

difference

poems by Robin Mitchell,
May 2010

maybe we could fly

two sets of shoes
red and blue
they are friends

cosying up against the wind,
one lace left untied,
the shoe worries it will cause him to slip,

please don't slip
please don't slip
whispers the shoe

and far below,
a city has laid down
to bask in the sun.

I could not endure further silence

spring was rusted shut, charred, cracked,
burned through and ashen

on a sleepy morning in March, clouds could only apologise
as they snapped strings, let down their teary hair,
and this anguish was too much
too much to bear

- the endless length of teary hair,
at night the stars did not blink, did not wish
to offer any kind of relief,

kept up the stare,
while the truth, naked, lay there,

and the anguish was too much,
too much to bear.

—

fluttering in the woodshed
burned knives, trapped
plastic on the fence

unforgiving trees
kept as prisoners
impounded by echoes,

and every few hours a jet would fly over,
smash up the silence,
leave us marooned.

safe enough distance

they crept from the water
hid behind the light
whispering taunting teasing

claws on my neck
silly girls,
cruel girls to play
such silly games,

away from the road
where I couldn't see them

at that moment
the engine stalled,
he looked around and didn't know why.

scratch

on a camp-bed
in a cold room
a mess of papers on the floor

You were shouting
go go, stop stop,
and other meaningless syllables

some feelings
we had previously failed to exchange
spilled out

like red wine on carpet,
clumsy,
hard to get rid of.

tonight

seagulls creaked intermittently,
last shades of blue held the sky
so I imagined someone throwing
a blanket over the world

yellow and orange lights trailed their fingers in the water,
an old, lonely dog huffed and puffed
and howled at the houses,
but he could not cause them to stir.

thank you.