

Summer Poems

by Robin Mitchell

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untitled

all kinds of trouble

don't want to say the rest

don't want to put before us anything but the best

ship is sinking, we're all going home

sweetheart hold my hand, don't want to do it alone

we're forgotten already

but in the eyes of my beloved

I'll live,

you can guarantee.

all quiet out

the night is a big, open hall
with laminate floor, vast ceiling expanse
and today, not in use

it's like everyone forgot to go outside
or the streets got flooded with invisible ice
holding everything still

the grimy orange lights shimmer
the stars overhead shimmer in a clear sky
click clack
if I make echoes
they'll rain back down off the heavens
like fists against a bolted door

some nights are worse for thinking
you're all alone in the universe

is it better that we should fight in the streets.
is it better that we should burn our city down.

kiss kiss

kiss me
under the maple tree
in the night time
in the rain

kiss me with soft cherry lips
again

I won't go home
to sleep, to death
to be forgotten
young and buried in my own bed

you move in
and come back and back towards me
it goes on

and the warmth in my arms, in my chest,
against my chest
is too much, too much
and it keeps me here.

as old as stone

oh to be trapped
in the vast cage of the sun

unmoved by nature's flapping

to feel the ache and groan of watching,
of the softest passing of hands and feet

oh God, to be thee!
unbound, yet never free.

as wet as water

the night sky held my simplest hopes very kindly
and gentle hands caressed me

but clouds came and covered the stars
the sun rose and blinded them with a cruel, grey sword

so I wish for strength to jump through the curtain of the sky
and the deftness to grab the hands of the stars, and seize dreams...

untitled

a voice for a song
eyes with which to present the soul
hands with which to clasp, and take hold,

and heartbeats, enough for two,
these things will do.

limbo

in waiting
I find myself vulnerable

the sexiest piece of cake
on a plate

begging for it.

you better know the risk
when you run with it.

the execution

you bore me in and laid me ready
wrapped in a table-cloth

the best moments of daylight
clutched to my head like a crown

applause died at the hands of the crowd
and shadow puppet lips mouthed secrets
too truthful to say aloud.

untitled

thrown-away bouquets
in letter boxes make
a sweet and sorry sight

the lingering of the door
before it closes
is a final breath in hope

a moment to keep but never dwell upon

I hear that pain is no more easy to remember
than an old enemy's most lovely name

*I shall call you beloved
I shall whisper in your ear*

and when you leave me
I shall stand over you
and spill all of my tears.

h.

no other touch
will forbidding cost me
half as much.

my memory is a freezer
keeping moments alive

and still pulsing
to maintain a presence
in the foreground of thought
a flicker, the blinking of eyes
which open to show you whole
and quickly close, to clothe
and to conceal the soul.

orange tree

orange tree
what good are you to me?

your pale orange flower
fading by the hour

the midday sun
has had his fun with you

left you bruised
in carnival colours
left you to linger lonely
by the fence

the midday sun
is a jerk
we can curse him later

but the evening sun
is your new lover

see how he grabs you
with his golden arms?

untitled

peach-soft sea
the years have been kind to you

as each day ends, you blossom again
young, delicate
blushing all over your face

no need for mirrors,
darlin', don't let them tell you,
such a beauty that you are!

hide it from yourself
but don't be afraid
to let down your hair

oh peach-soft sea,
the night is yours, and the whole horizon
and you couldn't begin to care!

outpour

I'll step onto the stillness
wet as ice
my kaleidoscope reflection flees
in a million different ways

I'll toast to distance, and to silence,
to great hope and fear

I'll stand on the brink
and await the return of echoes
gone these many long years

when you tread into the unknown
you still have to choose a path

the mirrorball turns under my feet
there is no light for it to catch
miles below, immortal beings lie
held in eternal sleep by the cold.

mort

we are grass blown by the wind,
this ground will forget us.

our names change and disintegrate
without a scratch on the face of the future

long miles of lonely fields,
before and after alone

and eternity a bigger picture,
you just can't see it from the inside.