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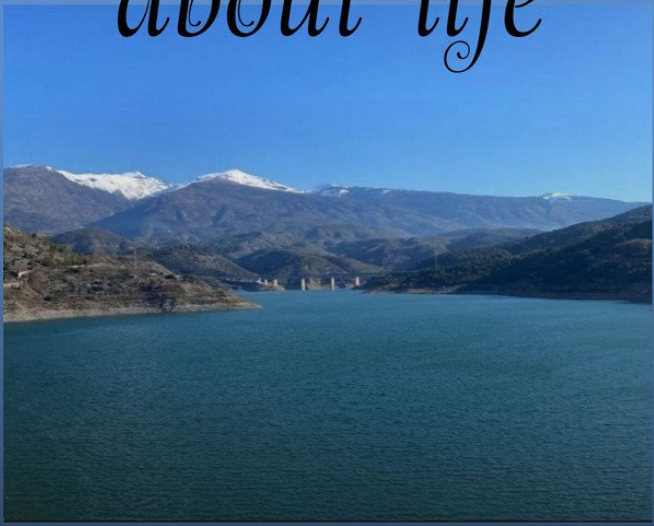
David Roberts

An anthology of poems about life



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Аннотация

A collection of poems based loosely around the mystery of life on earth, how day to day life is challenged by whether there is some kind of meaning to the universe and those who occupy it.The universal questions regarding passion and conscience have been the concern of philosophers throughout the ages since the time Aristotle and Plato.Mine is a humble attempt to make sense of some of the questions of life in a modern age.

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An anthology of poems about life

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Everyone

Everyone needs the tender love of a mother,
To be able to understand and reach out to another.

Everyone needs the air to breathe, everyday of their life,
And a purpose for each day, to find a path, absent of strife.

Everyone needs to feel the sun and rain on their skin,
to feel hot and cold,
Pleasure and pain, to balance the mind
as we eventually grow old.

Everyone needs at times to laugh and cry,
The well of human emotions we can never deny.

Everyone needs to nourish the soul, some times god,
elusive power,
Others use reason and thought, each day and each hour.

Everyone needs affection and love, so it goes,
Why human beings are fragile, nobody knows.

Everyone needs someone to lean on and cherish each day,
A hand to hold on to and to show the right way.

Everyone needs nourishment and water to drink,
for the body to thrive,
Who will look after those in need, who will cry,
when justice is so often denied.

a child of the universe

I am a child of the universe since Helen of Troy,
I didn't ask to be born, did not ask to die.
Caught up in someone else's fights,
I had no choices, and given no reasons why.

A child of Rome before it fell,
of Gengis Khan and mongol hordes,
Many conflicts over the passage of time,
Killing, maiming and making orphans of children,
was always a crime.

A child of the universe born innocent and free,
victim of power, corruption and greed,
Decisions taken did not involve me,
Only dictators and whatever they need.

I am a child of the universe and died needlessly,
in the siege of Vienna, Leningrad and the cities of Spain,
In Poland and France and Vietnam, so many places
Where the perpetrators were insane.

Children of the universe wronged so many times,
can never be understood or reconciled,

Lives cut short, long before their prime, to the ongoing, perpetual and eternal shame of mankind.

Wandering the earth

The lost people of the world are now on the move,
In vast numbers they wander the earth, their lives to improve.

Unwelcome and shunned by all as they travel,
Persecuted and blamed as their lives unravel.

Human souls no one wants, nobody needs,
Desperately seeking refuge, no one cares,
no ones heart bleeds.

Where can they go, where do they belong,
Why did it all go so badly wrong.

The conflicts are many caused by greed, excessive power,
History may record, humanities darkest hour.

They are the beggars at the banquet of life,
Most only know poverty, conflict and strife.

They arrive from the eastern and southern reaches,
With only hopes and false promises and regarded as leeches.

Their hopes sink like the boats in which they arrive,

Empathy has but vanished, morality struggles to survive.

Images are sent to remind each day,
Paralysed by ignorance we do nothing, because its our way.

The Spirit of the Past

The spirit of the past appears everywhere,
Greed, hunger, need and despair.

The shadows of the past are seen everyday,
Racism, hatred, armies march, into each and every fray.

The scores of the past are yet to be settled,
By so many countries in which, the powerful have meddled.

The crimes of the past are clear to heed,
The stolen land, the dispossessed,
testimony to aggression and greed.

The memories of the past are collective and long,
The rights of the past are now proven wrong.

The wars of the past are still fought today,
the faces are different, the leaders are new,
But the spoils and the gains, as always, only for the few.

The spirit of the future must be noble and brave,
If the whole of humanity, from itself, can ever save.

Forgiving

If crimes and passion are endemic
as long as people have been living,
It follows that everyone may be complicit,
in the act of forgiving.

From cradle to grave,
crimes of people exist everywhere,
Offences against anyone which feels unfair,
can run deep and hard to repair.

The weight of anger can be heavy,
sharp and vast,
Locked in the mind, and tethered
to the anchor of the past.

But when released, the spirit can be free,
of dark old scores,
Which through open skies can unlocked doors.

Forgiveness does not mean right or wrong,
Or recount the deeds,
which were formed there on.

Let the bitter chains of conflict break,
And free oneself for one's own sake,
In forgiving we too are freed,
A sacred act and a human need.

Fragile

A fragile earth, a fragile planet,
Where countless fragile lifeforms together inhabit.

Wonders of the earth of which there can be no doubt,
May be at risk of destruction if the rules of the earth
we continue to flout.

Greed and power since the invention of wealth,
Have ignored those in poverty ruling the world by stealth.

Are humans foolish beyond belief,
Causing suffering and death and a thousand kinds of grief.

Forget the words to the old songs of war if we dare,
Replace them with a symphony of empathy and care.

The old songs are tired, they have played for too long,
The earth needs a new song for all people to sing,
before it's too late and everything is gone.

When the sun rises

When the sun rises over the surface of the earth,
Many mothers will have, to a child given birth.

New life to welcome to a place somewhere,
Born into wealth and comfort, safe without care.

Others into poverty conflict and strife,
Will get used to the hardships and struggles in life.

The two worlds which exist each day side by side,
Vast is the difference which no one can hide.

I can see in the far distance under a new morning sun,
A time of equality when sharing will come.

To the millions who live each day without hope,
To the hungry and desperate struggling to cope.

Life on the earth will one day have a sequel,
When all human life will be respected as equal.

Absent of greed and wealth, not just for some,
The dawn of enlightened wisdom, may finally come.

Oak trees

Are the ships to carry the hopeless to safety over the seas,
at all cost,
When lives are in danger and lives have been lost.

Travelling long distance wild and rough,
The oak is the captain and will always and ever be tough,

Tall trees are the direction, when paths are unclear,
Leaders in life, strong, sincere and without fear.

Small trees and old trees are a timeless pledge,
To the old and the young seeking a path to the forest edge.

Trees which are dangerous, are those bearing fruits of desire,
Temptations when strong, impossible to control
or extinguish the fire.

Blossom on trees, is the children of tomorrow,
The promise of leaders to be bold and true,
protect the innocent from pain and sorrow.

The forests of trees give the air that we breathe,
To think they will last forever, is simply naive.

The tree of hope, the most important of all,
If it is destroyed, humanity will continue to stumble and fall.

Lonely

For those who are lonely in their lives on this earth,
May have travelled long roads since the time of birth.

Have known all kinds of pleasure and pain in their lives,
Estranged from their husbands partners and wives.

Alone in a mind needing much more,
Bleeding from what seems like a perpetual sore.

The mind half redundant when needing to talk,
No hand to hold when taking a walk.

No one to laugh with when making great plans,
Needing someone to lean on, a safe pair of hands.

Many people are bereft and alone in this world,
without hope of a happy tomorrow,
Living each day in twilight silence and sorrow.

Hoping for change to enter their world,
Everyone needs someone to see,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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