

I AM WHOLE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ROBERT BUZBEE

I AM WHOLE

TO THE OUTER LIMITS AND BACK
I WANT TO GO WHERE LANGUAGE FALLS APART
I WANT TO SEE WHAT CAN'T BE HEARD
I WANT TO HEAR WHAT CAN'T BE SEEN
WHERE LANGUAGE FALLS APART
MY BRAIN SEPARATES THE WHOLE INTO PARTS

I WANT TO GO BEYOND THE CLUTTER
WHERE LANGUAGE FALLS APART
I WANT TO GO THERE AGAIN....
BUT WAIT.....

I AM COMING DOWN
I AM COMING BACK

I'M SIMPLY JUST A HUSBAND AND FATHER
I AM WHOLE

ROBERT BUZBEE

26 SEPTEMBER 2005

(A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS BRAIN SURGERY, TOPEKA, KANSAS)

Peace

The children are near the swing again
swinging back and forth under the tree

Others watch and push the board on the rope
back and forth as a Living pendulum

Birds dart in and out of their nests
and sing on the still empty branches

Laughter of the children drifts through the window
A dog barks many houses down

The wind plays with the trees
and in the children's hair

There exists timeless beauty
in the sparkle in their eyes

Robert Buzbee

To Grandma Nealy

The Nile

Floating down the Nile
Darkness coming over the land
Colors fade along the bank
Children playing on dark shores

Alone on the top deck
Wind in my face
A fire in the darkness giving light and warmth
To the people near it
The Nile Dream floating by it

Stars began to shine
Barking dogs in dim lights
Women gathered to wash laundry in the main artery of Egypt
Onward we go
Virtually alone on the Nile
The moisture laden wind chills to the bone

Yet I stay
Studying the night along the river
Lights in villages break the starlight
Tied up sailboats, black covers,
The quiet spell is broken, our port lies ahead

Robert Buzbee

(On the bottom of the paper with his poem,
Bob had drawn hands with the fingers pointing up.)

In the Morning

In the morning I like to run
Between the moon and the sun

Down the sidewalk under the trees
The birds sing a symphony on brick and concrete

By dim houses and lights on the streets
Sometimes a rabbit watches as I go by

And a little in my pace I slow

Robert Buzbee