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Of N.Y. 1960

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OF N.Y. 1960
I watch 96th st. flick past
as the grime runs down white tiles
as the stains run down his white sock
slumped there across the car
and some where between a flicker of the lights that
sleeping drink across the car rolled over exposing the
facets of a half-digested meal
strewn like chunky stars across his chest.
or what's that damn kid whimpering about? Overgrown
15 years old, or 30, twisting an old shoe lace in his
hands. (took me 10 years to realize what he needed.)
Coldly, I avert my eyes, hook them onto the black mouth
of the open subway gulping the dark tunnel air
I ride swaying in this belly
under the crap, in this sewer,
We run upstairs, the Bowery ... 3 AM ...
we've got a couple nickels to ride the
Staten Island ferry ... just for kicks.
Barbara Robbins

THOUGHT FRAGMENT FROM THE LAND
OF HUNGER AND WIND
Greyness, loneliness autumn slips into winter
I long to run with the wolf
under the cold moon, across grey sparse hills.
I am dying inside, like pieces torn off
living ends, then dying is left and my will
to battle fades as the disease slips over me.
I am cold and empty. Restless. The bonds
grip and strangle as I struggle.
Warm arms to hide in have become cage bars,
lonely as a wolf, running
night's long hours till dawn.
Barbara Robbins

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 silt 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 translucense
remain.
Somewhere your flowing grassy hills
glow yellow in the last light.
Hills you walk alone.

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.

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