

Poems Collection



By

Robert E. Bear

Here are some of the poems written by Robert E. Bear. About 60 have been lost, but these are the remaining currently available. These were penned while he was stationed with the U.S. Army in Kitzingen, Germany From February 1973 to May 1974.

Oh, Snow Flakes

Crystal

Glistening

Sharply

Never two-

Floating

Dashing

Swirling

Dancing

Never two-

Lightly splash

Diminish

Forever gone

Bob Bear

15 December, 1973

Jesus

Loved-

Walked. . .

Taught. . .

Cried. . .

Loved-

Walked. . .

Taught. . .

Died. . .

Loves!

Bob Bear

15 December, 1973

Epitaph to a Maple

Peacefully slumber mother maple tree.

Much life you've spent

Showing that beauty is free.

So oft' through the seasons you bent

With the call of brother wind,

Listening to dreams of untold animations.

Thank you.

Bob Bear

15 December, 1973

Just You

Grasp not

For it is not for you to understand.

You are a tool, an arm,

A finger of God.

To comprehend all

You lust for

And shall never attain.

It is not for you.

Greater understanding

Brings wealthier joys

And vast worldly wisdom

Multiplies sorrow.

Rejoice that you

Are part of a whole,

The entire being

God.

Be off then

Accomplish your task, your service.

Worry not

Of being simple.

But, remember this,

You are part of a whole,

The entire being,

God.

Bob Bear

22 January, 1974

Just a Note to Self

Weep, weep softly my soul.

You speak

And no one listens,

Save, the thirsty.

Let not the bitterness of men harden thee.

Rejoice in the Lord!

Take note,

He cares.

Sweetly, quietly, lovingly,

Listen to the pangs of depressed souls.

Gently, oh, so gently

Lift broken hearts.

Be on guard my soul,

For those who seek to destroy thee!

Watch.

The Evil One creeps cautiously close.

Lift high thy joy

And sing loud thy psalms

So that all may join

Thy praises to God.

When another stumbles,

Stop.

Let him know God's mercies and love.

Do so humbly, patiently.

When a loved one cries,

When a stranger weeps,

When an enemy hurts

Give of thyself.

Ponder naught of tomorrow.
Wonder none of yesterday.
Today is of necessity.
Now demands thy energies.

Have faith in all good.
Hope for joy to all.
Work
For a better world.

Weep, weep softly my soul.
Christ spoke
And none listened,
Save, the thirsty.

Carry on thy task enthusiastically.
He left you promises to share.
Strive for the Master who comes.
So, now, what will He find?

Bob Bear
17 January, 1997

A Rhyme

Now is the acceptable time
For the penning of a rhyme
To tell of a hope for tomorrow.
Yesterday brought much sorrow.

Jesus died on Calvary's tree,
An effort to set all man free.
He broke the bondage of sin and death.
Christ will give new breath.

You don't have to be a slave to sin.
All you must do is let Him in
And direct a meager heart.
From then, a new heart you'll cart.

The Master will relieve your hassle.
With Him but a tent is a castle
And you are the keeper of the house.
'Til the Savior comes be strong, yet humble as a mouse.

Eternity in heaven will be your abode
After you journey life's road.
With Jesus steering at the helm
You'll be urged forward to a perfect realm.

So, now take heart my friend
And let you will bend
To the sweet, tender, loving call of Jesus,
'Cuz he wants you in Glory without a fuss.

Bob Bear
18 January, 1974

Your Time on Earth

Listen now,
 You are about to embark on a journey.
Glad to hear you're pleased.
 However, before you leave,
Perhaps some helpful thoughts for preparation.

As you walk the corridors of life
 Pass attentively.
Walk softly as a doe through the forest
 And above all, rejoice.
You have been given a soul.

A season of infancy as a prerequisite.
 Creep slowly at first.
Drink the simplicity of existence.
 Learn.
Never cease to wonder.

There will be a season of youthfulness.
 Here travel vibrantly.
Enthusiasm must be employed.
 Lunge.
Share your vitality.

Adulthood should be the season that follows.
 Settle to a smoother pace then.
Forget not what knowledge you've acquired.
 Forgive.
Gather wisdom and use it.

The final season is being an elder.
 Crawl slowly again for this.
Teach others what is of value to life.
 Rest.
Patience will be of great wealth.

Ah, yes, a few questions to ponder while living.
 But, remember, you will be called back to answer.
Did you enjoy the seasons?
 Did you make life worth living?
Are you prepared for the hereafter?

Bob Bear
17-19 January, 1974

Slumber

Slumber

Restless eyes and

Remember

What you've said

To me this day.

The trees were bare

Against a sad solemn sky

Though the birds of air

Darted in visual poetry,

Seizing the heavens.

Now,

Pocket this in the gallery

Of the mind to show

On the stage of fantasy

As my anatomy is in repose.

Bob Bear

24 January, 1974

My Friend, My Brother

Come, let me listen to you, oh wind.

Whisper to me the thoughts of your heart.

Tell me of places you have been,

Of beauty you have seen,

Of glad tidings you've heard.

Let me taste the freshness of distant lands.

Let me see the dancing flowers as you advance.

Let me smell the fragrance of sweet nectars you carry.

Let me hear the soothing rustle of leaves as you walk.

Let me feel your gentle caress.

You are a mighty servant of our Father.
You hold the birds upon your breath.
You are of great strength, as to uproot the jungles of man.
Still, you are gentle, as to carefully place a
 dandelion offspring upon its new home.
Surely, you know all secrets of the world.

Yes, your sorrows are many
And your grievances most profound
For you have traveled all the earth.
Your journey has been since the foundation of the world.
Time has no meaning to you, only seasons.

Come, oh wind, let us reason together.
Let us work together.
Let us live in harmony.
I do not wish to harm you.
I do not wish to take you for granted.

Please, wait one moment my friend before you travel on.
Take a message for me to all things,
To the seas and oceans, lake, rivers, and ponds,
To all valleys, hills, plains, and mountains,
To all grasses, flowers, trees, and plants.

Speak to all of mankind.
Nay, speak it to all who will listen.
Tell them I care.
Warn them of the criminal exploits of man against nature.
But please, please tell them some of us humans
 share their sorrows and burdens.

Now, move along swiftly my brother.
Forgive me, I did not wish to delay you.
Shhhsh, sweet wind, let me cry alone.
For too I hold the joys and worries of your heart.
You see, I love you, my friend, my brother.

Bob Bear
16 January, 1974

Question Naught

Why?

I cannot understand.

But, my soul cries!

What?

I cannot utter.

But, my essence inquires!

When?

I cannot see.

But, my mind wonders!

How?

It eludes me.

But, my spirit scans!

Why

Does the sun rise?

Does time pass?

What

Causes the birds to sing?

Makes the wind blow?

Where

Is the end of the heavens?

Lies the depth of the soul?

When

Will time cease?

Is now?

How

Does the brain think?

Do stars shine?

Why

What

Where

When

How?

I am my Lords

And my Lord is mine.

He is all.

Why?

My soul is comforted

For He understands.

What?

My essence speaks

For He answers.

Where?

My heart is filled

For He knows.

When?

I will see

In His own time.

How?

I grasp

For He fathoms.

Bob Bear

20-21 January, 1974