

February 2010

Poems by Robin Mitchell

tape

confessed 'most,
but the feeling
that somewhere I'm sick,

never felt so far,
though before, I did not know
how to be close.

I'll keep it hushed
with a waiting-room smile,

I'll keep it close,
'least for a little while,

missing you terribly,
so soon,
though you wear it still
and put down the phone,

oh you wear it,
 you do,
 you still do.

shielding

my God
called out in capitals,
and somewhere whispering back,

I don't listen in straight lines no more.

on the hills, 'midst the violets
they're building a line,
ready for spring but now it's autumn-time,

'Put down, Put down'
oh,
but they won't,

can't stand the word,

and put down, put down
it goes pillow-shaped,
and feather-taste.

roulette

keep being a sweetheart
when all I wanna do is hold you close,
and be to you everything in a kiss.

keep on pushing at the door,
I keep expecting to hear you at the door,

voices beyond the wall
shaped like somebody else,

so I'll lose them over and over.

I swallowed and made a break

you saw
the whole bus light up in your sleep,

kept hesitating to speak,
felt it in my mouth,
just looking down.

saw the whole bus light up,
and outside the rain was jealously stalking,
and outside the colours turned,
and outside I missed all the things that were best,
just because.

water pistol

already sick of the war
but don't forget the treasures in bombed-out houses,
magical worlds we built there,

so over the treeline
they come crawling,
and the crackle and pop is too loud to bear.

blush

caught breath on the stairs,
a weight suspended,

she mocked me, smiling
while I stood and soaked it up.

sun shook,
spread out a wing
unbalanced the whole world.

and I can't seem to make it work easy,
so quitting, and you,
's all I got, baby.

a fragile courtship

like a song she calls me
and I'll sing in reply,
but what of this broken voice o' mine?

trick-or-treat her,
see how she dances,

and when it's late, she'll be drowsy,
and when it's late, the game will change,
I hope I don't forget myself that hour.

when it's late I'll linger over by the window,
try to whisper her thoughts,
until my whispers are her thoughts,
then she will know me.