

New Poetry by Robert R. Railey

Robert R. Railey

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The Utmost

For me, the greatest moment in my life will be when I finally get to meet my maker; and oh, what an awe-inspiring moment that must be just to be near the glory of his greatness

And even though I now swear and avow that my faith is stronger than ever, I am still not completely sure if I will ever be ready to face my blotted past; and then also to atone for my past misdeeds

For I am definitely not one of those intrepid ones who will say that they are fearless, and then boldly ask to see the book of life

So, the question is, will we mere humans be able to rise above the fear once we are near such a powerful being but oh what glorious wonders we will witness after all our questions have been answered

For did not the Bible promise us true happiness and peace after we have served our three scores and twelve here on earth?

However, I must confess that there were times in my youth, and even sometimes yet today, when I wonder if there really is such a thing as salvation

And so the plot thickens, as I slowly edge into old age and senility where I have learned that both my mind and body are beginning to fail; and then to also slowly discover that those questions about the hereafter are nothing more than the fears of us mere mortals who are of little faith

But since we are human, and not of the divine, aren't we supposed to have doubts like Thomas?

And yet, they tell us that the power of prayer will calm our fears, even when we are at our lowest

Spit-Shine

He was a slave to fashion, always dressed to the nth, and when he ventured out into public you could be assured that he would always be dressed in the latest fashion

And since his clothes were always neatly pressed, his shoes had to be shiny too, for in his own mind he was a model for others to see

His motto was simple, be a peacock and strut, for he sincerely believed that those were the ways of the world

But what he had left out of the total equation was a mighty paradox, for not only were his insides all molted, but they were in complete disarray

His solution to life was far too simple for most, and especially since he believed that by putting on a good front that everybody would think that he was kind and benevolent

In fact, however, the complete opposite was true, for he really did not care about anything else, including his own pedigree

Comeuppance, they cried, one and all, and then insisted that he come clean

Disrobe or change, was forever the cry, or better yet, why do not you just try to be more like us

But then once he had become one of the masses, all plain and all the same, he knew that he missed terribly being different and so he quickly returned to being his old unique self

ISBN 978-1-62249-587-0

**Published by
Biblio Publishing
Columbus, Ohio
BiblioPublishing.com**

Other works by Robert R. Railey

“Derek Christian, Antichrist,” Published by Biblio Publishing

“Chicago P. D., Homicide.” Published by Biblio Publishing

“24 Tales of Mystery and Wonder” Robert R. Railey
Published by Biblio Publishing (2021)

31 Short Stories by Robert R. Railey
Published by Amazon (2021)

Sunshine

Thankfully, the dull and gray days of winter are
Finally gone and the brightness of a noonday sun
Cannot help but to sooth our nervous tensions after
Having suffered from cabin fever for so long
And hopefully, the warmth of the sun’s rays
Might even excite us enough to begin life anew

Soapbox Preacher

By day, he was a mild-mannered paperhanger
But when work was finished he plied his other
Trade which was the saving of souls
“The wages of sin is death,” he said,
While standing atop his box
But fear had never shone on his stone face
Nor did his voice ever waver, for the preaching
Of Fire and Brimstone had taken over his being

Life's Issues

When we are noticeably young it is all about Survival
That is, it is about advancing to the next level
But then after having survived all of those
Arduous and grueling challenges we have
Discovered how to master some issues
And we no longer fear the unknown

Impossible Love

For fear that love will never find us
We will settle for an infatuation, or less
But for those of us who are willing
To hold out for the real thing
We will find that we are truly blessed

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Circa***Forever

As we travel through these life's doors, the recollections
Of the past will tend to fill our every waking moment
But just as time and the ages have blurred our memories
The years have also added to the hodgepodge of images
That we have so lovingly stored in our consciousness

Impetus

Rumor has it that the “Big Bang” was the original driving
force that sent us along our merry way

To me, however, the yokes of self-induced oppression that
we continue to put around our necks will far exceed the significance
of even that great cosmic event

Whatever happened to just follow your bliss, we ask, for
should we not strive to be happy?

And yet, it seems that we are still missing the boat by not
trying to fulfill our inner needs first

For as we all know, the human soul requires a lot of love and
tender care, and so naturally, we should always make certain that
our souls are well nourished before we even try to be happy

But if we are too busy trying to make our first billion then
we will most likely have less time to pray and meditate, or even to
read

First things first, should be our goal in life, and which then
means that not only should we strive first to be happy, but that we
should not necessarily follow the ruinous path of that ever popular
doctrine which is to attempt to become the wealthiest person on this
earth

Though here of late, some of the wealthiest people on earth
have begun in earnest to share a sizable part their huge fortunes with
the rest of us

But getting back to what makes a person happy, it has long
been said that it is an inside job and that it is also a gift from above

Impetuous

From birth to death, we humans are impetuous creatures; and as we grow older this character trait becomes especially clear to us as we bravely try to manage our own lives

But by doing so, we will most likely ignore the advice of the sages of old; and consequently, we will continue to live as if we actually know a better way

We also tend to forget one the most important parts of the decision-making process which is the power of prayer

Where is it written that we should act on impulse? For have we not always been told that it is not the proper way to live.

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Ecstasy

It seems as if these feeling of bliss must have begun when we were young; and then luckily for us those feelings tend to linger with us throughout our childhood and then hopefully even into adulthood too

Oh! For those wonderful days of Christmas past, and all of the other forms of happiness which were given so freely unto us and which hopefully were mostly happy and bright

Elation and rapture were found in many of those joys and they were surely the days of much delight; regrettably, though, we occasionally tend to ignore them

For way back then, in the good old days, when we were the queen of the prom, or the star athlete, or even those of us that excelled in other ways, we now find that we are sometimes saddened by how quickly time flies

The stark realization is that we have not fully understood that a few of those delightful moments of the past might have been the best times of our lives

Nowadays, however, and this is primarily due to our busy modern-day schedules, we're just barely able to recall even a few of those past pleasures; and as unfortunate as it may be, we might have missed out on some of the most important milestones in our lives, that is, the moments that were rife with the great wonders of life

But as we grow older we tend to re-visit those early pleasures as we try valiantly to re-live the past in our dreams; but more often than not, we will try to replace those cherished memories with little white lies

And since elation and bliss seem more difficult to find, we mistakenly believe that those lost days of youth can somehow be recaptured with women and fine wine

Sexual conquests, and all of those other excesses, might excite our senses for a while; but then eventually, that lifestyle will dull our minds

But since we are now more mature, we will try desperately to acquire some spiritual awareness if only by first attaining hope;

but is it possible that spirituality can actually replace our vain attempts to be young once again?

And yet nowadays, it seems as if moderation is ever the cry, even in the matters of the soul, for we have learned that the term Seventh Heaven is only a metaphor, and that it's just a figure of speech which will never replace the ecstasy of yore

Fortunately for us, however, we have found some other ways to achieve joy and bliss; and we have done it by learning how to pray; and for that simple reason our memories of ecstasy have somewhat been restored

More importantly, though, we have learned that we have not really lost our private thoughts and the feeling of ecstasy is still alive and well, but it is buried deep within our hearts and right next to our souls

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