

SISTER SPRING

By Gary Robinson

This the season of changing light.
Long strokes riding down to
the still amateur gardens
not yet turned over.
While my head turbaned with
too much wine
prefers a brace of shadows
here in this place.

Mysteries of the corners
restless dust of winter
books everywhere

always so many books.

Two cups of coffee
and a search for
a theme
a woman who eludes me

without her what have
I ever done
disturbing my heart

with stupid conceits
pinning medals on myself
I've never won.

Isolation of the spirit.

Yes, going mad
and nobody to share
the joke with.

Time of solitary laughter.

Artificial light in my eyes
here the black
stabs and exits,
scatters from this
Japanese pen.

Then a woman comes into mind
brushes thoughts
like wet stained earth
leaves a scent
of breasts and pain
like bulbs in the head.

She sheds roots in my skull
beautiful sister of spring
rising in the brain's horizon

like a white bloom of sun.

"Descartes's Syndrome"

I've never seen a Great Blue Heron.

Yet some day perhaps
there will be that moment when
without warning
one appears

and takes its leave
not caring about
the startled onlooker searching
river metaphors
and perfect phrases
like any oblivious poet.

"Empire"

Found 10 pence
in a bus shelter this morning.

This coin of the realm
has come far
and now on my desk

Lion in a Crown

dances its silver skin.

Though I prefer
the double headed eagle
of the ruble.

Always a sky man
while lions sitting on thrones
are superfluous

they should be content
with teeth and claws
the obedience of a dead gazelle.

BIRTHDAY POEM FOR WENDY

What is left behind

You and I might have met in '85
it was that close

Even in fiction
characters collide only briefly
then move on
hold to nothing in those sad stories

Looking back

our perfect 80's lives
movies with synthesizers
big hair and ridiculous plots—
the prom night mishaps of teenagers
cops tossed through windows
—everything laughed at
and stepped away from to get here now
weighed down by cuts and bruises
brought with us

The poem's journey
heavier too
shaken by lamplight
in rooms of loss

while we head to maps of bliss
think that distance
gives comfort or wisdom

the glance over the shoulder
as little by little
the past hastens
separation and regrets

What becomes blurry
and therefore awkward
when memory
trails at the outlines—

the half-remembered face
the heart's fading completion

This morning I saw lilies
and orchids gentle as stars—
flowers you love the most

these tender flowers
their pale petals like fingers
outstretched
wanting to be touched

Bio:

Gary Robinson is an Ottawa, Canada, poet and short story writer.