

Poetry Series

JAMES ROBERTS
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

JAMES ROBERTS()

! Prayer To Aphrodite On Valentine's Day

Prayer to and response from Aphrodite

To□

Dapple-throned Aphrodite,

Dapple_ throned Aphrrodite
Eternal daughter of Zeus and Hera,
Snare-knitter! Don't, I beg you,
Cov my heart with grief! Come,
as you once did when you heard my far-
off cry and, listening, stepped
from your father's house to your
golden Chariot, to yoke the pair of
beautiful thick-feathered Golden winged doves
And roared down, perfuming the air, from Olympus
Carried by Dream you to light swiftly
on the dark earth; then, blissful one,
smiling your immortal smile
you asked, What ailes me now that
I call you again? What
What was it that my distracted
heart most wanted? `` Whom has
Persuasion to bring round now
`to your love? " Who, James, is
unfair to you? Is it Lisa? For, let her
run, she will soon run after you;
If she won't accept gifts, she
will one day give them; and if
she won't love you - she soon will
love, very willingly
Come now! I will relieve Your intolerable pain!
What your heart wants most will
happen, The Gods will make it happen
you your- you your-self joined forces on our side!
Rejecting those three imposters
And so in Love Aphrodite Grants Your will"

JAMES ROBERTS

! Valentine's Dream

THE DREAM

IN A DREAM I SAW YOU WEEP A SINGLE SOLITARY TEAR;
IT CAME FROM THAT EYE OF HAZEL FLECTED WITH GREEN,
AND THEN MANY MORE TEARS DID APPEAR;
AS FLOWERS DO BESIDE THE HIPPOCRENE,
THEN YOUR SMILE; A SPANGLED BLAZE;
SLOWLY CEASED TO SHINE,
AS IT COULDN'T OUTLAST THE LIVING RAYS,
THAT FILL THAT FACE OF THINE;
AS CLOUDS FROM EOS' DAWN RECEIVE,
A DEEP MELODOIOUS DYE;
WHICH SCARSE THE SHADES OF COMING EVE,
CAN BANISH FROM THE SKY;
FOR YOUR SMILE IT DOES MY TROUBLED MIND,
ITS PURE JOY IMPART;
AND YOUR EYES DO LEAVE A SMOLDERING GLOW BEHIND;
THAT ENGULPHUS- AND BRIGHTENS UP;
MY LONELY SLEEPING HEART.

JAMES ROBERTS

A Day Dream

□

A day Dream

□

▣ my minds eye you match the goddess Aphrodite,
And I envy a man who
sits facing you-any man whatever-
listening from close by to the sweetness of your
voice as you talk, Thinking of-
The-

The sweetness of your laughter: yes, that-I swear it-
sets the heart to shaking inside my breast, since
once I look at you for a moment, I can't
speak any longer,

but my tongue breaks down, and then all at once a
subtle fire races inside my skin, my
eyes can't see a thing and a whirring whistle
thrums at my hearing,

cold sweat covers me and a trembling takes
a hold of me all over: I'm greener than the
grass is and appear to myself to be little
short of dying.

And to think I'm only a few hours away from all these sensations
Just one touch and then if I survive the internal fire of desire
A gentle loving Kiss

JAMES ROBERTS

A Dream

THE DREAM

IN A DREAM I SAW YOU WEEP A SINGLE SOLITARY TEAR;
IT CAME FROM THAT EYE OF HAZEL FLECTED WITH GREEN,
AND THEN MANY MORE TEARS DID APPEAR;
AS FLOWERS DO BESIDE THE HIPPOCRENE,
THEN YOUR SMILE; A SPANGLED BLAZE;
SLOWLY CEASED TO SHINE,
AS IT COULD'T OUTLAST THE LIVING RAYS,
THAT FILL THAT FACE OF THINE;
AS CLOUDS FROM EOS' DAWN RECEIVE,
A DEEP MELODOIOUS DYE;
WHICH SCARSE THE SHADES OF COMING EVE,
CAN BANISH FROM THE SKY;
FOR YOUR SMILE IT DOES MY TROUBLED MIND,
ITS PURE JOY IMPART;
AND YOUR EYES DO LEAVE A SMOLDERING GLOW BEHIND;
THAT ENGULPHUS- AND BRIGHTENS UP;
MY LONELY SLEEPING HEART.

JAMES ROBERTS

A Gift From The Temple Of Vesta

In the garden of the Virgins, that is, The garden of the House of the Vestals
(Your sweater draped across your shoulders As the narrow chill of the evening
Began to ribbon the Forum) , you walked With your head down, silent, a little
amused,
But silent. Whatever else exists In the daily mystery of service & denial
I doubt celibacy plays much of a part for you; Yet there you were, at the ancient
threshold.
The very threshold of life
The threshold of the divine flame.
Bye the ruins of the sacred House – thinking- - Whatever it was that you were
thinking - the lush- - - complicated vines which even in winter bring life to the
bare stones of the walls around us.
Yet for you, I know, a... time when once home had a fire, a hearth
A place where the flame of love struggled burst into vibrant life and dimmed
But like the memory of Vesta, to those who know, never quite died out.

JAMES ROBERTS

A Parents View Of Teenage Angst

James Roberts (9/23/2008 4: 39: 00 AM) | Delete this message
arrh children(IVE HAD FOUR OF THEM0

i am the centre
of every thing and
you come from
some other world?

or are you
truly? other than a
nuisance or an
idiot i want to be
one who helps when
i'm with someone else
not with you
because you don't understand
i need money attention but only when Im here
just lend me your car and your barclacard
i'll be sensible
honest
(except when you are not there)

JAMES ROBERTS

A Present For The Demon Asmodeus On Halloween

A present for Asmodeus(the prince of demons) on Halloween

A person with a look that's proud

And also a lying tongue

Who 'shands have shred innocent blood.

And a pedigree that's long

They must also have heart that cruel and be wicked wise

Always running fast to make mischief

Bearing false witness and speaking lies

To sow discord amongst mankind

Ignoring its victims cries

Of whom do I speak this Halloween

You'll not find in a darkened shed

For all the dark and infamous

Are on television instead

Free poem to any body who can guess who I have in mind

If you have doubts about the theology check out proverbs 6!

JAMES ROBERTS

All You Need Is Love(Cor 13)

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE

LOVE IS PATIENT
LOVE IS KIND

LOVE DOES NOT ENVY
NOR DOES IT BOAST
IT IS NOT PROUD
NOR IS IT RUDE

It is not self seeking
Nor is it easily angered
It keeps no records of wrongs
Nor does it delight in evil
But rejoices in the truth

love
Always protects
Always trusts
Always hopes
Always preservers
And never ever fails

Oh how great is love
And how small am I
Maybe I'll find it in Elysian
When I die

JAMES ROBERTS

Bbut Hark Loves Like An Empired State; Has Its Time And Knows Not Its Hidden Fate

I don't know, if I ever new how
Time and emotion passes
And many a time I did vow
No more to romp with lasses
So suffer no more
Loves; first kiss thrill
And Aphrodites fires
For capriciously She may kill
Loves hopes and deep desires
For neither her power nor my will
Can bring you to my byer
To rest you in my arms before
A burning yule log fire

JAMES ROBERTS

Clair De Lune

FOR YOU MY DARLING THE CLAIR DE LUNE

YOUR TEARS IN THE MOON LIGHT
DRIFT DOWN YOUR FACE
LIKE SILVER PETALS FROM A MAGIC ROSE

WHEN I SAID I LOVED YOU I NEVER LIED
SO JUST BE SAD AND BEAUTIFUL
THE'S NO NEED TO CRY

UNDER THIS, A GIFT FROM HEAVEN,
ESPECIALLY FOR YOU MY DARLING,
THE CLAIR DE LUNE

JAMES ROBERTS

Discombobulation (Drugged By Meeting Induced Boredom)

DISCOMBOBULATION

See, see the beautiful sky
Marvel at its big puce depths.
Tell me, Managers do you
Wonder why the DISCONTENTED ignore you?
Why THEIR foobly stare
makes you feel groggy.
I can tell you, it is
Worried by your spledangtoon facial growth
That looks like
A pestrami.
YOUR VOICE FEELS LIKE TOOTH ACHE
What's more, WE know
MEDIUM RANGE FORECAST
Smells of EFFLUENT
Everything under the big beautiful sky
Asks why, why do you even bother?
You only charm MORONS.-
GOD CAN'T THEY SHUT UP SO ICAN GET A BEER
AND RECOMBOBULATE MY BRAIN

JAMES ROBERTS

Drinking 'N The Moons Beams

DRINKING 'N THE MOON BEAMS

With a bottle of wine I sit by the flowing willow tree
Wer're drinking alone the moon and I
, the moon above looks down on me;
I call and lift my cup to her brightness.
Drinking in the Moon beams my companion provides for free.
What a party we to are having I say, —
But if only it was a party for three,
Then we could get drunk on the moon beams,
the way it used to be,
So I seek my solace alone
Regretting I am free
The drinking, the moon and my shadow.
Is all that's left for me!

JAMES ROBERTS

Halloween Wedding

If I was a ghost in love
Walking veiled in mystery
I would ask a ghostly dove
to take a message to thee

Flying down from above
Asking you to marry me
From the spectral one you love
Strange as this might be

On this October night
I think that it might be
For our guests a terrible fright
To see what they will see

And will they hear the I do's
Against the sea of wails
And will you always be true
To a lover who's very pale

JAMES ROBERTS

How Arose Can Bring Eternal Life

HOW A ROSE CAN BRING ETERNAL LIFE

ELYSIAN

For who are brave of heart
And those that have always been true to their oaths,
Keeping their souls clean and pure,
Never letting their hearts be defiled by the taint
Of evil and injustice,
And barbaric veniality,

They are led by Zeus to the end:
To the palace of Kronos,
Where soothing breezes off the Ocean
Breathe over the Isle of the Blessed:
All around flowers are blazing with a
Dazzling light:
Some springing from the shining trees,
Others nourished by the water from the sea:
With circlets and garlands of Red Roses they
Crown their heads,

The Rose

Rose the symbol of beauty purity and passion
Made for Olympion Zeus by his grateful children
No crown of thorns for the King of the True Gods
Bacchus giving the nectar, Chloris the crown of petals
Vertumnus the scent and finally the Radiant Aphrodite
Coloured the Red Rose with tears of Her Immortal Blood.

On the shedding of mortal coils

When I die
Cover me in red rose petals
For the boatman will not take the Scent of Dionysius
Nor were Chloris' petals meant for Dark Hades
And would the DREAD PERSEPHONE
Dare dance on Aphrodities tears

And Pluto himself would find Vertumnus scent to rare
To inhale in His land of dark despair

So off to Elysium I am bound
No burning Hell for me
For I have never abandoned the true Gods
For a mortal who died on Calvary

JAMES ROBERTS

I'LI Noo Take Half

I'll noo take half

Half of anything is no use to me
Give me it all
The Sun the sky the moon
The mountains Glens and lochs
Nor do I want to share half of
Sorrow
Nor half of Love

Half a beer is no use to me
But as in all truths there is one exception
Half my pillow I would Give to thee
And as if by magic we would have
All of every thing that matters

JAMES ROBERTS

Love On The Tracks

Don't say you love me and use it as a lever
A lever to use in a medieval way
Extracting confessions for sins not committed
Then applying more pressure so you get your way
When love is best served by judgment, sober
Weighing each link in the chain as we sway
Not promising the earth or even an acre
Not saying forever nor turning away.

So, if you love someone its best to not say it
'cause the words will come back to stab like a knife
When the tunnel of love like some ancient idea
Is kaput, finis for us, at least in this life
So forget all the passions and well-meant forever's.
And all the make-ups that followed our strife
As the train wheels keep saying
don't make promises, promises are levers
levers designed to extinguish loves life

JAMES ROBERTS

May My Key Board Fail If I Forget This E-Mail

May my key board fail if I forget to forward this e mail

My soul is dark - Oh! quickly bring
An e-mail I can yet Find so d' ear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart can bear to read aloud,
That sound shall charm it forth again:
Then in these eyes there lurk a lettered cowl,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.
But bid the message be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, correspondents I, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence, fail;
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
And break at once - or yield to your long email.

JAMES ROBERTS

Mr 'Perfect'

Mr'Perfect'

I may not be Mr perfect Dear but my clothes were all the rage
In 1952 my dear before they were worn away
As for my eyes my dear the class one was clearly blue
that is before it fell into something,
The colour of meaty stew
A car a wage are hard to find
Although I've stolen a few
And as for cooking food my dear
Her Majesty does that too
But if we should ever meet my dear
I'm sure w'll get along grate
So send me a file or two
Wrapped up in a piece of cake

JAMES ROBERTS

Ode To A Difficult Child

STOP! STOP! ASKING PLEASE! ! !

YOU ARE NOW ON PROBATION!

? NO MORE REQUESTS

I MEAN IT! !

GIVE MY BRAIN AND WALLET A VACATION! !

JAMES ROBERTS

Oh For A Gin And Sonnett

We met upon a poetry site

A friendship purely platonic

Based upon the rhymes and kytes

And verses asyronic

may your poetry long reveal yourself

Without a voice or face

And may our friendship always find a byte here in cyber space

so please be kind and spend some time

even if its a bit bionic

Fill your glass and enjoy a rhyme

With a quick GIN AND SONNETT

JAMES ROBERTS

Oh 'How I Loved You!

Do you remember how much we loved
Not only in the beds where we laid
But also in then touch, the smile.
The eyes with which we followed
Each others body language
Remember the tremble in my Voice
W hen I first spoke to you
Only a slip of time tore us apart

Now all that's finally passed
Can you remember the body that trembled to your touch
The times we gave our will over to Eros

JAMES ROBERTS

Pillow Talk

PILLOW TALK

Talking together ought to be easy
Especially in bed
Words at once true and kind
Tenderly said
At this unique distance from isolation
It can feel like we've been wed
But when words are not true and not kind
It really must be said
You feel your Hearts been broken
And you you'd be better off dead +

JAMES ROBERTS

Relate 2000 Bc (Prayer To Hestia, Goddess Of The Home)

We come together flint on steel
by sparks we smoulder: bad we feel
I the metal she the stone
Forgetting that we built a home
So Hestia let our hearth burn bight
Stop this vain and pointless fight
No longer hurting to the bone
We come together stone on stone
Then the sparks can no longer fly
And our love can never burn and die

JAMES ROBERTS

Reply To Lynda's Drinking Poem

I would share
My days of happiness;
Everything is folly in this world
That does not give us pleasure.
Let us enjoy life,
For the pleasures of drinking are swift and fleeting
As a flower that lives and dies
And can be enjoyed no more when one has over imbibed
Let's take our pleasure!
While its ardent,
Brilliant summons lures us on.
So my friends pick up your glasses
And sing again to Lord Dionysus's song

JAMES ROBERTS

She Stands There Pale

An anti war poem based on the story of andromache wife of hector who's son was torn from her arms and thrown from the battlements of Troy was then sold into slavery. THE STORY HAS BEEN REPEATED MANY TIMES IN THE LAST 4000 YRS

SHE STANDS THERE PALE

She stands as pale as Pallas statues stand;

Like Andromache when she turned away

And felt her strength above the Archaen sway,

While Astynax was pulled from her hands

Her face turned steadfast towards the shadowy land,

For dim beyond it looms the light of day;

Her feet are steadfast; all the arduous way

That foot-track hath not wavered across the sand

As defeat and exile hold her in sway

She stands there like a beacon thro' the night,

A pale clear beacon where the storm-drift is;

She stands alone, a wonder deathly white;

She stands there patient, nerved with inner might,

Indomitable in her feebleness,

Her face standing out against the light.

For all Humanity to see

That war was never meant to be

JAMES ROBERTS

Something_Hells The Rock And Roll Mothercutters

I have a barber in Kingsley Course
Where Ageing Rockers Go
By Sweeny Tod he was trained
To cut hair as white as snow

He trims hair with a flick Knife
not scissors any more
And bills are always paid on time
Or ears end on the floor

Throats are just the thing to trim
if he dont like your discourse
So Mods and Punks you'll despair
If you enter Kingsley Course

For this is the place where Rock and Roll lives
And DA'S are a matter of Course
Where Egg and bacon, the food of spives
Is eaten with Chocolate sauce

p.s I hate chocolate sauce; of course
this place really exists why not google it or even better gothere yourself!

JAMES ROBERTS

Sunlight Through The Office Window

I sit in this place
and through desk diary do trace
the filligres of light
Forgetting all sensations
except those produced by sight

Then-past and presant in this moment unite
Upon my dreary diary
And the strong temptation to sleep I fight
So I can write of History
Which just one week old seems long grown cold
And worthless to beast or me

Now next weeks appointments seem
A life time away
So why record then now
As when my mind wont stay
nor my imagination play
with thoughts of the here and now
But go and rest upon the crest
of some distant sunny brow! !

JAMES ROBERTS

The Approaching Season

Now winter nights grow long.
Full to the brim with blustery hours,
And clouds their lightning discharge
Upon the office towers.
And rain does now and again,
Dimple the sandy plage
Let now the fires blaze,
And cups over flow with wine;
Let our well-tuned poetry amaze
With harmony divine.
Then yellow waxen street so bright
Shall shine on honeyed love,
While love revealed, in the fire light
Comforts and bequites
Sleep's leaden spells shall not remove.
Loves pleasures and delights
Which is at times all we have
To shorten winters nights

JAMES ROBERTS

Wine

What is it that a Vintner buys that's worth one third of that which they sell

Omar Khyam

WINE

Straw coloured wine
Strawberry coloured wine
Wine - Bulls blood filled Goblet
Overflowing Lazily poured
Challis overfilled
Brimming with redemption
Last supper
Broken lover wine
I have drank them all

Lascivious velvet wine
Autumn tied
Dew filled
Talking like a sophist
Type of wine.
From recipe found in
Christ's very own Sepulchre
(not to be taken with water)
Wooden Goblet wine

Wine with a Caiphus Kiss
Inducing me to see
The curve of your hips magnified in
The crystal glass
And feel again
Youthful desire
Only to bring false promise
As I choose another glass
And so betray you
TYPE OF WINE

JAMES ROBERTS