

2-15-2013

## Three Tales for Babes Stillborn

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### Recommended Citation

Robbins, Barbara (1972) "Three Tales for Babes Stillborn," *Amaranthus*: Vol. 1972: Iss. 3, Article 8.  
Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1972/iss3/8>

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### THREE TALES FOR BABES STILLBORN

I.

Before the world rushes in on me again  
I'll ask you gently  
to hear my thoughts  
knowing you may somehow bend the voice  
to haunt your nights  
whispering with each hushed wave,  
It only begs to promise golden minutes  
A thousand words live in your eyes  
your mind wrestles to distill the outward clamor  
into a serenity to live by  
You reach out for a fistful of golden moments.  
Watching the silent sift of time  
flowing down the clock  
grain on grain  
each golden minute labeled as you choose  
and spent  
hidden away, like gold

II.

Here in my dusk filled rooms  
The sun has slipped away  
and trails of blue translucence  
remain.  
Somewhere your flowing grassy hills  
glow yellow in the last light.  
Hills you walk alone.

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Astride the chestnut mare, we part the waves of oats.  
Evening world soft with tawny colors of russet  
and gold. Cool air blankets the fields.

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Lights come on across the dark valley  
the elusive entity I named my soul  
wings out into the night.  
Elsewhere tethers and hearth imprisons .

Barbara Robbins