

# UnIVERSaL LANGUAGES

By Robert Standish

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...Would you were made of stone, Standish could move you still. Here is a piece filled with passion and prescience in all the right places. I am not about to encroach on your experience, I am but a meager facilitator, all the artistry is beneath me.*

*“Universal languages, laughter and tears  
Interrupted the same  
tears reveal what laughter must heal...*

Our children starve in the shadows of all we construct  
hide in the alleys that feed their misery to the streets that divide us  
pound them to dust allow the rain to wash away  
the calk outline reminder that I was there never intended to stay

I saw the sun rise today,  
Yeah the same sun but not the same way  
it promised change, it brought hope,  
did I speak too soon, you can't undo a cut throat  
beyond the horizon that the future sees,  
at the table of tomorrow save a place for me

your memories are an echoing heart,  
young and conflicted, souls torn apart  
paths crossed in fear and hate back then,  
only to grow as friends  
brought back in the end to save me again

the power to unite through song, 3-minute escape  
whisper grows to a cheer, the mob comes together  
make me mortal, show me, gravity hold my wings  
our today is full of these worrying things

prejudice, ignorance, hate, not the teacher of fate  
the bed made to sleep, never the right time to speak  
I've learned to succeed at failure that much is done

Failure to succeed is why I run

your puzzle doesn't fit with me,  
my puzzle doesn't fit with you  
take one away, add a piece change the view  
patience is the only way I will fit with you

Homeless without hope

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *Letters form words they are my fabric. This is how I feel about writing in general. I have a desire to pursue a way to express the perfect thought, and in doing so I hope I write only enough to invite the reader to join me and complete the thought as they see fit. Poetry is my therapy and allows me to express ideas that drive my passion to continue to explore my inner thoughts. I enjoy writing everything from a simple quote to full length fiction works. Admittedly I am not well read and my weakness is actually proof reading my own work. Reading intimidates me and I have always shied away from it, but it never stopped me from wanting to write. There are so many brilliant authors and I admire many of them for how they hand craft and sculpt a world from a point of view never considered before. The beauty of such authors allows for the travel of the reader and that is what I find the most inspiring, I am only ever half of the experience, I compose a poem, a story, a limerick or a full novel, but the reader allows that work to be completed. The greats have a way of transporting us there in so few words and like a great painting or piece of music, it is a thing of great beauty and timeless appeal. The first work I remember reading and being drawn to was the Premature Burial by Edgar Allen Poe, he had the power of deep rich descriptions without needed to be wordy. That is a skill I am still learning to master. Write only what's needed so you leave room for the reader.*

*The poem Homeless without Hope is started with e three-line poem, I did this for some poems to introduce the actual poem and offer a slightly different view of the theme. The idea of a universal language is laughter and tears, they all sound the same around the world and do not require translation. The remainder of the work is in line with all things that need translation to be understood and contrast the body of the submission. The idea to me was that we all live our 24 hours but do it so differently, we never consider anyone else in the same manner we do ourselves. Some watch children starve to report the atrocity, some step over the homeless to ignore the plight. How many of us are really looking for answers, this is what drives me most. I seek my truth and lies and half truths are the puzzle pieces that do not fit with me.*

**AUTHOR'S BIO:** Robert Standish is an aspiring writer and devoted father of three. After several years in the film and television industry in Canada, he has had the chance to meet some amazing people, travel and experience things, not for normal consumption. As a camera assistant and operator he has been in the line of fire on many occasions and inside explosions and crashes, just to name a few incredible opportunities. 'Chalk Outline These Thoughts 1 and 2 and a fiction novel 'The Secrets Men Keep', most recently the creator of a collection of poetry entitled 'The Passion Hidden Within'. (Amazon and Kindle) I have found most recent success with three poems published on Terror House Magazine and soon a short fiction story will be published in February, it is my hope to extend and expand my exposure and develop as many relationships as

I can. Now transitioning into a creative writer who has self-published four works and counting, Robert is setting his sights on the next project. His story **IF** appeared in Issue 2 (fiction).