

Poetry Series

Robert James Robinson
- poems -

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Robert James Robinson(1992-)

Hello I'm Robert James Robinson. I'm a Senior in High School right now and I plan to go into the field of psychology when I graduate. I often write many poems and lyrics to songs and play them on my piano. So please feel free to comment on any of my works!

A Dog's Mind

Can you see what I see?

My eyes are lined

In black and white

Can you hear what I hear?

My ears are twined

Always aligned

Can you taste what I taste?

My tongue is refined

More than a dime

Can you smell what I smell?

My nose is defined

Keep that in mind

Can you feel what I feel?

My body is confined

I've been left behind

□

□

□ Do you feel what I feel?

Robert James Robinson

A Fork In The Road

There is no right or wrong,
But how your life will prolong.
There is no superb or bad,
But only paths we choose to have.
There is no good nor evil,
But only moments of retrieval.

One thing is certain though:

I rather own my own cubicle,
Than have someone else own it for me.

Robert James Robinson

Clockwork Time

Tick tock
Tick tock,
The grandfather clock
Tries not to stop.

Time passes
All day long,
As the pendulum
Falls then crawls.

Gears inside
Turn and turn,
Passing life
As it shines.

When it stops
Please don't cry,
Someone will
Rewind the time.

Tick tock
Tick tock

Years go by
As it lies,
The rust builds up
Then time will die.

Robert James Robinson

Sunset Chills

Timeless day
In twilight blue
Wrapped in red
She never knew

All day long
Beside the tree
He never dreamed
She would leave

Always down
Yet never high
Above the hills
And beneath the sky

In this casket
She lies still
My spine is cold
I feel the chills

One eye open
In the sky
I blame myself
Asking why

Now I'm mourning
Stomach's turning
Sunset dawns
It's always burning

Yet so cold
And lifeless hope
Memories last
Until we go

Do not fret
This isn't much
We both knew
How much we loved

Robert James Robinson

The Jaguar

Greenish skies
Those hazel eyes
Don't you love
Those marble eyes?

Dressed in silk
The black garnet
The slyest cat
You ever met

Pricked with spots
Within its skin
The whiskers wander
His senses begin

The agile beast
Strides among trees
Strolling softly
Never making a peep

Animals gather
Around its sight
He dims his head
And prepares to fight

Riots start
Among the trees
Snake's all slither
And monkey's flee

All except
One young man
Intelligence conquers
His instinct scan

The panther waits
In feathered dressed
Then he leaps
And clings to his chest

Robert James Robinson

The Prosperities Of Golden Love

Shine on all,
This gold will fall.
From the sky,
It blinds my eyes.
This precious gold,
It glows in light.
In all its awe,
This gold is refined.
After all,
Love is Divine.

Robert James Robinson