

Three Poems

Elizabeth Robinson

A Darker Ribbon

Lift the Flesh door—

Vein seen blue
through the veil of skin, as light

through blotched glass.
Pulse implies sequence, light in circuit.

Blood makes its uncanny route
through the body, ribboning

into, through, then past—
Living is ritual and repetition.

Passage refigures the flesh as translucent:

it brightens the surface. But there
is no surface except

the marrow's inmost window
by which the cell is born—eluding light
into movement.

Elegy

Wilted carnation leans far over the edge of the pot
wanting to poet not pot want turned turning to tint
tint to

leggy on their stems turning to steam turning
to evening just even and darkness ness nest

the length that it takes that it goes to that the
stale no stalled flower flow all

error flowing flopping over so the brown
petal pet partial touches detaches the last

time I did will ever saw sort sorted
through your house my house

And the petal bruised inclining declining
to what it can't touch detach its last

scent sent flesh and spice its droop leaf
looped down to the dish wish wish

was yours not yours yearn mine
no error all the length it goes nowhere
to

Sun's Net

Arise awry. Bless bliss.
This: thus sun sung
on dawn. Bird burred
in song insensate as

asters stir tulips. Two lips
address: undress, win kisses
in chaos endured. In duration
shun sorrow, so rove

raven and crow, haven encode.
Bright benighted tedium, medium
of hover over ever. Garden
guarding virtue veers to

lust lest bliss blister,
stir. Amen's amends.

