VOICES IN
THE SILENCE
ORIGINAL POEMS

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by Robert Bullock
DEDICATION

In answer to a popular demand for these poems and in heartfelt thankfulness to the Guides and spirit Friends who have given me the inspiration and to all friends who helped to make it a success this book is dedicated.

R. BULLOCK.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE

What are your aspirations?  
   Have you set your standard high?
Are you really trying to merit  
   A home beyond the sky?

Have you tried to forget the worldly things,  
   To think of God alone,
To court that divine intelligence,  
   Where only angels roam?

Have you found that life's worth living?  
   Are you really glad you come?
Will you be judged by what you are going to do  
   Or what you have really done?

You may be as poor as Lazarus,  
   Yet rich beyond compare,
If in some tragedy of life  
   You're found on duty there.

A touch of the hand, a kindness done,  
   A word to a broken heart,
Will reach into the very soul  
   Where God and man's a part.

Why even the gift of a flower,  
   Sings a song that's all its own;
That makes the one that receives it  
   Realize they don't stand alone.

Have you satisfied your innerself,  
   Your consciousness, your God,
Or will the world forget you  
   When you're placed beneath the sod?

Why not erect a monument  
   On a foundation of good deeds,
That the coming generation  
   May look with pride indeed?

Your reputation may be black,  
   Like a foul and polluted spot;
But jealously guard your character,  
   It's the only thing you've got.

I'd like to build a monument,  
   And carve on stone or wood
A simple little inscription,  
   He did the best he could.
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Why do you always criticise,
    Have you nothing better to do,
If your neighbor is trying to behave himself,
    Why should it bother you?

If Mrs. Brown across the street,
    Should come out with a new bonnet,
There are envious eyes behind the blinds,
    To look and gaze upon it.

You then met over the back fence,
    To discuss the situation,
And tear her character all to pieces,
    And she gains a reputation.

If I should go for a ride with a friend,
    In his automobile,
You'll swear I can't afford it,
    And engaged in some crooked deal.

Why as I passed along the street,
    You spoke loud enough for me to hear,
"That dress that Mrs. Jones has on,
    Is the one she wore last year."

Don't you think it's time to call a halt,
    And break the bitter cup,
Your mind is bent on destruction
    Instead of building up.

You seem to be experts at tearing down,
    And casting the adder sting,
And you walk right over broken hearts,
    Just like an unclean thing.
You carried scandal by the mile,
    And wished a man was dead,
When asked to produce the evidence,
    Well, it was an article I read.

Who gave you the power to be the judge,
    Is it for you to criticise,
It’s the one that minds his own business,
    That walks away with the prize.

Those soft words that you uttered,
    Have perished long ago,
They weren’t uttered by the heart,
    And so they couldn’t grow.

Those flowers that you gave away,
    Were only fertile weeds,
Christ ministered unto the multitude,
    And not some narrow creed.

If you want to know the devil
    Who sees all things that pass
Go and get acquainted with yourself,
    By looking in the looking-glass.

If something should annoy you,
    Just turn your head away,
And instead of continuously condemning,
    Have a pleasant word to say.

And even those who harm you most
    Will see a line of retreat,
Come back and humbly apologize,
    And crawl right at your feet.

So never mind what has been said,
    Or things that have been done,
Cultivate a spirit of forgiveness,
    And a kingdom shall be won.
DO SPIRITS RETURN

Did you ever discuss the question,
   Do spirits really return?
Have you ever taken the trouble,
   The answer to really learn?

Haven't you listened to the theories,
   Discussed it pro and con?
Did you stand on a sure foundation,
   Or nothing to lean upon?

Did you think the time would be well spent,
   To probe the matter deep,
To draw from the foundation of knowledge
   While others were content to sleep?

Have you satisfied your inner self,
   Or followed what someone has said?
Do you receive communications
   From those of the so-called dead?

Haven't you watched the face of a mother,
   With a look of supreme joy,
At receiving a beautiful message
   From one she calls her boy?

She was made to suffer the pangs of hell,
   In giving the child its birth,
And then it was stricken cold in death,
   And they covered it with the earth.
He is not dead, he’s simply passed
    Beyond the vision of mortal ken;
He will return and give her strength,
    Her spiritual eyes will see him again.

Haven’t you heard the raps on the table,
    Upon the door or wall,
An invisible wireless message
    That’s proof enough for all?

Haven’t you felt your being tremble?
    You knew it was a sign,
A living, pulsating, vibrating thing,
    An influence that’s divine.

Can this be true, do you still doubt,
    My God, what can the answer be?
Haven’t you felt the consolation
    From prayer on a bended knee?

You grieve about the friends that have gone,
    You saw them laid away;
They are now enjoying the fullness of life,
    And are not inanimate clay.

You know they love to guide you
    In the straight and narrow way,
To know you are progressing,
    Solving the problems of the day.

If you wish to commune with your spirit friends,
    And learn the truth that never ends,
Retire to thy closet in the silent night
    And what you receive you’ll know is right.
THE ROAD CALLED STRAIGHT

What is the straight and narrow path,
What object to have in view?
How can I shape my conduct
To do what's right to you?

What tribute can I pay to God
To fill His just demands?
What line of action can I take
To answer His commands?

He knows my weakness and my strength,
He knows my trials too;
But there is an intelligence within
That tells us what to do.

If I express my love for you,
In thought, in word, in deed,
I am carrying out the Christ principle,
No matter what's the creed.

And there is a great pleasure in doing good,
There really is, indeed;
For you can sow a crop of blessings—if
You will only sow the seed.

If you get in the way of doing good,
While on this side of the sod,
You will have no future vain regrets,
And you will be at peace with God.
A VISIT TO ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL

While sitting today in concentration,
   And wondering how things were going to be,
I seemed to receive an inspiration,
   And some curious visions were shown to me.

I stood in the corridor of a large building,
   Where rooms opened out from every side,
And I caught a fleeting glimpse in passing,
   Of patients lying on cots—inside.

There were Mothers and Fathers and Children—
   weary
   In anguish and pain, how sad it all seemed;
And how I wished that I was a fairy,
   To visit them all in nice, pleasant dreams.

I seemed to enter and gather a story,
   Life's tragedies were unfolded to me,
And some were thinking of God and His Glory,
   And others unconsciously spoke to me.

Some had God's law violated,
   Accident, sickness of every kind;
And some had entered Death's dark Portal,
   And others had left all hope behind.

There the breadwinner had been taken,
   To lay on a bed of sickness and pain;
And I thought of the mother and children waiting,
   And Oh, what a welcome—when he returns again.
There was the sweetheart paying a visit,
    Tenderly took the white hand as it lay on the sheet;
And I could detect in my fleeting fancy,
    The eye spoke the word—what the tongue didn't speak.

The doctors and nurses with divine co-operation,
    Performed operations of wonderful skill;
But Oh,—what suffering could be avoided,
    If we would do and obey His will.

And Oh, how I wished that I might stay 'round there,
    And say just a word or a touch of the hand,
Or even a smile as I was passing,
    Someone would catch it and understand.

And as I came away from the building,
    And viewed the city, and landscape o'er,
I knew I had only been doing my duty,
    I resolved to return there—more and more.

You fret and you stew over some fancied illness,
    You worry yourself sick with a fit of the blues;
Now for a spring tonic that will quickly relieve you,
    Go and do a kind action—it's up to you.
THE WAR

Why is this great catastrophe,
This shedding of human blood,
Is it Divine Providence?
And from it will there come good?

History seems to repeat itself,
In turmoil, revolution,
The forerunner of great reforms,
For that will be the solution.

I seem to stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
I see the dawn of a brighter day,
When war shall be no more.

When Kings and Queens shall pass away,
And in their place shall rise,
A freedom that is liberty,
Proclaim it to the skies.

The flag of peace shall then wave o'er,
This United Land,
The cradle of Democracy,
For Liberty we stand.

You shan't enslave the people,
By any tyrant's yoke,
The hand writing's on the wall,
For God himself has spoke.

A free and enlightened people,
Shall rise from out the dust,
The sacrifice shan't be in vain,
For thousands that's been crushed.

How long, Oh, God, will the conflict last,
And the answer came from above,
The conflict will cease, but only when,
There is an avalanche of love.
THE COLLECTIONS

I've been contributing lately,
   To every Tom, Dick and Harry,
They've simply got me stranded, broke,
   I can't afford to marry.

If any young lady wanted me,
   She'd have to take me as I am
They've got a mortgage on my life,
   And I'm as poor as a clam.

I've given money to the Y. M. C. A.,
   And bought a Liberty Bond,
I took out a membership in the Red Cross,
   While singing a merry song.

I almost got dizzy with giving,
   But for fear that I should slumber,
They woke me up with another bunch
   They called them the Knights of Columbus.

They've collected money for this and that,
   Till I wouldn't be surprised,
If they took up a collection for the heathen
   Chinese,
   I'll have to Hooverize.

And Farmer Jones he lost a horse,
   That left him in the lurch,
He couldn't afford to give anything,
   Not even to a Church.

And Sister Jones has had bad luck,
   She couldn't afford to pay,
She fed her chickens both morn and night,
   And still they refused to lay.

Then Farmer Jones got mad and died,
   He says: "They're a bunch of fakers,"
But he couldn't rest in six feet of ground,
   Till he had settled with the undertakers.
He then knocked at St. Peter's door,
   To claim his just reward,
St. Peter said: Pray take a seat
   While I look up your record.

You lost a horse I will admit,
   Still, there's an item on the sheet,
Where it says you made $500.00
   By speculating in wheat.

You boosted the price of foodstuff high,
   Instead of helping the worthy poor,
And you think you deserve a monument,
   And feel yourself secure.

Your conscience never troubled you,
   When your neighbor broke his leg,
You might have helped him from your store,
   But you left him to starve and beg.

Your wife was always crying,
   Because the chickens wouldn't lay,
But she always had money for a movie show,
   Or the price of a matinee.

And to think you've come for your reward,
   Why man, you must be dippy,
The argument that you put up,
   Is certainly very witty.

But I've prepared a place for you,
   Where the fires are burning bright,
Where you can soothe your conscience,
   In the bitterness of the night.

To those within the sound of my voice,
   Just pause for a moment's reflection,
When next they send around the plate,
   Drop in a good collection.
A MENTAL INVOICE

Did you ever sit down and calmly think
Of the years that's past and gone?
Have you done anything that's been really worth
while,
A pleasant memory to dwell upon?

Or are you so engaged in business
That you really haven't the time?
You are wondering when the stocks will pay,
When those dividends will be mine.

Many a one could be saved from the breakers
By a timely outstretched hand,
When the weaker brother is faltering
You could help him to make dry land.

"Feed my lambs," the Master said,
Doesn't that refer to you at all?
It may be all right for children to repeat
Or hang as a motto on the wall.

"Love ye one another,"
Has been written in letters of gold;
But that belongs to the discard
Like a garment that has grown old.

Are you a superior kind of a being
Considering yourself a prize?
When you reach the pinnacle of fame
Six feet of earth makes us all one size.

Why, I belong to Big Business
And working as hard as I can;
But dollars and cents won't save your soul
Nor prove that you're a man.

When you make a mental resolution
And do the things that you should,
'Tis then your conscience will tell you
You've commenced on a road that is good.
MOTHER

Did you ever stop for a moment to think
Of the woman who gave you birth?
How her life was placed in jeopardy,
To bring you to this earth.

When pains and fever racked you,
As you tossed about in bed,
'Twas Mother's careful nursing
That snatched you from the dead.

When your so-called friends had left you,
Stranded upon the rocks,
It was her love and sympathy
That kind o' softened all the knocks.

If the whole world should applaud you
Or scandal ruin your name,
She'd smile or grieve in silence,
For you're her baby just the same.

And what have you done for Mother?
Or does your memory seem to slip?
For the curse of God is upon you
If your conscience should be whipped.

Won't you help her over the rough spots?
It's as little as you can do,
For a life of Love and Devotion
She has sacrificed for you.

And should she be away from here,
Just pause, and drop a line:
The letter it will cheer her,
Like a message that's divine.

And should the storms of life seem
To dash the breakers at her door,
Lead Mother into a safe harbor,
For she did it to you before.
MY WISH

I wish that in the year to come
    I could do better than the year before.
That I might absorb inspiration
    And tell it o'er and o'er.

That I might love Humanity,
    Do everything that's kind.
Forget the pessimistic thought
    And leave them all behind.

To always have a dollar handy
    To help some unfortunate brother.
The very expression of God himself,
    "I command ye to love one another."

To practice the true religion
    And not cast it off on Monday,
Then hang it up in the closet
    And bring it out again on Sunday.

These things can be accomplished
    And that we all know,
But we won't give the credit to Bullock
    But to Edgar Allen Poe.

I certainly wish to do my best
    And always do my part,
For when I deliver a poem to you,
    I am speaking from my heart.

So I ask a blessing upon you,
    And I don't stand in this thought alone,
My Guide endorses the messages
    Right from the home of the Soul.

So in the days of the future,
    Tho you are scattered by the mile,
Good luck, success, prosperity
    From Bullock and his Guide.
EARTHBOUND

You are told by Basil King, in his picture tonight
How to do some things and do them right.
If you men will take that lesson home
You will leave the other fellow’s wife alone.

It’s very dangerous to play with fire
No matter how pleasant is your desire.
If you get in tune with a high vibration
You’ll be able to overcome any temptation.

If vibration is motion and motion is life
You should be able to accomplish anything in life.
And if God is Love and Love is motion
Vibration should be as boundless as the ocean.

So, if you’re tempted to do these things,
Just concentrate on the higher things.
There’ll be no limit to your exultation
When you get into a fitting and proper vibration.

And you should have an intense desire
To be baptized with that spiritual fire.
Now this is logic that is quite sound
For a spiritual man is never earthbound.

MY CONCEPTION OF GOD

The Orthodox Churches for ages have preached
That God’s tender mercy was just like a leach,
That He would extract His “pound of flesh”
Before being considered as caught in his mesh.

Now if I was born or conceived in sin,
Should He hold me responsible for what was within?
And does not it seem a flagrant violation
That I should be sent to eternal damnation?

I believe in a God more generous and true,
That looks down with compassion on me and on you.
So if a good life’s rewarded and things of that kind,
Get busy, and do something and quit losing time.
AN INVOCATION

Go into the silence,
    The speaker said,
And commune if you can
    With the so-called dead.

Just ask them to give you
    A closer view,
And tell you the things
    You wish you knew.

But the line of progression seems awfully slow,
    And we learn one thing at a time;
I have often wished to make a speech,
    Or give a verse in rhyme.

But our Angel Guides, why they know best,
    They give us what we can digest.
You know they have to prepare the ground
    Before the ripened grain is found.

If the darkest hour is before the dawn,
    Don't sit and fret and stew;
You may be on the point of receiving,
    And the light be breaking through.

A PRESENTATION OF FLOWERS

A flower was sent on a journey one day
To gather the sunshine along God's Highway.
The sunbeams cast blends of exquisite hue
In all its glory I present it to you.

A token of respect,
    A blessing to share;
And given to you,
    Dear one, so fair.

Your memory to cherish,
    Your name to defend;
A sister, a counsellor,
    And jolly good friend.
BE KIND

Did you ever do a kind action,
   Where you really filled the bill,
When you satisfied your conscience,
   The voice that speaks, when still?

Where you hadn't a single motive,
   And no selfishness was there,
But it seemed to spring from a fountain of love,
   And everything seemed so fair.

On the square, now answer the question,
   Didn't it appear to you,
As if you had received a blessing,
   And a gift had come to you?

There is lots of room in God's vineyard
   For workers—willing and true,
And none of us need be idle,
   If we really want something to do.

Is there not somewhere in the closet,
   A garment you have laid away?
That you could fix and present it
   To someone that needs it today.

Have you a sick friend or neighbor?
   Here is a chance for a helping hand,
If you only drop in as you are passing,
   They will know and understand.

Isn't there someone that's weary,
   Someone with a broken heart,
That needs the words of comfort
   Couldn't you help them to make a new start?

It's not what you give, but the spirit
   That's wafted along on the breeze,
And the mite of the widow has been riches
   To those that were really in need.

The thing in life that's the sweetest
   Is the thought that you did what you could;
The reward you receive is Eternal,
   Won't you help in a work that is good?

And when you retire on the evening,
   You will offer a thankful prayer,
That you were really found worthy
   To do just a little—a share.

So I ask for your best endeavor,
   And I make this appeal to you,
Won't you be a brother—a sister,
   And God's blessing will come to you.
SOME QUESTIONS THE MEDIUMS ARE ASKED

While thinking of this event today
    And wondering what I could say or do,
I seem to see some curious visions,
    And what I saw I will tell to you.

I seem to receive a bundle of letters
    And strange as it may seem,
They related to the problems of life
    As I read the lines between.

Just a multitude of questions
    From every walk in life;
Some spoke of high aspirations
    And others were not so nice.

Some asked for a healing vibration
    To cure the effects of the flu;
And some just wanted a little advice,
    They didn't know what to do.

Will I be able to take a vacation?
    Will I sell that home on the hill?
When Uncle Hyram passes out,
    Will I be beneficiary in his will?

Where can I find a vacant room
    Where the rent is not too high?
They seem to ask an awful price,
    The only limit is the sky.
Is my husband true to me?
   Oh, the thought will drive me crazy;
A woman said she saw him on a street car
   Sitting right next to a lady.

What can I take so that I can reduce?
   Won’t you tell me what to do?
I used to be a perfect 36
   But now I am 42.

How should you feel when you’re in love?
   I wish to goodness I could tell;
Sometimes I feel in heaven,
   Then again I feel in H——.

Some would try to confound a Medium
   By sending out thoughts that are not best,
But an instrument in the hands of God
   Can stand the acid test.

Why your questions can be answered,
   If your face they never see;
Just the vibration of your voice
   Will bring it as plain as can be.

So send your good thoughts to the Mediums;
   They are human like the rest.
Don’t criticize their every fault
   And then expect their best.

But simply rally round them,
   Encourage them all you can,
For you are only paying them their just dues
   And proving yourself a man.
DISCOURAGED

Did you ever feel discouraged
   When the going's rather rough?
And everything seemed to go wrong
   And you felt you've borne enough?

Did you ever crave the sympathy
   Of a fellow passing by,
When you felt your heart was breaking
   But it would be a crime to cry?

Did you ever wish to give expression
   To the thoughts that were on your mind,
When your so-called friends wouldn't listen
   For they didn't have the time?

Did you ever wish to pass away
   Acknowledge rank defeat,
Because you couldn't see the outstretched hand
   That would save you from the horse's feet?

Sometimes our efforts seem misplaced,
   We do not gain the prize,
And what we call rank failures
   Are really blessings in disguise.

If we'd listen to that small still voice,
   A friend's that's always at home,
We would enjoy a well earned victory
   When we fight the battle alone.
THE PATH I'LL TREAD

I sat in the silence and gazed into my soul,
    That wonderful soul of mine.
I heard a voice, a small still voice,
    A voice that was Divine.

"Are you doing the work of the Master?
    What are you doing with your talents?
If asked for accounts of your stewardship,
    Where would you stand in the balance?"

Are you doing the best you can,
    Have you espoused Humanity's cause?
Can you stand the shafts of ridicule,
    When you ought to receive applause?

    Can you go into the depths of seeming despair
    And radiate light in my name?
Can you mix with the dregs of Humanity
    And come out without a stain?

We will raise you to heights, where ambition has taught,
    To the topmost ladder of fame,
Not thinking of self, but only of God
    Will you progress in His Name?

You'll be richer by far than man ever dreamed
    Of the gold that lies under the sod;
But the only enduring wealth there is,
    Is the service of thy God.

You'll be called to the sick in the dead of the night,
    When vitality seems to have gone;
They shall rise from the couch, declare themselves well,
    All those that your hand touches on.

You will travel afar in this mundane sphere,
    And tell the story to men,
But the words shall flow in an endless stream
    For you will stand inspired then.

And angels shall guard every step that you take,
    Lest you should stumble or fall;
For an instrument in the hands of God
    Shall triumph over all.

I sat in the silence and gazed into my soul,
    That wonderful soul of mine;
And I knew I'd received a blessing from God,
    A gift that was divine.
MEDIUMSHIP

How can I become a Medium?
  Is the question often asked;
Which is the best way to develop,
  And I'd like to do it fast.

I'd like to describe those pictures,
  And see those flickering lights;
I'd like to see those shadowy forms
  Like a mist at night.

And while pondering o'er the question,
  I seem to get it right,
That those who are earnestly searching
  Would surely find the light.

Just keep a conscientious mind
  And do the best you can.
Give every person a square deal,
  Is a good motto for woman or man.

And when you receive this blessed gift
  That money cannot buy,
You'll have to give a strict account
  In the future bye and bye.

God is not mocked—He sees, He knows,
  His memory is keen;
Give out the message as you receive it
  With nothing false between.

God needs no excuses for what he does,
  He doesn't falsify.
And you can receive the very best,
  If you will only try.

So give out those grand vibrations,
  For that is a Divine command,
And God Himself will bless you,
  He has no other plan.
For to be an inspired Medium
  Is God's choicest gift to man.
COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

When a fellow's in love
    Or stuck on a girl,
He is really insane
    For his head's in a whirl.

He is not responsible for what he does;
    His insanity is very keen;
His one desire is to have and to hold
    Someone he calls his queen.

He'll rave about her beautiful form
    And the color of her hair,
And he is ready to fight at the drop of a hat
    If a fellow should look or stare.

He'll take her to theatres, parties and balls,
    And spend on her his mon,
And starve himself the following week
    And think it a trick well done.

He'll write her letters that are so red hot
    They would burn the spots off the moon,
But when he has got her and married her
    He sings a different tune.

Somehow his vision seems clearer,
    He sees her in her true light;
And things that once where beautiful
    Now give him a hideous fright.

Why, she is just an ordinary kind of a girl
    And it is a shame the way she cooks;
All she can do is play the piano
    Or read a silly book.
And to think I called her a peacherine,
   Oh, it gives me a pain in the head;
She only cleans up what is right in sight
   And never sweeps under the bed.

And think of me, a sensible man,
   Say, it's a crime this side of heaven,
For when I captured that blooming kid,
   I certainly picked a lemon.

The trouble was—you both were wrong
   In picking a mate to fit your station;
For what you thought was real, true love
   Was simply fascination.

True love itself springs from the heart
   And not in a pretty face;
The average man wants a chum
   As well as the mother for the race.

Don't criticise her every fault,
   But greet her with a kiss;
Try to understand one another,
   And you'll make a home of bliss.

In health, in sickness, in poverty, wealth,
   Simply cling to one another;
You will have no use for a divorce
   Or be looking for any other.

More could be said, What's the use,
   Deny it if you can;
But it takes the love of a woman
   To bring out the best in a man.