Robert Murray Smith
- poems -

Publication Date:
2020

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Robert Murray Smith()

I have been writing poetry since 2017.
A Fading Memory

Whisper softly in my ear,
let me know if you can hear.

As your memory fades day
by day I'm full of fear.

Do you still know that I
love you so much?

I'm still awaiting your
beautiful touch.

Shout if you so wish as
you are so missed.

All I seem to have left is
memories of your kisses.

Robert Murray Smith
A Hauntingly Evocative Word

Love is a hauntingly evocative word.  
Its essence flows over all endearingly.

Enfolding and caressing it glows brightly.  
Love is a word so joyously heard.

It is meaningfully clear making all aware.  
Love means love and in the mind stays.

True love is never lost and remains eternally.  
Being in love is witness to its power.

Robert Murray Smith
A Lonesome Black Shadow

So hard!

Loneliness has a lonely walk here
No one was ever going to be there
Existentially only one.

Naturally alone...

Looking above one albatross searching
A king Penquin walking in the snow
The dafodil hosts one bee.

One under the sun...

We are all one under the sun
Where would we find another one to glow
The Earth in the space of one.

Lonely sometimes...

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

Robert Murray Smith
A Noble Spirit

A noble spirit
Always flies
Towards the sun
It shines forever
Never undone
Magnanimity
Never needs pity.

Robert Murray Smith
A Poetic Soul

Life is a poem
In every poetic form
Imaginatively created
With unique images
A reminder to all
That poetry
Comes from the soul.

Robert Murray Smith
A Toll Too Soon

Sound not the bell that knells
Let the joy of music fill the air
We are here to light the pews
With everyone she knew.

Death follows life but let's sing
A toll too soon brings melancholy
Being out the tunes that we know
As everyone at some time must go.

Sound not the bell that knells
Greet the night of day with laughter
Sing loudly and joyously so all hear
Send our loved one to the hereafter.

Robert Murray Smith
Acceptance A Fortune

Let's be fulfilled by so little,  
than we feel it should be.

Fortune is not everything or nothing,  
it's a small piece of something.

Each uniquely finds a home to roam  
contented in their expectations.

We live more or less assuredly; life fits.  
Always it is the time that flits.

It's not what others see but we can lay  
down to sleep.

The poor and rich are enriched by what is  
theirs accepting their own entitlements.

Robert Murray Smith
Always Dry

He hung his wit
Out for all to see
It was always dry.

Robert Murray Smith
Attached Admission D Swain Troll

See attached admission.

Robert Murray Smith
Awarding Himself An Honorary Doctorate

Awarding himself
An honorary doctorate
He felt like an academic
Pondering his next paper
He read from the Daily Times
Here he learnt
Academics were on strike
So he refused to read anymore
Walked out the door
Ordered a plaque of bronze
Knowing always
He would be recognised.

Robert Murray Smith
Cage Of Disgrace

A belly full of booze
In a town of sombreros
A deserted desert frowned
There was no one he knew
Then on cue, good aye mate!
It was a parrot of colour
In the cage of disgrace.

Robert Murray Smith
Circle Of Dreams

In the circle of dreams they appeared
Flailing apparitions ready to dance
Untimed emptiness, filling space
A ghostly sight in the yellow moonlight
Like fireflies pulsating, a gravid scene
Delighting only night in a light nightgown
Going up, down, all around, unbound
Without sound, wispy wisps
Night began to be eaten by dawn
Then I finally yawned.

Robert Murray Smith
Crater Of Sorrows

There is no midnight in my heart
All time has moved onto tomorrow
Creating a crater for my sorrows.

Inside I'm alive but falling apart
I dont know where my heart belongs
When you see me I will always smile
Take me not at face value I'm a lie.

Robert Murray Smith
D Swain At It Again - Admitted Troll

Has admitted being
The main troll...attached
Wants to be reported.

Has again put obscene
Anonymous postings on my poems
Although warned off.

Readers please oblige
This unethical troll.

Robert Murray Smith
Definition Of Belief

Those that seek truth
Are their own definition
Of what they believe.

Robert Murray Smith
Dia\lling Our Life

Every dream has its reality
Disguised by clouds
Until the sun lifts.

Here we dial our life
Out comes our wishes
Yellow and bright.

We were right to dream
For our fulfillment is there
Waiting to appear.

Robert Murray Smith
Escaping Mundanity

Poetry reflects the ability to write anything at all. Inside his skin the poet lives. Always trying to escape mundanity.

Robert Murray Smith
Floating Bloated Words

Bloated words floating
In the Dead Sea lie moribund.

Never able to explain themselves
As floating bloated words.

Cannot communicate anything
Not even talk to themselves.

Merely a vision
Of what they could be if alive.

Robert Murray Smith
Hall Of Mirrors

Our autobiographical memory
Opens from within our minds
All feelings are there.

Even the fears that stare
Each page written in the past
As we read our chapters they fade.

A hall of mirrors getting reflections
Refracted light is not always clear
Wincing on recall, were we there at all?

Robert Murray Smith
Hang A Poem Off Another

To hang a poem
Off another
A great tribute.

Inspiration
Comes and goes
So quickly.

I can't tell
It to stay
Each day it frays.

Robert Murray Smith
Her Own Estimation

Refusing to be rated,
or underrated, she
lived in her own
estimation. Here
there was everything
that mattered.

Robert Murray Smith
I Told You So

The religious dance with hope
All others just live life
Each an opposite never meeting
Life is squared at the end
It's a pity they cannot meet
What laughs they could have
We would hear I told you so!

Robert Murray Smith
In Evolution's Shadow

In the shadow of evolution
Homo Sapiens came to life.

The first of the first
With slaked thirst burst.

A bubble that was derived
From unicellular to multicellular.

Not from imagination
Once man learnt to write.

Robert Murray Smith
Inside The Souls That Fly

Soaring on the wings of thoughts
Life teaches emptiness
Reaching out to touch night
Here we see the Milky Way
A flowing gown all white.

Winking diamonds, so far
In thoughts we are able to see
Whatever we are meant to be
Significant and insignificant
Inside the souls that fly.

Robert Murray Smith
Intelligent Discourse

Wasting words
To inform others
Who only smother
Intelligent discourse.

Like talking to a horse
Asking which way to go
They bellow and scream
As if they're in our dreams.

Robert Murray Smith
Jigsaw Of Life

Life is a jigsaw
Where pieces
Fit together.

Robert Murray Smith
Metamorphosised

Her life unfolded
Before her eyes
Assaulted, unrecognised.

Seeking justice
She was able to see
What a courtroom could be.

Attacked by the defence
They put her on the fence
Finality and sentencing.

Given back her momentum
Metamorphosised like a butterfly
She could finally fly.

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 sun all fun
Undressing every bough
Naked until spring
We can't wait.

Robert Murray Smith
Nature's Chords

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

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

It promises the day night
The night day
Turning all seasons.

Providing mankind's every need
Resourced from itself
When night became day.

Robert Murray Smith
No Wonder We Change Our Minds

No mind is settled
Always dynamic
An electrochemical dynamo.

Our cosmos
Firing in microseconds
Thousands of neurons.

Trillions of connections
Synaptic snaps creating
Every thought and action.

No wonder we change our minds.

Robert Murray Smith
Ode To Earth

the earth we salute you
our dot in space

nothing above or below
except other lonely dots

shined on by a bright sun
and a loon of a moon

from eons you came alone
pounded into submission

by asteroids red, explosive
molten flares

allowed your tears to pool
as seas

the whole world covered in
its entirety

allowing primitive life forms
to flourish and propagate

through earthquakes, ice, and
molten moulding

fauna and flora nurtured in
your kindly bosom

a home for the whole of nature,
finally man

held in spins on spin gravitational
pulls

your moulding never finished,
lava flows as you spin alone
all the while putting up with
desecration of your bounties

by creatures spawned from your
generosity

into the uncertain future you go

Robert Murray Smith
Popular Member No Poems #6

I hear the popularity
Of members has one
Who has no poems at all
Quite an achievement
To be #6
What does it say
About those
With thousands?

Robert Murray Smith
Real Not Fantastical

In amber we trust
To see so clearly
Evolution connected.

900 million years ago
Factual not based on faith
Real not fantastical.

A recent discovery
Shows a dinosaur skull
A small bird.

Linked to all before
And thereafter
Hummingbird size.

Reflected we see our history
Where we appeared in Africa
Some 200,000 years past.

Robert Murray Smith
Red Hat

The unreliable
Don't know.

Their modus operandi
Is to turn around.

Go in the other direction
As if they aren't noticed.

A red hat gives them away
They play the same way.

Not only today but everyday
Give them a miss!

Robert Murray Smith
Repast

Poets create feasts
To be consumed slowly
At any time of the day.

Robert Murray Smith
Rhythms Of Life

He ran his fingers through his hair
It felt as if it was still there
Fingering his mustache he contemplated
Life as a dead man reduced to a soul rated
By every religion he had not joined
What must he now do to be be a newly minted coin
Life and death are equally difficult he thought
We can't shop and think about what we have bought
Life presents itself so improbably
Death can be the same way more than likely
O well must head off to work for another day
Just as well I get paid today
The cycles we go thorough to move along
It is called the rhythms of life that belong.

Robert Murray Smith
Shadowland

Shadowland holding life
All our stored memories
The land that is past.

From second to second
Life inexorably goes
Like snowflakes melting.

Yet, accumulating icebergs
What we feel and see
Floating in our sea.

Above is our perceptions
Below is all life hidden
Never to arise only in surprise.

Our dreams in this shadowland
Appear then always they disappear
Life is but a shadow that is here.

Robert Murray Smith
Shouting and Whining

Shouting at the moon
He perspired with rage
Why are you smiling
When I’m enraged?

His hope shattered
The truth laid bare
Now it’s here
He started to whine.

Shouting and whining
His only remedy
We can only commiserate
When a fool lacks insight.

Robert Murray Smith
Slowly Devoured

Slave to my imagination
He cringes before my shadow
Not knowing what lies ahead
He scratches his head
Where to now as he bows
Slowly devoured he screams.

Robert Murray Smith
So Tired Of Acrostic Poems

A nother
C ry from the heart
R esist
O please do!
S o tired, yes I am
T o see another acrostic
I inked
C oming from you.

Robert Murray Smith
Solemn In Nowhere

Sand here, there, everywhere
A desert solemn in nowhere
From beneath the sea it came
As eons became its time claimed
In emptiness moved by the wind
A skull looks vacantly at its twin
So long ago death followed life
Scorpions run across a knife.

Robert Murray Smith
Spun In Time

Woven in time, spun into each life.

Silken time chimes for no one.

Has all within its grasp enfolding all.

In a web of its existence we all dance.

Without mercy it comes and goes.

Robert Murray Smith
Struck Down By Covid-19

They dream of creation
The creator of all dreams.

Struck down by COVID-19
Evolution grabs their throats
Choking the life out of them.

Their dreams now gone
Where do their gods belong
When evolution appears in reality.

Robert Murray Smith
Symptoms Covid-19, Colds And Flu

See the comparison below of all symptoms COVID-19, and colds and flu. Keep it handy.

Robert Murray Smith
The Improbability Of Being You

The improbability of you being starts with the Big Bang nearly 14 billion years ago.

No Big Bang nothing, you cannot disagree.

There is no mathematical equation leading to your being. We only have words.

The interplay of the Big Bang with Earth and your life cannot be imagined.

All we can say is that the sequences leading to you must have been unbroken. One link missing you would not exist.

If there was not the first unicellular cell in the primordial soup that evolved into multicellular cells, no human would exist. Evolutionary processes continued to the first of the first. Are we still evolving?

Any person missing in your genetic inheritance would not result in the unique you. Different from all others. Never ever to be replicated.

When we skip to the fusion of the egg that became you can we equate the improbability of your parents meeting? The improbability of millions of sperms and one entering the egg.

When we look at your mind and the billions of connections leading to your uniqueness, the improbabilities are clear.
The Song Of Being

Life sings the song of being
Here we all start seeing.

Whatever comes our way
Spending and consuming our days.

Reaching out for all to touch
Nothing appears to be too much.

Every flower has its colour to bloom
Until the night where it lies in gloom.

The brightness of life soon fades
Each day accumulated turns grey.

A life filled with music and song
When exposed to its end is not long.

Robert Murray Smith
The Worst Of The Worst

Murder is a crime of degrees  
But the most abominable offence  
Is murdering the English language.

Robert Murray Smith
Throwing Darts At The Cosmos

Imagination and theology
Go hand in hand to beyond
Wherever neurons dictate.

A chemical electric environment
Where nothing is stable
Trillions of connections firing.

Prophesying anything at all
This waterfall only a projection
Of thoughts created in the brain.

Never to be taken seriously
Except by that creative mind
Throwing darts at the cosmos.

Robert Murray Smith
True Poetic Excellence

The true essence of a poet is not to be boorish or egotistical. Repeating the same themes ad nauseam. A poet of excellence has many strings to his bow. Firing in different directions, with as much perfection that he can muster. Always thinking of his audience. Like the Bard using plain English as his shield. Only publishing his best confining others to the waste bin of his history.

Robert Murray Smith
Unique In Their Own Way

His family
Made fools look smart
Matching yellow bow ties
Pink polka dot trousers
The females black top hats
Dresses purple, yellow socks
None had been clowns
They lived in their own circus
He was not proud to belong
A professor of mathematics
Dressed like one should
He calculated his chances of birth
Had no mirth only shame
No one was to blame
All were unique in their own way.

Robert Murray Smith
Uplifting Myself

Here I'm here!
I know you hear
I will shout anyway.

To not write
Poems specifically
Only to express myself.

In any manner I choose
Its my discretion you see
To be uplifting to myself.

Robert Murray Smith
What If All Myths Are True

What if all myths are true?

That God created itself
From the minds of man.

What if all myths are true?

I love that Kupe fished up
The North Island of New Zealand.
As one of the Kiwi fishes I swam
With flippers when young.

Robert Murray Smith
Whispering Willows

Whispering willows
Anchored in time
Roots strong, bind.

Robert Murray Smith