Untitled Poem No. 3

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2.
Crawling across the paper
my voiceless language
dies
or stillborn
empty
before it can ever reach out
or touch
the fragile system
jammed by the dark frustration
the dense messages of want
flows of need, a feeble waning light,
failing in frail space
fragments slipping by
weakly reach and fade
I can't reply across the void
that bridges us.
Like the sea I can answer endlessly
to each call falling thinly on this sand
taken back into the dark soul
another reaching out
only to replace the last,
a pale pulsing echo.
Each answer given
received
sucked in.
Into the flowing fullness.
I will stand here
answering to your deaf calls
you will call longer
than I can stay to answer.
— Barbara Robbins

3.
I have been crawling
across this darkness
for years of night
When the sun again is pulled
below the trees
I pause overtaken with this
reaching into the blackness
where I touch the substance of your other voice.
truths in your eyes betray the lies you speak.
I have been crawling
across this darkness
for years of night
I have sometimes dragged you tediously
across the frontiers
downward
into this cacheplace of pebbles, bells, dry grass
downward to where I am enmeshed.
Slowly, as daylight begins to flow over us,
you flee, imperceptibly,
like the gentle drawing in of breath,
the distance opens,
you flee, I see you in the sun
you are smiling.
— Barbara Robbins