certainty.

Our life taken...
From arriving so improbably
Life is a privilege.

Our footfalls joined to all
From Africa…
Some two hundred millennia past.

As humans we came to be; evolved
All life comes with death
Out of death another life unfolds.

Robert M Smith
Anzac Day

On trains they queued
Fight For Your Country!
Conscience pricked quickly.
Dreams of foreign countries
Coming from the city, farms.

Harm put away in their kit.
Mothers and lovers fussed.
Cussing attention, onwards.
Marching to war their reward.
Proud in this fetid air.

Only young once no sacrifice.
Life was a bore, a war to fight.
Transgressors of rights.
Put to the bayonet an enemy.
Unknown in their life.

The ships of war unloaded sweat.
Heating the furnaces inside.
Testosterone, guns, enemies.
That was enough to give all.
Directed by English generals.

To the shores of Gallopli.
Cut down one by one from hills.
Turks aware they were there.
Only young men in their prime.
Executed by the directions given.

No more will they see their home.
Buried in foreign shores, cemeteries.
Aligned in whitened stone, soldiers.
Their last post echoes into past.
There will be no future.

As the moon shines forever on night.
At the dawn speaks of atrocities.
In New Zealand and Australia, Anzacs.
They are the faces remembered.
Anzac Day war plays a What For?

Robert M Smith
Assumption Presumption

An assumption, presumption
That the bearer of gifts
Has them vouchsafe...
Merely, a conduit to pleasure
At thy disposable, no validity
Lack of credibility...
Incredulity, we dismiss.

Robert M Smith
Await Your Invitation

Those we do not engage
Live life without us.

We may say hello someday
You will know.

We are satellites in orbit
Around our moon and sun.

There is lots of fun, happiness
You live your own life alone.

Our life is full and replete.
No dearth of interests.

Do we care what fills you, we
don't want to know.

We keep to ourselves. Please do
the same.

Await your invitation, if any.

Robert M Smith
Bag Laden With Self

Carrying yourself as a poet
In the bag laden with self
Poking your head up looking
Seeing no one else and crying
Look at me no one else matters!
Hear about my love lost
I am heartbroken.

Only interested in the universal me
The world is full of I
Here I get my vision from inside
Of course I am interesting
Even if heartbroken
I want your attention and empathy
Surely, you must know.

Robert M Smith
Bells Of Life Peal For All

'The bell of life peals for all.'

Robert M Smith
May 2019

Do we hear the bell of life
so appealing pealing hope
against strife.

It is here and everywhere, Hark!
we hear its toll everyday
in work and play.

Night bells follow day a never-ending
toll as the bell of life
peals for all.

Robert M Smith
Borne By Life

Evolution had to start
It does not have to finish.

Life is life, unicellular
Multicellular, grew to grow.

Life on Earth began slowly
Billions on billions of years.

Diversity in multiplicity
Non-sexual and finally sexual.

Mankind stepped over the horizon
Some two hundred millennia past.

In Africa the very first, kin
We are the links that are chained.

Tied to everyone ever born...
Borne by life until the end.

Robert M Smith
Borrowed Days

Life is our coat, worn
Put on everyday, weathered.

Life an exercise in stress
Where stressors are addressed.

Inside our lives we derive
yesterdays and tomorrows.

Borrowed days as improbabilities
Coming from nothing to be.

Robert M Smith
Boudoir Of Lights

the lyrical girl undressed
in twilight

in the boudoir of lights
applying starlight

nighdress light, diaphanous,
glamorously appeared

parading her wares to the
rapacious light

her charms in the arms of
night confound all

Robert M Smith
Bowl Of Creation

Creation sings sweetly to growth
Everything needs coaxing with hope
All of nature has its time to be
Creation sings its song, listen
From its dawn it comes to see
Each creation has its elation
In hope the folds of time unfold
Letting all we see come alive
From a flower in the field to you and me
Look down from the mountains to the sea
We see nature's work singing its song
Everything wants to belong for its time
Listen to the chime of time so appealing
To the bowl of creation it cannot wait to be.

Robert M Smith
Boy In Jungle

Cub at seven in heaven
Dressed in uniform
To a church hall
Akele! Akele!
Games running about
Finished at seven
Dark, a lonely walk
Up past the Zoo
Lions roaring
Scared ran alone
Unthinking parents
Boy in a jungle.

Robert M Smith
Carrying Sorrow

All her sorrow
She carries...
Leaking
Into her destiny
Going where she goes
There is no escape.

Robert M Smith
Casting Dreams

Cast a dream beyond hope
woven out of imagination.

Spinning out of reality
it forms dressed in optimism.

Coming fully formed aiming
at all ceilings of beyond.

Dreams cast last through
our days into night.

Robert M Smith
Ceding Life And Death

'Seeds cede both life and death'.
Robert M Smith 7 May,2019

As the seeds of life disburse
Blown by the wind into mind
All our knowledge unfolds
Day by day.

Here we see life and death everyday
This is the power of being
Creatively we appear
Then die.

Robert M Smith
Checkmate

Pounded into submission
The mind has no exit
Acceptance, checkmate!

Robert M Smith
Climbing High

Snow-capped, eruptions from the sea
Crouching tigers across an azure sky
So high, seemingly levitational, pulled.

Slowly we climb gaining and falling back
Life in this terrain has left us strained
Through days and night we see below.

In the distance the reality of pain
Here we know the climbers of yesteryear
Today, we are still on track looking back.

Conquering any task needs resilience, perseverance
Those at the top deserve all their praise
We must not ever underestimate achievement.

Robert M Smith
Clothed In Hunger

Clothed in hunger...
Reaching out, famished
Love never smiled.

Destitute, painfully aware
Life offers little, spare
Those on the margins know.

Robert M Smith
Coexistence

When will you know
the beauty of life
in full sight?

The delight of a
dragonfly,
helicopter-like,
darting to and fro.

The birds above
and below, swooping,
sitting, in song.

Look for a tiny blue
wren darting here,
there, everywhere.

Even a little brown
rat, alive to its
day.

For all creatures
live in life to
coexist.

Robert M Smith
Coming Improbably In Genes

Into our family of our birth
Coming improbably with genes
Cast from oblivion into living
No choice we arrive, just derived.

From nothing into nothing...
Not every family has an easy fit
Life has never been equitable
Sometimes it can be so terrible.

Parents so ignorant thrown together
Like storms in the ocean of commotion
Children obligations, with no information
Devoid of stability, stabbings in the dark.

Out of darkness there can be light in night
Surviving alone is not just a moan, reality
Success in life is in your fitted genes
And perseverance to be the best you can be.

Robert M Smith
Coordinated To Fly

Our illusion is the confusion of being in charge of ourselves.

Who are we?

Is the self where you point to? That physicality in the mirror.

The physical you is like saying a plane without engines is an aeroplane capable of flying.

We are our minds and the minds are us. Everything we do the whole of life is governed by the brain and mind. All this is linked to our bodies.

Directed by a chemically-electrically mind and brain together with our physicality, we are controlled automatically. The big question is whether there is free will? Some experiments suggest we have none.

In this manner we are coordinated to fly.

Robert M Smith
Dancing In The Flames

Framed by his existence
Hanging around his soul
Life was a struggle.

His thoughts a jumble
Dancing in the flames
This man was poor.

His emaciated dog's eyes
Look piteously at the floor
As the stool was kicked away.

Robert M Smith
Dancing To Our Own Tunes

We have won the lottery
Of life by being alive.

Robert M Smith
May, 2019

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

There is no probable in probability
Life is but chance meeting chance
Fused by chaos into being.

We come fixed in gravity pulled by
All directions full of imperfections
Travelling life in our heads.

Miraculously, the brain juggles thoughts
That are bought by You of self
Like a performer we dance to our tunes.

Robert M Smith
Dialled By The Sun

Dialled by the sun
Arose beauty, renown
A white rose bows.

A tower of a flower
Rose of roses
From soulful soil.

Smiling, touches all
Plucked so willingly
This is its day.

So right and bright
In day and night
Will you be my posy?

Robert M Smith
Dialling The Sun

There is no old age in youth
and no youth in the
aged.

Seasoned by seasons there is
no reason for
envy.

Privileges are there to be taken
as life unfolds, not
forsaken.

At each junction, time signals the
right way to
go.

There is no turning back on a road
that has not been properly
travelled.

Enjoy the journey, there will be no
second chances for dialling the
sun.

Robert M Smith
Disorder Ordered

Chaos stares unaware
Everywhere out there
Gravity pulls...
Order out of disorder.

Disorder orders chaos
Nature laughs, fools
Pulling against the flow
Order again a refrain.

Chaos stares out there
The world needs disorder
Wars flare everywhere
Some order is ordered.

Never static disorder
In everyday lives
Minds order disorder
Chaos reigns in brains.

Juxtaposed we may surmise
Disorder into order and
Order into disorder
Chaotic chaos is everywhere.

Robert M Smith
Don't Stay Down

What goes down
Goes down
Don't stay
There.

Robert M Smith
Dreams Of So Long Ago

O we loved in youth!
Eyes so bright, alive.
Romantic dreams woven.
Kisses so soft on fire.
Being together desired.
Ineffably unfolded, denied.
Life falls in the shadows.
Our dreams of so long ago.

Robert M Smith
Drear Sorrow

The shaft of light revealed emptiness below.

In the soulless soul it knew no other, alone.

Drear sorrow was there, no substitute for human warmth.

Robert M Smith
Edge Of Existence

The song of life is ours
Every hour these flowers
Belong in the air we breathe.

The song of life is our fortune
Everyday we spend a little
Never counting under our moons.

The song of life is ours
Its verses we must sing alone
Inside the edge of existence.

Robert M Smith
Electrical Unawares

An elephant has no room
In the mind of trouble
To remind it to think.

There is only a storm
Going on, electrical
Unawares.

Misfiring neurons...
On all occasions
Raison d'être.

Robert M Smith
Emotion Flattens All

Scraping every emotion
The ocean sends commotion
Arriving on barren shores.

Screams echo across dunes
As gulls fly together in pain
Life was once full, no more.

Let it all out, it becomes now
Bowing to the inevitable
Emotion flattens all.

Robert M Smith
Creativity is everywhere and nowhere, coming out of emptiness.

The universe of nothing became something, darkness to light.

Unimaginable energy exploded of all colours filling and spilling.

Flung from nothing the Earth became a ball of fire, something yet unexplained.

Onto the Earth's canvas painted phenomena trooped into existence out of resistance.

Over billions of years they all came here, some stayed most disappeared.

Mankind a late entrant some two hundred millennia past decided to stay.

Out of non-existence we all march one by one into being, our parade, falling out on command.

Emptiness to energy everything has its time to be.

Robert M Smith
Equally Unique

Equal to whom
Equality knows
Inequality flows

All are born equal
Who are all
What is equality

No one is equal
It is not a sequel
To any we know

Uniquely we come
In unique places
We face uniqueness

Equally unique
Born equally different
This is our equality

Robert M Smith
Etched On Everything And Nothing

We are the end of the begining
The beginning of the end tied in.

All the strands of the rope swaying
In all the universes that have ever been.

Etched on everything and nothing
Painted and unpainted, forever being, naked.

Robert M Smith
Every Twist And Turn

Every twist and turn
Brings one closer
To life's meaning.

Every twist and turn
Is one less to execute
The day after tomorrow.

Turning and twisting
Will eventually succeed
In breaking your back.

Robert M Smith
Explaining Our Differences

The distance between
Agreement on one matter
And others maybe vast.

Our minds are unique
Formed by neuronic pulsations
Chemically and electrically.

No other person has your mind
Either in the past or future
This explains our differences.

Robert M Smith
Exposure Of Lies

One gram of truth exposes a truck of lies, driven by a egomaniac.

Crash!

Inside lies hides a sickness that we must try to cure by exposure.

Exposed!

Blindsided, lies try to hide inside other lies, destroying the driver.

Destruction!

Truth sucks up lies and spits globules back in the bold face that hides.

Robert M Smith
Eye To Eye

Credibility of fulsome appearance
Worn without hubris, created
Over a life sailed in stormy seas
Carried with dignity in headwinds
Ironed by will never creased
Looks at the unscrupulous directly
Eye to eye never without resolve
Unalterable or tainted by association.

Robert M Smith
Filled With Love

The heart beats for your time.  
Fired by electrical pulses.  
Dancing with your movements.  
Controlling blood pressure.  
Infused by blood and oxygen.

As a metaphor filled with love  
Other examples:  
Skipping a beat  
Heart's desire  
Heartfelt  
Heartened  
Heartless  
Heartbroken

The heart like other organs may  
suffer defects.  
Examples:  
Atrial Fibrillation  
Tachycardia  
Enlarged heart  
Ischemic disease  
Heart failure

Today, most conditions are treated.  
Even, replacing the heart with another.  
The future lies with growing a new heart.  
from one's own cells.

Robert M Smith
Finding Hyperbole

We sought the truth
It was nowhere to find
Left, right, anywhere
Centre, or left of there
Right of centre, maybe
We sought the truth
And found hyperbole.

Robert M Smith
Fired By Neuronic Lights

Our dreams, paper candle lanterns
Fired by neuronic lights, floating
Lighting dreams that no one sees.

Ephemeral and literal, anything at all
Falling and rising in a darkened sky
Lit by the stars.

Carried aloft with a breeze and a wheeze
Soaring and snoring, tossed, turning
Expiring on the light of dawn with a yawn.

Robert M Smith
First To The Last Breath

From the first
to the last
breath

Like a fish in
the sea granted
life

We are both the
sea and the
waves

Coming, crashing,
full of
hope.

Robert M Smith
Folding Night Into Dreams

Drawing the curtains
Life has seen the light
In its night the stars
Shine where it was so bright.

Folding night into dreams
We see where life was supreme
Every star has its own story
This is where it was glorious.

Life has reached its zenith
Then it must disappear
Into the shadow of the moon
It always comes so soon.

Robert M Smith
Grate Of Fire

To be the grate of fire  
Burns one's greatness  
Disappearing smoke.

Robert M Smith
Heartland Of Mind

In the heartland of mine
He retreated to reminisce
Here he found comfort
The past so full, a movie
Life passed his thoughts
Never the same, wandering
From atop the hill to below
This where he found his repose.

Robert M Smith
Heaven Will Surely Know

The crepuscule of life
Moves aside for dusk
Lit by his universe
His being slowly knows
Rested on his credibility
Heaven surely will know.

Robert M Smith
Held By Destiny

Sensuality brought us together
The perfume of desire, on fire
Heavenly scents sent to cling.

Layer upon layer inspired love
Hand in hand with our emotions
Our eyes only saw each other.

In words and song we belong
Our rhythmic dance into life
Together we are held by destiny.

Robert M Smith
How We Function

To learn is to teach oneself.
No mind can close others' synapses.
Teaching others is showing how.
The receptive mind remembers.

Everything is a function of the brain.
Without a brain we cannot function.
Experience enhances minds exponentially.
Unless what is learnt is forgotten.

We are our minds and they are us; ourselves.
The self of mind knows itself, as it is aware.
Aware of who we are and our place in the world.
Of course, disturbed minds have a misplaced view.

Robert M Smith
Hung Out To Dry

Hung out to dry  
From his sighs  
Wet so wet  
Such sobbing cries!

Robert M Smith
Ignorance Misfires

Ignorance sails on water
Inside a fatty electro-chemical mind
Where synaptic synapses misfire!

Robert M Smith
Improbability, Cradle Of Life

The improbability of being you
Destined from nothingness, seeing
Jump-started from the Big Bang
The Earth of your birth, a cradle
We can give no labels to the first
Their thirst to become slaked
Some two hundred millennia past
They became us all, related as humans
Each improbably as the last and next
Nexus perplexing, no statistics
Jumping forward to your parents
Meeting so improbably then you
Out of millions of sperm, fertilisation
The you of you appeared fully formed
A conjunction of genes, modified
In each of us we are a receptacle
For the continuation of the human race
We race apace to meet another to reproduce
All so improbably that we are aghast
Let us all realise that probability
Is inside improbability that we cannot see
To be is to be what yesterday offered today
This is our play, our life, actors sent improbably.-

Robert M Smith
In Sense There Is None

In sense there is none
As we wander senseless.

In sense we are incensed
To be asked why by one.

In sense there are so many
So senseless, really.

In sense we are waylaid
At the junction of DNA.

In sense we don't know
Throw us a line though.

Robert M Smith
In The Canyons Of Our Time

Leaving life with blessing
Our echoes heard alive
In the canyons of our time.

Dressed in life as memories
Still there to those aware
Held closely never let go.

Leaving life with blessing
A road that we must travel
Unburdened but we were here.

Robert M Smith
Incidental Collations

Gathering our past
Incidental collations
Missing repetition.

Dancing in time
Harking back
To go forward.

Wearing the same dress
To regress
Impressed?

Moving to-and-fro
On the treadmill
To nowhere.

Robert M Smith
Jugs Chugged By Six

Life In Wellington 1950s

Office workers labourers alike
Full blown beer their flavour
In jugs chugged by six
Stale beer and smoke smells
Rose above bar flies
Talking nonsense as sense
Hearing only the hubbub.

Life in Wellington Barland
Barred only women at home
Waiting for husbands
On trams and buses
Belting home after six.

A meal of sausages peas and mash
The radio their entertainment
Selwyn Toogood quizzing brains
Off to bed by ten.

Robert M Smith
Kiss By Kiss

Debit and credit love
.....Kiss by kiss
Nothing, the abyss!

Robert M Smith
Leaving Thoughts Behind

Inside a poem we roam
Focused in our minds
Passing words aligned
Meaning in combination
Just like a convocation
Thoughts come and lurch
Sanctified like in church
A reading to our mind
Leaving thoughts behind.

Robert M Smith
Life Is Where We Sit Before Eternity

'Life is where we sit before eternity.'
Robert M Smith, 2019

Eternity before night falls...
Pondering our improbability
Sending our eyes above, looking down
There we all are moving around
Cognisant and non-cognisant about Why?

Lifted out of nothing we are something
Equated with all and less as we dress.

Life moves in the shadow of night
Holding all moonlight until it is time
Hearing the owls hoot our boots come off.

Meeting eternity unaware, in no time we are there
Shapeless and facing nothing unprepared
Our gods disappear from this brainless lot
As we are parked in the dark inside nothing.

Robert M Smith
Life Of Song

Life sings the song of being
Here we all start seeing
Everything coming our way
Spending and consuming each day
Reaching out for all to touch
Nothing appears to be too much
Each flower has colour its bloom
Until the night of its gloom
The brightness of life soon fades
Each day accumulated turns grey
This has been our life of song
It has been ours but it is not long.

Robert M Smith
Life Today

In days of old we were bold and actually married. Believe it or not the opposite sex.

Today, anything goes I suppose you know.

We didn't know what political correctness was. We had freedom of speech within proper limits.

Today, if you don't know PC, you will end incarcerated.

Being so bold we had manners. Allowed the old a seat, resting feet.

Today, expect no manners, not even sorry.

In those days we conversed in restaurants. We regarded unsavoury aspects of life wrong.

Today, we walk and talk to a phone. Conversing and caressing as if it was human.

We stayed married for life, a life of gain. We treated the old as normal not insane.

We let children run their own race at their pace. No hovercraft parents.

Today, children are minded like prisoners.

Faith was sacrosanct in any race.

Today, watch out if you are not the right faith.

We had what were called nutritious meals. Very few were obese.

Today, obesity is the norm.

We saved our money to ensure savings without credit.
Families sat down at meal times together.

Today, credit is endemic. Out of control.

The only drugs we regularly took, alcohol, cigarettes and aspirin.

Today, any substance of unknown origin is ingested. Rave parties an excuse to chemically enhance endorphins.

This is life today.

Tomorrow someone else can document life as it is.

Robert M Smith
Light From Darkness

In its tune magic escapes
Flute-like playing night
Turning night into day.

Nature has all the chords
Its reward being itself
The Earth alive.

It promises the day night
And the night day
Turning each season.

Giving mankind all resources
From time past time
That became light from darkness.

Robert M Smith
Light Of Misfortune

Irrelevancies, masked
Behind black curtains.

No light gets in or out
Hidden in their thoughts.

Unaware, relevant to self
Self-satisfaction spare.

Put on the shelf, forgotten
Like a statue in their garden.

Light of misfortune their reward.
When it hits home they are alone.

Robert M Smith
'Uniquely formed we fall like snowflakes.'
Robert M Smith
2019

Unlike any other human...
Uniquely we fall into life
Like snowflakes.

Our shape and form as we are born
Dictated from the meeting of DNA
This is the way of humankind.

There will never ever be another
Exactly the same
Evolving from the very first.

As humans we are all linked
To be otherwise we would not be human
Every racist overlooks this chain.

Robert M Smith
Limited Vision

When life revolves
About that one I
We only see one-eyed
Limited vision
Needing bifocals.

Robert M Smith
Living Life In Profanity

No vanity sits in insanity
Only wild eyes, blind.

From inside to outside looking
The wild storms borne.

Across its brow garish flowers
The mountains glow as it snows.

No sanity in insanity, turns
Heat and cold are never told
Living life in profanity.

Robert M Smith
Looking Down

Lifted by our wings
Flying so high
Looking down.

Robert M Smith
Meeting The Meaning Of Life

Meeting the meaning of life...
Its ephemerality and meaninglessness.
Meeting the meaning of life...
Why would you want to know?

You, improbability from nothingness cast ashore.
Fully formed but not informed.
Needing a meaning for living day by day.
Isn't being unique, enough to stay in touch?

Does a flower in a desert say to the sun
why am I here in this hot air?
A bee sucking nectar poses like a philosopher.
All fauna and flora must resist this question.

We are here for a reason, you politely say.
I retort, as an improbability you are lucky to arrive.
Derived from nothing, then a fertilised egg
with your crying head, thrust into an unsuspecting world.

Now that you are here, aging everyday, your unique mind
enquires why am I here on Earth with seven odd billion?
Such a pointless question, I say, you are here, extant.
Joined to the first humans, you an unbroken link.

You started with the Big Bang billions of years ago.
If it didn't occur there would be no Earth.
Your relatives would not have appeared two hundred millennia past.
Everything began as nothing by unfathomable improbability.

You, the speck of stardust blown by solar winds
has the temerity and stupidity to interrogate the universe.
Really, your question is irrelevant to all and the universe.
The curse is that you have an electric-chemical brain, firing questions.

You should have been reincarnated as that desert flower,
it just dials the sun and exists for one day.
In the scheme of things you are so irrelevant.
And so is your question!
Mirrored Life

Prostelysing mirrors prostitution
Wanting something that should
Be entered into freely!

Robert M Smith
Mostly Dreamers

When poetry comes to a poetic soul
It slides in unannounced, a surprise
At any age it is engaged, married.

No honeymoon in this liaison
Poetry comes and goes keeping us apprised
Then suddenly a poem appears, just there.

Poet or Poetess regress or advance, a chance
To express what is within to a readership world
To receive comments a bonus, there is no onus.

Mostly dreamers poets are full of moments
Joy or sadness, wonder or thunderous waves
They are assured that there will no applause.

Robert M Smith
Movies Of Themselves

'Politics dwells on words
and they all say Power.'

Robert M Smith 8 May,2019

Politicians, movies of themselves,
some heroes others villains.

Belching after lavish meal deals, passing
wind as storms blow in.

Party after party, they recognise votes,
a juxtaposition between possible and impossible.

O so normal, they love to be your friend until
they unfriend.

Modern and past, they last until the next
election a model of perfection.

Robert M Smith
Moving Forward

'To bound up a hill you cannot look back.'

This aphorism is yours to keep.

To gain ground in life look forward.
Here we either achieve or fail.
It doesn't matter which.
For life is about both.

Robert M Smith
Naked Ambition

Naked ambition seen
Some say it's obscene
To see those nude
Obviously to some rude
Appearing without clothes
Is like a horse being hosed
Running naked with ambition
Are those bald potatoes
Who are asking to be peeled
Raising their heads they appear
No clothes from top to toes.

Robert M Smith
Nature Is Queen Over Me

1

Into the fire I was born
Nature's gift to the morn
Written in glory on clouds
Into life I finally bowed.

Chorus

Nature's gift to the morn
My life was borne forlorn
Loved and cast on shore
Too young to be sure.

2

Nature held me by my hand
The only Queen of the land
Lead me into an open kingdom
In her light shined wisdom.

Chorus

Nature's gift to the morn
My life was borne forlorn
Loved and cast on shore
Too young to be sure.

3

Nature is Queen over me
Lifted from obscurity
Nature is Queen over Me
Lifted from obscurity.

Chorus

Nature's gift to the morn
My life was borne forlorn
Loved and cast on shore
Too young to be sure.

4

Life is so short unexpected
Here for its term then rejected
Life is so short unexpected
Here for its term then rejected.

Chorus

Nature's gift to the morn
My life was borne forlorn
Loved and cast on shore
Too young to be sure.

5

Nature is Queen over me
Lifted from obscurity
Nature is Queen over me
Lifted from obscurity.

Chorus

Nature's gift to the morn
My life was borne forlorn
Loved and cast on shore
Too young to be sure.

Robert M Smith
Never Tread On Dreams

We live within our dreams
As they live within us
To soar upon tomorrows...
Spent wildly in yesterdays.

Life is full of promise
When we know fulfillment
Garnering life with chances
Never tread on dreams.

Robert M Smith
Night Filled With Hope

Night filled with hope
Speaking to the universe
It is so perverse.

Night filled with stars
Love has gravitated
Into our hearts.

Kissing so that we know
Love comes from inside
Our unknown universes.

Robert M Smith
No Reason Why

No bird flies and asks why.
Sky high, purposefully,
without a reason in its
season of content. There
is no reason why an
improbability be, that is
the same as you and me.

Robert M Smith
Non-Aligned

Misery pervades our minds
We are not aligned to
All others of different
Views. So many to Know
And so little time.

Don't mention faiths they
Would fill a lake. Sitting
Looking at the water in goes
Our line. They are all talking
At the same time.

Take Me, Me! Whoa! We say. I
bought this book that says, , ,

Robert M Smith
Nothing All Around

Nothing here, nothing there
Nothing all around
Nothing is nothing we see or hear
Nothing all around
Nothing began everything you see
Nothing all around
Nothing goes back to nothing, eternally
Nothing all around.

Robert M Smith
Nothing And Everything

He thought...
Nothing and
Everything.

Robert M Smith
Nothing From Nothing

'The only thing I know is that I know nothing.'
Socrates

Perhaps, the wisest philosophical saying.
To know is a generation of thoughts.
What do we mean by knowing?

Every sentence that I have produced needs
a book. Yet, those prospective books would
be filled with nothing but thoughts.

Are we able to say nothing comes from nothing?
Maybe, when we look at the Big Bang.
Exercise your mind by contemplating nothing.

Robert M Smith
O Jealousy Time To Die

Sitting under its flame
Jealousy burns slowly
Thoughts of ego, aglow.

Possessions, beauty, ability
On fire with desire
Creating only its own enmity.

Alone with one's thoughts, taunt
Sharing poison to those unaware
Jealously guarded, hidden.

A life of desire does not inspire
Others or self both tired
O jealousy it's time to die.

Robert M Smith
Occupational Terrorists

Home is where we belong.  
A feeling of familiarity.  
We are space creatures.  
Spaced out on Earth.  
Earthlings from our birth.  
We have no other planet.

From two hundred millennia  
out of Africa. Totally linked  
to all other humans. Yet, so  
selfishly refusing others a  
home.

Waging war to oust others' home.  
Wanting occupation of our  
countries to be at our invitation.  
Like birds and other animals  
occupational terrorists.

Robert M Smith
Ode To Earth

...Dot in blackness
Thrust into beginning
Banged from the Big Bang.

We your inhabitants, bow
Owing all to you
Questing life forms.

From eons you came alone
Arrogantly fixed by gravity
Nameless, until we came.

Pounded into submission
By asteroids red, molten flares
Allowing your tears to be seas.

Then into rivers sadness flowed
Being alone no one's home
Until bacteria inspired life.

Allowing primitive life forms
Evolving, evolution a revolution
Through ice, earthquakes, moldings.

Mother Nature dressed in her footfalls
Draped you in her naturalness
Providing a proper stage to engage.

Entering after all others.. Mankind
As spins on spin gravity pulled
Uncomplaining you provided a home.

Ecosystems made and lost over time
Unspoiled until recent times
Modern man thanks you by desecration.

Resignedly uncomplaining you sigh
.........Why O Why.........
How long must I be choked by my generosity.
Into your uncertain future you go
Patching and sealing wounds
Crippled and wounded you still survive.

Robert M Smith
Omnipresent Cloud

The omnipresent cloud
moved with him full
of gloom.

How he wished it away.
Day by day he talked
to his shadow.

Talking back, the shadow
noticed the cloud would
disappear when it was there.

Become what I have become.
Here, I have no fear
To fear.

Pointing to the cloud the
man of the moment said,
You, stalker be off!

From that time onwards, he
stuck to his shadow where
he felt hidden.

In time his fear disappeared
as soon as it appeared.

The moral of this tale is to be
positive in everything you do.

Robert M Smith
On The Edge Of Existence

On the edge his existence
frayed...

The abyss is opening.

Will he discover why it has
come to this?

Before he is ready.

His draft manifesto, wrapped
with worn string.

Will it disappear with him?

Robert M Smith
One Life Borne

Every life is purposeful
Full, start to end
To live is to be and see
It has history and mystery
Uniquely formed, informed
Only one life ever borne.

Robert M Smith
Original Thoughts

Our original thoughts
Come adulterated
By language.

Language that was invented
By others whose thoughts
Were original.

Combining keys produces music
Like words that become
Our songs.

Is originality, permutations,
That we are all capable
Of when speaking?

If that is so, were scriptures
Original in the true sense
Of that word?

Robert M Smith
Painting Hung On Night

In the coursing of twilight
Red, yellow and pink skies
Envelop the hope of tomorrow
Blue of the sea greets the horizon
Seagulls head home beyond nowhere
Unfolding night ekes out twilight
Shutters open slowly to the heavens
Starlight reveals pinpoints of light
In comes a luna phase for the night
Silvery dancing slivers spark the sea
Painting of delight hung on night.

Robert M Smith
Philosophical Thoughts

'I think therefore I am.
Descartes

This famous saying is not at all conclusive on the question of being. Let's examine it.

We exist because we have a mind inside our brain. Of course, a defective brain does not prevent one from existing.

The physical human could be born without a fully functioning brain but still experience pain and emotions. They exist as unique humans as we all are. There has never and will never be another human like you or anyone else. Even identical twins are each uniquely different.

Thinking is a process that the electrical-chemical brain produces by moving signals through our neurons. Called neuronic pulsations. Is thinking a prerequisite for being? No. When we are not thinking we still exist. Reference sleeping, or being unconscious.

The so-called self is an extension of the mind. It is an awareness that the person in the mirror is you. This happens early in life. To not recognise that the image is you doesn't preclude a self, so-called. Likewise, a defective brain will not preclude a notional self.

In philosophical thought we must examine ourselves
what others have laid down. Just as Descartes
did in his time as a unique mind like us.

Robert M Smith
Physical Beings

Physical beings, human
Walking physicality
Stretching imagination.

Robert M Smith
Poem Of Tomorrow Today

Gives us the poem of tomorrow
We are the stanzas of yesterday
Dancing rhythmically to our songs
We know every word from repetition.

Give us the poem of tomorrow today
We are past our past the future remains
In an instant we need to change
Your poetry is awaited as desert rains.

Give us the poem of tomorrow to borrow
Life needs a new direction not perplexion
We all need to change to your inspiration
Your creation is badly needed give it now.

Robert M Smith
Me O My! Tales of woe.
You just need to
Know.

Poets love to amplify
Their feelings
And pain.

Why this compulsion
When they hide
Their names?

In their anonymity...
They want you to know
What they cannot say elsewhere.

Can we possibly care
When they are no longer
Loved or are depressed?

We the target of woes, have ours.
Be aware that we don't
Want to share.

Poetry covers a wide ambit
But writing to yourself
Is the limit.

Robert M Smith
Poetic Voices Ethereal Lights

The stars echo poetic voices
Travelling etherally in light
Speaking to everyone and no one
Voices that have read every soul
Into flight they lead starlight
Beginning with one reaching out
Grasping attention brings retention
Leaping one star at a time lights
Its time in minds it finds.

Robert M Smith
Poet's Eye

The poet's eye sees life differently.

Robert M Smith
Pressing A Button

Pressing a button...
Conditioned like a rat
Always looking for rewards
The mind's success regresses
Endorphins emptying, flaring
Glaring at the button for more
More and more is less of nothing
Mounting a plan extra hands
Handing out nothing of nothing.

Robert M Smith
Promised By A Promise

Promised by a promise.
When will we receive
Our promissory note?

Life is full and emptied
of promises, lightly
given.

Made to make us feel better.

We will never receive the
letter.

They come from the aware to
the unaware, platitudinous
wonders.

When it thunders there is a
promise of rain, the soil
remains parched.

Promising just looks fine
until we see what was
inside.

We will remember. We promise.

Robert M Smith
Pulled Into Obscurity

A blackness envelops
Those machinations
Developed in mind.

Manipulating others
Their brothers
Led to their fall.

Gravity pulls...
Downwards so fast
Pulled into obscurity.

Robert M Smith
Raise A Glass To Rugger

Wellington 1950's
Athletic Park

After the All Blacks won again
Crowds crowing poured onto trams
Hanging on, crablike
Drunks staggering
See there's Bungay
All sorts mixed and shouted
As they praised
Raise a glass to rugger!

Robert M Smith
Reflected Light

The moon alone boasts to the sun
I am the light of reflected glory
Seen in the silvery sea at night
Showing the way to the lost, despairing
Measured by my phases, drawing tides.

O moon you loon, so senseless, you fixture
Were it not for me you would never be
I am your reflected light in the night
Without my flames you would be insanely alone
Never boast you parasite just be glad for me.

Robert M Smith
Regret A Regret

Regret so full of loneliness
Speaks to the past, no echoes
Tries to resuscitate a ghost
Floating eerily omnipresent
Dancing without legs, noisily
Comes to the fore we need more
So needy but can never exist
A home that has never been one
Regret a regret and be consumed.

Robert M Smith
Respect Others' Truths

Those beliefs in our harbour
Sent by ships loaded with myths
Unloaded into receptive minds.

Grains of hope handed by others
Hopes that they have received
Making life tolerable and meaningful.

All faiths deserve respect...
There is not one superior to another
All adopted from sources of other minds.

Those who have no faith must also be respected
For they are not convinced of others' truths.
The world of harmony is only possible with respect.

Robert M Smith
Romantic Accords

Relationships have their own territories. Each to their own, attempting bilateral accords, romantically.

Consensual relations are fine, you understand. Familial extensions cause problems when trouble arises.

The familiar legal discourse runs its course. Always in a legal setting; formality fixed.

Each party resets their paths, moving from accord to disharmony.

Robert M Smith
Row, Row, Everyday

Rest assured
The shore is
So far away.

The oars row
Worn, flagging
Row, row today.

No respite near
We hear our fear
Never near!

Our cries unheard
Silenced by birds
Row, row, everyday.

Robert M Smith
Say What We Say And No More

What can we say?
The rules are changing
Day by day.

Political correctness
Knows it all. We will
Tell you fools.

Observe and listen closely.
Say what We say and no
More!

This way we will march word
By word out of a Dystopian
Nightmare.

Robert M Smith
Mutually dependent, the seed becomes life and life the seed.

From ephemeral to ephemeral life subsists until the end.

Our shadow over the Earth as a species is large, not everlasting.

Sitting two hundred millennia from our beginning, we feel secure.

This is the nature of occupation of Earth but the Earth spins on spin.

We have no control over our orb that has no mind of its own.

We are less secure spinning in our allotted space than the Earth.

The Earth evolved from the Big Bang has existed for eons, we as humans a millisecond.

Robert M Smith
Self-Proclaimed

Self-proclaimed…
read his awards
hanging naked
on an ouija board.

A man of furtive
features like no
other creature.
Not even Jekyll
and Hyde.

Self-proclaimed…
featured in his
mind as distinguished;
others see a fool
sociopath.

Robert M Smith
Shooting The Stalker

Insane, thinking he was being stalked
Looked in a mirror
Seeing the culprit
Drew a gun
Fired.

Robert M Smith
Sleeping With Death

We slept with death
awoke with life
living a day
of our being.

Day after day!

Life and death in
the same breath
a depth of
existence,

So deep!

In the sea of being
we are all seeing
like fish in
the ocean.

Being just being!

What a commotion is
the ocean of waves
pounding our
shores.

Robert M Smith
Smothered In Envy

Shadowed by envy
They dig into greed
Throwing dirt behind.

A dog on the beach
Stops digging in sand
Even he cannot understand.

The filth that accumulates
Piled high, diggers on top
Slip ever so slowly
Into the holes they have dug.

Still feeling smug these mugs
Spread the dirt over their faces
Always outpaced by others
They are smothered in envy
Never stopping to think.

Robert M Smith
Snake Skins

Snakes shed many skins
What are they wearing
Now?

Robert M Smith
Snowflake To Snowman

One life no matter how illustrious is a snowflake that cannot make a snowman.

Robert M Smith
Soothing Or Inflammatory

Words granted from behind
They all stand in line
Waiting to express feelings.

Language, our tongue becomes
A path uncharted until started
Like a fire it can soothe or inflame.

Life without words would be lonely
As we would bark to please
Grant it a favour with flavour.

Robert M Smith
Source Of All Beginnings

The source of all beginnings
Has fusion that begins and ends
A life force threading its solution
An enigma finally resolved
Naturally handed to all.

Robert M Smith
Spread Over His Life

Spread over his life
Damage he has caused
And to himself.

Robert M Smith
Squawking At Each Other

Taught everything from created
Truths we become what they
Want us to be.

We are nothing but accommodating
That echo the megaphone
Rooted to our beginnings.

Is this what humans have evolved
Into parrots that squark
At each other?

Robert M Smith
Taking Our Freedom

In redemption we have exemption
To breathe out our guilty air...
Paired with jealousy, our fear.

Failure haunts the lost, shameful
An inflamed ego attacking itself
On fire the soul tries to inspire.

Life of enmity is not useful
Creating poison within, insidiously
Taking away freedom to be oneself.

Robert M Smith
Tears Must Flow

Wrapping tears in love
Feelings truly expressed
Heart-felt and believed.

Tears are the stairs held
When emotions takes a fall
Reeling, it seems so real.

Let every tear take its time
Life with emotion needs waves
To carry us to a safe shore.

Tears without fear stands high
We are human it cannot be denied
Let them flow for we must cry.

Robert M Smith
The Emptying Of Soul

Poetry empties the soul
so that its burden is
lighter, making room for
more.

Robert M Smith
9 May, 2019
-

Poetry a never-ending adventure,
leaves the mind alone, to fill
others with its essence.

Interpreted by unique minds it
flows uniquely like water in
the rivers of time.

Eternally, it appears out of
nothing to be aware, unfolding
like each day.

Robert M Smith
The Mind Decides

The decision is yours
You are judge and jury
Guilty or innocent?

The mind decides.
It may imprison or
release you.

Prosecuting and defending
we are capable of
anything.

Robert M Smith
The Sea Of We

Loneliness a hollow sound
Rebounds from stony silence
In the well we call life.

Loneliness conquered...
By the essence of another
Smothered with concern.

Into the well love fills
Each step a walk together
Beyond all hope forever.

Every sound rings, answered
Living life beyond expectations
Life saving in the sea of we.

Robert M Smith
Thoughts Thought

Thoughts bouncing.
Around, circularly
Incessantly!

We are our thoughts
Created in our
Minds.

Or, are we the mind
Of our thoughts
Thought?

Contemplating a world
Without thinking
Is that death?

Do you walk your mind
Or does it walk
You?

Start to question every
Thought, is that
Possible?

Robert M Smith
To Forget Is To Remember

To forget is to remember
That we have forgotten
A very positive sign.

To forget and not know
Is where memory
Has been affected negatively.

Memory is a strange creature
Pops up unexpectedly
And not at all.

Everything is there plant a seed
Germination will occur
Just be patient.

Robert M Smith
Today, Yesterday, Tomorrow

O those days of yesterday!
Days that slipped by.
Today, we look from afar
At all those that we borrowed.
The first always the worst
Crying as we arrive.

We soon take on Alive, hopefully
That we will derive unknown days.
Blissfully unaware they slip by.
Our days turn so smartly, lost.
Yesterday we cried incessantly
Today we do not recognise.

Tomorrow we will again borrow.
O those days of yesterday!
Singly and serially accosted.
Today is yesterday tomorrow
Tomorrow will be today's yesterday.
Days into nights just slipping by.

Robert M Smith
Two-Step In The Dark

Dance not upon a grave
it may be
yours.

A two-step in the dark
may feel like a
lark.

Until you fall into a
freshly dug
hole.

Robert M Smith
Unreality Is Sanctioned

To step off the edge of reality
One has the delight of sailing
Right to the bottom without knowing.

To be aware one has fear
That gravity is a fact
And we cannot rise above all situations.

With carefree elation and without tact
Those of uncontrolled thoughts jump
Assessed and graded they are fraught.

Those marching to their own drums are watched
Maybe, living life in both reality and unreality
No matter who we are we cannot live life without sanctions.

Robert M Smith
Wailing At Failure

The man hubristically inclined
Wiped a feverish brow every hour
Unable to accept defeat.

Ambitious beyond reason, so seasoned
In successes of life he was replete
Wiped his feet on failures.

No insight into failing, started wailing
Why has success failed itself?
There was no blaming himself.

Robert M Smith
We Wonder O We Wonder!

Wrapped in our own mysteries
Like Sherlock Holmes, pipe dreams
Seeking and sometimes discovering
Clues that lead nowhere.

Into the mazes of our lives
Never quite coming out
Hearing footsteps behind and in front
We wonder O we wonder!

Robert M Smith
What Is Behind

Poetry for me is engaging the mind to bring poems out of the mist.

Dedication produces an education in processing words never heard.

All I have learnt about life is in my poetry.

Poetry requires literacy and a gift that can be improved.

A poet cannot write like others he must develop his own style.

To gain the most benefit, a poet must be able to write at will, on any subject.

Take one word write around it, this extends the mind and amplifies what is behind.

Robert M Smith
Wings Of Thoughts

Soaring on the wings of thoughts
Life teaches emptiness
Reaching out we must touch night
Here we see our Milky Way
A lyrical girl dressed in white
Winking diamonds from afar
In thoughts we are able to see
What we are meant to be
Significant and insignificant
Inside our souls that fly.

Robert M Smith
Winter's Storm

There is no warmth
in winter's
storm.

Only the heart of
forlorn cold
inside.

Seasonal youth long gone
in summer's
days.

This season has prolonged
our misery
everyday.

Robert M Smith
Wored By Words

Dancing in Hades the flames of tomorrow
Where all souls are punished forever
Some laugh other cry but all on fire
This is where sinners go to retire.

There are believers and non-believers
All cast into the same hole by words
Words we have heard and whispered
Down below they must go, sent by words.

There is no appeal for words they are heard
Herded together in flocks squealing like pigs
When a word is worded it must be believed
For a word is that word it appears like fear.

Robert M Smith
Words Change How We Feel

Words can change our mood instantly, by being harsh or loving. Be careful how they are framed.

Words are the thoughts we all have. In our language talking to ourselves or to others. We can choose what words we use. Do not abuse our privilege.

Robert M Smith
Words Of Certainty

Those words of certainty
Carried by the wind
Spread to all corners.

Fertilizing minds, seeded
Sprouting absolutism
Shouting to the world!

So positively stated, underrated
Creating life in eternity
Where all is lost

Robert M Smith
Words To Be Spent Wisely

Words, the currency of life
Are there to be spent
Spend them wisely
Consequences flow.

Robert M Smith
World Of Make-Believe

So puerile, words flow, 
towing its mind behind.

As if the world is now
make-believe.

Fired by immaturity we see
nothing that we recognise.

Left to play in the garden
of mind echos childish babble.

Robert M Smith
Writing On The Winds Of Fame

To write on the winds of fame
A poet must never conform
Guided by talent...
Rises to meet others
As if they were echoing
Their own thoughts.

Robert M Smith