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## Untitled Poem No. 5

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5.

Aching

my songs once were of wind  
waves

darkness

Fabricated beings-people

glue paste plaster  
blind mute colorless

Positioned

Awaiting the action's beginning  
jurors of dementia in bas relief

tinsel tense and the electric pain  
condemned in the glimpsed flicker of time  
to this house

where roughly my face brushes the bare  
wood worn floors as I crawl across  
the deep blackness

in my confinement of their empty fingers  
brittle bonedry caress

empty like winter twigs chafing  
as thinly and in the cold same void

or the screaming joypain of flight  
on wind torn nights  
waves calling angry promise of release  
enter into the liquid sleep

now I mention I  
as some mystic syllable, of word  
all the world comes darkly down.

— Barbara Robbins