

Poetry Series

Robert Murray Smith
- poems -

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Robert Murray Smith()

A Different Voice

When you are a poet, your
voice must distinguish
yourself from others.

Gather your poems from
what you see, or don't see.

Have a large garden of different
flowers. Makes life more interesting.

Robert Murray Smith

A Dram Of Hope

A dram of hope
Is drunk more sweetly
Than a cask of despair.

Robert Murray Smith

A Flash In My Time

Cremated, where art thou now?
Devoured in flames there are
no remains. Only grey ash to
remind me of your flash across
my time. Your images in my mind
are all that remind.

Robert Murray Smith

A Parasitic Species

Mankind a parasitic species
Occupying his host
Taking all and giving little.

Mother Earth's generosity unlimited
Providing all that man needs
Never complaining under his weight.

Under continuing desecration
The Earth is in freefall
Other species struggling to survive.

This parasite sucks until destruction
Already exploring the universe
To carry on living in the same manner.

Robert Murray Smith

Acceptance A Fortune

Let us be fulfilled by so little
Than we feel it should be.

Life is not everything or nothing
It's a small piece of something.

Each uniquely finds a place called home
Contentedly without extras, peacefully.

We live assuredly to make our lives
The best it can be.

Poor and rich are each enriched
Accepting what each has.

Envy has nothing in acceptance
What others have is their fortune.

Robert Murray Smith

Accepting Fate

those who rely on gods
from febrile imagination
would be well advised
to raise a white flag
bow to an aggressor
accept your fate

Robert Murray Smith

After Nothingness

Before something there was nothing.
We see this in religions.

Nothingness became myths, evolving
into innumerable religions.

Most disappeared, some stuck around
to endure.

Endurance has nothing to do with truth,
but everything to do with resilience.

Robert Murray Smith

Afterlife Choices

We chose to believe,
or not believe in a
religion. Belief is
governed by the parents
of a young child. The
power to chose is negated.
As adults we can make up
our own minds.

Should we stay with what was
chosen for us? If not, should
we look at other beliefs? The
power to chose is always there.

If we chose to not believe in
any religion at all, should we
be criticized or shunned? The
answer is self is
so because no religion is
compulsory. To believe or not
believe is discretionary.

For a religion that offers
rewards and punishments to
believe, or not believe says
everything about its teachings.

If a so-called god created everything,
including the brain of man, choice
is implicit. Exercising a choice
occurs everyday in all manner of things.

Those who believe in rewards and punishments
for a so-called soul are entitled to their
beliefs but should not look down on non-believers.
It must be remembered that they only believe
in their religion and not others.

Alone Living Life

Like a lonely grey ship
Upon a painted ocean
Even albatross avoided.

She wandered through life
Not touched by pity or love
Only nature was her salvation.

In nature she saw creatures alone
Here she could finally see
Their aloneness was meant to be.

Robert Murray Smith

Around The Sun

the nothingness, being, seeing
everything and nothing equally
as if it counts for anything

take an eye, a hand, wrapped
in totality, sparing nothing
gleefully laughing, crying

on an Earth spinning, spun
going around the sun in darkness
then the light appears, something

Robert Murray Smith

Art In My Heart

Art in my heart
Acts like a dart

Pinpointing targets
Exploding in colours

All stars are there
Waiting to stare

Lit by my brush
Coming in a rush

The canvas alive
Everything derived

Robert Murray Smith

As Seasons Go

In the autumn of her life
Tears fell like leaves

Crying for lost love
Casting a shadow without relief

Now winter descended so friendless
Compounding snow from icy breath

Like a lovebird lost
She was accosted by grief

In spring everything seemed bright
All light saw buds of life

Summer brought a new love
Everything seemed so right

The past now forgotten
As life winged on like a butterfly

Robert Murray Smith

As Twilight Meets Night

In the dimming light of twilight
Red and pink skies light with delight.

Sea meets sky in a horizontal equation
Enfolding light with night.

Shutters open to the cosmos
Exposing the beginning from its end.

Here is the moon so soon
Dancing silvery light upon the oceans.

All night long we see natural expressiveness
Then without warning the yawn of dawn.

Robert Murray Smith

At Ninety-Nine Such Is Life

At ninety-nine, I no longer pine for
a suitable mate of the female kind.
They have all been left behind.

I have a tan and white Jack Russell,
she like to snuggle, especially at
bedtime. I read her stories of when
I, too, was dog-tired.

I'm a Scotsman you know, and always
like a nip. Sophie, the dog, looks
on enviously, for a sip.

I'm no fool, but have been called
one many times. Don't you dare think
along similar lines.

You know I'm a poet, or at least,
think I'm. Don't be jealous, because
I'll soon be history.

At ninety-nine, I'm no soft touch. Get
these scam calls wanting to empty my
bank account. I go along with them for
ten minutes, and give them a false card
number. They come back wanting a real
number. Tel em I can't hear them I've
gone suddenly deaf.

Robert Murray Smith

Between Night And Day

There are spaces tonight
Between you and me.

Let's arrange moonlight
Around the stars to see.

Above and around us
Lives our spacious love.

From below we are so slow
To realise our love is now.

Now we can see our Milky Way
Showing us the way to go.

In starlight we shine always
Between night and day.

Robert Murray Smith

Boudoir Of Light

the lyrical girl dressed
in twilight

inside the boudoir of light
applying starlight

into her nightdress, diaphonous,
so milky white

parading her wares in the rapacious
night

charming in the arms of the Milky
Way

Robert Murray Smith

Bowl Of Creation

Creation sings sweetly to growth
Everything needs coaxing with hope
All of nature has its time.

In time the folds of time unfold
Letting all we see come alive
From a daffodil to you and me.

Look down from the mountains to the sea
We see nature singing its song
Everything wants to belong for its time.

Listen to the chime its so appealing
In the bowl of creation revealing
All is displayed to be.

Robert Murray Smith

Brain/ Mind Interactions

To be comforted by another,
including an imagined god,
the mind accepts our feelings,
making itself accommodating.

This state of mind tells itself,
all is now good in our world. Thus
accepting what the mind feels. This
state of delusion is now complete

Prayers from our mind to an invented god,
is another example of the delusionary mind.
Here we think to ourselves and form a prayer.
Lo and behold we receive an answer from the
mind to itself. Deluding ourselves it comes
from the spirit world.

Anything we do is the mind/ brain interacting
with itself.

Robert Murray Smith

Bringing Unreal Dreams

Designed in their minds
A new country, a new time
Days to fill all tomorrows.

On ships of hope they left
Empty suitcases of the past
Bringing unreal dreams.

Upon oceans of spent sorrows
To countries unknown
Throwing a loaded dice.

It seems that they were gambling
On the roulette wheel of life
Money sewn in overcoat.

Hoping to impregnate their futures
Sailing on and on in ocean winds
Berthed on strange docks looking ahead.

Robert Murray Smith

Burn, Burn

to beat the worm
we must burn, burn
churning above
into stardust

Robert Murray Smith

Burnt Into His Reality

Take an idea, bathe it
with imagination, let
it stew.

Soon, we see what can
happen spontaneously.

Spreading like wildfire,
burns into his reality,
as if it's true.

Robert Murray Smith

Cancer Gives Life Meaning

Cancer gives meaning to life
In its absence we wander
As if this is our destiny.

Woken from our apathy we awake
To an unknown morrow, borrowed
From time we get a broken rhythm.

Cancer takes and gives in equal measure
Defining existence it's persistent
An echo each day that is relayed.

Robert Murray Smith

Casting Dreams

Cast dreams beyond hope
Woven out of imagination.

Spinning out of unreality
Forming, dressed by optimism.

Arriving fully formed
Aimed at all ceilings of beyond.

Dreams cast last
Through our nights until dawn.

Robert Murray Smith

Catching Dreams

To climb upon a starlight night
Against a blackened sky
Here the air is fresh, so clean
Taking a net casting outwards
Catching all dreams it seems
Moving up thins the air
Breath catches up, unaware
As we breathe in the beautiful stars
Reassessing we glance down, darkness
A shooting star crosses the night
Sitting down we will stay tonight.

Robert Murray Smith

Chemoelectrical Upstarts

an imagined god needs no thanks
its like thanking earth for being
locked into position by gravity
in the Milky Way, being a galaxy

thank only your lucky stars
arriving as an improbable
from the very beginning of time itself
boosted by the Big Bang

thank no imagined gods out of man's mind
a projection on the screen of universes
making a mockery and being so perverse
lighting up minds of chemoelectrical upstarts

Robert Murray Smith

Circle Of Dreams

Into the circle of dreams they came
Flailing apparitions ready to dance
In untamed emptiness
A ghostly sight in moonlight
Firefly-like turned inside out

Dancing lights of night
Delighting night in her nightgown
Going up and down all around
Pinpoint pointing, pulsating
Wispy wisps

As night was eaten by dawn
Where did they go?

Robert Murray Smith

Clearing The Way Everyday

to believe in something
isn't better than nothing
as nothing is far from something
take a belief and have it tested
just like a virus it can be stained
showing how inane it can be

a belief like an autumn leaf
falls from someone else's tree
asking you to take it at face value
it knows how gullible you really are
accepting what others have written
changing what hitherto was empty

filling the mind with ballast
means that as a ship on the ocean
your life will have the meaning others' say
pray, pray. everyday you are told
then you will be saved by others' foreboding
transported to their fantasy by an invented soul
to believe in nothing clears the way everyday

Robert Murray Smith

Clinging To Others' Thoughts

Nothing came and conquered
space resulting in the human
race. Those less knowledgeable
than scientists, cling to others'
thoughts, as they were their own.

Robert Murray Smith

Clockface

To look into the eyes
of another, we see
only a clockface.
All the ticking goes
on inside.

Robert Murray Smith

Coexistence

When will you know the beauty
of life in full sight? A
dragonfly whizzes by, helicopter
like. From three hundred millions
years, to now, in our hour. Darting
to and fro for all to see. The birds
in daily tasks to be seen by you and
me. Look, a little blue wren rushing
through the sky today. Even a little
brown rat scurrying home to rest. All
creatures are here with you and me.
Respect each, coexisting to be.

Robert Murray Smith

Convicted By Others

naked in his ignorance
no matter his education
exposing all that he has

naked in his ignorance
he sings only songs he knows
without the proper melodies

naked in his ignorance
laughs without any convictions
yet is convicted by others

Robert Murray Smith

Crab Like

framed by a framer
she was a blamer
for all the ills
she suffered

every image she winced
trying to catch him
in her pincers
crab like, crawling

words were her heaven
and hell, where she
rebelled, trying hard
to take him down

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 don't know where my heart belongs
When you see me I will always smile.

Take me not at face value I'm a lie
Life is where we hide when we cry
I'm living inside, this I can't deny.

Robert Murray Smith

Cruel Hands

satisfied with their own knowledge,
so certain that only they know

antivaxxers, the new religion has
them as their own gods

omnipotent, they hold their children's
lives in cruel hands

Robert Murray Smith

Crushed Orange Moon

Crushed orange moon,
have you come too soon?

Spreading light on day, after
night.

Seeking out the sun, after day
has begun.

Hold your colour for the delight
of night.

When you crush orange light for
our sight.

Robert Murray Smith

Cursed By Reversals

Success and failure is one,
always leading to the other.

One smothers the other no matter
its grace.

The human race will always be
faced with its antithesis.

Cursed by reversals a positive
may turn into a negative.

Robert Murray Smith

Dancing With Abel

a smidgen of religion
is more than enough
to turn a gruff voice
into one you've never heard
continuing like an angel
he became a fable
dancing on a table
with Abel

Robert Murray Smith

Dancing With Poetry

Poetry chose me
I had no choice
but to dance.

Waltzing, we
became one, in
love forever.

Each time we
danced, it was a
chance to look
into her eyes.

Robert Murray Smith

Dark Side Of Moon

The moon expresses sorrow
For the dawning morrow
Denying herself reflection.

Rejection behind covered clouds
Here she finds solace and is not proud
Living unsmiling in her dark side.

Tomorrow her night will be recharged
Boosting her hidden light, enlarged
Awaiting her moonlight gown.

Robert Murray Smith

Days Of Old

to have run past
those days of old
we know suffering

arising in fields
of golden daffodils
seeing dancing yellow

luxuriating in blue skies
our past seems so far away
as we greet each fine day

Robert Murray Smith

Down Came The Shutters

Down came the shutters
On came a light, at twilight
Whisky in his shaky hand.

He did not understand
Why he was alone
His cat walked by
And he talked all night.

Robert Murray Smith

Dying Of Battle Wounds

Dying of battle wounds
He screamed why?

It was not that he sinned
To die we must not ask why.

It's the fate of all
As death is inevitable.

After you arrive you must go
Slowly or quickly only you know.

Robert Murray Smith

Effortless Victory

Death you take the breath away
The same every second, everyday
Claiming your victory effortlessly.

Denying none and taking all
Without malice or hubris we must fall
There is no blame for it's your right.

Death you are here to spread your fear
When you are near we tremble with fright
Please I beg you to not take me tonight.

Robert Murray Smith

Emitting Light In Darkness

A poet an unusual occupation
Self-proclaimed not looking for fame
Refuses to be retrained
Sees beyond, beyond in wonder
Sees all, even nothingness
Creates amalgamating words
Sees unique insights to be forthright
Brightens up the twilight
Imagines dawn as the new day is born
Giving life meaning when asked
Grabbing images from everywhere
Sending them forth like a firefly
Emitting light in dark caverns

Robert Murray Smith

Empty Poem

An empty poem
Leaves all
To imagination

Filling it out
Like a red balloon

Soon to float
Ever so lightly
In the air

Robert Murray Smith

Enlightenment

enlightened by knowledge
we see the light
beckoning us onwards

tracing the paths we take
it is ours, and our stake
the future will not be a mistake

knowledge is the power that endows
whomsoever it touches, even lightly
take it from wherever it resides

Robert Murray Smith

Explaining Ignorance

God is only a word
Often heard
Dreamed up over time.

There have been so many
We forget what has been
Even a cat god, indeed!

From the beginning
It came to explain ignorance
Today, still extant.

Robert Murray Smith

Expressing Sorrow

The moon expresses sorrow
For all those dawning tomorrows
Denying seeing herself in the sea.

Here silvery light she can be
From shore to the horizon
Ripples dancing lightly at night.

Putting on different gowns
Her favourite by far diamantes
Showing sparkles on those nights.

Robert Murray Smith

Fiefdom Of Chance

We all live in brains.
Dressed by overlays.
Some pretty others so, so.

You are your mind and it's you.
Are you aware, or ive its illusion?
Each moment, youre brain in charge.

Whose will is it, that is dominant?
It's you the brain that reigns.
In the fiefdom of chance.

Robert Murray Smith

Finally Bankrupt

To lose interest
Is the story told
In any endeavour.

We find bad weather
Spending our lives
Finally, we are bankrupt.

Does interest lose us
Or are we a sum of attention
That is burnt by loss?

Robert Murray Smith

From Scratch A Match

no one can start from scratch
our memories chase an itch
no matter where we started

no one can start from scratch
from under our thatches, matches
waiting for a dispatch

no one can start from scratch
we are computed to enlist the past
it will always last

Robert Murray Smith

From The Eye Of The Storm

From the eye of the storm
I was carried to be reborn.

Wild winds carried me away
Nothing here for me to stay.

Now alive in a new world
Everything thrilling, a whirl.

Life is neither sad or merry
There is now no need to be teary.

Robert Murray Smith

Frontispiece

Look inside for the real
person. The visage hides
what others cannot see.

Old and weathered, or young
and attractive, whatever,
we see, do not believe.

Hiding in the mainly water
and fat mind are connections
that are hidden. Only by knowing
that frontispiece can we truly know.

Robert Murray Smith

Fulfillment

Let us be fulfilled by so little
that we really need to be.

Life is not everything or nothing.
It is a small piece of something.

Each uniquely finds a place that we
call home, to be the best we can be.

It may be nothing others see but it
means everything.

Fulfillment is what each of us have
inside our minds.

Robert Murray Smith

Full Steam Ahead

greed entices fate
to cooperate
early or late

without any debate
to give more
than a shitload

without any effort
or luck
making its deposit

so that life
turns on its head
full steam ahead

Robert Murray Smith

Full To Life

When most of life is gone, what's
left seems to be woebegone.

Unless we look at the stars above,
here we can see what's meant to be.

As creations we are full to life that
shine momentarily, then disappear.

Robert Murray Smith

Gall Of Man

what gall man has
to believe that only he
has a special place on Earth

that he is destined
for an afterlife
provided he believes others

a heaven, bodiless, brainless
communicating with amorphous souls
and maybe playing bowls

Robert Murray Smith

Golden Gown

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

Here Comes Christmas

Here comes Christmas
The same each year
Bringing good cheer.

Here comes Christmas
A golden time
Do you hear the chime?

Here comes Christmas
Every child has wished
Opening presents, its time!

Robert Murray Smith

Here Is Reality

to hear the truth is hard
but to deny it is stupidity

clear the mind of its delusions
seeing reality like a clear stream

see a face, yours, reflected
here is your reality

Robert Murray Smith

Human Trace

to be a nationality
we trivialize our beginnings
as humans we are the same
to add a name
we detract from our sameness
identifying as a race
negates the human trace.

Robert Murray Smith

Ignorance

Ignorance
has no qualms
Opens its palms
Holds all knowledge
Founts of imagination
Knows best.

Robert Murray Smith

Ignorance Creates Racism

The human story began in Africa, some 200,000 years ago. Yes, our ancestors are African. Looking at societies today, you would never know.

Racism is rife everywhere. It is not just a caucasian problem. It seems that as mankind spread across the world, tribes became fearful of those they didn't know. Other tribes were to be looked on with suspicion. Different languages and customs.

Racism became embedded right up to the present. Skin colour of all humans was originally black and changed over time to colours suited to the climate.

It was, and is, ignorance that creates racism.

Robert Murray Smith

Illusion Within An Illusion

creating his own success
it looked so real
a master of his own promotion
he expected everyone's devotion

an illusion within an illusion
like a magician with all the tricks
an admiral amongst his directors
he sailed through every storm

a competent writer producing books
shoring up his trip into delusion
at the end he was insubstantial
deceiving and unprincipled

Robert Murray Smith

Ilusory Time

time feels illusory
in youth only the old get old
by middle age being old is far away

when we reach old age we are not deluded
the years remaining fly so fast
we wonder whether we will last

Robert Murray Smith

Imaginative Words

No modern poet created words like Shakespeare.

The Bard created over 1700. Many are used today.

English used words from other languages. As with all tongues, words appeared incrementally.

For example, god, devil, faith. All invented words. Such words, give meaning to imagination.

Robert Murray Smith

Impressed On Life

The bench mark is indelibly you
Impressed on life, stamped.

Uniquely formed from afar
In your brilliance a star.

Never wonder or compare
You are here.

Robert Murray Smith

In A Trillionth Of A Second

13.8 billion years ago
in a trillionth of a second
the Big Bang

in a trillionth of a second
the Big Bang exploded, inwards, outwards
creating humans, 200 millenia past
on a distant Earth

before the Big Bang there were no gods
waiting to become, once sapiens learnt to speak
creating myths and recorded once writing existed

Robert Murray Smith

Inside Life

inside life is rectitude
unaligned to heaven's sent
here we find what is given
wanting more but getting less

inside life is belonging
where all we know, surrounds
knowing more we get less
never resting, reaching beyond

inside life there is much sorrow
touching just touching happiness
all our senses know what we see
looking beyond ourselves above

Robert Murray Smith

Intergenerational Trauma

Parents behaving badly
in front of their children,
create lifelong misery.

Are they aware, that their
own fears are transferred?
Creating behavioural problems
that are intergenerational.

Those who take drugs, especially
alcohol, are the worst offenders.
Education at school level is the
only answer.

Robert Murray Smith

Island Dreams

We have painted the oceans
of our dreams in sailing ships.

Masters of our destiny, steered
by the stars. Riding every wave.

Going past despair and laughter.

Arriving at an Island shore, unsure.

Robert Murray Smith

Kingdom Of Chance

We want to live we don't
want to die.

Our wishes are futile in
the Kingdom of Chance.

Dancing to an unknown tune.
Is it morning, afternoon?

For some it's already midnight.
At dawn, others' mourn.

Robert Murray Smith

Kiss Every Word

When poetry is barely enough
Think of your loved ones
Imagine how they would react
When you are sick and bereft
Light the way with expressiveness
Kiss Every word.

Robert Murray Smith

Last Breath

To contemplate one's death
Is like imagining nothing
Having been and gone
So long into eternity.

Death speaks all languages
It denies no tongue
Waiting for all to succumb
Wherever lives live death comes.

To have come silently getting air
Here is a new life we are aware
How long to the last breath?

Robert Murray Smith

Last Human

the last human
thought nothing
of invented gods

she had a last meal
and jumped

Robert Murray Smith

Last Of The Last

Time and space gifted the human race.
from the beginning there was nothing.

Evolution through its pollution drove
a single cell, to propel apes apace.

Finally, sapiens some two hundred millennia
past, the last of the last.

Intact, a fact that we now witness until
further evolution.

Robert Murray Smith

Leapfrogging Seasons

There is no youth in winter's eye
Old, clouded and stigmatised.

Let us into spring where we sing
To all budding things.

Leaping into summer is fun and sun
Bright azure skies and turquoise seas.

Let the fall creep out her dried leaves
Burnt alive for winter's gloom.

Robert Murray Smith

Leaving Nothing Behind

we're leaving this old town behind
it's not blowin to win
we've had its fun by the ton
there will be wagging tongues we know
but we've to blow

leaving nothing behind we will be fine
the beer is the same everywhere
can we leave any memories
I suppose we will know sometime
don't look behind there's nothing to see

we want to be free on our climbing tree
the world has given us this chance
boy will will we dance
our future seems a rosy picture
we won't regret our move into another groove

Robert Murray Smith

Let Us Know Your Learning

let us know your learning
all about earning a place
in the fiery inferno

opposed to the place above
tell us ignoramuses
what you know

do those of the underworld
have a jig and a dance
or are they too advanced

what about the cremated
are they elated
that they're already there

Robert Murray Smith

Lie Hoping By Repetition To Be A Fact

A fact is a fact, steadfast,
and lives a long life.

A lie comes from imagination,
hoping by repetition to be a
fact.

To distinguish one from the other
is sometimes difficult. Fact checking
is the shield we must hold.

Robert Murray Smith

Life Is Life

life is life it means something
it's not to be given up on
even the last breath

in its finality life is lived
even in palliative care we are here
as we are meant to be

never give up not knowing what to do
life is yours until the final shore
resist wasting what's left

Robert Murray Smith

Life's Expenditure

There's no interest
On life's expenditure
Living day by day.

The Bank Of Life
Has its tellers
Shuffling hope.

Emptied of its currency
Nothing to lend or spend
Just an artifice.

Accumulated days compounded
Just living the penultimate
Leaving yesterday's transactions.

Robert Murray 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 night day
And the day night
Turning each season.

Providing mankind all resources
From time past time
Becoming light from darkness.

Robert Murray Smith

Like A Dead Fish

like a waterfall
poems tumble down
pool at the bottom

washed out to sea
poetry in motion
sadly no lifebuoy

some are washed ashore
eyes picked out
lie like a dead fish

Robert Murray Smith

Links In The Human Chain

No human is without
a relation. From the
first we joined the chain
linked.

Coming from Africa some
two hundred millennia past.
Our skin and cultures changed.

As humans our physiology remains
constant. Otherwise we would
not be human.

To be racist, hear this, you
are ignorant! All lives matter,
none more so than yours.

Robert Murray Smith

Lit And Unlit

Success and failure
Are like a firefly
Sometimes lit and unlit.

Pulsating through life
We also achieve and fail
This is how life proceeds.

Everyone has lifted a rose
Sometimes it is perfumed
Other times none.

If one were always successful
It would mean very little
Failure is inevitable.

Robert Murray Smith

Live Without Hate And Despair

We must forgive everyone
who directs their enmity
against us. For they know
what they do. However, they
do not understand how it
affects their minds. It stays
inside creating unrest. Eventually,
they will be destroyed by their
own actions. Forgiveness, releases
the victims from hate and despair.
Forgive and learn to be without
destruction of oneself.

Robert Murray Smith

Living A Rational Life

To be rational one lives
Without thoughts of fantasies
Designed by others.

To be rational one knows
We are born to die
Without hope of resurrection.

To be rational one is happy
To live a rich life
Entirely in the hands of fate.

Robert Murray Smith

Living In Darkness

In the beginning
No light or darkness
Nothing.

From nothing
(13.8 billion years ago)
The Big Bang
Everything.

The cosmos
Universes unknown
Began.

Earth, a firey ball
(4.54 billion years ago)
Formed lifeless.

Fixed by gravity
Spun continuously
From its beginning.

One sun and moon
Earth came fortuitously
From the beginning.

Molten lava, ice ages
Bombarded by meteorites
Oceans filled.

After billions of years
Fauna and flora formed
from nothing into something.

No gods invented by man
On hand only natural processes
Overtime they chimed.

Some 200 millennia past
Sapiens hit their strides

Still no gods, until language,
later, writing.

Only then a pen imagined
What was unimaginable
Gods were invented.

Robert Murray Smith

Living In Minds

All the Gods living in human minds
Believe that they are divine.

Each uniquely belongs to believers
There is no one like the sun.

Raised as Gods they are spun
Coming only from ancient minds.

They are in scriptures, pictured
Different to others, not brothers.

Robert Murray Smith

Living Out Its Days

Every flower is important
It has its time to be
Opening to the day.

Every flower is important
In colourful wealth
Facing the sky.

Every flower is important
No matter its origins
It has its own horizons.

Every flower is important
It has a life that's full
Living out its days.

Robert Murray Smith

Locking In The Morrow

Don't ever expect
Yesterday to be today
When all days departed
Have been outsmarted
By its time chimed.

Yesterday has passed
Into the eternal past
It remains in the mind
Only if we look behind
Very little will we find.

Today was tomorrow yesterday
It, too, is only borrowed
When we lock in the morrow
Time overcomes time
Every microsecond goes past.

Robert Murray Smith

Lockstep With Death

lockstep with death
from the time of birth

lockstep with death
it's the way we step

lockstep with death
each and everyone left

Robert Murray Smith

Longingly Waiting

wafting like a feather
his thoughts, so light
fell to remind him
that his love was there
waiting, longingly,
for his caress

Robert Murray Smith

Look Outside

Only the asinine wrap themselves
around a a design, that has one
as the destination. Lacking true
imagination they look only to a number,
a colourless flag of convenience. Life
is not about being first or last. It
is a blast of colours that can be seen
in the myriad flows of the natural world.
Where we can look with amazement at the
poetry we can perceive and live in.

Robert Murray Smith

Love Me In Ink

write me a love letter
that shines like stars

you are my universe
yet we are verses apart

love me in ink
telling me what you think

send me a real letter
that I can keep

Robert Murray Smith

Love Your Nation

an old man so lucky to be
with life's experience
holds the nation's soul
soothing its disharmony

a smile is so refreshing
lifting the nation's sadness
when so much has been squandered

a grandfatherly hug so welcome
bringing what no tycoon can
love your nation it's yours

Robert Murray Smith

Manipulating Light

He will never be popular
by looking at his own face
in a giant mirror. No one
can see the same reflection.
Even the sun smiles, as he
manipulates the light to shine
on his poems.

Robert Murray Smith

Mask Of Civility

The mask of civility
Is soon lifted
To reveal darkness.

Robert Murray Smith

Meet Your Ancestors

From the smallest insect,
to the largest animal, everyone
was created by evolution. Just as
each human. Meet your ancestors
at the beginning, unicellular to
multicellular. To think otherwise
shows ignorance.

Robert Murray Smith

Memories Full Of Pictures

At ninety-nine years, I'm still here
i have no tears, or fears.

None of my peers remain in my lane
They're all out of the game.

Give me a scotch, I'm on top
Not underground moving worms around.

Another scotch and I will do hopscotch
Jealous of none, I'm going very soon.

Let my years wasted, remain behind
I've no god to see because I'm blind.

Blind to all those scriptures full of riches
Give me only memories full of pictures.

Robert Murray Smith

Mind Teaches Itself

The mind teaches itself everything we know. Teachers give guidance. The mind assimilates the knowledge. Pulsating neuronically, chemical and electrical messengers, retain, or don't retain what's imputed. Memory must be reinforced. A powerful life event is never forgotten. Memories of lesser events and knowledge disappear.

Robert Murray Smith

Mind's Pull

Life streams in all directions
Taking us uniquely on our paths
Sometimes it feels like the same game.

Walking the same roads, unprepared
Seeing the same films
Only we walk and see our own confusion.

Experiencing life in our heads
Can we ever be inside another's mind
Uniqueness lies in the mind's pull.

Robert Murray Smith

Misfortunates On Parade

those who seek the earth
often times end up in dirt

unable to wipe it away
are misfortunates on parade

once more fortunate
failed to learn, until too late

Robert Murray Smith

Moon Dance

shimmering light dances
this moonlit night
every ray shows the way

moonlit dance until dawn
as if the night was reborn
sparkling beams of light delight

a spell in midnight's knell
dance O light all night
speaking to its ungodly creation

Robert Murray Smith

Mystical Sea Of Mind

Mystical sea of mind
Let me swim with black pearls
Tied to ruby orbs
Galaxy starred.

Mystical floods of mind
Flow into parched rivulets
So dry in days of need
Allowing all seeds to grow.

Mystical floods of mind
Oxygenated infusions of perfusion
Bursting into neurons
Prolonging all thoughts
Until they flow freely.

Robert Murray Smith

Nature's Chords

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

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

It promises the day night
Night day
Turning all seasons.

Providing mankind every need
Resourced from itself
For everyday and night.

Robert Murray Smith

No One Is Born Equal

No one is ever born equal,
even in the same family.

Taking our first breath we
are already uniquely different.

Different genes, potential, and
familial circumstances.

Robert Murray Smith

Not Like Those Other Mugs

A belief is not only a belief
It is the foundation stone of life
Building everything we can see.

A belief is not only a belief
Action is needed to correct others
A mother of all actions gets reactions.

A belief is not only a belief
It gives all some sort of relief
Feeling smug not like those other mugs.

Robert Murray Smith

Not The One

We must give due respect
to every god dreamed up
over time. Those gods
captivated billions of
minds. From cat gods to
the sun, each and everyone
was fervently believed. We
cannot isolate beliefs and
say they are not the one.

Robert Murray Smith

Nothing Is Nailed Down

those who espouse the truth
live breezily without a roof
nothing is nailed down

expecting all to know its meaning
in their lean-to they're beaming
nothing is nothing without the truth

are they just having a laugh, or are daft
we can only guess but my bet is the latter
chattering fools looking skywards

Robert Murray Smith

Nothingness

Nothing begat nothing
Until the Big Bang
When it begat everything
And thousands of gods
Occupying our minds.

Robert Murray Smith

Ode To Earth

Earth we salute you our blue
dot in space

unannounced from afar, spinning,
spun,

nothing above or below a deathly
silence in the blue glow

shined on by a bright sun and loon
of a moon

from eons you came pounded into
submission by asteroids red, molten
flares

all the while forming through
volcanic eruptions, earthquakes,
ice, molten mouldings

your work never finished as lava
flows

allowing your tears to flow, oceans,
giving life below

propagating fauna and flora, from
whence they came only you know

home for the whole of nature,
prehistoric creatures so weird and
wonderful

finally, in Africa, the last of your
wonders, Man, some 200,000 years ago

providing all that your creations need
without complaint

spawned from your generosity man is so
underhand, polluting and desecrating
your creations

never resting into your uncertain future
you go.

Robert Murray Smith

Only A Word

no man is infallible
and has no right to claim

man is no more than human
with no cloak of omnipotence

infallibility cannot be given
it is only a word without power

Robert Murray Smith

Opening Nature's Door

When a man continually carps
We all know he distorts life
Becoming what he need not be.

We all feel badly about a carper
He paints a grey world
Where there is no sunshine.

His happiness remains to be restored
By opening the door to nature
And breathing in its equanimity.

Robert Murray Smith

Outside Or Inside

the ignorant
have no remorse
for their beliefs

like flowers
they collect
and proudly display

outside or inside
they feel contented
and always die peacefully

Robert Murray Smith

Painting Hung On Night

In the coursing of twilight
Multicoloured skies
Envelop the hope of the morrow.

Blue sea meets the horizon
Seagulls following wings
Night unfolds darkening all.

Shutters open to the stars
Pinpoints of light delight
In comes the luna phase.

Slivers of sparkle light the seas
Painting delights hung on night.

Robert Murray Smith

Papering Over Cracks

those who know don't want to know
those who don't would want to
neither are better off, nor am I

personal information should remain
it has little relevance
in a world so hungry

hungry for information to criticize
eating alive fuelled by facts
no wonder we paper over cracks

Robert Murray Smith

Pen Picture

a brain lit
by others'
thoughts

like a light
lit by
the sun

thoughtless
as the light
disappears

Robert Murray Smith

Perpetuating The Species

Love speaks its destiny
Activated by nature
To perpetuate the species.

Feelings are the propellant
Activating nature's purpose
What are we but mammals?

Suckering our young
Protecting our family
Growing purposefully to death.

Robert Murray Smith

Popularity Of Poets On Poemhunter

Popularity of Poets on poemhunter, represents the IPs reading a poem.

It does not depend on the number of accounts held by a poet.

Certainly, it can't represent pressing your own computer button.

I have unfairly, been defamed by some, who think my #1 ranking depends on purported other accounts.

I hold only one in my name.

Robert Murray Smith

Poverty Lives Impoverished

Poverty lives impoverished
Resources, spirit, love
Denied it lives infamously.

Poverty lives impoverished
Wherever it exists
Denying a satisfying life.

Poverty lives impoverished
Embedded hard to shift
A dying flame that flickers.

Robert Murray Smith

Prophets Of Destruction

Never take that road
It leads to certain destruction
Swallowing what criminals' produce.

They're all about profit being prophets
Pocketing money, serving self-harming
Do they care? Of course not, be aware!

Snared like fools meeting at pool halls
Young and arrogant, some playing truant
What fun, swallowing, just like a dill.

Robert Murray Smith

Pygmy Possums

The pygmy possum's habitat on Kangaroo Island, South Australia, suffered devastating fires a year ago.

It was feared that they were all destroyed. Fortunately, a small number have survived.

One of the smallest possums in the world. They mainly feed on nectar and berries from native trees.

Robert Murray Smith

Rage Not At Death

rage not at death
although bereft
remember life's song
to only you it belongs

rage not at death
it was the end of a song
it never belonged to you
you will miss those you knew

rage not at death
yours will come to caress
like all others
it will be for the best

Robert Murray Smith

Reality Of Who We Are

The reality of who we are
is in the brain, under a
layer of fat, and mainly water.
Directed by synapses, firing by
electrical chemical interactions.

Scary isn't it?

Robert Murray Smith

Refugee

The war came to her
She had to move on.

Belongings on her back
Child holding her hand.

Into a refugee camp
With others like her.

Desperation was her hope
No one seemed to care.

Robert Murray Smith

Repression By Any Means

Autocrats sustain power
By feeding misinformation
To their home audience.

Keeping the shades down
Let's only their light in
Shadows play on minds.

As a form of government
It is an exemplar
Of repression by any means.

Robert Murray Smith

Romantic Accords

relationships come with their own
territories

each to their own, attempting
bilateral accords, romantically

consensual relations are fine, you
understand, familial extensions

when trouble arises, we see problematic
intercourse

resulting in the familiar legal discourse
in a formal setting

as each has reset their individual paths
moving on

Robert Murray Smith

Science Was Never Going To Win

The antivaxxers never see
themselves as ignorant. Their
knowledge comes from intuition,
but really erudition. Self taught,
science was never going to win.
Together they can bring others down.

Robert Murray Smith

Seed To Seed

the truth of truth
standing in a barren field
scaring little birds

if only the truth was true
it would belong to you and you
have the hue of full colours

never should it go undercover
as if we know what is what
so we could pot it so it grows

from a little seed it flourishes
growing so fast it can't stop
perpetuated from seed to seed

Robert Murray Smith

Seen For What They Are

A schoolyard bully
Picks on the weakest
Reflecting immaturity
And a psychological state.

A bully trading as a nation
Tries to unsettle another country
Reflecting perceived economic power
Showing the world its immaturity.

A bully is a bully anywhere
Stand up!
Show this government for what they are
Power comes from the bottom up.

Robert Murray Smith

Self-Knowledge

There are surprises in store,
for those who think they know
themselves. Experience opens
the inside door. Inside resides
the devils and angels waiting
to escape.

Robert Murray Smith

Start Another Conspiracy Theory

let's start another conspiracy theory,
it's so much fun

tired of antivaxxers and lizard people,
dream up another, or many

what about poets seeking world domination
by a warped pen

there are gullible humans or inhumans
everywhere, look at the religious

when you have finished, start again

Robert Murray Smith

Subservient Dog

A subservient dog
Rolls on his back
Showing his colours.

All now bared
Tries not to fear
Nothing is left to bare.

We who are free
Live to be independent
In actions and mind.

Robert Murray Smith

Sweetness Of Freedom

O the sweetness of freedom
Untied from hourly labours
Being directed by bosses.

Looking at and feeling freedom
Arranging thoughts for the day ahead
It is they say all in the head.

Untying the knot was and is satisfying
Living at one's own pace
Here life is an amazing place.

Robert Murray Smith

The Address Success

Success is an address
where only the successful
reside. Inside there is no
hubris only contentment.

Without the acceptance of
one's own success, it matters
little what others' think.
Subjective thoughts will always
dominate.

Robert Murray Smith

The Final Bell

Who gives a toss about death?
It has no regard for anyone
sans breath. Creeping up and
smothering life, it is the mirth
of day and night. Know it and
laugh without despair.

Frightening those unaware because
it's always so near. Those not
in the know need not fear. At birth,
we all were going to be declared.

As a fact of life, why give yourself
strife. Every life must go, to where
we know. The religious have read books
showing the death nook. Atheists, laugh
at the death knell knowing that was the
final bell.

Robert Murray Smith

The Music Of Poetry

Do you hear the bird in song
calling? A warble in treble
time coming clear. It is music
so appealing to our ears.

A thought comes word by word,
a line. Distilled from the mind.
Flows like water, a torrent in time.
A poet's song has rhythm in kind.
The music of poetry stirs the soul
to sing.

Robert Murray Smith

The Only Immortal

we must die because of life
what lives must always go
the reason is senescence

if you need immortality
you will be sadly mistaken
nothing is the only immortal

coming from its own emptiness
poured into its nothingness vacuum
forever waiting to be something

epitomized in the Big Bang
becoming a theory of everything
then waiting to implode

Robert Murray Smith

The Poet's Eye

The poet's eye
Sees life differently
A Salvador Dali of words.

Painting ships on oceans
Floating in lighted skies
Going into galaxies.

Colouring wings that sing
Revealing what lies beneath
Twixt reality and unreality.

An artist holding strings
Pulling existence and non-existence
Together as if everything matters.

Robert Murray Smith

The Way Of The World

When we have gone
Life will carry on.

We were here for life
We encountered love, strife.

No different were we to others
They all had mothers.

Life is full or empty
We had a bit of both.

No life is meant to be easy
It is the way of the world.

Robert Murray Smith

The Window Of Life

An old face pressed on
the window of life, seeing
all and nothing. One eye
half closed, bloodshot,
peering. Her thoughts
acknowledging that no longer
can she touch and smell the
flowers in her unkempt garden.
Life in covid times has worn
her down.

Robert Murray Smith

There Ain't No Devil

there ain't no devil
but evil without a d
you must see

there ain't no devil
but lotsa weevils
eating our flour

hour by hour, day by day
preventing us making bread
this is something all dread

there ain't no devil
a figment of imagination
of oversized brains.

Robert Murray Smith

Those Who Disavow Democracy

Those who disavow democracy
hold a a tight rein. It is
so necessary, less the horse
bolts.

Control is the antithesis of
a democracy.

All governments based on autocracy
always fail. Unlike the strong bonds
tying democratic principles.

Robert Murray Smith

Three Secrets Of Resilient People

We all have life events that create stress, wondering how we will cope. For example, illness or bereavement.

Resilient people use three secret strategies.

First, they know that no one can escape negative life events. It's what being human is all about.

Second, they look to three good things that happen each day. This enables them to offload the negativity they are experiencing.

Third, they ask themselves whether what they are doing to cope is assisting them. For example, overeating or drinking.

These strategies must be practised each day.

Robert Murray Smith

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 he knew.

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

Sound not the bell that tolls
Greet the night of day with laughter
Sing out loud so all hear
We are not here to mourn.

Robert Murray Smith

Truly Triumphant

reaching his level of competence
just above incompetent
he felt truly triumphant
blowing his trumpet
as loud as an elephant!

Robert Murray Smith

Two Negatives Equals A Positive

The worst thing that happens,
turns out to be the best. Look
always for the positive in any
situation. It surely beats
confirming negativity.

A negative followed by a negative
creates a positive. So ironical!

Robert Murray Smith

Waiting For Time

we can't save time
like money in a bank

it is expressed
in microseconds

waiting for the next

spend each wisely
there may be no more

Robert Murray Smith

Wandering Alone

Like a lonely grey ship
Upon a painted ocean
Even albatross avoided.

Wandering alone through life
Not touched by pity or love
The beauty of nature her solace.

Observing the natural world
Many creatures live alone
This carried her to the end.

Robert Murray Smith

We Are What We Are

we are what we are
no more or less
opportunity and ability
presents only to us

we are what we are
less of more and
more of less
our liveable address

we are what we are
respect what we have
uniquely presented
to the world

Robert Murray Smith

Where All Lives Intersect

A man without dreams
Finally arrives
At the intersection
where all lives end.

Here nothing exists
Receiving nothing
A dead end without end
Hopeless and forlorn.

In the darkness
Of nothing
No life is ever reborn
All religiosity scorned.

Robert Murray Smith

Whispering Willows

Whispering willows
Anchored in time
Strong roots bind.

Robert Murray Smith

Who Has The Right

We are all unique, not one
person with the same brain,
and mind. Not even twins.
This is agreed by all
neuroscientists.

It is no surprise that we
disagree on matters affecting
our lives, including religion.

Who has the right to say we should
all have the same faith?
Are they ignorant?

Robert Murray Smith

Will Of The People

The will of the people
In most democracies is
governed, by the majority
who vote.

There are many who try to
subvert what is declared.

In the USA, its complicated
system does not conform with
the norm.

Robert Murray Smith

Will You Be My Posy

from soulful soils
arose a beauty of renown
the white rose bows

flowers as it rose
rose of rose
dialled by the sun

smiling, plucked, composed
for the day of days
arise O rose

Will you be my posy?

Robert Murray Smith

Wings Of Thoughts

Soaring on the wings of thoughts
Life teaches everything and nothing
Reaching out we touch night.

There we see the Milky Way
Dressed in a white gown
We look upside down.

In thoughts we are able to see
What we are meant to be
Significant and insignificant

Inside the souls that fly
We are always denied
Awaiting our own heaven.

Robert Murray Smith

Within And Outside Dreams

sometimes we need
darkness to see

in its space us
the human race

rushing here, there
totally unaware

like fireflies
sequencing in the dark

our imagination fires
within and outside dreams

Robert Murray Smith

Wondrous Improbabilities

no one needs a scorecard
when all rounds of life end
only satisfaction
of living an improbable life

from the beginning
absolute improbabilities
from nothing, just being
all seeing and unknowing

living on Earth
itself a wondrous improbability
flung from the Big Bang
to provide for its creations

Robert Murray Smith