

# Broken Stories

by Robin Mitchell

**wartorn**

nothing nearer than the grit of the snow  
all too similiar, if only someone had been brave enough

we would walk, sometimes, for hours

like night coming in, hurriedly

wind battering the canvas

the birds that gathered in the sky

always waiting

our other disputes, like when you lashed out  
under hot water, steam from the kettle  
a mark on my shoe.

on second thoughts, it reminds me more of Italy  
crawling all over the mountainside

, you should have been more sorry,  
maybe that's how it ended.

## waltz

, he was one,

and she, the dancing,

most often his stories and the grip  
when he could have been painting,  
of charcoal, and leaves  
would make her smile.

no time left for it

fighting,  
cutting corners,  
most likely another street, he replied.

and then the imminent  
not like any other, she felt

a terrible waste,  
gloves and car keys on the dresser,

always echoing through the floorboards!  
but now and then we do miss it.

**tumble**

with a knife for opening letters,  
heat spilling onto the carpet,  
arm that loosely allowed the embrace,

quiet but not sullen,  
and i have missed you, so much

it almost did.

outside, a dog

chaos on the pavements,  
familiar, heart-warming laughter  
yes.  
and so we should.

he plumped up the cushions  
and let the air in  
the first leaves of autumn falling,  
curtains.

don't be the one to use the word,

caught the vase as it fell towards the floor,  
we'll have to continue

and as we left he let it slip,  
the silence thereafter.

**medication**

hang on to father's hand

when morning breaks like

    crest of a cloud,  
    sunsoaked.

and single teardrops  
    daughter,

because i need you to be quiet

and i won't ask again  
    in the desert, in the dry  
she's peculiar, she doesn't think

when we were all laughing

gleeful, throwing pennies into the fountain,  
    half of last night already forgotten.

**forgetmenots**

sits,

velvet

and polish,

her head spin

the dark of it,

sweet coffee and the more subtle taste

yes, please

not...

to go, she picks up her coat

and it's all cold under her fingers

something else there.

on the driveway,

gravel,

frost on the grass,

sharp

in winter, clear

as ice

, her hands in her pockets

and the clang of the gates opening.