

Poetry Series

Robert Alexander Merrett
- poems -

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Robert Alexander Merrett()

All The Flowers

All the flowers bring bloom and fade,
And all the gains, now spent, were made.
For every drop to gushing came,
A lost is found and lost again.

From each exploding star that's formed,
A love that hate has counter mourned.
And every pain exists in peace
And every happiness must weep.

Hear each silence create a song,
The empty place allows a throng.
As time itself can clearly see
Birth and death eternally

Robert Alexander Merrett

Bolton Abbey

Ancient lay the stones, solid and strong,
That frame the bright opening, the magic beyond.
A gate sits beckoning, wood worn smooth,
Travellers unknowing have polished its groove.
To the valley within, god painted this view,
The well trodden pathway leads me to you.
A shiny stream ribbon meanders and curls,
Its life giving water, cool babbles and swirls.
Nourished each side, grass grows so sweet,
Linked together `cross the water, here we will meet,
On stepping stones softened by nature's brut force,
Stride out, hold hands, tread boldly this course.
Gaze back at the arches of heavenly birth,
That rise on pillars made solid on earth.
Be still, hear chanting, harmonious tones,
That will stand up the hairs and enter the bones.

Robert Alexander Merrett

Fleurieu Coast

Scuff the sand against boards and feet
Toward glistening ocean we go to meet.
Astride warm weathered steps descend,
Observe feathered summer breeze befriend,
The dolphin's fins, the seagull's wings,
This coast in perfect harmony sings.
The crisp white froth of surf and sparkle,
Nature, complete and matriarchal.
And high aloft icy Cirrus cloud,
Paint wisps of white on the sky endowed
Of blue, so softly, imperceptible shading,
Into sunlight white dazzled, blazing,
And on the beach kissing luminous girls
And kites of boys swept high up on twirls.

Then easily slips the warming glow,
Again to perform her parting show.
And before that first hint of what becomes night,
The encore of searching columns of light,
Grading ochre and blending to a different hue,
'Till eventually becoming the darkest of blue.
Now gazing aloft into endless unknown,
I'm drawn to behold five stars of my home.
Alpha then Beta, Gamma and Delta,
Four points of a cross, yet part of the skelter,
And Epsilon Crucis sits down to the side,
And winks to me secretly, as if to confide,
All's well, don't trouble, rest easy tonight,
Tomorrow is coming, the dawn will be bright.

Robert Alexander Merrett

Golden Threads

What it is this shell I live within?
This temporary garment fading in the sun.
A shining cloak to the eye, mine and yours.
It's woven cloth may be washed and oh so well presented.
But those impermanent golden threads fray,
They wear thin and lose their buttons.
It is not I,
Yet,
To the world it is....
And to the "me" if I allow it.
No, no.
The I is the vulnerable, naked, genuine soul.
Oft the uneasy prisoner of the shell.
Displaced,
Hidden.
Absent from it's greater course, for an interlude,
Until the shell is cracked.
'Til the threadbare cloak is hung on a peg
And I can be,
And you can see.

Robert Alexander Merrett

In Pursuit Of

What if the second hand did stop,
And let the urgent striving drop?
What if then further was a lasting minute,
That had the sense of being infinite?
What if the hour allowed us grace,
To be human beings without the race?
For all the striving takes us away,
From all we have - our present day.

Robert Alexander Merrett

Just Allow It

Allow your perfect stillness on a stormy night to be so strong that you can hold the howling wind in your arms until it cries itself to sleep

Allow your cool softness to be so gentle that it prevents a perfect snowflake from melting in your hand, then shares it's intricate beauty with your love

Allow yourself to be so quiet that your incessant thoughts take you to the place before they were conceived, then leave you to languish there for an indefinite hour.

Stillness will always overcome the storm.

Gentleness will always preserve the vulnerable.

Silence will always underlie the noise.

Robert Alexander Merrett

Let Go Now

You can let go now
No more suffering or hate
No more fevered brow
Cast off your weight

You do not have to be strong
And silent in your pain
There is no right from wrong
Though the world seems insane

Let your spirit ride
On the endless blue
Where the gulls glide
calling you higher too

Over silent streets
to the infinite sky
Where your heart no longer beats
And the air makes you high

Now your soul is the wind
It takes me nearer to you
I'm dazzled and blind
By that glorious blue

And the gulls glide onward
Chasing their own song
Sailing heavenward
Calling to the throng

Robert Alexander Merrett

Love Commences

First sensed in your silhouette of beauty
In profile against the windscreen.
Rising unchecked, unapologetically,
Within my soul, but not foreseen.

I caught you by chance before you left,
And in this moment our destiny lie.
You wound down the window - and there was the theft,
My heart stolen, "never leave without saying goodbye".

A sign I then glimpsed in your eyes,
Asking to be nurtured and held.
Your warmth displayed no disguise,
Just invited me in compelled.

Now the nearness between us is evident,
Where before it had been just space.
Separation dissolves in our firmament,
And now is eternal embrace.

Robert Alexander Merrett

Love's Equation

Provide me love built in honest hearts,
Which grows not in concealed fear,
Or is lost when thy faith departs,
But forged in gentle kindness to appear,

Silent, as nature's yearning for herself,
Not for possession, for dormant freedom released.
Treasured beyond jewels or earthly wealth,
Tempered as steel, with strength instilled.

Tis beauty and truth in perpetual tandem,
Whose benevolent seeds settle on red hills,
Your dreams sown amongst bark and gum,
Softly grown, the deceptive force against ills.

Year's blind navigator cannot distort its course,
While the countless finite stars disperse,
True love surpasses these. O inherent force,
That infinite binds these two, and the Universe.

Robert Alexander Merrett

Realms Of Eternity

Realms exist we cannot see,
Yet without which we would not be.
Silence beneath we cannot hear,
And sound is the gift it gives our ear.
No place exists that we cannot be,
Despite the laws of gravity.
Tastes abound which evade our tongue,
Yet seeing the flavour can be done.
Vivid fragrances exude from nought,
Petrifying experience into thought.

There is no eternal single I,
Just brief shadows of, 'till senses die.
This time expressed in human being,
We are but fragments ever freeing.
These Illusions appear as separateness,
And manifest in mind, a temporary distress.
This parenthesis in eternity,
Then departs and re-joins the fraternity.
Once more to the realms we cannot see,
Yet without which we would not be.

Robert Alexander Merrett

Remembered

Remember the sweet grass and wild flowers that faintly bloom and buzz in your heart's memory.

Flitting like the bees, pollenating, perpetuating, creating.

Remember the walks on windy heather moors, lashed in rain, soaking and seeping into skin and bone,

Then flowing within, nevermore without your stream of being.

Remember the lust of luscious kisses, bold and hard, salivating in salacious connection.

Forever to be marked, a subtle part of your soul.

Remember the lost object of affection, embedded so deep it frames the very fabric of your sway and smile.

Love true enough to sit as a pit of emptiness in your stomach.

Yet though they are remembered as if gone, they are not.

They are manifested in you, through you, as you.

And the sweet grass and wild flowers remember, your faintly bloom and buzz in their perpetual memory.

And the moors of heather hold dear your footsteps, your damp weight pressing upon their composition.

And the lover with faded kisses has not forgotten, your touch now has left its quiet, perceptible alteration.

And though you are the lost object of affection, you are now remembered.

Yet though you are remembered as if gone, you are not. You are manifested in them, through them, as them.

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Sense Presence

Lay down beside the cool waters edge to listen,
Between each ripple and bubble that glisten.
Cast up your weary eyes and preside,
This boundless pool of space abide.
Breathe in the scent of wild blossom about,
Let its atomic soul pervade throughout.
Feel softly the breeze of springs new dawn,
Caressing silently the dew against your form.
Taste the lips of passionate embrace,
The subtle hint of her tender grace.
Allow your boundary sense erode,
And return entangle to the whole abode.

Robert Alexander Merrett

The Long (South Australian)lunch

Easy rests the quietened ear,
On summer air and distant voices.
Moistened lips with Goodie's beer,
Dissolve all thoughts, the soul rejoices.

Wonder the eye over parading rows
Of luscious vines so neatly shading,
Their succulent chandeliers from thirsty crows,
Each wine filled sphere ripens for making.

Soak, like the oil in artisan bread.
Senses complete in satisfied splendour.
Olive and lemon are part of the spread.
Relax, replete, submit, surrender.

Wirra Wirra, pink Moscato,
Fizzes and quenches the sweetened tongue,
Woodside cheese, cherry tomato,
Sitting beneath the rustling gum.

Darting between the grevillea nectar,
Dining together on nature's reward,
Yellow fleck flashes of the New Holland Honeyeater,
Now a rainbow of Lorikeets completes the accord.

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The Scroll

A virgin parchment begets a tale,
Unscripted, free beyond the pale.
All will come to this empty space,
To fashion and furnish a dwelling place.

Every twist and turn composes a letter,
Some will be bad and some will be better.
Forming life mottos, a convoluted scroll,
And quiet beneath lies an ethereal soul.

When torment is buried down six feet deep,
And torture is hidden, thy cares not to weep.
Parchment secured, repressed in dread ribbon,
The script now enslaves an essence forbidden.

Through a lifetime of threats the scroll is distained,
In convoluted shape, twisted and pained.
But courage gives solace to the story read,
With elusive meaning relieving the dread.

The words may obscure the space underneath,
Their letters are but nerves, the scroll the sheath.
Know that without it the pain cannot be,
Nor can be joy or serenity.

A seasoned parchment imbued by the tale,
Scripted yet free, beyond the pale.
No longer a virgin, this pure empty space,
Fashioned and furnished, the rich dwelling place.

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Winter Dawn

Cool air nip, dawn rests, winter still,
Softening, it washes over valley and hill,
With whispering mist refusing to lie,
Relieved of the lightest, imperceptible sigh.

Each leaf and creature livens its heart,
Grass weeping dew tears sees darkness depart,
Birdsong reverberates out of the thicket,
The awakened earth engages the spirit.

Now the stars melt away, burned out by the sun,
Brilliance, beckoning, summons each one,
Out from the houses, the holes, the crevices,
This entire, connected, repeating genesis.

Robert Alexander Merrett

Without The Enemy Within

Purity to purity comprises a life,
But in between becomes a separate swagger,
Which grows and consumes to assume an illusion;
That self, which is pretentious image and brags and boasts
To own and achieve and exceed all else.

Yet to quietly pass a moment without its vulgar company,
Peace and purity return and release free the soul
To bask, entangled in the sunlight and birdsong,
Sighing, reunited and correlated with our Theosphere,
Where in the fullness of time we shall always return.

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