

Poetry Series

**Robert W. McCarthy**  
**- poems -**

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# Robert W. McCarthy(July 1957)

## (change)

Feel the chillness,  
lying wrapped against your skin?  
Remember, quite soon,  
Once again,  
Spring will begin.  
Bloom will come,  
As always; again.

R.

Robert W. McCarthy

## (rest)

Silence sounds deep  
Left with my thoughts  
Heart may beat fire red  
Bring peace to quence the soul  
Is the thought to keep  
Before laying of the head

Robert W. McCarthy

## (tidal Point)

Calmness lies near the sea  
Gentle breezes calling for thee  
Air tastes burgundy  
Sure of what i see  
Tis a fine place to be

Robert W. McCarthy

## {her}

I awoke sometime in the the night  
Laid back looking at her  
The moon was shining  
Softly through the window  
Enhancing her face  
Giving her the restful look  
That glow in children  
I hope her dreams are soft and sweet  
For when she rises  
Her innocence of a child will be gone  
She must face the hardships once again  
A woman faces each day  
When she lies to rest  
She shall, once again, return to the innocence of a child  
Needing only the little love  
Every child should have  
I will be beside her then  
For when she needs that love  
I will be there  
Just to show that she is loved

Robert W. McCarthy

## {her2}

Her eyes are soft tint green  
Hair is shimmering blonde  
When the sun was starting to set  
I caught myself looking down  
Knowing at that moment  
It wasn't over yet  
Just as i reached for her  
She reached for me  
In this small moment  
Sunlight glistening on the edge of the sea  
The realization came that this instant would last  
For every moment more

Robert W. McCarthy

## {her3}

Glancing in your eyes  
Reminds me of a place  
Of a meadow, by the sea  
Where i can lie  
Winds gently pass by me  
Silence is as soft as lace  
Lying there in good grace  
I'll think of thee

Robert W. McCarthy



## {hi-Rises On The Shore}

As the day begins to close  
It's dark enveloping shape  
Covers the sand, once again  
It has a chill within it's soul  
We must control its growth  
This shall be our goal

Robert W. McCarthy

## {in Progress}

Moments lie close  
Warming through joy  
Glances whisper a touch  
Peaceful as a leaf.....

(unfinished)

Robert W. McCarthy

## {in Progress2}

His grace gives us the wish  
Our response is to secure the dream

(to be continued)

Robert W. McCarthy

## {lost Star}

Hi there little star  
Sometimes i wonder where you are  
Think of all the places you might be  
Are you within the city  
Or the place by the sea  
They call tranquility

Robert W. McCarthy

# {love}

Love is watching a bird that flies free  
Love is catching a butterfly  
Then softly saying 'bye'  
Love is soft and always there  
Love is gentle anywhere  
Love is flowers blooming in spring  
In fact, love can be anything

Robert W. McCarthy

## {love2}

Whispers caress the sea  
Tears cleanse thine spirit  
Smile's initiate light  
Laughter harness joy  
Love is a gift for thee

Robert W. McCarthy

## {nature}

Grasses lie sweet  
Meadows roll invincibly  
Mountains touch thy spirit  
May my kiss caress thee

Robert W. McCarthy

## {seasons}

Until the rush of spring  
Makes it's yearly trip  
Springtime winds begin erratic and fickle  
Then briskly in opposition  
They shift to gentle and mild  
Caressing buds on the trees  
Summer brings on the change  
Afternoons bring on the violent rampage  
That mother nature can do  
Winds blow hot and dry  
Flashes of heat lightning  
Flicker across the sky  
Air is scorched and scarred  
Nature at its worst  
Winds gather in the clouds  
Rains quenching Earth's hungry thirst  
Magic lies within the wind  
As it rushes through the trees  
A hint of the mystic  
Catching and tossing the leaves  
Lifting smoke from the chimney  
Twisting and twirling it up through the air  
Whistling past the buildings  
Making eerie sounds,  
Sometimes cruel and harsh  
Shaking, Shuddering, and Chilling  
Rushing through the valley  
Assaulting the snow, picking it up  
Its breath is so cold  
Icy fingers clench the earth  
Holding it lightly within its grasp  
Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter  
Each in order come and go  
Along with the cycle of seasons  
The wind will forever blow

Robert W. McCarthy



## {sense Of Freedom}

Played this game so long ago

What would i throw

As the silk bellows

Air softly follows

Open up, let go

Robert W. McCarthy

## {touches}

Touches as a whisper  
Caresses crystal clear  
Thoughts never leave  
Gladness soft as a leaf  
Time gloomly baskes  
Few are the moments  
Shall i ask?

Robert W. McCarthy

## {travel}

Yea, this valley  
So shimmering and new  
Sights yet unseen  
For i may just pass through  
Or settle like fog across a moor  
Patiently and slow, with heart aglow  
Mode of travel which i go  
For moments may come  
I wish to share  
Share one with you,  
Hopefully, maybe even two

Robert W. McCarthy

## {untitled 2}

Things are anew  
Chores been done  
Bright and shiny  
Shimmering like glue  
Result of one's adore  
Giving of one's soul  
Willingness and desire  
To be free in the lore

Robert W. McCarthy

## {untitled 3}

Remembering a time of all seasons  
Happiness, easy to show  
Questions brought and laid  
Making a labyrinth the reason  
Of markings all in a row  
For all come, goodbye they bade  
No special reason was bequeathed  
One for one, all in relief

Robert W. McCarthy

## {vision}

I picked up a leaf  
It weighed my vision  
I knelt and placed it  
Almost where it was

Robert W. McCarthy

# A Definition Of Christmas

-a barbaric ritual in which millions of innocent trees are chopped down, to stand as an altar, and where they die a slow cruel death...

note - just a definition to think about

Robert W. McCarthy

# Acceptance

Acceptance is a belief  
Lo they may ask  
Why the fall of a leaf?  
Nature giving her due  
Change no reason for grief

Robert W. McCarthy



# Action

Desire is the treasure map  
Knowledge is the treasure chest  
Wisdom is the jewel  
But without action they all stay buried

Robert W. McCarthy

# Being

One's quest into life  
Seeking what is ours to be  
Time, waits not to see  
Quietly, it beckons thee  
Forward towards infinity  
Where free souls go to be  
Our plan of destiny

Robert W. McCarthy

# Dawn

Dawn's early light smoothly caresses the pane  
Which had held the darkness  
Motivavating the activity that enriches the lane  
Handily giving warmth for all no less  
Assuredly supporting with it's light of cane  
Smiling with it very best, reminding all is not in vain

Robert W. McCarthy

# Feelings

feelings of sorrow  
feelings of joy  
more feeling between  
all these i know  
i must feel  
to show i care

Robert W. McCarthy

# Forever Gone

Wish I could talk  
Speak soft and clear  
Air has me quite breathless  
Today has ended just one friend less

Robert W. McCarthy

# Penny

Pretty penny once i had  
Put you in my pocket  
As would any young lad  
Reached to touch you  
Alas, it was gone; so sad  
It's touch i have known  
Joyness that is glad  
Should my eyes see  
Penny which once i had  
Place it near me like a locket  
Leave it lie as my pad

Robert W. McCarthy

# Random Thoughts

When you smile, little elves eyes twinkle

A whisper caresses the ear, as gently as a touch warms the heart.  
When all seems to fall apart and is not whole, listen to the breath that is sent,  
which will put a glow in your soul.

Robert W. McCarthy

# Road Trash Lament

It has to be said  
It must be seen  
My ass is red  
My pockets green  
Lot's of this country  
I haven't seen  
White line fever  
A tramp's disease  
So, terminate foreman  
If you please  
There is a new job  
Breakin down the way  
So being a tramp  
I just cant stay  
So if an R.O.F.  
Would kindly pass  
you can stick this job  
Right up your ass..

(this relates to my trade and not understanding to all, but i like it)

Robert W. McCarthy



# Smooth

Heed the advice  
Which comes our way  
Memorize the instance  
Carefully scrutinizing intricate details  
Noting each small feature  
Shaping each pattern  
Hearing beyond the sound  
Of the flow around  
Storing in all thoughts  
Ready to rise in an instant  
So our aura may shine  
With no bounds  
After all, don't we all  
Wish to be soft and round

Robert W. McCarthy

# Time

Time

Lies ahead

Is left behind

Always with us

Never changes

Flies

Isn't ours to question

Robert W. McCarthy

# Untitled 1

Thoughtfully, for sure  
Softness, looking to see  
Gently, there to find  
Lovingly, to watch  
Placidly, there silent  
Kindly, showing  
Peace, what a sight  
Just a moment.....

Robert W. McCarthy

# Vision

Clearly vision ambles pure as a dream  
Riding forth cross the sky  
Weilding it brush against the eye  
Filling each hue with a tint of gleam  
Sculpting the impression of thy kingdom  
Impeccably from one's palette of wisdom  
Sparkling as crystal, it's sense od empathy  
It's portrait a pleasure of true serenity

Robert W. McCarthy

# You

As the sun rose  
I awoke from my sleep  
Thinking thoughts that are dee  
Sky is so blue  
The look in your eyes  
Is like grass with morning dew  
A little sparkle is always there  
That is what i think of you

Robert W. McCarthy