Untitled Poem No. 4

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4.
I see you always in the leaf
smothered darkness
rimmed by rough elm trunks
dark hooded skies
the waves at the lake singing harshly
and the damp air thick with
pungent rotting leaves
in this dark place
you crushed me down
in your silent death force
pressing your mouth dryly to mine
and leading my fingers darkly
to you
People talked about the way you dressed
in your colorless, black and white
and how you drank so much
sixteen
by the record
But in the darkness I felt you were older
than the elms,
or even older than the crashing lake beyond
and I was hungry for the mysteries
and secrets you engulfed
so I was there in the thick
darkness
where you crushed me into the earth.
   — Barbara Robbins

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 bone dry caress
empty like winter twigs chafing
as thinly and in the cold same void
or the screaming joy pain 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